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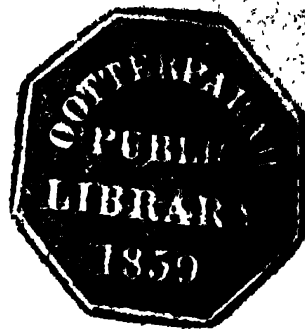
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We have been under the necessity of giving an extra sheet this month, and of omitting the usual lists of Books, Deaths, &c.



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LIFE OF BURKE.*

MR PRIOR'S book contains many interesting particulars respecting Burke, not given by his other biographers; it exhibits much just sentiment and good feeling, and it displays sufficient evidence that much careful inquiry has been employed in its production. Of the diction we cannot speak very favourably: it is generally perspicuous and spirited, but it is too often inaccurate and faulty, and it sometimes makes attempts at elevation and effect which are by no means successful. Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, the work is a sensible and a valuable one. If Mr Prior have not accomplished all that the fame of Burke demanded, some excuse may be found for him in the difficulties which beset his undertaking. He could not have chosen one less capable of successful execution.

Perhaps the empire stands more deeply indebted to Burke, looking at what it has been preserved from, at what has been preserved to it, and at what it has obtained, than to any other individual—perhaps no other individual ever equalled him in great and extraordinary achievements, accomplished by the mere force of intellect—but no martial victories, no splendid series of ministerial labours, scarcely any of the things which generally give shape and perpetuity to the highest kind of fame, embody his tran-

scendent powers and services to the gaze of the world. His mighty genius soared far above these, for the means of benefiting his country, and the most important of its triumphs, were too vast, complex, and exalted in their nature, to be judged of by the ordinary modes of definition and valuation. In consequence, much of the glory which belongs to him has been given to others. The nation annually heaps new honours on the tomb of Pitt, while that of Burke—of the man who smote, divided, and paralysed a mighty revolutionary Opposition—crushed an almost irresistible multitude of revolutionary teachers—stayed the frenzy of the community—converted apostacy and terror into impassioned fidelity and chivalrous daring—in a word, who formed the arena for Pitt, and created the host by which he conquered—is forgotten.

Nothing could well be more unnecessary than to add to the legitimate fame of Pitt the fame belonging to another; but, nevertheless, those who adopt his name, and revere his memory, will not suffer any portion that has been assigned to him to be taken away. In addition to this, those who call themselves his followers, have lately embraced principles and policy which clash greatly with those which Burke recommended in similar circumstances. Our other political par-

* *Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries.* By James Prior, Esq. London: Baldwin and Co. 1824.

ties have a direct interest in employing every effort to destroy Burke's reputation altogether. If he were a statesman and a patriot, Fox was a driveller and a demagogue—if his principles were truth and wisdom, the Whigs are the most blind and dishonoured body of men that the world ever contained. The Benthamites have equal cause with the Whigs to detest him. Though his ashes slumber in the tomb, his voice is still heard to confound them—his spirit still walks the earth to scatter their dogmas and schemes to the winds, and to hold them up to the derision of mankind.

Of course, a biographer, to do full justice to the fame of Burke, should be able to sketch, distinctly and vividly, the effects which his speeches and writings produced, both to his own country and to Europe—he should be able to draw the line between the triumphs of his hero and those of Pitt—he should be able to pourtray the mighty influence and prodigious errors, follies, and guilt, of Fox and the Whigs—he should be able to paint the tremendous and appalling array of enemies, difficulties, and sorrows, which Burke had to encounter when he gained the most glorious of his victories, and which would have crushed and destroyed any spirit but his own—and he should be able to cope with, not only the delusions, but the prejudices and the wickedness of parties. He should possess a mind equally dauntless and impartial—determined to be alike just and unsparing, and to deal as liberally in condemnation as panegyric—aware that, as it had espoused the cause of one whom almost all conspired to wrong, it could only do justice to him by treating every enemy with due severity.

We wish, not more for the sake of Burke than for the sake of the country, that his memory was held in due estimation. If a nation expect to possess great men, it must consecrate their ashes and preserve from stain their glory—if it expect to have wise rulers, it must teach its children to revere its departed sages. We think the writings of this great and wonderful man have lately lost no inconsiderable portion of their influence. Although they were so strikingly applicable to some of the leading topics of the last two sessions of Parliament, we could find

but few traces of them in the discussions. Amidst the gigantic events which concluded the war, and the subsequent revolutionary convulsions of Europe, the late Marquis of Londonderry—we name it to his eternal honour—seemed to take Burke for his guide, but with his death the influence of Burke appeared to terminate. We regret this deeply. Setting aside other matters, we are convinced that Burke's theory for constructing and governing society—for creating and preserving general liberty and happiness—can never be shaken; and therefore we are convinced that every departure from it is a departure into error.

Allowing as liberally as we please for the infirmities of mankind, there is something in this not a little extraordinary. The compositions of Burke are inimitable in literary beauty, and this, if they had possessed no other recommendation, ought to have obtained for them constant perusal and powerful influence. But, in addition, they treat of the highest interests of individuals and nations; they give the most profound and magnificent views of those things on which the tongue of the Englishman dwells for ever; the splendours of the diction only serve to pourtray the most astonishing triumphs of genius, knowledge, wisdom, and philosophy. Moreover, that portion of them which, when they were written, appeared to be but opinion and speculation, has been proved by time to have been sublime truth and unerring prophecy. Burke died the greatest of sages—a man gifted with even superhuman wisdom—and the grave has made him a wonderful prophet. One of the most striking peculiarities of his late works is—they form a chain of predictions, respecting some of the most momentous, novel, and complicated of human events, which have been accomplished to the letter. Finally, the history of Europe for the last seven years has been of a description to compel the nation to study the topics on which he wrote, and to drive it to the stores of instruction which he provided.

When those who boast so eternally of the increased knowledge and wisdom of the world, shall explain to our satisfaction why the writings of Burke, which treat of the form and regulations of society, are not in every man's

hands—why they are not quoted and acted upon by our statesmen—why they are not incorporated with public opinion—why the nation does not make them its test in judging of revolutionists, revolutionary creeds, and revolutions—and why Fox is still worshipped, while the ashes of Burke slumber almost without notice, we will then cease to treat their boasts with derision.

Edmund Burke was born at Dublin, January 1st, O. S. 1730. His father was a respectable attorney. After being some time at the Dublin University, he removed to London in 1750, with the intention of becoming a member of the bar.

It does not appear that he gave any very striking indications of superior talent during the period of his education. He was, after all, a poet, and the following extracts from a translation of the Georgic of Virgil, made when he was only sixteen, will be regarded as a curiosity:—

“Oh! happy swains! did they know how to prize
The many blessings rural life supplies,
Where in safe huts from clattering arms afar,
The pomp of cities, and the din of war,
Indulgent earth, to pay his labouring hand,
Pours in his arms the blessings of the land;
Calm through the valleys flows along his life,
He knows no danger, as he knows no strife.
What! though no marble portals, rooms of state,
Vomit the cringing torrent from his gate,
Though no proud purple hang his stately halls,
Nor lives the breathing brass along his walls;
Though the sheep clothe him without colours’ aid,
Nor seeks he foreign luxury from trade;
Yet peace and honesty adorn his days
With rural riches and a life of ease.”

‘Celestial Nine! my only joy and care,
Whose love inflames me, and whose rites I bear,
Lead me, oh lead me! from the vulgar throng,
Clothe nature’s myst’ries in thy rapturous song.

What various forms in Heaven’s broad belt appear,
Whose limits bound the circle of the year,

Or, spread around, in glittering order lie,
Or roll in mystic numbers through the sky!

What dims the midnight lustre of the moon?

What cause obstructs the sun’s bright rays at noon?

Why haste his fiery steeds so long to lave
Their splendid chariot in the wintry wave?
Or why bring on the lazy moon so slow?
What love detains them in the realms below?”

From reasons which do not appear, Burke forsook the study of the law, and was never called to the bar. He became an author by profession, at least he followed no other profession for several years, and there is no evidence that he sought any other, if we except his attempt to obtain the Professorship of Logic in the University of Glasgow. Mr Dugald Stewart doubts whether this attempt was ever made.

Mr Prior controverts the common opinion, that his pen, at this period of his life, furnished him with his sole means of subsistence, and asserts, though he does not say on what authority, that his father allowed him two hundred pounds per annum. After labouring assiduously in his literary vocation for several years, he, in 1761, accompanied Mr Hamilton, better known by the name Single-speech Hamilton, who was made the Irish secretary, to Ireland, partly in the capacity of friend, and partly in that of private secretary. His connexion with this gentleman was not of long continuance. In 1765 he was made private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, and obtained a seat in Parliament. He speedily became a brilliant orator, rose to the office of Whig leader in the House of Commons, and, after a long and laborious public life, spent chiefly in opposition, in which he proved himself to be one of the greatest men of the age, he died in 1797.

We must now, in justice to Mr Prior, give some extracts from his book. Speaking of Burke’s conduct in the years which followed his arrival in London, he states,

“His more sedentary pursuits were followed with a degree of assiduity, which vivacious men commonly term *plodding*.”

but which more sober judgments know to be a good substitute for all other talents, and in fact the only surety for their excellence. His application was unwearied. Unlike most persons of vivid fancy, he had good sense enough to recollect, that the most brilliant imaginations ought not only to have wings to fly, but also legs to stand upon; in other words, that genius, unproped by knowledge, may serve to amuse, but will rarely be useful in the more important concerns of mankind."

"His excesses were not in dissipation, but in study. He gave way to no licentious inclinations. It is asserted that he did not then know a single game at cards; and that wine was no further a favourite than as it contributed to social intercourse, of which he was at every period of his life, particularly with literary and scientific men, extremely fond, so far as the pleasures of conviviality could be enjoyed without its excesses."

Burke became a first-rate in Parliament almost immediately on his entering it. Mr Prior gives the following account of his *debut*.

"The session opened for business on the 14th January, 1766, when Mr Burke seized the first opportunity of taking an active part in the discussion concerning America. The details are not otherwise known than from a few notes taken by Lord Charlemont. Mr Pitt, who professed to have no specific objection to the ministry, though he would not give them his confidence, immediately followed Mr Burke in the debate, and complimented him by observing, 'that the young member had proved a very able advocate; he had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he had been anticipated with so much ingenuity and eloquence, there was little left for him to say; he congratulated him on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition they had made.'—After this he spoke frequently, and at length, and again received some unusual compliments, the highest estimates being formed of his powers as a speaker."

In the following session, Lord Charlemont stated, in a letter to Mr Flood—

"I some time ago sent to Leland an account of our friend Burke's unparalleled success, which I suppose he communicated to you. His character daily rises, and Barré is totally eclipsed by him; his praise is universal; and even the Opposi-

tion, who own his superior talents, can find nothing to say against him, but that he is an impudent fellow."

Of the eloquence displayed by Burke on the impeachment of Hastings, Mr Prior thus speaks:—

"But above them all, (Fox, Sheridan, &c.) beyond dispute stood Mr Burke.—The greatest amazement, even to those who knew him best, was excited by the opening speech or speeches of the impeachment, which a modern writer, adverse to the impeachment itself, thus characterizes in the general terms employed at the time:—'Never were the powers of that wonderful man displayed to such advantage as on this occasion; and he astonished even those who were most intimately acquainted with him by the vast extent of his reading, the variety of his resources, the minuteness of his information, and the lucid order in which he arranged the whole for the support of his object, and to make a deep impression on the minds of his hearers.'"

"Nothing, certainly, in the way of fact, and nothing, perhaps, even in theatrical representation, ever exceeded the effects produced among the auditory, by the detail of the cruelties of Debi Sing, which he gave on the third day, from the reports of Mr Paterson, who had been sent as commissioner to inquire into the circumstances. The whole statement is appalling and heart-sickening in the extreme; a convulsive sensation of horror, affright, and smothered execration, pervaded all the male part of his hearers, and audible sobbings and screams, attended with tears and faintings, the female. His own feelings were scarcely less overpowering; he dropped his head upon his hands, and for some minutes was unable to proceed.—Alluding to the close of this day, the writer of the history of the Trial says—'In this part of his speech, Mr Burke's descriptions were more vivid, more harrowing, and more horrid, than human utterance, on either fact or fancy, perhaps, ever formed before. The agitation of most people was very apparent. Mrs Sheridan was so overpowered that she fainted; several others were as powerfully affected.'"

"His powers," says a political adversary,* "were never more conspicuous than on that memorable day, on which he exposed the enormities of a subaltern agent of oriental despotism—the tortures inflicted by his orders—the flagrant injus-

* Dr Glennie.

tice committed by his authority—the pollution that ensued in consequence of his sanction—when he painted agonizing nature vibrating in horrid suspense, between life and destruction—when he described, in the climax of crimes, ‘death introduced into the very sources of life,’ the bosoms of his auditors became convulsed with passion, and those of more delicate organs, or weaker frame, actually swooned away.”

“The testimony of the accused party himself is perhaps the strongest ever borne to the powers of any orator of any country. ‘For half an hour,’ said Mr Hastings, ‘I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder; and during that space, I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth;’ adding, however—‘But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered.’”

We give the following extract respecting the famous “Reflections on the Revolution in France:”—

“The whole was polished with extraordinary care, more than a dozen of proofs being worked off and destroyed before he could please himself; it was set off with every attraction of the highest style of eloquence of which the English language is susceptible; it was impressed on the judgment by acute reasoning, by great penetration into the motives of human action, by maxims of the most sound and practical wisdom: nothing, indeed, which his genius, his knowledge, or his observation could supply, was omitted to give popularity to the Reflections on the Revolution in France.”

“In the beginning of November 1790, this celebrated work made its appearance, and a French translation, by his friend M. Dupont, quickly spread its reputation over all Europe. The publication proved one of the most remarkable events of the year, perhaps of the century; for it may be doubted whether any previous production ever excited so much attention, so much discussion, so much praise, so much animadversion, and ultimately, among the great majority of persons, such general conviction; having fully succeeded in turning the stream of public opinion to the direction he wished, from the channel in which it had hitherto flowed. The circulation of the book corresponded with its fame; about 30,000 copies were sold when there was not a third of the demand for books of any kind that there is at present—a greater sale, it is said, than that of any

preceding work whatever of the same price.”

The particulars of Burke’s rupture with Fox are too well known for us to transcribe them. Mr Prior thus vindicates Burke’s fame from the aspersions which the Whigs have cast upon it, touching the matter:—

“Opposition soon saw in it the loss of much of that consequence they had hitherto enjoyed as a body in the state, and were thunderstruck at the consequences; uttering the harshest animadversions upon Mr Burke, not only at the breaking up of the house, but on all occasions afterwards during his life, and even since his death, as well as by writers of the same political partialities, not one of whom but misrepresents the circumstances of the quarrel, or attributes it, on the part of that gentleman, to a preconcerted scheme, or spleen at not being permitted to dictate the conduct of the body of which he was a member.

“These assertions are now known to be wholly false. If design can be attributed to either party, it would seem to have rested rather with Mr Fox and his friends than with Mr Burke, for though they probably did not desire an open rupture with him, they went the straight way to work to effect it; for there is not a stronger instance than this in Parliamentary history, of what may be termed a *dead set* being made upon a member to prevent his delivering his sentiments on an extraordinary and questionable event, and this upon the trifling pretext of being out of order. Admitting him to have been out of order, which he was not, as the house decided, was it the business of his friends to attack him on that head?—of the men with whom he had been so long associated, whose career he had so long directed, whose battles he had fought, whose credit he had been the first to raise in public esteem—to assail him with vehement disapprobation, persevering interruptions, and votes of censure?”

“There are a variety of other reasons which tell strongly in favour of Mr Burke. Far from broaching it as a provocative to quarrel, he had, on the contrary, studiously avoided it in this and the preceding sessions, until introduced by the very persons who now professed to wish to avoid the subject. It was obviously his interest not to disagree with those with whom he had been so long connected; and more especially at this moment, when it was believed, in consequence of words which fell from the King in the dispute with Russia, that

they were coming into power. He had already explicitly declared his intention to separate from the dearest friends, who should give countenance to the revolutionary doctrines then afloat, and the breach with Mr Sheridan proved that this was no idle threat. He doubtless felt displeased that his general principles should be, if not misrepresented, at least so far misapplied, as to become the means of charging him with dereliction of principle. He might be angry that this should be done by one who had so long been his friend, and who made it his chief boast, even at the moment, that he was his disciple. He could not be well pleased that this disciple should condemn his book without ceremony, as an attack on all free governments."

"The dispute was not about a private or trivial, but a great constitutional matter, which superseded all minor considerations,—not a hackneyed or speculative topic on which they might amicably differ, and pass on to the consideration of others on which they agreed, but one in its consequences involving the very existence of the state. It was a question wholly new; it was one which agitated almost every man in the kingdom; it was constantly and progressively before the eyes of Parliament; it met the leaders at every turn in debate, and in some form or other mingled in every discussion of fact or principle. It was in itself full of difficulties, of jagged points and sharp angles, against which neither of them could rub without feeling some degree of irritation; and it was one on which, from the first, each seemed to have staked his whole reputation for political wisdom against the other."

"From the moment, indeed, that Mr Fox pronounced such decided panegyrics upon the French Constitution, and particularly after the 15th April, when Mr Burke, as related, was prevented from replying by the clamour of his own party, a rupture between them appeared at hand. The very next morning, a general alarm at the consequences spread through the party. Several conciliatory explanations were offered to Mr Burke, and some apologies; many even who agreed with Mr Fox's opinions, did not hesitate to condemn him for imprudence in expressing them, though in fact he had been urged to do it; and for having already done so, two or three of the number had been tempted to say he was deficient in firmness. On the other hand, some of Mr Burke's personal friends, and the connections of the Duke of Portland, who thought nearly as he did of the proceed-

ings in France, wished him nevertheless to pass over the opinions and the challenges of Mr Fox and Mr Sheridan in silence. This, he urged, was impossible. He had been personally alluded to; and though treated without the least consideration or respect, this he would willingly forget; but without giving any cause for such a proceeding, he had been thrice within a week pointedly dared to the discussion; and standing as he did, pledged to the house and to the country upon the subject, which no other member was, it would look like political cowardice to shrink from the contest. He thought Mr Fox's opinions of great weight in the country, and should not be permitted to circulate through it uncontradicted. He was further impelled by an imperious sense of public duty, which he considered paramount to all other considerations. These reasons were deemed scarcely sufficient; he further heard that the adherents of Mr Fox had determined to interrupt him on the point of order; and that gentleman himself, in company with a friend, waited upon him to ask that the discussion might be postponed till another opportunity, which, Mr Burke pointed out, was not likely to occur again during the Session. To convince Mr Fox, however, that nothing personal or offensive was intended, he stated explicitly what he meant to say, all the heads of his arguments, and the limitations he designed to impose on himself; an instance of candour which Mr Fox returned by relating the favourable expressions of himself just alluded to, recently uttered by the king. The interview, therefore, though not quite satisfactory, excited no hostile feelings; on the contrary, they walked to the house together, but found that Mr Sheridan had moved to postpone the re-commitment of the bill until after the Easter holidays, when, as already stated, the discussion came on on the 6th of May. Something like premeditated hostility on the part of the minority towards Mr Burke appeared in the abuse heaped upon him during the interval by the newspapers in their interest."

We give Mr Prior's account of Burke's last moments.

"To his own increasing weakness, submitted with the same placid and Christian-like resignation, undisturbed by murmur; hoping, as he said, to obtain the Divine mercy through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer, which, in his own words, 'he had long sought with unfeigned humiliation, and to which he looked with a trembling hope.'"

"A presentiment almost of the moment

of the final summons from the world seemed to have prevailed with him ; for several of the previous hours were employed in sending messages of affectionate remembrance to absent friends, in expressing his forgiveness of all who had in any manner injured or offended him, and in requesting the same from all whom his general or particular infirmities had offended. He recapitulated his motives of action in great public emergencies—his then thoughts on the alarming state of the country—‘ the ruling passion even in death,’—gave some private directions connected with his approaching decease, and afterwards listened attentively to the perusal, by his own desire, of some serious papers of Addison on religious subjects, and on the immortality of the soul. These duties finished, his attendants, with Mr Nagle of the War-office, a relation, were conveying him to his bed, when, indistinctly articulating a blessing on those around him, he sunk down, and after a momentary struggle expired, July 8th, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. ‘ His end,’ said Dr Lawrence, with great truth, ‘ was suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life, every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity. He appeared neither to wish, nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await, the appointed hour of his dissolution.’”

“ In person he was five feet ten inches high, erect, well-formed, never very robust ; when young, expert in the sports of his country and time ; until his last illness, active in habits suited to his years, and always, it scarcely need be added, active in mind, having nothing of what he called ‘ that master vice sloth,’ in his composition. His countenance in early life possessed considerable sweetness, and by his female friends was esteemed handsome.—Like Mr Fox, he was somewhat negligent in common dress, being latterly distinguished by a tight brown coat, which seemed to impede freedom of motion, and a little bob-wig with curls, which, in addition to his spectacles, made him be recognised by those who had never previously seen him, the moment he rose to speak in the House of Commons.—His address in private life possessed something of a chivalrous air—noble, yet unaffected and unreserved, impressing upon strangers of every rank, imperceptibly and without effort, the conviction of his being a remarkable man.—His manner in mixed society was unobtrusive, surrendering at once his desire to talk to any one who had, or who thought he had, the least claim to be heard : ‘ Where a loud-tongued

talker was in company,’ writes Cumberland, ‘ Edmund Burke declined all claims upon attention.’—His conversational powers partook of the same fulness of mind which distinguished his eloquence ; they never ran dry ; the supply for the subject always exceeded the demand.”

We regret that our limits will not permit us to extract Mr Prior’s details and anecdotes respecting Burke’s private character. They prove that he was one of the best, as well as one of the greatest, of men. The generous and ready assistance which he ever rendered to destitute genius whenever it appealed to him, ought to endear his name to every friend of literature and the arts. His munificent patronage of Barry is well known, and several of his admirable letters to the artist enrich Mr Prior’s work.

Two reasons prevent us from quoting more largely from the volume. One is, the belief that our readers are already familiar with the leading incidents of Burke’s life, and the other is, a wish to employ the remainder of our paper in enforcing some of the many lessons which his history offers to our public men, our political parties, and the country.

The circumstances which led this wonderful man into public life, are not a little remarkable. He had no romance in his composition—he was a man of great caution, and vast foresight—he excelled all other men in comprehensive examination and unerring judgment—he had his full share of honourable ambition—he discovered immediately on his arrival in London, that “ genius, the ‘ rath primrose, which forsaken dies,’ was not patronized by any of the nobility, and that writers of the first talents were left to the capricious patronage of the public ;”—and yet he abandoned the study of the law to become an author by profession. He forsook the path which seldom fails to lead moderate talents and industry to affluence and dignities, to follow that which rarely takes those who tread it to anything but poverty and obscurity, until they are alike insensible to dishonour and fame.

This was singular, and it was still more singular, that after becoming a writer by profession, Burke should be able, without fortune, friends, and interest, as he was, to struggle into active and exalted political existence. If a man wish for a calling that will conduct him to honours and emolu-

ment—if he wish for a seat in Parliament, a post in the service of his country, and the legitimate rewards of public services—let him tug in our law courts at the intricacies and chicanery of *Nisi Prius*—let him become a cotton-spinner—let him open a shawl shop in Fleet Street—let him do anything rather than become a public writer. An author may realize a fair fortune by poetry and novels; but if he pass from these to subjects which are of far greater importance to the interests of the community, he must resign all hope of fortune and preferment. To him the gate of emolument and dignity is closed, while it constantly stands open to the members of almost every other profession.

Burke, however, was raised above all obstacles; his mighty powers were brought into their proper sphere of action almost by miracle. The mock philosophers of the day ascribe such things to chance and accident, but true philosophy sees an agency guide the fortunes of men and nations, which commands it to reason differently.

Burke was fashioned by nature for a statesman of the first class. Common men follow politics as a profession, he followed them from the irresistible impulses of political genius. Ambition, emolument, dignities, fame itself, had with him but secondary influence; he was led by a mind which was only in its natural element when amidst the profound, the stupendous, and the magnificent, which could only find enjoyment in investigating the condition of the universe, the history of human nature, and the vast creation of principle and experiment—and which was only labouring in its destined occupation when solving what was incomprehensible, and performing what was impossible, to ordinary politicians—when regulating kingdoms, and guiding mankind. In politics, as in the arts, common minds may rise to respectable mediocrity, but none save men like Burke may reach truth, nature, originality, grandeur, and sublimity. That which formed the limit of the labours of others, was but the commencement of his—his eye was the most powerful in the regions to which the eyes of others could not ascend—his gigantic powers never fully unfolded themselves, until they were left without path, copy, and ally. While he was supported by a party,

and had merely the common feelings and occurrences of the world to deal with, he was only one of the greatest of men; but when he was deserted—when Europe was a scene of passion, convulsion, and chaos—when precedent failed him—when everything around him in feeling and deed was novelty—when every tongue was either silent or espousing the cause of error and ruin—he then became a guardian angel: the man shook off the infirmities and disabilities of human nature, and seemed to grasp the wisdom, the omniscience, and the power of Heaven.

A mind so perfectly constituted as his, rarely indeed illuminates this wretched world. He was a man of surpassing genius, without the eccentricities and frailties of genius. The prodigious power of his imagination only rendered his judgment more comprehensive and unerring. His passions only strengthened his virtue and wisdom. His mighty intellect scorned slumber, enemy, and boundary, and yet it scarcely ever wandered from the pure, the true, the expedient, and the beneficial—it excelled alike in the most dissimilar employments—it would make no division in the science of government, and it possessed itself with equal ease of the bewildering calculations of finance, the perplexing details of commerce and agriculture, the widely-spread mysteries of general policy, and the abstruse, complicated, and numberless principles and feelings, which form the foundations of society, and the primary rulers of mankind.

In these glorious days of gorgeous names and wonderful systems, it is the fashion to mark the distinctions between truth and error, wisdom and folly, by the terms, practical and theoretic. The man who propagates false opinions, and labours to introduce pernicious changes, is called, not a fool, or a knave, but a theorist. Burke is called a practical statesman, while those whom he opposed are named theoretic ones. This is, we think, alike erroneous and mischievous. Burke was as much a theorist, in the proper sense of the term, as Fox, or the French revolutionists. They differed in this—his theory was, in the highest degree, true, scientific, philosophic, magnificent, and practicable, and theirs was directly the contrary. Men, and bodies of men, were the ob-

jects, and he, like a true philosopher, thoroughly examined their nature and properties, their relations and condition, and the experiments which had been made upon them, for materials for his system. He laid nothing down for a principle, without first proving it to be truth; he made no calculation which he could not shew to be correct by demonstration; he analyzed and tested everything before he used it. Their conduct was just the reverse. They assumed men, and bodies of men, to be just the contrary of what they notoriously were; that which history and experience had proved to be false, they made the corner-stone of their structure; and as to examination and calculation, these were the things which they avoided above all others. A theory is, of course, practicable in proportion to its truth, and *vice versa*; and therefore, while he formed a theory of liberty alike perfect, splendid, and practicable, they formed one which was but a mass of falsehoods, a thing equally filthy and frightful, and which produced a greater portion of slavery than anything else could have brought upon the civilized world. They were the people who could only vociferate the name of liberty, and destroy the substance; he was the man who could create it, and make it eternal.

No man, we think, was ever so well qualified, in all the higher points of qualification, to be a party leader in the House of Commons as Burke. In very many of these points the difference between him and Fox was highly striking. In ability to range through every circle of instruction without being misled by names or dates—to separate truth and wisdom from falsehood and folly in whatever came before him—to wield the vast experience of past ages—to grasp every property and relation of his subject—to distinguish, class, connect, and harmonize the multifarious interests and feelings of men and nations—and to keep the whole of these constantly before him whenever he was called on to rectify the disorders, or administer to the needs of a part—he was, perhaps, never equalled by any man. His industry in the exercise of this ability knew neither fatigue nor slumber. He, in consequence, had never to seek counsel from a party or the multitude. He was the first to mark the changes in the nation's character and interests as

they rose, and to perceive what they called for; therefore, he was frequently the first to give legitimate impulse to party and public opinion, and he was almost incapable of being bewildered or seduced by them whenever they took an erroneous direction. This ability and industry filled him with that dauntless and sublime courage, the want of which is a positive disqualification in a Parliamentary leader. He saw his way distinctly—he satisfied himself that his own opinions were true, and those of his opponents were false, by analysis and demonstration—and whether the nation was with him or against him, whether he was supported by a party or withstood by all, whatever storms and convulsions raged around him—he commenced and fought the battle as though he knew defeat to be impossible.

An Opposition leader rarely retains long any portion of patriotism. He fights for emolument and power rather than the good of the state; the triumphs and losses of the latter are, to a considerable extent, triumphs and losses to his opponents, and injuries and gains to himself; and, therefore, his hostility to the ministry very often becomes hostility to the benefit of his country likewise. Few things operate more perniciously on public interests than the lack of patriotism, or the anti-patriotism of an Opposition. Burke, notwithstanding every temptation to the contrary, was a true patriot—he was in feeling a sterling Englishman. He regarded his country, not as an instrument of profit and fame to himself, not as a thing to be valued or scorned in proportion as it gave or withheld from him money and dignity; but as an object of impassioned and chivalrous idolatry; as an object for which everything ought to be hazarded and sacrificed. This ardent patriotism bound him to fact, reason, merits, and expediency in debate, and made him loathe the vile and hateful means to which Fox and his successors so constantly resorted. His eloquence was irresistible; and yet, amidst its daring flights and astonishing triumphs, it never remembered that it could influence the baser feelings, or gain the populace. If he could not obtain followers among the knowing and the talented, he was content to stand alone—however feeble his party might be, he could only seek re-

cruits among the honest and honourable—he could not utter the slang that the rabble loves, and he could neither follow nor head the rabble. No mobs for him. He never dreamed of transmuting ploughmen and weavers into statesmen. He saw in the multitude a thing to be protected and benefitted, to be instructed and guided, but not to be formed into a political faction, and exalted into a teacher and a master.

In all these points Fox ranked immeasurably below, and, in some of them, formed a perfect contrast to him. To repeat the common observation, that the former was not a practical statesman, is, in truth, to say he was no statesman at all. A man may possess much knowledge and experience; he may be a powerful writer or speaker; he may even be an able reasoner; and, still, defective powers of vision, and an erring judgment, may incapacitate him for being anything but a pest to his species. The leading quality of a great man is an understanding which can only err by accident, which sees, at the first glance, the right side of a question, and which bottoms all its labours on truth, reason, wisdom, and expediency. Fox was a powerful orator, he was even mighty in argumentation; but when we pass from his eloquence to that which called it forth, we find generally false principles, mistaken views, and erroneous calculations. Burke's mind naturally espoused the just side, and that of Fox naturally espoused the erroneous one, of every great and novel subject. The errors and transgressions of the former were but occasional deviations from his general course, and they were generally caused by his better judgment being overpowered by his colleagues; but the latter rarely deviated from error and transgression, except when he was compelled to it by wiser men. The French Revolution, and the consequences which it produced throughout Europe, comprehended every matter which could put a statesman's ability to the test, and the different views which they took of these, abundantly prove the truth of our distinctions.

So far was Fox from being qualified for a leader, that he could not himself walk without one. So long as Burke was at his side, and possessed influence over him, he was kept in the proper

path, but the moment they separated, he plunged himself and his party into ruin. In doing this, his opinions were all second-hand and borrowed. Emancipated from individual and party control, he could not think for himself, or advance a step without a guide; and in obedience to the general infirmity of his judgment, he became a humble follower of the refuse politicians and the populace. Until these spoke, he was speechless; until they chalked out a path, he was motionless; until they saw, he was blind; and their wretched vociferations formed the only truth and wisdom that he could find in the nation. He, no doubt, fed their folly and madness, and quickened their speed, but still *they led*, and he was but the follower.

With regard to patriotism, no man could be more thoroughly destitute of it than Fox. He never seemed to consider that his country existed for any purpose save to administer to the benefit of himself and his party; in truth, his whole career, after he shook off the influence of Burke, was little else than a blushless and desperate struggle, first, to put this benefit in direct opposition to his country's highest interests, and then to sacrifice them to it. While Burke fought for office like a patriot, Fox fought for it like an incendiary and an assassin. He patronised sedition—fanned rebellion—nourished public dangers—assaulted the constitution—shielded avowed traitors—allied himself with the nation's foreign enemies—and left nothing undone that could produce public injury, merely to obtain power for himself and his party. National interests and possessions—the constitution, liberty, weal, and even existence of Britain, were all nothing when they clashed with the selfishness and ambition of Fox and the Foxites. Allowing as largely as we please for the natural imbecility of his perception and judgment, we cannot look at his nauseous and revolting speeches to the dregs of the community—at the preposterous doctrines which he put forth, touching the constitution and liberty—and at the atrocious publications which he countenanced—without being convinced that a very large share of the worst parts of his conduct resulted from his unprincipled and insatiable covetousness and ambition as a public man.

Perhaps a considerable part of

Burke's superiority in ability and principle as a public man, arose from his great superiority in respect of purity of private life. The distinction which the "liberality" of the age draws between a man's private and his public conduct, is equally absurd and pernicious. What he is as a private individual, that he will be as a legislator or a minister; his public actions will even take their colour from his private ones. Burke's private virtues incapacitated him for public profligacy; his habitual reverence for the better regulations and feelings of society as a private gentleman, could not be laid aside when he assumed the character of the senator. Although no one could have wielded with more tremendous effect the common weapons of unprincipled demagogues, he disdained to touch them. He scorned to speak to any but the intelligent, the wise, the virtuous, and the honourable; and he scorned to address them in a manner unworthy of a gentleman and a statesman. He could only win stipend and office by winning the favour of those who dispense character and fame. This incited him to the incessant cultivation of his great powers, and the unwearied pursuit of knowledge and wisdom; it made him an upright and virtuous public man, as well as one unequalled in ability.

It cannot be necessary for us to enlarge on the tremendous influence which the leaders of the House of Commons possess in the state, when they are men of great powers. They not only guide, but they virtually hold despotic sway over the great mass of the community, as well as over their respective parties. A vast portion of the nation embraces an opinion, or supports a measure upon trust, and for no earthly reason but because these emanate from the Pitt or Fox of the day. Until the leader speaks, his party is silent; what he promulgates his party implicitly adopts; it passes from his party in the House to his party out of it; his newspapers eagerly embrace it, and, of course, the millions who read them eagerly embrace it likewise. Of the whole of those who hold it to be infallible, perhaps not one in ten has the least knowledge or comprehension of the subject; and, perhaps, of those who are capable of judging, nine-tenths would have embraced the reverse, if the Parliamentary leader had

promulgated it. We have only to look at what Fox taught the Whigs, both in Parliament and out of it, to believe and support, to see how blindly and slavishly subservient parties are to their Parliamentary leaders, when these are men of great powers. In a free country like this, public feeling and opinion hold the sovereign authority; and those who guide this feeling and opinion, in effect exercise this authority. The character of the House for knowledge, wisdom, talent, and virtue; its general conduct, and the course which public affairs must take, depend, in a very great degree, on the individuals who form its different leaders. They give to it feeling, opinion, and action; they virtually form the House of Commons. The great body of the other members are but inert machines, or they can only speak and move, without a guide, to blunder and do mischief.

Liabile as this influence is to be abused, it is nevertheless essential that it should be possessed by leaders of the House of Commons. The bulk of Parliament, and the bulk of the nation, are, and for ever will be, utterly incapable of judging properly of great state questions, and of walking without a political guide. If they do not follow the regularly appointed leaders of Parliament, they are pretty sure to follow other leaders of a far worse character. When the Pitts and the Foxes lose their influence, it generally passes to the Burdets and the Hunts. If the regular leaders of the House of Commons do not possess this influence, they can do little for their country, either positively or negatively, however great may be their merit. The Opposition becomes divided, insubordinate, unmanageable, and worthless; or the Ministry is rendered feeble and inefficient; parties are so disunited and divided, that it is scarcely possible to form a Ministry of any kind; a narrow, timid, ignorant, vacillating, compromising, imbecile spirit takes the direction of public affairs: the people are emancipated from that moral control to which they ought ever to be subject, and nothing is to be seen but discord, discontent, and distraction. The abuse of this influence on the part of the party leader, is less to be dreaded both by his party and the country, than his want of it.

The proper portion of this influence can only be obtained by great powers, and more especially by powerful oratory; it cannot be given by office or authority; a party cannot bestow it, and a party cannot divide it among them; it must belong to the individual, and the individual must acquire it by his talents and exertions; integrity, knowledge, and wisdom, will not gain it without eloquence. The Opposition could make Mr Tierney its leader in the House of Commons, but it could not give him this influence. Mr Canning derives his influence, not from his ministerial or parliamentary office, not from any superiority over his colleagues in knowledge and wisdom, but from his eloquence. A party, whether it forms the Ministry or the Opposition, must prosper even more by its words than its deeds. However wise the conduct of a Ministry may be, it will be scarcely possible for it to stand, if it be overpowered by the Opposition in oratory. The individuals who plead the cause, hold in their hands the fortunes of parties. A parliamentary leader may be unprincipled, he may be grossly ignorant and imbecile as a statesman, and yet he may by eloquence alone control half the nation; he may be virtuous, he may be an accomplished minister, and yet he may, from the want of eloquence, be unable to obtain any but the most inadequate portion of interest with Parliament and the country.

It is necessarily of the first importance, both to his party and his country, that the mighty influence of an eloquent parliamentary leader should be properly employed; and, of course, it is of the first importance that he should be a finished statesman in talents and acquirements, and a man of the most incorruptible and chivalrous honour. If the House of Commons ought to represent the feelings and wishes of the country, it ought always to be able to give to the country correct feelings and wishes. Things are in a bad state when the House and the country are at variance, but they are in a ruinous one when the latter is the guide, and the former is the follower. That which is the centre of information and discussion, ought ever to be the leader of public feelings and wishes. The House ought ever to stand at the head of the ability,

knowledge, wisdom, and virtue of the nation, and whether it shall do this or not, depends mainly on its leaders. These can make it at their pleasure a source of national error, delusion, and mischief. As the influence of the leader depends chiefly on his own powers, and his exercise of them, if his eloquence be not allied with very great political ability and integrity, he will never make much impression on that part of the community which decides between parties. He may marshal around him the lower classes, and the shallow and wicked portion of the middling and upper ones, he may make his party mighty for evil, he may convulse the empire to its centre, and still he will only lead those who follow him to what parties ever seek to avoid. It is idle to say that creeds govern party leaders. The creed of the present Whigs, as Burke incontrovertibly proved, is directly opposed to the Whiggism of 1688. The Toryism which flourished forty or fifty years since has vanished from the land, and that which was then Whiggism is now Toryism; in truth, our present Tories have embraced no small portion of that *new* Whiggism which that genuine Whig Burke so loudly reprobated. Fox embraced a new creed when he separated from Burke, yet he continued to call himself a Whig; the Ministers hold opposite opinions on more than one important question, yet they are all called Tories. Creeds are but words, the meaning of which party men change at pleasure; they are the tools of such men, but not the guides.

Burke and Fox at different periods led the Whigs in the House of Commons, and the different consequences which resulted from the difference in character and conduct between the two leaders, will illustrate the truth of our observations. We will look, in the first place, at the consequences to the country.

Burke raised the character, capacity, qualifications, and power of the House of Commons, in a wonderful degree. By arguing questions upon their merits, and by addressing himself solely to the intelligence, reason, and virtue of the State, he gave the most exalted tone to the debates. He filled the House with knowledge of the interests of the nation, and the science of government—with intellect

and wisdom. He rendered it impossible for any but men of great powers and acquirements, to obtain influence within it, and he made it what it ought ever to be, a proper political school and guide for the country. By scrupulously avoiding to address the multitude, and by steadily resisting every effort to bring the multitude into the political arena, he kept from his party the temptation to become demagogues, led a powerful Opposition without generating disaffection, and left to Parliament no favour to court but that of the knowing and honest part of the community.

Fox, assuming that he only became the uncontrolled leader of the Whigs when he separated from Burke, did the reverse of this; what his predecessor had gained for the House of Commons, he dissipated. He argued questions, not with reference to their merits, but with reference to the wretched tenets of revolutionism. With him, it was the alteration, not the preservation, of the Constitution—the practice of the new doctrines of liberty, and not the good of the nation. To make way for these doctrines, he drove public interests and true principles of government out of Parliament. In Parliament, as well as out of it, he was the demagogue appealing to the ignorance and passions of the lower orders, against the knowledge and reason of the upper ones. He thus lowered the tone of the debates, until the most ignorant, frothy, weak, and wicked speakers, were enabled to shine in them; and he thus enabled such politicians as Burdett to form parties in the House, and to become to a certain extent leaders in it. He rendered it one of the leading sources of error, delusion, turbulence, and disaffection to the country.

The discussion of public affairs ought always, if possible, to be confined to the middle and upper classes of society; the lower orders can only take a part in it to produce very mighty evils. If an Opposition address itself to the multitude, it can scarcely fail of rendering the mass of the people disaffected and turbulent. Previously to the days of Fox, the leading men of all sides generally scorned to speak to, or have any connexion with, the populace. If the lower orders came into the political field, all parties commonly united to drive them out of it. Fox

was the first to organize the lower orders into a gigantic faction—into a disaffected and turbulent faction, and to place the Opposition at their head. This multiplied demagogues in Parliament as it multiplied them out of it; it rendered the House of Commons, among other things, the teacher and protector of the vilest offenders. If the traitor needed words, he could find them in the debates; if he needed a model, he had only to look at the conduct of the Opposition members; if he needed defenders, the whole Opposition was at his nod. The Opposition and the populace stimulated each other reciprocally, until they left scarcely anything undone that could injure the empire.

For many years, one of the great parties of the House of Commons publicly protected the blasphemers and the traitor—for many years it strenuously laboured to screen from the laws those who were leading the mass of the people to infidelity and rebellion—for many years it laboriously defended the revolutionary crimes of the rabble—for many years the members of this party mixed with the ignorant and infuriated populace at public meetings, to deal out to it the most inflammatory and revolting misrepresentations and slanders—for many years this party indirectly carried on a bitter war against religion, morals, loyalty, and order. What this conduct in a mighty portion of the House of Commons was calculated to produce, it did produce; we need not specify the products; they are too deeply engraven on the remembrance of the country. Upon Fox all this must be charged; those who have so efficiently worked the system since his death, revere him as their parent.

If Fox had never existed, and if Burke had remained at the head of the Opposition, any change that the French Revolution might have produced in the political feeling of this country, would have endured only for a moment. The union of the two great parties would have effectually prevented any revolutionary faction from taking permanent root in the nation. The tremendous dangers through which we have passed would not have visited us. The Opposition would not have been now solemnly pledged to make vital changes in the constitution and the feelings of society; the for-

midable literary faction which is now so laboriously at work to destroy our whole system, religious and political, would have been unknown, or it would only have existed to be scorned.

We will now examine how the Whigs prospered as a party under the different leaders.

Burke found the Whigs feeble, disunited, devoid of talent, and with very little of reputation, and he made them a body of able, patriotic statesmen; he rendered them powerful and honourable. Fox took them in this state, and he converted them into a party of factious fanatics; he stripped them of ability and character, covered them with the scorn of the intelligence and honour of the country, cemented them and the revolutionary rabble into one, and led them to disgrace and party ruin. Burke overthrew the Toryism of his day, and harmonised Whiggism with the reason, right feeling, and interests of the nation. His creed, as we have already said, was in several points higher Toryism than that which now exists; the upper classes were rapidly conforming themselves to it, and if the Whigs had adhered to him, he would have given to them office which they would in all probability have held at this moment. Fox, instead of binding the Tories to their falling creed, by attaching himself to the one that Burke had perfected, surrendered to them the latter, which they immediately embraced; and he then adopted the most revolting one in the eyes of the influential part of the nation, that could have been devised; he thus positively incapacitated the Whigs for acquiring public confidence and holding the reins of government. If the Whigs are now helpless, disgraced, suspected, and despised—if they do not possess sufficient ability among them to form a Ministry—if they hold a creed which those who virtually choose and dissolve Ministries abhor—and if they have not the least hope of being ever able to reach office as a separate independent party, they must ascribe it to the circumstance that they forsook Burke and followed Fox.

The different consequences which the different conduct of the two leaders produced to themselves, must not be overlooked. We willingly believe that such men think but little of emolument, and that whatever value they may set on power, rank, and popula-

rity, their grand objects are legitimate fame, a glorious name in history—a splendid reputation with posterity. Now, how is the case at present? If Fox's name were not eternally repeated by a party from interested motives—if this party did not eternally chant his praise to preserve itself from infamy—he would be even now either forgotten, or only remembered to be compassionated by the few, and condemned by the many. While this is the case with Fox, Burke, although no party has an interest in protecting his fame, and almost all have an interest in injuring it, is already, in the eyes of the independent part of the nation, taking his place among the most illustrious of our departed statesmen. When the interests, passions, and prejudices of the present generation shall have passed away, the most dazzling blaze of glory that ambition could sigh for, will encircle the grave of Burke, while Fox will only be remembered as a man who employed great powers in the most injurious, and the least excusable, manner.

We have been led into these observations by a wish to see some change, not in the construction, but in certain very important parts of the conduct, of the House of Commons. For many years the Opposition has discussed every great question, not with reference to the constitution, to English liberty, to the interests of the empire, to the interests of Europe, to the balance of power, to the good of mankind; but with reference to the wretched tenets of Liberalism—of Jacobinism. No matter how a measure harmonized with the constitution, or how imperiously it was called for by public interests, if it militated against the creed and conduct of foreign revolutionists, and the preposterous doctrines of modern Whiggism, it was fiercely denounced. A set of principles have been fabricated which are demonstrably false, and which have ten thousand times been proved to be false—by these everything is to be measured—and to these, England and the whole world are to be sacrificed. “Your measure is hostile to changes which we intend to make in the constitution and the feelings of the country—it clashes with the views of the enlightened constitutionalists of Europe—it is discordant with the abstract rights of man—it comes in collision with the wrangling

tenets of political economists ; therefore, a fig for patriotism, wisdom, expediency, national interests, and the good of the world—we will oppose it !” —Such is, virtually, the language of Opposition.

For many years a very large portion of the House of Commons has been proclaiming almost every component part of the constitution to be in the most imperfect and corrupt state—to be in a state which produced the most grievous public evils. For many years a very large portion of the House of Commons has been lavishing the most fulsome panegyrics on both Englishmen and foreigners, who were notoriously infidels and traitors—who were abandoned profligates in both public and private life—who openly violated everything that religious men call religion, that moral men call morality, that gentlemen call honour.

The natural consequence of this is, that a vast portion of the Press is zealously writing down almost every opinion and feeling that ought to actuate the nation. British interests—the federal system of Europe—the balance of power—the things which formerly formed the foundation of all political discussion—are never mentioned ; and everything is debated with reference to the mock rights of man, and mock liberty. The prejudice “our country” is eradicated ; the feeling of nationality has vanished ; and the Englishman can worship and fight for any country but his own. Libels on our country and our countrymen are now applauded in our Edinburgh Reviews and Morning Chronicles, which, in better times, would have subjected the despicable wretches who fabricated them to the consuming scorn of the whole nation. The pennyless, brainless, profligate, branded, revolutionary mountebank, is cried up until he alone is thought to be a proper object of imitation—until he alone can obtain what is called popularity. A vast portion of the population regards our institutions with dis-

like, or, at the best, with indifference. Everything that can implant good principles and check licentiousness of manners, is zealously attacked ; and the most odious vices, the most disgusting immoralities, are openly defended. We need not say what all this will produce in the end, if it be continued.

There is a remedy. Let those, who hold in their hands the destinies of the nation, at the approaching Election exclude from the House of Commons all the fanatics and mountebanks. Let the mob-sycophant—the political liar—the man who is eternally crying up other countries, and slandering his own—the profligate in private life—the confederate of foreign infidels and traitors—the visionary innovator—and the patron of “liberal opinions” be rejected ; and let the stanch patriot—the sterling Englishman—the sound statesman—the high-minded gentleman—the man of chivalrous honour—be chosen. This will go far to “reform” the House of Commons, the Press, and everything that gives feeling and opinion to the nation. But the thing that is indispensable is, that the Opposition in the House should be put under the efficient control and guidance of such a man as the Marquis of Lansdown. There is another point which we must not overlook. Nearly all the leading speakers of the Opposition are lawyers. If we exclude Brougham, Mackintosh, Scarlet, Denman, Lushington, and Williams, all lawyers, we take from it almost every member who can open his lips in the House. We should derive much pleasure from seeing the greater part of these replaced by independent gentlemen. Burke disliked lawyer-statesmen ; we do the same. He wished the country to be governed by law, but not by lawyers ; and we feel the same wish ; for we are pretty sure that if the country be governed by lawyers, it will not be governed by law.*

Y. Y. Y.

* We shall perhaps, on another occasion, take some notice of Burke's advocacy of the cause of the Irish Catholics. Suffice it here to say, that the emancipation which he contended for, was, in every point, different from that which now bears the name. The most important things that he recommended have been already conceded to the Catholics ; they have got more in the elective franchise than he would ever have granted them ; and with regard to their admission to power, his plan would only have admitted them into the *Irish* Government and the *Irish* Parliament ; it would not have brought them into the *English* Government and the *English* Parliament. The Union changed the nature of the question altogether ; it was a measure which he did not contemplate, and to which he was rather adverse than friendly.

MOMUS—OR AN HOUR AT BATH.

DEAR NORTH,

I ENCLOSE a record of Bath as it was in my puppy days, which I found in an old drawer, on changing my Oriel rooms for my present legal domicile. My cousin and namesake, quondam of Brascnose, who still sighs at his curacy over the blessed memory of your grouse-pies and Farintosh, tells me I ought to have tied a note explanatory to the "Crabstick." The apocryphal anecdote of our common ancestor, the Judge, and of his legal decision respecting the standard gage of the matrimonial sceptre, was, I thought, generally known, at least the report annoyed the old boy extremely. The scrap of Brighton gossip I sent you may possibly be also apocryphal, but it certainly deserves to have happened to a "Whig Orator" of the Cockney School. By the by, it ought to have been printed the "*Tragic*," not "*Magic Lay*," except inasmuch as it was laid at the feet of your saucy daughter Maga, of whom, my dear Kit, I beg to subscribe myself always the true and faithful cavalier,

T. BULLER.

Temple, Dec. 11th.

THRICE the Abbey clock doth chime,
 Momus cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."
 To Upham's or to Barret's go;*
 Mark the crowds that thither flow.
 Clod, that in this land of fun,
 Days and nights hast twenty-one,
 Fashion's dawning notions got,
 Shine thou first i' th' hopeful lot.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Gossips meet, and numbers double.

Polish'd women next, and men,
 One, or two, perhaps, in ten,
 Staring with astonish'd eye
 At some new absurdity;
 Stationary families,
 By whose philosophic eyes
 Mark'd no more than cabbage stalks,
 Folly's concourse walks and talks;
 Add to these an earl or two,
 Viscounts and their dames a few,
 Stolen from London's scenes of riot
 For a taste of health and quiet,
 Finding matters nought amend,
 But, where'er their steps they bend,
 Elbow'd by a motley crowd,
 Like stars eclipsed by foggy cloud.—
 Now the thronging numbers thicken,
 Now the deafning noises quicken;
 See, as at a cover-side,
 The living links personified,
 Which connect each nice gradation
 In the chain of rural fashion,
 From bon-ton to slang and dirt;
 Namely, squire, squirrett, and squirt;
 From the high-bred county man
 To Jack Scamp, who, as he can,
 Ekes small rents by profit made
 In his favourite jockey-trade,
 Or the bet, a welcome catch!
 Won at race or boxing match.
 Next, elate with brimful pockets,
 Cutting invoices, and dockets,
 Redolent of punch and shrub,

Deep imbibed at Daffy† club,
 Roll some booted youth, sore mist all
 By their careful sires at Bristol.
 Little dream the honest fograms,
 Plodding in perplexity
 'Mid their sugar-casks and programs,
 How, meanwhile, their guineas fly.
 Next, in various groups combined,
 Each according to his kind,
 Like the stock of Noah's ark,
 Gaping gudgeon, greedy shark,
 Johnny Raw and shambling shandy,
 Scheming belle and broken dandy,
 Shrewdly shunning one another,
 As a kite avoids his brother;
 Rusty bachelors and maids,
 All religions and all trades,
 Independents, jumpers, shakers,
 Anabaptists and wet quakers,
 Little, wealthy, bilious Aaron,
 Like a yellow rose of Sharon,
 Aim'd at whom, like gilt bull's eye,
 Beauty's arrowy glances fly;
 Beau mulatto, and beau black,
 Bagman Joe, and Bagman Jack.
 Reigning stars, we may presume,
 Of Trowbridge, Varminster, or Frome,
 Resting here a leisure day,
 Dizen'd in their best array;
 Nabobs flabby, fat, and pale,
 Like a turbot waxing stale,
 Objects of maternal scheme,
 Themes of many a golden dream.
 Chubby sons of country codgers,
 Jobs and Jacobs, Ralphs and Rogers,
 Pinch'd and padded into shape,
 Bath's more taper sons to ape,
 Unlick'd cub, and solemn fool,
 Fresh from Oxford or from school,
 Dull, but learning in a trice
 Airs, extravagance, and vice.
 These, and strange sorts many more,
 Pace, in strings of three and four,
 Up and down the same dull round,
 Like blind asses in a pound—

* The principal libraries.

† The Bristol imitation of the P. C.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Bathers pant, and waters bubble.

So much for the crowd pedestrian;
Room now for the pinks equestrian,
Reining up their hacks and ponies,
At Fasana's or Salmoni's;
Or, if wind and legs stand sound,
Cantering in a wider round,
Which affords more choice of faces,
To admire their blood and paces—
With surprise, each new-bought horse,
Tired of the eternal course,
Pants to snuff the country air,
By green hill, or hedge-row fair,
Or share the chase, forbidden joy!
Wiser schemes his lord employ;
“Risk one's neck and stock in trade,
In rough sport for bumpkins made?
Blood-fits are a speculation
Which may pay, by calculation,
Cent per cent in marrying well;
Let your outlays always tell.”*

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Simple heiresses to bubble.

Ireland, thy fair soul doth raise,
Be it spoken to thy praise,
Many a well-bred manly lad;
But good things spoilt are worse than bad.
I.o, by each Cork packet, come
Fresh disgorgements of thy scum,
Redshanks,† stalkoes, and squireens,
Tory-ories, and buckeens;
Terry, Teddy, Darby, Barny,
Tooligan, O'Flam, O'Blarney,
Run away, some seven in ten,
From the shop-board, or the den
Of some pettifogger venal,
Or the lash of statutes penal,
Flush of little coin, alas!
Save the true Corinthian brass.
Still blockading fancy-shops,
Ogling slipshod dolly-mops,
Ascertaining tick's extent,
By some bold experiment;
Here they feast, like rooks in stubble,
Snips and landlords while they bubble.

Next, the Vicar and his daughters
Simply come to drink the waters,
And perhaps to meet anew
Former friends just one or two.
He, sedate in modest ease,
Envy no one whom he sees,
Looking round him like a friend,
Seeing little to commend,
Yet content with all that passes;
They, fine laughing country lasses,
Full of questions to their brothers,
Pleased, and therefore pleasing others;

Pleased with pump-room, music, shops,
And with everything but fops.
Him accosts the Squire, his neighbour,
With a brow that seems to labour
As if something dire befell.
“How now, Squire? you seem unwell.”—
“Thank ye, Doctor, 'tis in vain
For old fellows to complain—
Old! I'm not turn'd sixty, though;
Young enough, as things here go,
To make love to Betsy there;
Laugh, you gipsy, if you dare.
Here's a splendid scenting-day!
Sniff it as in bed I lay;
Threw my window up at six,
Wish'd myself got free from Iicks,‡
And across grey Robin Hood,
At the edge of Foxcombe wood,
With the old red jacket on,
And these cursed chalkstones gone.
Well, I hear you go to-morrow,
So don't I, the more's my sorrow;
Still to join this revel rout,
And be par-boil'd for the gout,
Till my bones are good for nought.—
Like my landaulet?—just bought—
Come, mount all, there's room to spare;
And let's get a gulp of air
Clear of this same frowzy place;
Eight, nine miles an hour 's no pace
To your old friends Tramp and Toby;
—Give those fat old cats the go-by,
Who keep airing up and down
'Twixt the turnpike and the town,
To save pence, and bilk the toll;
True, upon my life and soul;
Clever, well-bred horses too;
Thrown away on such a crew.
Could I strain the law for once,
I'd commit each dizen'd dunce
Of their hopeful dandy brood
To our tread-mill, z—ds! I would;
And themselves, a murrain choke 'em,
To a spell of picking oakum,
Save 'em right, old skin-flint fusties!”—
“Softly, softly, brother justice,
Petty power makes kind hearts testy;
View all matters with the best eye.
Coxcombry wears out space;
Meanness works its own disgrace.
“Never wonder,” was the rule
Horace taught us both at school;
And when sharp rheumatic pain
Drives me here against the grain,
From my jurisdiction ghostly,
‘Tis the plan I follow mostly.”—
“Pshaw, absurd, a mere pretence—
Can one block up every sense?”—
“Simple is the course I steer,
Shut both eyes, and my sound ear,

* See the unwritten laws of the Y—k H—e Club, an institution rivaling the Stock Exchange in the accuracy of its calculations, and its knowledge of the money-market.

† No doubt, Christopher, these pleasing Milesian varieties are familiar to your ears. If not, O'Doherty will, I dare say, add a note explanatory.

‡ A celebrated Bath surgeon.

To this empty show and chatter ;
My advice won't mend the matter.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Don't crusade to crush a bubble."

Now, their toilet quite complete,
Figg'd and rigg'd from head to feet,
Forth to join the bustling throng
Saunters many a *vieux garçon* ;
Greybeard Billies, tottering Jackies,
Furbish'd up by careful lacqueys.
By the palsy-shaken noddle,
Flat on one side gaily stuck,
Cock-ey'd leer, and swaggering toddle,
Of each patriarchal buck,
Momus marks them for his food,
At the distance of a rood.
Morning saw them wan and wheezy,
Face unwash'd, forlorn, and queasy,
Unshorn beard, eyes dead and ropy,
Tout ensemble sad and mopy,
Moving as on rusty wires,
To where subterranean fires
Boil the pot of Bath's Hygeia,
Rivalling thy broth, Medea,
In the power, by bards oft sung,
Of cooking up old gentry young.
Thence, like owls obscene, that fly
From Aurora's searching eye,
Through some by-lane home they creep,
Just when belles awake from sleep.
Breakfast and digestive pill
Next discuss'd *en dishabille*,
With plaster, wash, and fragrant oil,
John begins the Angŕan toil.
Now their sloven slough quite cast,
See them point-device at last,
Like old yellow dunghill-cocks
Grown too tough for tooth of fox,
Skewer'd and truss'd up for the mart,
By the skilful poulterer's art.
These, with gay and conscious air,
Court the glance of ladies fair,
Vanity not yet fir'd out
By lumbago, bile, and gout,
To the last still feebly jolly,
Closing useless lives in folly.
—Truce to moralizing note ;—
Momus twitches at my coat.
Mark, exclaims the restless imp,
Yon brave old boy, whose very limp
Smacks of gentlemanly ease,
How his air contrasts with these !
With the lark his toilet made,
Always ready for parade,
Counting age no heinous shame
In the eye of lovely dame,
Proudly he the burthen bears,
Wrinkle-stamp'd, of toilsome years
In campaigns or cruizes spent ;
With honour and a chop content,
And his pint, to oil life's hinges ;
Still content, save when the pain
Of his lurking gun-shot twinges
Drives him to these springs again.
With new virtues may they bubble,
And assuage the veteran's trouble.

Come, time wears ; by way of change,
To the Upper Rooms we'll range,
Where yon single yelping fiddle,
With its feeble tweedle-diddle,
Calls the beau-monde universal
To the fancy-ball's rehearsal.
Animated by its charms,
Sundry bodies, legs, and arms,
Jostle with a grave discretion,
Fit to grace a state-procession,
While their owners' eyes pore hard
O'er the well-conn'd figure-card,
Needful as didactic aid
To the coming night's parade.
Weary is the task, I wot,
But the proud hope, ne'er forgot,
Of distinction and display,
Charms incipient yawns away.
Bunbury's " Long Minuet " scarce
Could outdo this glorious farce.
There, tough elders, with bald head,
And bottle-nose bespectacled,
Caper light, while others pace,
Striving by superfluous grace
Time's grim ravages to hide,
Cramp and corns alike defied.
Dapper Jacky there, the pet
Of his lady-cousin set,
Moulting jacket for long coat,
While his stiff-cravatted throat
Swells with its first mannish crow,
Threads the maze of dos-a-dos,
Glancing with disdainful joy
At yon full-grown burly boy,
Late his tyrant. He, apart,
Knowing no one, with big heart
Views the scene of gaiety,
Wearing the blank dismal eye
Of a great cod out of water ;
Missing sore his master's daughter,
And the undisputed rule
Of his little private school.
There, new-rigg'd, Squire Richard too
Makes at Bath his first debut,
From some wild back settlement
Near Land's-End, or Dartmoor, sent.
Awkward as a callow hern,
When his lank supporters learn
First to hobble on dry land,
With such grace doth Dickon stand,
Legs and limbs in posture set,
By some waning dandyzette,
At whose shrine, his homage rude
Pays the debt of gratitude.
Shelter'd by her guardian care,
He defies the freezing stare
Aim'd by boobies more mature,
And the frown of Miss demure,
Whose torn founce is doom'd to rue
The slips of his unlucky shoe,
Or the spur, more ruthless yet,
Of the high-heel'd prim cadet,
Whose eye, well-train'd by line and
square,
Due point-blank alone will bear,
Deigning no concern to show
In mishaps that chance below.

I.o, anon the master swells
 With some score of beaux and belles ;
 Part ensconced on yonder bench,
 Glad of a pretence for flirting,
 In North Wilts or Gloucester French ;
 Part a tedious hour diverting
 With the frisks—uncouthly odd—
 Of th' aforesaid awkward squad.
 Hubble-bubble, hubble-bubble,
 Pleasure costs a world of trouble.

Peep into yon solemn room
As you pass, but don't presume
Aught to smile at, or remark ;
Here no dog must dare to bark :
Hush'd be every wicked wit,
Where, in awful conclave, sit,
Peter Popkin, Simon Coddle,
Quidnunc Quackling, Pogy Poddle,
With more worthies nine or ten—
"What, the Mayor and Aldermen,
Deep, it seems, in close divan,
On grave matters"—

" Bless ye, man,
 They, good folks, are on th' alert,
 Wielding* lancet, probe, and squirt,
 Pepperering dowagers with pills,
 Pounding senna, bark, and squills.
 These, an ancient fish-like race,
 Quite peculiar to the place,
 Grave as new-created deans,
 Are our high-caste mandarins;
 Men of method, sapient sirs,
 Call'd by gods, cock-dowagers,
 And by men profane, tom-tabbies;
 Who, despising, as grown babies,
 All the dandies, old and young,
 Whom my muse erewhile hath sung,
 Ponder o'er no meaner things
 Than the fate of queens and kings,
 Which, by their sole nod controll'd,
 In their potent hands they hold."
 —" Do they never more than talk?"
 —" See them in their morning walk,
 Wrangling with each foul-mouth'd shrew
 In the market's wide purlieu,
Politiques des râves et choux,
 Cavilling at weights and scales,
 Sniffing geese and rabbits' tails,
 In each pigeon-basket paddling,
 Cheapening, chiding, fiddle-faddling,
 Hunting maggots in fresh meats,
 Banning honest folk for cheats,
 Pests of butter-women's lives,
 Cursed by butchers, fisher-wives,
 And the cook they dare not trust:
 You may stare, the picture's just.
 These domestic duties done,
 Here they meet at twelve or one;
 Settle all affairs of state

In a summary debate ;
Easy task to pates so solid !
Then, with looks sublimely stolid,
Their discussions sage resume
On each pasteboard monarch's doom,
Undisturb'd from their still mood,
Save by calls of rest and food.
So Dame Partlet, to whose song
Barn and yard have echo'd long ;
Ceasing her eternal cluck,
Sits in one grave posture stuck,
Never leaving once her station
And her task of incubation,
Save perhaps at eve and morn,
Just to pick a barley-corn.
Thus, with rational employment
Blending sociable enjoyment,
(As themselves would wisely say,)
They beguile the live-long day."'
Cease we here this slipshod rhyme,
Momus cries again, "'Tis time ;
Come, the theme's worn out ; more low
In the scale you cannot go.—
—' Shall not one redeeming word
In the praise of Bath be heard ?'
—" Prithee let the subject rest,
Praise is mawkish at the best ;
Such ram-cats and dummies none can
Couple with my friend J*** *****.
Grant that these fair walls give birth
To men, like him, of wit and worth,
Frank and courteous, wise and merry,
And sound-hearted as old sherry ;
To whom daily works of good
Are familiar as their food.
Let it pass, such names belong
To a sermon, not a song ;
Nought have I with such to do ;
Grant that Bath can muster too
Circles polish'd and select,
Holding all yon motley crew
Just as cheap as I or you ;
'Tis but what one might expect ;
These, in fact, I often court
To enjoy with me the sport
Which my Bath preserves, well-stored,
To a knowing shot afford.
Game's abundant in this place ;
Still the wandering woodcock race,
Whom in swarms each winter brings
To these valleys and warm springs,
Known by *folly* and *long bills*,
Well mark'd down, my game-bag fills ;
Mine the task to trap and scare
Native vermin harbouring there,
' *Sauys, ousls, and doleful creatures*,'
Of foul habits and coarse features,
Destined still the sport to trouble,
Till its waters cease to bubble."

* Nearly the whole of the Corporation of Bath are medical men. Vide Win Jenkins's complaint of "The Greek" who remarks: "A great deal of it has noticed the man" on being detected in mal-

sacrifice to Asculapius one iota of the interests of Themis, even so far as to weigh inboard with her scales, or borrow, to spread plasters, that sword which she brandishes so imposingly over their town-hall.

LETTERS FROM THE VICARAGE.

No. II.

IN my former letter I ventured to assert, that ever since the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of these realms, the Church of England has gradually undermined herself, by yielding to the variable taste of the times in matters where she ought not to have yielded; and by pertinaciously struggling against that taste, when she ought quietly to have given way to it. In proof of the justice of my assertion, I directed the attention of your readers to the actual condition of the English Church, throughout which there appears to be no common bond of union—no rallying point round which her sons can muster, and say, “This is the doctrine which we feel ourselves bound to maintain.” Among her lay-members, indeed, it is well known that there are few, if any, who so much as profess to adhere to her communion on other grounds than because she forms an essential part of the political constitution of the country, and conducts her public worship in an orderly and decent manner; whilst of her clergy, one half, or perhaps more than one half, can assign no better reason for their personal service at her altar, than that by serving there they obtain a comfortable independence—an object which very possibly they might have failed in obtaining, had they sought it in any other walk of life.

This is a sad condition for a spiritual community to be placed in; but the Church of England attained not to it all at once. The singularly loose opinions, or rather the total absence of all fixed principle, which now prevails among her members, has, on the contrary, been the growth, and the progressive growth, of a whole century; and its commencement may, I think, be very easily traced back to the period in our national history to which I have just alluded.

Most of your readers are probably aware, that previous to the reign of George the First, and for some little while after his accession, the Church of England, though as perfectly allied to the state as she is at present, enjoyed the privilege of regulating her own affairs, through the instrumentality of

a synod, or convocation of her clergy. In ancient times many privileges were claimed, and many rights asserted, by that body, the possession of which was clearly incompatible with the political welfare of the commonwealth; such as that no act of parliament should be valid, till it had first of all obtained the sanction of the third estate; and that the clergy should not be liable to taxation, except by a vote of their own representatives. Since the year 1665, however, when the last of these privileges was abandoned, and the clergy obtained, in return, the right of voting at the election of members of the House of Commons, the Convocation claimed no right of interference in state affairs, and filled, up to the moment of its virtual dissolution, the place which every ecclesiastical assembly ought to fill, namely, that of a spiritual body, met together, by permission of the civil magistrate, to investigate affairs purely spiritual, and for no other purpose.

From the year 1665, therefore, up to the hour of its last meeting, the Convocation stood towards the Church of England in exactly the same relation in which the General Assembly now stands towards the Established Church of Scotland. The two bodies mutually represented their respective Churches, and represented them, each after its own peculiar fashion. Thus, whilst the Scottish Kirk, acknowledging no distinctions of rank among her clergy, causes the whole of her delegates to meet under the same roof, and to discuss, with the perfect equality of a popular assembly, such questions as may be brought before them, the Church of England, in accordance with her aristocratic form of government, divided her synod into an Upper and a Lower House. In the Upper House sat the Bishops and Archbishops, by virtue of their office; being to the body at large what the House of Peers is to the Imperial Parliament: whilst in the Lower, the inferior clergy were represented by the Proctors, consisting of all the deans and archdeacons, of one Proctor from every chapter, and of two from the clergy of each diocese. The total number of divines assembled in the Lower House of Convo-

cation was thus 143; and they chose their prolocutor as the House of Commons chooses its speaker, to enforce the attendance of members, to regulate the debates, to collect their votes, and carry them to the Upper House.

I have said that the legitimate office of the Convocation was to regulate all such affairs as had reference to the spiritual concerns, and to the spiritual concerns only, of the Church which it represented. By spiritual concerns, I mean those over which the state has no right of direct control, and which it cannot seem directly to control, without falling into the Erastian heresy. Thus, it rests not with the state in any country to determine by what means, or by what authority, the spiritual character shall be conferred upon a layman; neither can the state decree what shall, or what shall not, be an article of faith among its subjects. These are matters, the management of which has been entrusted, by the divine Founder of the Church, to her, and to her alone; nor can she resign them into the hands of the civil ruler, without betraying the trust which He has confided to her.

As long as the Convocation existed, to superintend these, and other similar affairs, was therefore its exclusive business, though its powers were by no means bounded altogether here. In its capacity of representative of the Church, it first exercised a right of deciding such disputes or controversies as might arise among the clergy, whether they related to matters of general faith, or to ecclesiastical discipline only; it took cognizance of all offences against established usages, wheresoever, or by whomsoever, committed; it had the power of revising and correcting, as they might appear to stand in need of revision and correction, all public formularies; it could enact new canons, abolish old ones, remodel, if necessary, the very articles themselves; and, above all, it composed a court of surveillance, to which every public functionary, as well of the Episcopal as of the Presbyterian order, was, to a certain extent, amenable.

All this authority, Convocation, nevertheless, exercised in strict suberviency to the civil power. In return for the advantages which she obtained, by being preferred to the rank of the establishment, the Church of England acknowledged (as every national church

ought to acknowledge) the supremacy of the Sovereign in every matter, spiritual, as well as temporal; and thence her Synod presumed not to assemble without having previously received a summons from the Crown; nor could any of its resolutions obtain the force of canon law till they had been confirmed by sanction of the royal assent. This was exceedingly proper; it was, indeed, the only method which could be devised to hinder the growth of an *imperium in imperio* within the nation; for, had the church been permitted to exercise even her legitimate functions, independently of the civil magistrate, an authority would have existed in the state commensurate with his, if not absolutely superior. In like manner, the Church of England has never questioned the right of the civil power to confer temporal dignities or preferments on whomsoever it will. All these she accordingly confesses that she derives from the state; nor has Convocation at any period assumed the privilege of interference in any way, either directly or indirectly, with their disposition. As I have already said, the legitimate powers of Convocation were purely spiritual; they extended only to the cognizance of spiritual affairs; and even over these they were not exercised without the direct sanction and approbation of the chief magistrate.

It has always appeared to me one of the most unaccountable things in the history of British legislation, why a Synod, thus constituted, and thus effectually restrained from interfering with matters which lay not within its province, should have been dissolved; for the continual prorogation of the body virtually amounts to an utter dissolution. There is surely no good political reason to be assigned for it; whilst there are many ecclesiastical reasons, if we may so speak, against it. "It is a great error," says Bishop Warburton, a prelate whom no one will accuse of carrying high-church notions to a faulty extreme, "to imagine such assemblies, when legally convened, to be either useless or mischievous. For all Churches, except the Jewish and Christian, being human-policed societies, of the nature of which, even the Christian in part partakes; and all societies, without exception, being administered by human means, it must needs happen that religious societies,

as well as civil, will have frequent occasion to be new-regulated and put in order. Now, though by this alliance of church and state no new regulations can be made for church government, but by the state's authority, yet still there is reason that the Church should be previously consulted, which we must suppose well skilled, (as in her proper business,) to form and digest new regulations before they come before the consideration of the civil legislature. Acting otherwise is changing this, which is a federate alliance, into an incorporate union."

I am well aware of the reasons which are usually given for the dissolution of Convocation. Its own turbulence; the continual disputes which were carried on between the two Houses; these, together with the extreme anxiety of the King and his ministers that the Church should not ruin herself by internal divisions, are the causes which ostensibly led to that effect. Now, granting that the Convocations which sat during the last years of Queen Anne, and the first of King George, were as turbulent and pugnacious as they are represented to have been, does their turbulence furnish any sufficient reason why the privilege of holding Synods should be for ever taken away from the Church of England? The last years of Queen Anne, and the first of King George, were distinguished by an extraordinary degree of turbulence in every public body. In the English Parliament, the Houses of Lords and of Commons were at open war, whilst the Scottish Parliament, as long as it lasted, was little better than a hot-bed of faction. But because Parliament was somewhat divided against itself, would this have furnished the sovereign with sufficient grounds for dispensing with the service of Parliaments in all time coming? or would the people of England submit to be deprived of that legislative assembly?

The heats and animosities which prevailed in Convocations, therefore, immediately previous to the virtual annihilation of the body, supply no kind of argument why Convocations should not be restored to life after a short dissolution. As appears from the constant subject of these quarrels, the dissensions between the two Houses arose from not having had their respective rights and privileges defined with sufficient accuracy; nor was any

other measure required to allay these dissensions for ever, except an accurate understanding on that head. This, no doubt, would have been obtained in time; exactly as the two Houses of Parliament have arrived at length, and that too only of late, at tolerably correct notions touching their respective privileges; so that it cannot be doubted, that Synods, convened and meeting on proper principles, would have proved the reverse of pernicious to the state, or fruitless to the church. So at least thought Hooker, no bad authority on these matters, who characterizes religious councils or synods as "a thing whereof God's own blessed spirit was the author; a thing practised by the holy apostles themselves; a thing always afterwards observed, and kept throughout the world; a thing never otherwise than most highly esteemed of, till pride, ambition, and tyranny began, by factious and vile endeavours, to abuse that divine invention, unto the furtherance of wicked purposes. But, as the first authority of civil courts and parliaments is not therefore to be abolished, because sometimes there is cunning used to frame them, according to the private intentions of men over-potent in the commonwealth, so the grievous abuse which hath been of councils should rather cause men to study how so gracious a thing may again be reduced to that first perfection, than in regard of stains and blemishes sitheens growing, to be held for ever in extreme disgrace."

There is, indeed, an argument, which I have sometimes heard urged against the existence of any synodical body in the Church of England, and which, as it carries great weight with the few professed high-churchmen of which our ecclesiastical society can still boast, deserves to be noticed. It is this—The Church of England being purely Episcopal in its constitution, supports a distinct order of officers, whose peculiar business it is to direct and govern the society; but as long as Convocations lasted, much, if not the whole governing power, was assumed by the inferior clergy, in direct violation of the rights of the Bishops. Now, not to repeat the quotation just extracted from Hooker, I would ask the divines who thus argue, whether the Church of Christ was not Episcopal in the days of the Apostles?—whether

it was not Episcopal during the reign of Constantine?—whether the Popish Church is not as completely Episcopal as our own?—and whether one and all of these Churches, if we may express ourselves so, have not admitted, and do not admit, the authority and usefulness of General Councils? Perhaps the Lower House of Convocation may have taken too much upon itself in many instances; this is by no means improbable; but to say that the Presbyters of an Episcopal Church have no right to interfere at all in the management of ecclesiastical affairs, is surely not warranted by history, or by common sense.

Since Episcopacy was first established, the *peculiar* duty of a bishop appears to consist in superintending the general conduct of the clergy of his diocese; in seeing that the laws and canons of the church be strictly obeyed; in taking care that no person be admitted into holy orders who is unsound in the faith, or holds opinions at variance with the authority of that church of which he is the guardian; but the bishops have no right to determine, of their own authority, what shall, or what shall not, be the duty of the Church. The English bishops, for example, could not take away a single article from the thirty-nine, at present subscribed by themselves and the clergy, nor add a single canon to those by which the Church is governed. If, however, any change is to be effected in the peculiar creed, or peculiar laws, of a church, it must be done, not by one order of churchmen, but by the Church at large. The Church, however, like all numerous bodies, can only act by its delegates; nor am I disposed to deny, that, in such cases, not only the inferior clergy, but the laity themselves, have a right to be represented. That the laity were admitted, even under the Saxon government, and for some time after, into Ecclesiastical Synods, is a matter of historical notoriety; nor can I, though as warmly attached to Episcopacy as any member of an Episcopalian Church, see the smallest objection to the arrangement.

Still less is the objection to synodical assemblies valid, which depends upon the right assumed by these bodies, of holding even the bishops themselves responsible for their conduct and opinions. There are, indeed, certain

points, on which a canonically consecrated bishop neither is nor can be called to an account by any human power. Thus, with the bishops, and with them only, does it rest, to confer holy orders, to grant licences to preach, and to assign to each spiritual person within their jurisdiction the peculiar province in which he is to labour; and for the exercise of this power they are answerable to no man; but there are other matters again, on which they both are, and must be, accountable to the society of which they are officers. Hence a bishop is just as liable to ecclesiastical censure for the promulgation of heretical opinions, as any other member of the priesthood; whilst the Church has surely a right to reprove even a bishop, if he abandon his diocese, and so neglect his duty. If it be urged, that in the archbishops of provinces is vested the right of superintending the conduct of their suffragans, the difficulty is only pushed a little farther off; it is not destroyed; for to whom but to the Church, in a collective capacity, are the archbishops responsible?

It is needless to carry my general argument farther, for the purpose of overthrowing every little objection which may be raised to the operations of a Synod in the Church of England. My purpose will be better served, if I point out at once what the consequences of its abolition have been, and how completely that act has reduced our Church from the condition of a federate ally, to that of a mere slave, or dependant upon the state.

What would the Kirk of Scotland say, were the Imperial Parliament, without deigning to consult the General Assembly, to pass an act, declaring those orders conferred in the Scottish Church upon persons who had not attained to a certain age, should be “thereby null and void in law, as if they had never been given?” What would the Kirk of Scotland say, were the Imperial Parliament, without deigning to consult the General Assembly, to pass an act, declaring, that all persons ordained by an English or American Presbytery, in strict communion with the Scottish Church, “were incapable not only of holding preferment, but of officiating in any church or chapel within the kingdom of Scotland, by virtue of these orders?” I am much mistaken in the spirit

which pervades your respectable establishment, if she would not tell the British Parliament, that, in passing such acts, it had assumed to itself a degree of authority which no merely civil government is capable of exercising; for that it is no more in the power of the civil government to take away orders, after they had been once conferred, than to convey the spiritual character, and to confer holy orders. I am much mistaken in the spirit which pervades your respectable establishment, if she would not tell the British Parliament, that it belongs no more to it to determine what is, and what is not, the canonical age for receiving orders, than it belongs to the General Assembly to decide, whether the assessed taxes shall be continued or withdrawn from the people of Scotland. With respect to the act prohibiting all foreign-ordained clergymen from officiating in an established place of worship, the Church of Scotland would, I suspect, reply, that as the Parliament had no share in conferring the sacred character, and is not authorized to judge whether that character has been canonically conferred, or otherwise, so it is not for it to determine any limits, within which the person ordained shall be incapable of exercising his holy functions. From a share in the national preferment, the Parliament has, indeed, a right to exclude whom it will; and it may farther require, that a licence be procured from a civil magistrate, before any stranger shall officiate in one of the national churches; but for Parliament to declare such stranger incapable of officiating by virtue of his foreign order, and so to require that he shall be ordained again, if he persist in his desire of officiating in Scotland, is to take upon itself a degree of spiritual authority, to which it neither is, nor can be entitled.

Such are the advantages which the Church of Scotland enjoys, by possessing an Assembly or Synod, capable of defending its undeniable rights. Let us look next how the Church of England stands in these respects. From the period when Convocation ceased to act, the Church of England ceased to enjoy any of the rights which are enjoyed by every other spiritual society under heaven. She could no longer correct abuses, revise canons, institute new regulations, or take any other step for the reformation of her general con-

stitution. But into every society abuses will creep; there is no constituted body which requires not occasionally to be new-modelled; whilst the very passage of time is continually creating new relations, for which some provision must be made. How, then, has the English Church conducted herself? Why, she has sat still, whilst the civil Parliament has enacted, of its own authority, canon after canon, and displayed all the powers of a regular religious council.

There are few of your readers who can be ignorant, that the Episcopal Churches of Scotland, and of the United States of America, agree in every essential point, both of faith and of constitution, with the established Church of England. All three are governed by bishops, all three subscribe the thirty-nine articles, and all three use the Book of Common Prayer in the celebration of public worship. The consequence is, that the Episcopal churches of Scotland and America readily admit the validity of English orders—as the Church of England was wont, till within little more than twenty years ago, to admit the validity of theirs.

The Scottish Episcopalians having been strenuous Jacobites, fell as such, under the hatred of that Whig administration, which abolished the authority of the English Convocation; they were of course prosecuted, and their places of worship shut up. But as time passed, and political animosities became softened down, the persecutions to which they had been subjected were gradually omitted; till, finally, in the year 1792, a bill was carried through both Houses of Parliament, and received the Royal assent, by which they were legally delivered from all farther molestation. Annexed to that bill, however, is a clause, which proves how completely the spiritual rights of the Church were by this time forgotten; and how little “the divine right of Episcopacy, and, to the valid administration of the Sacraments, the necessity of Episcopal orders, derived by uninterrupted succession from the Apostles,” was esteemed.

In the clause just referred to, it is declared, “That no person exercising the function, or assuming the office and character, of a pastor or minister of any order, in the Episcopalian com-

munion of Scotland, shall be capable of taking any benefice, curacy, or other spiritual promotion, within that part of Great Britain, called England, the dominion of Wales, or town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, or of officiating in any church or chapel within the same, where the liturgy of the Church of England, as now by law established, is used; unless he shall have been lawfully ordained by some bishop of the Church of England or Ireland." Let me direct the attention of your readers somewhat closely to this enactment.

Had the Imperial Parliament contented itself by declaring, that no person ordained by a Scottish bishop shall be capable of holding preferment, or even a curacy, within the realm of England, no fault could have been found with it. The temporalities of the Church confessedly come from the state; in one part as much under the state's management, as is any other species of property, whether personal or corporate, in the kingdom. Nay, more; had the Parliament prohibited every person so ordained from officiating in England, until he should have received a licence so to do, from competent authority, even this, though savouring a little of Erastianism, would not have been pushing the matter to its full extent. "The power," says Hales, "of ecclesiastical order, is not derived from the Crown; neither is it conceived so to be; but so much as is not superstitious, is derived from Christ. Hence it is, that the powers of order are not in themselves, nor, as to the efficacy of them, confined to any diocese or precinct." But "the determination of the exercise of those powers of order to time, place, person, manner of performance, is derived from the crown." Hales is no very high churchman, we all know; but perhaps he is the better authority for our purpose, on that account. But the Parliament went far beyond this, when it declared in positive terms, that no clergyman of the Episcopal communion of Scotland should be capable of officiating in an English church, unless ordained by an English or Irish bishop.

There is a direct interference with the spiritual character of the priesthood; a positive declaration by the civil government of Great Britain; that orders conferred by a Scottish bi-

shop, though perfectly valid on the south side of the Tweed, and authorising him who holds them to perform every sacred function, cease to be orders at all, as soon as that river is crossed. If the Scottish priest be desirous of reading prayers in an English church, he must persuade some English bishop to ordain him anew. Would such a bill have passed, had Convocation been in operative existence?

To do them justice, the English bishops opposed with all their might the progress of the bill just alluded to. They pointed out, and especially Bishop Horsley, that the passing of such an act was not only destructive of the spiritual character of the priesthood, but was tantamount to a complete denial of what had hitherto been the law of England, both civil and ecclesiastical,—that holy orders, wherever conferred by a canonically consecrated bishop, are unquestionably valid all over the world. But what could the bishops do? They no longer spoke as the church; they were but twenty-seven peers of Parliament; so the bill passed into a law, in spite of their opposition, and still holds good throughout the empire.

By means precisely similar, namely, by the force of an act of the civil legislature, the clergy of the United States, whose Episcopacy was derived directly from the Church of England, are excluded from discharging any clerical office within the realm. Against this enactment no dissenting voice was raised; indeed, the bishops appear to have grown, by degrees, so fully aware of the helpless condition of the Church, that they now permit the Parliament to regulate her affairs as it may see best, without any attention being paid to obsolete opinions.

As the measures already described bore reference rather to the foreign relations, if we may so speak, than to the internal affairs of the church, it may, perhaps, be imagined, that no great injury has been committed by this adoption. Now, not to dwell upon the fact, that those very measures place the Church of England in the light of an excommunicated body, excommunicated too by the authority of the civil power, I proceed to point out to your readers some of the enactments, which completely justify you Presbyterians in the opinion

which you hold of our utter enslavement, or rather absorption into the state.

The reader of ecclesiastical history must have noted, that during every period, and in every Church, as well during the usurpation of Popery, as since the Reformation, some particular age has been determined by canon, previous to which no layman shall be admitted into holy orders. In the reformed Church of England and Ireland, a dispensing power was wont to be vested in the archbishops of provinces, by the exercise of which young men might be admitted into the orders of priest and deacon, before they had attained the age specified in the canons. In the sister kingdom it appears, that the power thus vested in the archbishops was so frequently and so grossly abused, that even the very highest churchmen admitted that it ought to be withdrawn. But where was the body capable of withdrawing it? This was an arrangement purely spiritual, affecting only the spiritual interests of the Church, and hence could be entered into only by a spiritual Assembly or Synod. The days of synod-holding had, however, long gone by; so the Imperial Parliament took the matter into its own hands, and managed it to its own perfect satisfaction.

In the year 1804, a bill to regulate the ages of persons to be admitted into holy orders was introduced into Parliament, and passed into a law. In that law there is a clause which enacts, "That in case any person shall, from and after the passing of this act, be admitted a deacon, before he has attained the age of three-and-twenty years complete, or a priest, before he has attained the age of four-and-twenty years complete, such admission *shall be merely void in law, as if it had never been made*, and the person so admitted shall be incapable of holding, and disabled from taking, any ecclesiastical preferment whatever, in virtue of such his admission."

Far be it from me to question the right of the state to determine who shall, and who shall not, enjoy its preferment; but can any act of the civil power annul an ordination? If so, if it be true, that the British Parliament has the power of rendering null and void, as if they had never been given, orders conferred, perhaps by mistake,

or misinformation of an English bishop, one day before the person ordained had completed his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year, wherein consists the spiritual authority of the bishops, or the spiritual character of the priesthood? May not the power which is acknowledged to be competent to the annihilation of that spiritual character, claim, with the most perfect consistency, the sole right to confer it on whomsoever it will, without the interposition of any bishop at all? We speak with regret of the decaying zeal both of our clergy and laity, and look back with a sigh to the period when our church was esteemed divine in her constitution; can we wonder that different opinions are now held of her?

The very great importance of my subject will, I trust, stand as an excuse, if I pursue it a little farther. All contest, if contest that may be called, which consisted on the one side of continual aggressions, on the other of quiet and sneaking submission, was now at an end, and the Church of England had become as complete a tool of the state, as Hobbes, or any other admirer of an absolute dependance of religion upon law, should desire. The Parliament, accordingly, proceeded to legislate in spiritual affairs with the very same nonchalance as if it had been enacting laws for a colony, whilst the Church was satisfied to receive its legislation with the most passive indifference. Hence, act after act has passed, each more conclusive than the other, that the idea of a spiritual character being inherent in the clergy otherwise than at the option of the state, is now pretty well exploded; and that the bishops, whatever they may themselves affirm of their authority, derived by unbroken succession from the Apostles, are mere civil servants. It is true, that by sufferance, they still enjoy the nominal power of making laymen priests; but what then? these priests are priests or no priests, according as the state determines; they may be priests here, and only laymen elsewhere; nay, the state has full power to unmake them all, exactly as it may cashier a sheriff, or supersede a constable.

So lately as the year 1819, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with the Bishop of London, or any other bishop appointed by them, were au-

thorised by Act of Parliament, to ordain men for the colonies. There was nothing wrong in this ; it was simply an exercise of legitimate power on the part of the state, whereby the dioceses of these prelates were so far extended, as that all foreign places, supporting no bishop of their own, were placed under the guidance of their Episcopal authority. But the British Parliament seems absolutely determined that no act shall be passed by it relating in any way to church affairs, into which some objectionable clause shall not be foisted. In the case before us, for example, the prelates above-named are commanded to ordain for the colonies, but they are to ordain *specially* on such occasions, *the speciality to be stated in the letters of orders* ; in other words, they are to convey to certain persons a character partly spiritual, and partly not spiritual,—spiritual as long as they reside in certain climates and countries, but losing its spirituality as soon as they quit them !—In like manner, the Bishops of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Calcutta, as well as the two newly consecrated Bishops of the West Indies, are bishops to all intents and purposes, and are acknowledged as such within the precincts of their own dioceses ; but let them quit these dioceses and visit England, they immediately cease to be bishops at all. The orders which they confer are not acknowledged here ; indeed, persons ordained by the three last, are declared positively incapable of holding preferment, or acting as ministers of the established church in any way, or on any pretence whatever.

Were not the subject under consideration far too grave and too important to permit the exercise of the powers of ridicule, what a field for their exercise is here presented !—But pass we on to other and still more extraordinary matters.

It is a curious fact, that, whilst the British Parliament thus wages war, as it were, against the spiritual character of the Established Church, straining every nerve to bring Protestant Episcopacy into contempt, it has left the spiritual character of the Church of Rome in a great measure unmolested. Thus, whilst a clergyman, ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, or Jamaica, or even by the Archbishop of Canterbury, under particular circumstances, is pro-

hibited from holding preferment, or even officiating in an English church, a Popish priest has only to renounce the errors of Popery, and to subscribe the thirty-nine articles, when he instantly becomes a clergyman of the Church of England. That man may officiate wherever he pleases ; he may hold preferment in any part of his Majesty's dominions ; indeed, I am mistaken if there be not at this moment a convert from the Church of Rome upon the Episcopal Bench of Ireland. How happens this ?—It is extremely proper, indeed it is unavoidable, that orders conferred by the Romish Church should, at least by us, be admitted to be valid all over the world ; for if they be not valid, our orders, which are undoubtedly derived from them, must be invalid also. But why grant to Popish priests privileges which are denied to clergymen ordained by Protestant bishops, when the orders of the one are quite as canonical as those of the other ?

I have said, that a clergyman ordained by a Roman Catholic Bishop has only to renounce the errors of Popery, and subscribe the thirty-nine articles, when he becomes instantly a minister of the Established Church ; but it is necessary that I should qualify this assertion. It is only in case the conforming party chance to have been ordained abroad, that his orders are received in the English Church. If, on the other hand, he have derived his spiritual character from a Popish bishop resident in England or Ireland, then is he in the situation of a priest ordained by a Scottish or West Indian bishop ; he must be ordained again, if he desire to serve at the altar of the Church of England !!!—Surely acts like these must have passed through both Houses of Parliament at a time when the members were asleep, or engaged at some dinner-party, such as was given on a late occasion to the Whigs, by Mr M. Angelo Taylor.—What possible difference can there be between the spiritual authority of a Romish bishop in Dublin, and a Romish bishop in Lisbon ?

I will not pursue this subject any farther at present, lest those of your readers who take but little interest in such speculations should think that you devote too many of your columns to a subject so dry ; but I cannot conclude without entreating every genuine

son of the Church to consider what the consequences must sooner or later be, if this state of things go on. The Church of England was never, perhaps, in greater danger than she is at present. Harassed on all sides by increasing sects of Protestant Dissenters, and openly menaced with ruin by the Roman Catholics, it is high time that something like unanimity and zeal for the common cause should prevail among her members. To create this,

however, she must again be placed in such a situation as to enforce the respect of all thinking persons. She must be delivered from the thralldom into which she is at present cast; nor can any more effectual means be devised for obtaining so desirable an end, than by vesting her once more with the power of legislating in spiritual affairs, for herself. In plain language,
RESTORE THE CONVOCATION.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. VI.

NOT far from the town of —, in —shire, where I passed some weeks in the early part of the present summer, is the pleasant village of Halliburn, much resorted to by persons visiting the county, sojourners in the adjacent town—health-hunters, view-hunters, antiquity-hunters, felicity-hunters,—*Time-killers*; in short, to whom anything serves for a lion, and as a point in view for an hour's excursion. But there are really things worth seeing in and about that same village of Halliburn, as those friends can bear witness—those dear fellow-view-hunters, in whose company I explored it. *They* will remember, how, after sundry and various consultations, as to *when* we should go, and *how* we should go, and at what time, and for how long, and after consulting the Guide-book, and recalling all we had ever heard reported of this or that place, by *such* or *such* a person; and after all talking together for an hour, and each suggesting a different plan, and one premising on the *best* authority, that such a road was in an impassable state, and a second rejoicing, from still *better* authority, that it was as smooth as a gravel walk—and one prophesying it would rain, and the rest staking their lives that it would not rain—and some proposing to walk, and others to ride—and one voting for a car that would hold all, and another for a brace of donkey-carts—the matter in debate, at last, resolved itself into something of a settled plan, our clashing votes subsiding like a parcel of little frothy waves into one great billow; and it was definitively agreed, that we should go to Halli-

burn—that we should dine early and set out early, to enjoy a fine long summer evening in rambling about there with our books and pencils—that we should go in a car, and that we should go that very evening. Don't you remember all this, dear friends of mine?—and how quickly we dispatched our dinner, and how we packed up the pencils and sketch-books?—and how James was sent off for a car, of which description of vehicle, *one* of us averred there were hundreds to be hired at every corner—and how James was gone a mortal time—and how we called him all sorts of names—"loitering," and "stupid," and "blind," and what not—and how he came back at last, looking as innocent as a dove, and putting like a grampus—and how it turned out that there were but *two* cars in the whole place, and that by superhuman exertions he had at last secured one of them—and how we flew down stairs and found it at the door—and how it was a very odd-looking vehicle! mounted up like a tub upon stilts—and how it cocked up so behind, we could hardly scramble in—and how, when we were in, we looked at the horse, and did not like him, and then at one another, and did not like each other's looks—and how we went off at last, bang! with such a jerk, as jerked us altogether in a bunch, with our eight hands up in the middle, like four pigeons in a pie—and how we tore down the street like fury, and whisked round the corner like a whirlwind—and how the beast of a horse pranced, and snorted like a griffin—and how *one* of us vowed he *was* a griffin, and no mortal horse—and how

another of us was partly of the same opinion—and how we all hated the irregularity of his proceedings, and the jolting, and swinging, and bumping of the tub—and how at last we all attacked the driver, and insisted on getting out—and how we all blest our stars on once more touching terra firma—and how we found out that we had narrowly escaped the fate of Mazzeppa, having actually been tied on to the tail of a wild horse, whose proprietor had allotted to us the honour of breaking his spirit, or our own necks.

Out of evil often good proceedeth—our proud spirits were humbled. We had enough of prancing steeds, and jumping chariots—we had tasted of exaltation, and were satisfied—we had been set up aloft, and were glad to come down again—so with meek minds, and amiable condescension, we entrusted ourselves, *deux à deux*, to a couple of donkey carts, and off we were once more!—Ours, you know, Lilius! leading the way. And, don't you remember—can you ever forget—that blear-eyed goblin, that attended us as a running footman? shuffling along by the side of his donkey, and regaling us, *chémín faisant*, with his amiable conversation. One of his eyes, you know—the right—with its little rusty tuft of eye-brow, had wandered half-way up into his forehead; the other (leaving a long, black, shaggy eye-brow in its natural place) had dropped down hill (languishingly half closed) towards the left corner of his mouth, which lovingly twitched upwards to meet it half-way; and his nose was puckered down all on one side into the cheek, by a great red and purple seam; and he was all over seamed and speckled with black, red, and purple, for the poor wretch had evidently been blown up and half-roasted some time or other, though never the worse for it when we had first the happiness of beholding him, except in the afore-mentioned trifling disarrangement of physiognomy, at which, for my part, I was so far from conceiving any manner of disgust, that I thought the countenance had more than gained in character and expression, (which is everything you know,) what it had lost in the trifling point, regularity of features. There was something infinitely piquant! something inexpressibly wild and pictu-

resque (quite Salvatorish) in the tout ensemble! the whole face had undergone a faccquake! and sparks of the volcanic flame were yet visible in the one little ferret eye, that gloamed in his forehead like a live coal, as he ran on beside us, now vehemently exciting his donkey to super-donkeyish exertions, now declaiming to us, with all the fervour of a dilettante guide, on views, antiquities, curiosities, fossils, minerals, snail-shells, and Roman pavements. He was a jewel of a guide! "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

Well! you remember we alighted (unlighted, as an old lady of my acquaintance used to say,) at the entrance of the village, and there again debate ensued, as to where we should first shape our course. There was the church—a fine old church! to be seen, and *perhaps* sketched. There was a famous grotto, of which the Guide-book told wonders; and, lastly, there was, within a pretty walk of the church, an old, old house, the oldest in the county, a manor-house, the property of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, 'the family of the De la Veres. That venerable mansion was, I believe, the greatest attraction to us all; but, like dainty children, we set it aside for *bonne bouche*, and decided to begin with the grotto. Strange misgivings crept over us, when we were directed through the village street, to the door of a mean-looking house, and told *that* was the entrance to "the cool cavern! the mysterious grot!"—and when, instead of a Nymph, a wood or water-nymph, an Oread, a Dryad, or a Hama-dryad, there came forth to greet, and introduce us to the romantic solitude, an old, frightful, painted hag, with her elf-locks bristling out in papers like porcupine quills from under the frills and flappets of a high French cap, and in her ears, (prodigious ears they were!) two monstrous gold rings, that looked like the handles of a copper tea-urn. We shrank back at sight of this Gorgon, but she strutted towards us with her arms a-kinbo, and there was a sinister determination in the tone in which she said to us, "Walk in, ladies, and see the grotto." She looked determined that we should see it, and *we* looked at her claws and her fierce eyes, and felt she was not a person to be affronted; so, as our

evil stars had led us to the entrance of her den, we submitted to fate, and followed the sylvan goddess—followed her through a dark, dirty, narrow passage, out at a little mean door, into an enclosed back-yard, about forty feet square, divided into four compartments, containing a parterre—a wilderness—a castle—and *the Grotto!*—and over the entrance to this Elysium, was flung a wooden arch, painted sky-blue, whereon it was notified in gold letters, that “the whole was to be seen for the inconsiderable sum of sixpence a-head; moreover, that tea and rolls, and all other refreshments, were furnished on equally reasonable terms.”

Oh ye Gods!—so we poor innocents had been betrayed into a sixpenny tea-garden, and, sure enough—there—just opposite to us—perched upon a grass mound, in the—the—the don-jeon keep of the castle, I suppose, sat six merry mortals, in a state of earthly beatitude, their faces shining in the red-hot evening sun like fresh varnished vermilion coach-panels,—swilling tea and negus, and stuffing down hot rolls, bread and butter, and cold ham, with most romantic fervour. We paid our sixpences, and made our retreat as quietly and civilly as possible, having first, to pacify our conductress, poked our noses into the dirty coal-hole, stuck with bits of glass, oyster and periwinkle shells, which she called “*The Grotto;*” and *you*, my dear Lilius, had the complaisance to mount up to the battlements of the castle, (where, by the by, you looked like Sister Anne in Bluebeard,) in compliance with the Gorgon’s importunities. To *you*, therefore, we were indebted for her gracious patronage, when, on inquiring, as we left the enchanted garden, whether strangers were allowed to see Halliburn House, she replied, with a consequential toss of her head, that *she* was well known there, and that if we applied to the butler in the name of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto,” we might be sure of immediate admittance. So much for the first of our three lions; and truly we had obtained sixpennyworth for our sixpence, in the patronage of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto.”

Five minutes’ walk brought us to the next object in our itinerary, and here no *shock* awaited us. No human Gorgon—no officious guide—no Madam Simpson, to fling open the low

white wicket, and cry, “Walk in, ladies, for sixpence a-head.”

Sole guardians of the gate, two fine old maples arched over it their interwoven boughs; and many others, and several majestic elms, were grouped together, or stood singly, in and about the churchyard. A few cottages, with pretty, neat gardens, were scattered around; and at the further end of a broad, smooth grass-plat, parallel with the churchyard, and separated from it only by a low stone-wall, stood the rectory, a long, low, irregularly shaped building, of common brick, and with a tiled roof, but made picturesque by the rich and mellow colouring of age, and by the porches, pent-houses, and buttresses, the additions of many successive incumbents, and by a noble old vine, that covered the entire front, a great part of the long sloping roof, and had even been trained round one of the gables, up to the very top of a high stack of clustered chimneys.

Behind the church and rectory appeared an undulating sea of foliage, ancient oak and beech, with here and there a graceful feathery birch, glancing and shivering in the sun, like silvery froth above the darker waves; and beneath those venerable trees, winded away a broad, shady, park-like road, to which a gate opened from the lane that ran along, behind the church and rectory. That road was the more private approach to Halliburn House, the ancient mansion of the De la Veres, and every object in the surrounding scene was, in one way or other, associated with the past or present circumstances of that venerable race. The whole village had, in former times, been a fief of their extensive lordship, and great part of it was still in their possession. The living was in their gift, and had always been held by a younger son of their house, till the branches began to fail about the old family tree. The church had been erected by their pious progenitors, and many succeeding De la Veres had beautified and enlarged it, and added gallery and organ loft, and adorned the chancel with carved and gilded work, and its long window, with painted glass, emblazoned with the twelve Apostles, and with the family escutcheon; and had enriched its altar with pix and chalice of massy embossed silver, and with fine damask napery, and with high branched candlesticks of silver gilt;

and with scarlet cushions and hassocks, bordered with broad gold lace, and sumptuously fringed and tasselled with the same.—And these pious benefactions of theirs, and their good deeds that they did, and the ring of bells that they gave, and the gilt weathercock that they caused to be set up on the church-steeple, and the new face wherewith they did repair and beautify the old clock that was therein, and the marble font that they presented, and the alms-houses that they built, and the school that they endowed—are not all these things recorded in goodly golden capitals on divers tablets, conspicuously affixed in sundry and several places in the said church; to wit, over the great door, and in the centre of the organ-loft, and in five several compartments along the panning of the long north gallery; and to each and every one of those honourable memorials are not the names of the church-wardens, of the time being, duly and reverently appended?

And on the left, as you go up the chancel, immediately beside the gilded rails of the altar, is the large, square, commodious pew of the De la Veres, to which you ascend two steps. And its floor is covered with what hath been a rich, bright Turkey carpet; and the damask with which it is lined and cushioned, was once resplendent crimson, now faded to tawny orange, and sorely perforated by the devouring moth. And all the testaments, prayer-books, and hymn-books, lying on the carved oak reading-shelves, are bound in vellum, emblazoned with the arms of the De la Veres, and clasped, or have been once, with brazen or silver clasps. But some of them have bulged out of all bookish shape, and the fine parchment covers have shrunk up like sear and shrivelled leaves. That small, thick prayer-book, in particular, that was once so splendidly emblazoned—One clasp still hangs, by half a hinge, on one remaining cover—the other is quite gone from the curled and tattered leaves. And see! on that blank leaf before the title-page is some pale, discoloured writing. First, in a fine, delicate, Italian hand, comes the name of

“ Agnes de la Vere—her Book,
Ye gifte of her Hon^d Mother,
Dame Eleanor de la Vere,
june ye 20th, 1614.”

And lower down, on the same page, is again written, in larger and more antique characters—

“ Mye deare Childe dyed
june ye 26th, 1614,
in ye 19th yeare of her age.—
“Ye Lord gave, & ye Lord takethe awaye.
Blessd be ye name of ye Lord!”

Those words have been blotted as they were written, but not alone by the unsteady *hand* of the writer.

The book falls open at the Psalms.—See! at the xxth morning of the month—and there! there!—in that very place, almost incorporated by age into the very substance of the paper, are a few stiff, shrunken rose leaves! They fell, doubtless, from the bosom of that young Agnes, on that happy birth-day; and before those leaves were withered, the human flower had dropt into the dust! And now, what matters it, or to whom, that the lovely and the loved was taken hence so early?

And all the chancel, and many other parts of the church, are covered with hatchments and monumental tablets of the De la Veres. Of the former, some, so faded and blurred by age and damp, that the proud bend of the milk-white plume, towering from its coronated crest, is scarce distinguishable from the skull that grins beneath, in the centre of its half-obliterated “Resurgam.”—On the right of the altar, just opposite the family pew, is a railed-in space, containing two monuments.—One of great antiquity; the other very ancient also, but of a much later age. Both are altar tombs. The first—once deeply and richly wrought with curious carved work—is worn away (all its acute angles and salient points, and bold projections, flattened and rounded off) to a mere oblong stone, one side of which has sunk deep into the pavement of the church. Two figures, rudely sculptured, are extended on it. One of a knight in armour—(see! that mailed hand is almost perfect,) and of a lady, whose square head-gear, descending in straight folds on either side the face, is still distinguishable, though the face itself has long been worn away to a flat, polished surface—just slightly indented at the place the mouth once occupied. The upper part of the knight’s high Roman nose still projects from his demolished visage; and one can

still trace the prominent cheek-bones,
and the bold martial brow—

“ Outstretch'd together, are express'd
He and my ladye fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer :
Long-visaged—clad in armour, he—
With ruffled arm and boddice, she.”

Their heads repose on a tasselled cushion, and a greyhound couches at their feet—and on the sides of the tomb— — — is it really impossible to make out any part of that long inscription?—Surely some words are yet legible here and there—some letters at least. See! that great R is plain—and the next letter, i—and all the following ones may be spelt out with a little patience—and, lo! the name that was doubtless consigned to immortality—“ Sir Richard de la Vere.”—And then!—lower down, on that third line, the word—“ Plan—tagenet”—and then again, “ K^{re}. E—w—,” Edward, surely—and those figures must have designated him III^d of the name, for immediately after, “ Cressy” is plainly discernible. And on the shield—what countless quarterings have been here! One may trace the compartments, but no more—and the rich mantle! and the barred helmet! and then—oh, yes—surmounting the helmet, there are the ducal coronet, and the fine ostrich plumes, the noble achievement of the De la Veres, won by that grim knight upon the plain of Cressy—“ Requiescat in pace”—Sir Richard de la Vere!

And on this other tomb are also extended two figures, male and female—and theirs is the fashion of a later age.—There is the slashed vest, and the bulky, padded shoulders and chest, and the trunk hose, and long pointed shoes, with larger rosettes, of Elizabeth's or James's era.—And the small ruff and peaked beard of the male figure, and the chain, and the great thumb ring—all perfect.—And the lady's little jewelled skull-cap, and monstrous ruff, and hour-glass shape, and the multitudinous plaits of her nether garments.—And on that compartment of the tomb, the shield, with the proud bearings, is visible enough. It hath been emblazoned in colours proper, and patches of gules and azure yet cling to the ground-work, and that griffin's claw is still sheathed in or.—

And the surrounding inscriptions are all legible. In the compartments opposite, are the names of “ Reginald de la Vere,” and “ Dame Eleanor, his wife, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Marmaduke Hepburn.” And in the next, and next, and yet another, of three “ faire sonnes,” who preceded their parents to the grave—and last—(here is *no vacant space*,) of “ Agnes de la Vere, their onely daughter.”—Ah! yes—the same. See there the end of all things!—Illustrious descent—heroic deeds—worldly prosperity—parental hopes—strength, youth, and beauty!—“ Sic transit gloria mundi.”

Look! in that dark corner of the chancel, at the termination of that narrow passage running along from the communion table behind the two monuments, is a low strong iron door, just visible from the family pew. More than half a century hath passed away since that door hath grated on its rusty hinges, but before that period, frequently were its heavy bars removed, and down the narrow stair to which it opens, generation after generation of the De la Veres descended to their “ dark house of kindred dead,” till no space remained unoccupied in those silent chambers. And it should seem that the extinction of the ancient race drew near, from the time that their sepulchral home, having received the apportioned number for whom its rest was prepared, closed its inexorable doors against their posterity. Certain it is, that from about this time the name has been gradually perishing away from among the rolls of the living, till it rested at last with three persons only, the son and two daughters of the tenth Reginald.

That son was named after his martial ancestor, but the last Richard de la Vere lived and died a man of peace, a widower, and childless; for the wife of his youthful love had been taken from him in the first year of their union, and, from the time of her death, withdrawing from the world and from public life, and well nigh from all neighbourly intercourse, he had lived entirely at the old family mansion with his two unmarried sisters, whose veneration for the last male survivor of their ancient race, as well as their strong affection for him, suffered them not to murmur, even in thought, at the life of total seclusion, which, in all probability, condemned them to one of

single blessedness. So the squire and his two faithful companions lived on together a long life of tranquil monotony, a vegetative dream-like existence, so unruffled by the usual accidents of "chance and change," that their very minds became stagnant, incapable of reflecting exterior objects, and insensible to the noiseless wafting of Time's pinions, that swept by so gently. But those quiet waters brooded on their own depths—on "the long-faded glories they covered," and perhaps the pride of ancestry, and the feeling of hereditary consequence, were never more powerful than in the hearts of those three secluded persons, whose existence was scarcely remembered beyond the precincts of their own domain, whose views, and cares, and interests, had long been circumscribed by its narrow limits, and with whom the very name itself, the long-transmitted name, would so soon descend into the dust and be extinct for ever. Barring this human failing, and perhaps also the unsocial retiredness of their general habits, which had grown on them imperceptibly, partly from natural shyness, heightened by indulgence into morbid feeling, and partly from the altered circumstances of the family, which they shrank from exposing to the vulgar eye—Barring such human failings, these last descendants of the De la Veres were kind, and good, and pious people, beloved in their household and amongst their tenantry, and never named but respectfully, (when named at all,) even by the neighbouring gentry, with whom they had long ceased to keep up any visiting intercourse, beyond the rare occurrence of a morning call. So years stole on, till age

had palsied the firm step of the squire, and silvered the bright locks of the once-blooming sisters.

Then was the last branch shaken off the old sapless tree. Three withered leaves yet hung upon it, to be succeeded by no after vegetation. First dropt the brother; and soon after the youngest of the venerable sisters; and then one poor, infirm, solitary female, the last of her race, was left alone, in the desolate habitation of the once flourishing De la Veres. But if you would know more of that antique mansion, and of its aged mistress and her immediate predecessors, you must come outside the church, for there are *their* sepulchres. There, since the closing up of the family vault, have the later De la Veres made their beds in the dust, though *without* the walls of the church, yet as near as might be to its subterranean chambers, and to the ashes of their kindred dead. These things that I have spoken of—those tombs and those hatchments, and the family pew, and the low iron door—are they not to be seen, even unto this day, in the ancient church of Halliburn?—You know, dear Lilius! they so engrossed our attention on our first visit to the same, that time remained not that evening for our purposed survey of the old family mansion. Besides, the churchyard was yet to be counted over, and the sun was already descending behind the distant hills. So taking our outward survey of the venerable church, and a slight pencil-sketch, almost as rapidly executed, we turned our faces homeward, reserving for another evening the farther prosecution of our antiquarian researches.

A.

STATE COUNSEL, BY THE STATESMEN OF COCKAIGNE.

An Infallible Recipe for making a People wealthy, intelligent, moral, loyal, free, and happy ; extracted from the New Encyclopædia of State-Medicine, invented for the benefit of the world in general, and of Great Britain and Ireland in particular, by the Statesmen of Cockaigne.

CONQUER an island, situated as near as possible to, and having as many means of communication as possible with, your own shores. If by any means practicable, let its population be as one to two, compared with your own, and let it comprehend about seven millions of souls.

Induce the proprietors of the soil to let their estates, at the highest rent they can obtain, to middlemen or land-jobbers, and then to abandon their country, to dwell and spend their incomes elsewhere. Let it be an indispensable condition in the leases, that the land-jobbers shall be permitted to subdivide the land as they please ; to let it by auction to the highest bidders, no matter of what character ; and to do anything with it that may be the most conducive to their own benefit, save and except making away with the fee-simple.

The jobbers having got due authority, and being secured from any pernicious restraint that the presence of the proprietors might impose upon them, will immediately commence a course of the most liberal and beneficial conduct. Having an interest in the land for only a fixed term of years ; having no other object than to extract from it the greatest possible amount of profit ; and being under no responsibility touching the state in which they may leave it, or the cultivators whom they may settle upon it, they will naturally exhaust every effort to re-let it for the very highest rent that can be procured. If the population be dense, a matter devoutly to be wished, they will, by auction-letting and subdividing, to accommodate competition, easily be able to let for considerably higher rents than any endeavours or privations of the subtenants can pay. This, aided by the salutary labours which it will impose upon certain functionaries of the law, will speedily dissipate any capital that the cultivators may possess ; the jobbers and attorneys will not only obtain a rack-rent, but they will obtain all the stock, utensils, &c. that the fortunate occupiers may adventure up-

on the soil. Of course, as the capital of the cultivators, instead of being augmented, will rapidly vanish, the ability to occupy good-sized farms will be annihilated, and the island will be cut into potatoe-gardens.

Having, by the emigration of the proprietors, practically rid yourselves of a nobility and gentry, you will now find yourselves disencumbered of that nuisance, a respectable yeomanry—a class of sturdy masters, which, so long as it is permitted to exist, cannot be prevented from making servants of the labourers, communicating to them much knowledge, and keeping them in bondage. You will find your country population, that is, the great mass of the population of the island, to consist almost wholly of men, equal and independent ; you will find the absurd distinctions of class destroyed, and your population melted into one grand class. You will find this grand class to be composed of people without both capital and income—without food and raiment—not half employed—having no masters to control them—having no other class to mislead them by example—having full liberty to spend their time as they please—impelled by idleness to congregate together, and to contract habits of the most liberal character—and having no means of changing their condition. Any plan that would cause the proprietors to promote the system of subdivision,—for example, one that should give the elective franchise to the potatoe-garden occupiers,—might aid greatly in producing this glorious consummation.

This will necessarily make the people of your island WEALTHY.

In accomplishing this great work, you will, no doubt, have much opposition to encounter from the bigotted slaves of antiquated prejudices. Although the influence of these wretched people is rapidly hastening to extinction, it is still formidable. Your weapons in combating them must be the divine science of Political Economy and the divine Liberal System.

If these bigots declare that this,

without the operation of any other cause, will inevitably make the people paupers, barbarians, profligates, and ruffians, first laugh at them—one laugh has more potency with the mass of men than ten facts or arguments; then assert that the absence of the landlords cannot produce any evil, and that the jobbers are a beneficial order of men, and quote the Edinburgh Review to prove it,—shew, by the divine science of Political Economy, that the stale maxim, “custom is second nature,” is a fiction—that in rents, wages, prices, &c., supply and demand govern everything, and differences in personal disposition and feeling, in habits and means, in the prejudices and partialities of education, rank, and class, have no influence over them. No landlord will ever take less than the full rent for his land, and no tenant will ever offer more for it. A landlord will not, from large revenue, a princely spirit, prejudices derived from his forefathers, and a pride in seeing his estates in high cultivation, and peopled by an intelligent and opulent tenantry, let his land below its value; and a tenant will not, from the fear of starvation, a contempt of honesty, and a peculiar system of land-letting, covenant to pay a rent which will feed him on potatoes, clothe him in rags, and prevent him from paying any creditor that he may have, save his landlord. If rents become excessive, the cultivators of land will immediately betake themselves to trade and manufactures, which, of course, will find them profitable employment. Provided the laws do not interfere, society will ever adopt those systems which will produce it the most benefit; it will ever keep its different kinds of labourers equally paid, and it will ever equalize profits. All this may be triumphantly established by the divine science of Political Economy.

It is a most lamentable truth, that things in Great Britain set themselves in fearful array against this divine science. The servants of wealthy traders and people of fortune have double and treble the wages that the servants of other people have, yet they form a large portion of the whole servants of the country, and there is as great a superabundance of them as of any other description of servants. They have the least labour and no extra share of trust. Agricultural wages are nearly

double the amount in some counties, of what they are in others. Manufacturing labourers can earn nearly as much more as agricultural ones. A vast portion of the large proprietors of land let their farms for half the rent that small proprietors obtain. A very large share of the land of England would, at this moment, let for nearly double its present rent, if it were let by auction. This is not an accidental, temporary state of things, but it is the regular and permanent one; it is one which is immediately re-established, if accident change it for a moment. All this, no doubt, militates most detestably against the doctrines of supply and demand, natural equalizations, &c., as applied to rents and wages.

If the bigots get hold of these things, scoff at their ignorance, and swear that facts are nothing when opposed to Political Economy,—if they dilate on any awkward traits in the character and condition of your Islanders, protest that the Islanders are beggared by taxes even though they pay none; protest, that the Government, by its tyranny, drives them to crime, even though it suffer them to do nearly what they please; if the land be subject to tithes, protest that these ruin the occupiers, though they may not be equal to one-twentieth of the rent. Above all things, never admit that rents can be excessive and ruinous. In addition to all this, cover your opponents with the most unsavoury epithets. The adjectives bigotted, illiberal, intolerant, slavish, &c., are, at this moment, exceedingly effective when employed against the bigots; be profuse in the use of them.

Having exalted your Islanders to the condition described, you must next take measures for preventing them from being dragged from it. Their own efforts would do nothing, but those of others might do much if not opposed. You must, in the first place, use every exertion to prevent the proprietors from changing their conduct. Defend them in every practicable way. Declare that they do exactly what they ought. Protest, that on every principle of Political Economy, if they dwelt on their estates they would exact as high rents as the jobbers—they would pay no regard to the character and conduct of, and obtain no influence over, their tenants—they would employ no labourers on their grounds

—they and their large establishments of well-taught domestics would do nothing towards civilizing the barbarous villagers—they would implant no good habits and principles—their presence would destroy no petty oppressions, and put down no pernicious feelings—in a word, their residence on their estates would not alter matters in the smallest degree.

Political Economy, like surgery, is a fine science for freezing the blood. It disposes men to operate on each other as though they were logs of timber; it brings them to a level in feeling, and makes them measure everything by the rule of profit and loss. It is a most admirable pioneer for the liberal system. When you have, by the aid of this sublime science, thoroughly filled the noble and other landlords with the sentiments of the counting-house and the shop-counter, you must then assail them with the liberal system. Attack with all your might religious teachers, and the practice of religious precepts: this will purify them from any principles that may restrain them from dissipation and licentiousness. Assail any laws that may be meant to protect public morals—defend by implication, if you cannot in decency do it directly, vice and immorality—if you know any profligates stained with every private and public vice, cry them up as the most liberal and estimable of men, and as perfect models of conduct: this can scarcely fail of rendering the landlords licentious and profligate. Pour the most blackening libels on your country and your countrymen, and the most dazzling panegyrics on other nations; this will necessarily divest the landlords of those vulgar and pernicious prejudices—the love of country and public spirit.

If you succeed in rendering the proprietors covetous and selfish, sensual and debauched, and the despisers of their country and countrymen, in a word, liberal and enlightened men, you will make them the steadiest friends of your system in the island. You will impel them to dwell constantly amidst the licentiousness of other countries, incite them to give the utmost encouragement to the jobber system, and lead them to regard any vices and crimes that may distinguish those who people their estates, as so many proofs that the people are

more liberal and enlightened than those of other nations. The conversion of the proprietors into profligate spendthrifts must be the principal object of your attention. Only mould them into these, and you may then easily make them anything else that you may desire. Such spendthrifts, without any tuition, adopt the principle of supply and demand in letting their estates. Virtual auction is their rule. They operate as a pestilence upon that abomination, a wealthy yeomanry, and upon that intolerable subjection in which such a yeomanry keeps agricultural labourers; of course they destroy those pernicious habits and feelings which have so long distinguished so large a portion of the peasantry of Great Britain.

While you are thus operating upon the land-proprietors of the island, you will be producing the most beneficial effects among those of your own country.

If any attempts be made to introduce those baleful things the poor-laws into your island, resist them to the utmost. Here again the divine science of Political Economy must be your chief weapon. Prove by this incomparable science, that the assuring to the labourer of a provision from the parish when he cannot procure work, will inevitably make him refuse to work at all—that labourers ought to be left to beg if they cannot obtain employment: that begging, whether successful or not, instead of making them idle, will make them most industrious—that the depraved habits, which begging inevitably gives, will make them the more valuable members of society—that it will add prodigiously to public wealth, if the land be covered with clouds of beggars—that work can always be had if labourers will seek it—and that every system ought to be immediately destroyed, which produces the least of abuse and evil, no matter how comprehensive and complicated it may be, and what benefits may flow from it.

Here again you will, no doubt, be vigorously assaulted by the bigots. They will fling some awkward facts at your teeth, for Fortune, that illiberal and slavish goddess, seems to have maliciously fashioned the history of this despicable country in which we have had the misfortune to be born, into an inveterate enemy to our sublime

science. They will tell you that the poor-laws operated for centuries without injuring the labourers' industry—that, not forty years since, the country labourer held it to be the extreme of degradation to receive aid from the parish, and would never crave it except from imperious necessity. They will maintain that these incontrovertible facts prove that the poor-laws, and the highest degree of industry in the labourer, can exist together, not for a moment, but permanently. They will maintain that the natural operation of the poor-laws is, not to injure, but to promote industry—that if you compel a man to beg, you make him a liar and a thief, you destroy his morals—that if you destroy his morals, you destroy his industry—and that the poor-laws, in protecting his morals, protect his industry. They will assert existing facts to prove that there may be an excess of labourers, that it may be impossible for this excess to obtain employment or to escape starvation, save through parish relief or begging; that this excess would still be found if the poor-laws were destroyed, and that the destruction of these laws would increase, in a frightful degree, the evils that flow from it. They will tell you that the scarcity of work, and Cobbett and your *liberal* writers, were the means of destroying the pride, independence, and other good feelings of your labouring population; and that the poor-laws were not their auxiliary, but their enemy. They will maintain that a British labourer will still work whenever he can obtain employment, and will still do as much labour in the day as two labourers of any other nation, notwithstanding the operation of the poor-laws. And they will, perhaps, have the blushless effrontery to say, that these laws have done more to exalt the moral and intellectual character of the labouring orders, than anything else in your system; and that the divine science of Political Economy, in so far as it operates against public morals—against national philanthropy and benevolence—against the pure and lofty feelings which antiquated moralists and philosophers were at such pains to implant—it operates not only against the other interests of the state, but most perniciously against national wealth.

Meet all this by once more asserting, that facts are nothing when op-

posed to Political Economy. Declare that this sublime science stands upon the infallible maxims, that men and bodies of men will always do what it is their interest to do, and that all men, no matter of what disposition, habits, rank, and country, will always act alike in the same circumstances. Demonstrate the truth of these maxims. Shew that, as it is the manifest interest of all men to be industrious, honest, virtuous, and orderly, it is impossible for any man, or body of men, to be idle, knavish, vicious, and turbulent, if not impelled to it by such causes as the poor laws; and that, therefore, religion and irreligion, the most opposite kinds of instruction, the most discordant opinions and prejudices, will have the same effect on human conduct. Quote in proof the notorious facts, that the radicals, a few years since, did what it was their interest to do—that the mobs and processionists of the late Queen did what it was their interest to do—and that the Roman Catholics, and the weaver, collier, and other associations of labourers, are at this moment acting in the wisest possible manner for their own interests. Shew that it is contrary to every principle of Political Economy, for the labouring classes to be kept under surveillance and control, and point in proof to the splendid results which have sprung from the repeal of the combination-laws. Having done this, you may then, by means of the celestial liberal system, prove that public morals are a public curse, and that the community will never prosper until it is converted into a mass of vice and profligacy.

Your island will, perhaps, be threatened with another evil from which you must vigilantly protect it. In the latter part of the war there were, in Great Britain, as many respectable farmers' sons and others, in want of good-sized farms, and unable to obtain them, in their native country, as would have been able to occupy a very large part of your island. This, from the present aspect of things, is very likely to happen again; and if these persons have reasonable inducement, they will throng to your island in crowds. Their being permitted to do so would have the most fatal and melancholy consequences. They would introduce a most pernicious amount of unborrowed agricultural capital—they would

establish the most ruinous systems of management—they would destroy the equality and independence of the people—they would convert a very large part of your one grand class into servants, and effectually control them—they would propagate the most mischievous habits and opinions—and they would produce a variety of other grievous evils. What we have recommended, touching the landlords, will, by keeping up rents, be one means of keeping them away; and what we are about to recommend, will supply all that may be lacking for their effectual exclusion.

You must now direct your attention to that most important point, the supplying of the people of your island with just opinions and feelings. The divine liberal system must here be your principal guide. Keep the facts for ever before you, that this system carries on a war of extermination against the regular Clergy, the Protestant Dissenters, and the practice of religion; that it constantly advocates those things which form the primary sources of vice and guilt; that it holds up the profligates of this and other countries as the best of mortals: that it ranks hatred of public functionaries and governments among the cardinal virtues, and that it anxiously sighs to reverse all that at present exists in this country. Keep this fact, we say, for ever before you, and act accordingly.

The jobbers will do no little towards accomplishing what the liberal system will prescribe, without you. They will connive at, and encourage, illicit distillation, the robbing the clergyman of his tithes, &c. &c. This will have the most beneficial effect in freeing the people from the restraints which honesty, reverence for the laws, and other feelings of a similarly pernicious nature, impose. In addition to this, the exactions of the jobbers will place the people in that glorious state of hunger and nakedness, of bodily degradation and mental darkness, in which it is almost impossible for men to know and practise the distinctions between right and wrong, virtue and vice, innocence and crime;—in which it is almost impossible for wrong, vice, and crime, to assume any other than the most aggravated character.

Your care, of course, must be to complete what the jobbers may leave

undone, and to take every possible means for preventing others from rendering your combined labours of no effect.

If the established Church of the island resemble that of England, you must be implacable enemies of the clergy, for they will contend against you in everything. You must, as good Liberals and true, detest the Protestant religion in general, and that of the Church of England in particular. It would be most desirable if you could abolish religion altogether, but this perhaps would be scarcely practicable. It seems to be agreed on all hands that man is “a religious animal,” and therefore, perhaps, if you oppose atheism or deism to protestantism, you will hardly triumph. It will consequently be wise in you to war against the regular clergy, by means of any other religion that may possess the greatest number of the following characteristics:—

If it call itself a Christian one, it must comprehend in its creed as much of what is flatly opposed to the New Testament, as will make it practical heathenism.

It must invest its priests with the attributes of God—it must place them above God—it must even make God seem to be but their passive instrument; a being existing only to save or consign to perdition as they may dictate, in the eyes of the people. It must exact from the people, for the priests, the most slavish, blind, and abject obedience, and it must give to the priests unlimited authority to decide, in spite of the scriptures, or any other authority, divine or human, what shall, and what shall not, be regarded as religious duty. This will have the blessed effect of turning the minds of the people from their Maker to the priests; it will give the worship and obedience to the latter instead of the former.

Its priests, while they must speak incessantly of their power to forgive sins, and to admit into, and exclude from heaven, any one they please, must instruct the people that salvation depends not on a virtuous and pious life; that it will not be forfeited by a life of the darkest vices and crimes; and that all that is necessary to obtain it is, to go through such forms, repeat such words, and pay such sums of money, as they may dictate. They

must make the people believe, that they may commit the most flagrant wickedness again and again, and still be forgiven, on such terms as all have it in their power to offer ; and that the blackest wretch that ever cursed the earth will be sure of entering heaven, if he get that forgiveness from them, which he can so easily obtain. This will have the most beneficial operation imaginable. It will destroy the power of conscience,—it will take away the fear of future punishment altogether,—it will convince the people that they may commit any wickedness whatever ; that they may rob, burn, and assassinate, as they please, and still be in no danger of perdition ; and it will, of course, make the religion, to a great extent, the pander of the worst passions and propensities of human nature. Only depose God, and deify the priest ; make the name of the one the tool of the other ; and substitute the priest's inventions for the precepts of scripture, and your religion will inevitably destroy those pestilential things—public morals.

This religion must, of course, strenuously insist on the suppression of the scriptures, and all sound expositions of Christianity. It must permit the free circulation of writings that contain direct incitements to vice and crime ; it must sanction the use of these in the schools, but it must, on no consideration, suffer the people to read the Bible.

It must positively prohibit the people from entering the churches of the establishment, and the Protestant chapels ; it must proclaim the more devout, Bible-reading, Bible-obeying Protestants, to be the greatest and the most unpardonable sinners ; it must assert that the clergy of the established Church have no spiritual character, and are a nuisance to the country ; and it must maintain, that while there is no hell for its own followers, there is no heaven for the followers of other religions.

The priests of this religion ought to possess, at least, an hundred-fold more of direct authority than the regular clergy ; they ought, in truth, to be perfectly despotic. They must insist upon auricular confession, for this will place their flocks at their mercy. They must regularly visit the houses of the people, and carry off by main force the

Bible, religious tracts, and all other obnoxious writings. They must be permitted to inflict the most severe personal punishments on all who may dare to disobey their commands. They must impose penances, which are about equal to the legal punishments of whipping and standing in the pillory, for lighter offences ; and they must employ excommunication, which is the loss of character, and ruin—which, if not equal to, is but one degree short of, death—against graver ones. These punishments must be resorted to, without mercy, against all who may dare to enter a Protestant place of worship, or retain in their possession a Bible or a religious tract.

While the priests must thus effectually prevent the people from reading the scriptures, and obtaining religious knowledge, they must shew the utmost indulgence to vices ; they must permit the profanation of the Sabbath ; if they know that they have incendiaries and murderers in their flocks, they must conceal it from the legal authorities ; if they know that a plot is concocting, for ruining and shedding the blood of innocent families, they must not reveal it ; they must tell the dying felon that his sins are forgiven, though they know that he is passing, with a lie in his mouth, to the presence of his Maker ; they must on no account excommunicate a man for being a murderer or a traitor.

A priesthood teaching a religion like this, and possessing these terrible powers, cannot fail of obtaining the most boundless authority over a people so happily circumstanced as those of your island. It cannot fail of obtaining, virtually, the sovereign authority. It cannot fail of being able to lead, or drag the people, to anything whatever. It cannot fail of establishing nearly everything that the divine liberal system wishes to see established in point of morals.

It is a most difficult matter to give to a peasantry the political feelings which this glorious system inculcates. All the circumstances in which a peasantry is placed, have a natural tendency to make it orderly and loyal. Its minute subdivisions, its occupation, and the difficulty of supplying it with *liberal* newspapers, of placing before it *liberal* examples, of establishing amidst it *liberal* teachers, and of bringing

within its hearing *liberal* harangues, all operate most powerfully against rendering it turbulent and disaffected. Your main instruments, therefore, in operating upon the politics of your country population, must be your priests, and, of course, these must be furious political intriguers. Their political, will be as boundless as their religious influence, and they will render your people exactly what the liberal system would wish to make them in politics.

It cannot be necessary for us to prove, that the State ought not to have the least influence or authority over the priests—that it should not be suffered to interfere in the smallest degree in their education and appointment—that the men who, by acting the double part of spies and tyrants—who, by compulsion and terror, as well as persuasion and seduction—who, by inflicting the most grievous punishments, and producing the belief, that they can admit into heaven, or cast into hell, whomsoever they please, hold despotic sway over five or six millions of the people, and terrify the government from taking any measures that may displease them, ought to be independent of, and above, the government. This is too obvious to need evidence to establish it. The priests ought positively to deny the supremacy of the State, and to assert their supremacy over it. Their head ought to be some foreign potentate—some crafty and unprincipled Italian: a man dwelling in the most ignorant and licentious part of Europe; one who will, in the face of the world, attack your national institutions and liberty, avow his hatred of the Protestants, and assert that they ought to be “extirpated.” This man ought to nominate the higher of the priests, and these, his creatures, ought to nominate the inferior ones.

It may, however, be most just and proper for the State to pay for the education of the priests, provided it be restrained from interfering in such education. Nothing could be more desirable than that the State should educate men to proclaim that the regular clergy have no religious character, and that they are a nuisance to the island, to combine with any political faction that may put the public peace and weal in peril, and to sponge

from their starving flocks the money necessary to feed and arm such faction.

Although miracle alone could prevent a religion and priesthood like these from rendering such a people as your islanders everything you could wish in morals and politics, still it may not be wise to trust to them wholly. It is better to be doubly armed, than to be without weapons. It will therefore be highly prudent to form a gigantic political faction to act as their ally, and to perform such labours in politics as it might be unseemly in the priesthood to undertake.

The leaders of this faction ought, by all means, to be lawyers. Lawyers, when they plunge into politics, have far less than other men of such scruples as your faction ought to be wholly free from. These lawyers ought to be fanatical, superstitious, crazy, hot-headed, blind, and ignorant in the last degree; they ought, more especially, to be intensely ignorant of the principles of the British constitution, of the principles of liberty, and of the character of the British people. When these lawyers form themselves into a body, your priests must combine both themselves and their flocks with them: This will, of course, make your people religiously obey whatever the lawyers may dictate. As lawyers, no matter what they undertake, must always have money to work with, your priests whom the state educates must extract from their starving flocks—if seduction fail, they can employ threats and punishments—some fifty thousand per annum for the use of the lawyers. A portion of this money ought to be avowedly employed in bribing the newspaper writers of the empire, and this will necessarily procure you other most potent allies. It will be most wise to secure the assistance of Cobbett, and all such writers. A hired agent established in London may be of great service.

You will now be secure. The established clergy—the government—the whole world—may do what they please, and you may laugh at them all.

You must, however, not slumber in giving to your terrific means operation. Laws are hateful things to the divine liberal system; therefore you must destroy the laws, or render them inoperative. The jobbers will disqua-

lify your population for furnishing functionaries to execute the laws, and your priesthood and faction must disqualify it for furnishing legal witnesses. This will do much towards rendering the laws a dead letter. If the government prosecute traitors—if private individuals prosecute rioters, robbers, and murderers—if a clergyman bring an action for tithes lawfully due to him—if a member of another religion bring an action against a member of yours—the expenses of the defence must, in all cases, be defrayed by the funds of your faction. As no private unconnected individuals, whether poor or rich, will be able to contend against the purse of your faction in courts of law, this will supply all that may be wanting for rendering the laws a nullity. It will yield another mighty advantage—it will give employment and bread to your lawyers.

The regular clergy are solemnly pledged to their God and their country to do everything in their power to make your people good Christians; they are expressly enjoined to do this by the laws. In so far as their efforts may be successful, they will take the sovereignty from your priesthood and faction, and give it to the State—they will establish that horrible state of things in respect of religion and politics, which is to be seen in Great Britain: You must, of course, vigorously oppose them. If you suffer them to circulate the Scriptures, you are ruined, therefore your mobs, inflamed and headed by your priesthood and faction, must put down by force their Bible-meetings. Your people must be taught to detest the Bible, and to cry, "Down with the Bible!" and your priests must solemnly charge them, in their official character, not to retain the Scriptures, or any religious treatise, if put into their hands.

If the bigots declare that it is virtual treason for your priesthood and faction to make themselves the censors of the press—to prevent the regular clergy from doing what the law and the religion of the State command them to do—to prohibit the circulation of the religious creed of the State—to prevent the people from making themselves acquainted with this creed—and to prevent the reading of that which is published under the authority of the State, and which is the only genuine source of Christianity—treat

them with silent scorn. The present *liberality* of the nation will render any other reply useless.

If your priests be so indiscreet as to enter into sober disputations with the regular clergy touching the propriety of circulating the Scriptures, reprehend such disputations vehemently. Swear that they cannot possibly produce anything but mischief, and to prove it, shew that the disputations in Parliament—newspaper discussions—theological controversies—in fine, argumentation and discussion of every kind—only stifle inquiry, destroy knowledge, overthrow truth, and produce every variety of baleful consequences. The *liberal* part of the nation will believe you.

If the government, or any fanatics and enthusiasts, endeavour to establish schools among your Islanders, be careful to prevent any religion and morality from being taught in these schools, and, above all things, exclude from them the Scriptures. If your people are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the cost of the State, it may be of service to you, provided they are taught nothing else. It will enable them to read whatever your priesthood and faction may put into their hands; and, as the wholesome and searching laws of these bodies will suppress all other compositions, there will be no danger of their reading any other.

It will be highly necessary for you to malign and blacken the regular clergy in every possible way. Protest, that when they obtain a portion of the tithes which are legally their due, they rob and ruin the people. Although it is a notorious fact that tithe-free land pays more in rent alone than titheable land pays in both rent and tithes, prove, by the unerring science of Political Economy, that the tithes are a ruinous impost which the occupiers of titheable land have to pay beyond what is paid by the rest of the community. Although every one knows that if tithes were abolished, the landholders would demand more than their amount of additional rent, prove, by the said unerring science, that the abolition would put their amount annually, and for ever, exclusively, into the pockets of the occupiers. Although no one is ignorant that, if the churchlands were taken from the clergy, they would, whether sold or given

away, pass to men who would raise the rents, and spend these rents out of the island, still prove, by the said unerring science, that the possession of these lands by the clergy involves the island in ruin. If the clergy attempt to perform their duty, protest that they are generating bad feelings, and fomenting rebellion. If they labour to teach the people the principles and practice of genuine Christianity, without reference to particular creeds, depounce them as men who are a plague to the island. Never spare them, except when they are silent—when they totally neglect their duty—and when they suffer your priests to do whatever they please.

On the other hand, you must lavish all the panegyrics that language will supply, on your priests;—declare that they are the most spotless and meritorious of God's creatures;—protest that everything they do is most constitutional, lawful, just, and necessary;—swear that they ought to suppress the Bible, and all expositions of the religion of the State—that they ought to keep the people in the most horrible ignorance and depravity—that they ought to prevent the regular clergy from performing their religious duties—that they ought to occupy the first place in, and to form the chief principle of vitality and power of, a tremendous political faction, which threatens to involve the empire in war—in a word, that they ought to do anything they please. Prove that it is impossible for them to possess too much influence and authority; and that the laws, the Constitution, the government, the public weal, the interests of society, in short, everything in your system, ought to be subordinate and subservient to them.

The lawyers and other members of your faction, your priests, and your newspapers, bribed or unbribed, must daily scatter this profusely in every corner of your island. It must be served up in such language, and with such adjuncts, as may be the best calculated for making an impression on the people. If any slanders of the Protestant religion, and the clergy of the Church of England, can be invented so foul, filthy, revolting, and devilish, that even your very lawyers and priests cannot repeat them, let any such person as Cobbett, print them in his paper, then let them be copied into your

other papers, and then let your faction, and other engines of circulation, deluge the island with the papers.

The tuition of your people will be imperfect, if you do not fill them with intense hatred of Great Britain. If they indulge any kindly feeling towards this wretched state, they will be in danger of imbibing some of its pernicious opinions and habits. Your priests, lawyers, and other instruments, must, therefore, continually tell them, that Great Britain enacted the most cruel and unjust laws against their ancestors, but they must conceal the fact, that their ancestors provoked these laws by their conduct—they must tell them, that Great Britain holds them now in chains, and makes them the victims of intolerable oppression, but they must carefully conceal all she has done for them. Your lawyers must tell them, that nineteen twentieths of the British women are strumpets from reading the Bible. Cobbett must tell them that England is “the land of bastards,” and that its peasantry are monsters of depravity. The Morning Chronicle must tell them that the English are the most sensual and immoral people in Europe. The Edinburgh Review must supply them with libels on the British people—in a word, all those *liberal* persons who have magnanimously filled themselves with scorn of their country, and who can only speak of, to vilify, it, must assist in causing them to detest Great Britain. When everything in the character and circumstances of your Islanders, will lead them to devour this with the utmost greediness, and when everything that may tend to contradict it can be effectually kept from them, your success in filling them with the most rancorous and inveterate hatred of Great Britain, cannot fail of being most perfect and glorious.

After having banished or destroyed almost all who could form an upper or a middle class—almost all who could set proper examples to your people, and who would have an interest in setting such examples—almost all who could fashion your population into a society, and prevent it from becoming one gigantic, unorganized, ungovernable, terrific mob: after having reduced the mass of your people to the lowest point of ignorance, penury, depravity, and lawlessness—taken from their eyes all beneficial example—fill-

ed them with the worst feelings that savage and uncivilized man can entertain—and made them the abject slaves of men who have a vital interest in keeping them in this condition: after having taken the most effectual measures to prevent them from being taught the principles and practice of Christianity, or anything whatever that might change their feelings and character: after having created the most omnipotent means for keeping their worst passions continually in a consuming flame—for feeding their worst ideas with the last morsel that these can gorge—and for rendering them monsters in everything that can sink and blacken the human species: after having destroyed the operation of the laws, and rendered it almost impossible to govern them by anything but the sword: after having done all this, you may then pause for a moment, and rejoice over your labours.

It will now be advisable for you to unite your island with, to render it beneficial to, Great Britain. As you have made your Islanders, in habit, feeling, opinion, character, conduct, in everything that can be imagined—the perfect reverse of the people of Great Britain: as you have rendered them ignorant, to the last degree, of the Constitution, the laws, and the whole system, of Great Britain; and as you have taken the most effectual means for protecting this ignorance from being dissipated: as you have taught them to detest the religion of Great Britain, the political principles of Great Britain, the government of Great Britain, the people of Great Britain, and Great Britain as a nation; and as you have made combined religious and political fanaticism the source of this detestation: as you have rendered it almost impossible for the people of the two islands, ever to be anything but the reverse of each other in character and conduct, and ever to regard each other with anything but quenchless animosity: as you have done all this, now pass a law to unite them—to make them *ONE PEOPLE*—for the benefit of Great Britain.

You must now bring eighty or one hundred of the lawyers, and other members of your faction—of the men who have publicly declared their hatred of the religion of Britain, who have publicly libelled the British people, in every possible way, who have

publicly displayed the most rancorous hostility to Britain, who have publicly proved that they are grossly ignorant of the Constitution, liberty, and interests of Britain, and who have publicly endeavoured to do all the injury in their power to Britain—you must bring eighty or one hundred of these men into the British legislature, and a large number into the executive, the embassies, &c. &c. to manage the religious and other interests of Britain. You must involve two churches which divide the mass of the people of the two islands between them, in a rancorous and exterminating war, for the ecclesiastical wealth and dignities of the empire, and not only for these, but even for the civil trusts and dignities of the empire. The war will be carried on with all the fury that combined religious and political fanaticism can inspire; it will render the regular clergy as violent politicians as your priests—it will make every political question appeal to religious animosity—it will fill Britain with your proselytizing priests—it will cause the lower orders to be the most unremitting and desperate in the contest—and it cannot fail of yielding to Britain every benefit and blessing that a nation could possess and desire.

If the bigots oppose you, protest that the British Constitution knows nothing of qualification, and that all men have an abstract right to be placed on an equality in a community: declare, that if it were positively known that your lawyers, &c. on being admitted into the executive, the legislature, &c. &c., would immediately destroy the Church, Constitution, and liberty of Britain, and involve her in convulsion and ruin, still they ought to be admitted on the ground of *ABSTRACT RIGHT*. The *liberal and enlightened* portion of the British people will believe you.

Our limits will not permit us to give more of the unerring counsels of the statesmen of Cockaigne. We regret from our souls, that the necessity for our abridging and compressing as much as possible, has prevented us from giving these counsels in the beautiful and impressive language in which they were originally delivered. If, however, any man will take the trouble of wading through the stupendous mass which the unrivalled statesmen of Cockaigne have written or spoken

on this momentous question, he will find that we have executed our task with the most scrupulous fidelity. He will find that, although the sketches of the consequences that would flow from practising their advice, are frequently our own, we have not ascribed to them a single syllable of advice which has not, again and again, been promulgated and enforced by these learned and sagacious persons. We do not place this paper before the Ministry, or the Opposition, or party-men of any kind, for we hold the pen

for higher interests than those of a party; we place it before the intelligent, patriotic, and independent part of our countrymen, as the counsel which is daily given by a vast portion of our public press, and our public men. We will not add to it any counsel of our own—we will not say what reflections it is calculated to produce; we will not point out the conduct which it imperiously calls for. Those to whom we speak know their duty, and they will discharge it.

THE NIGHT-HAWK.

Vox, et praterea nihil.

THE winds are pillowed on the waveless deep,
And from the curtain'd sky the midnight moon
Looks sombred o'er the forests great, that sleep
Unstirring, while a soft melodious tune,
Nature's still voice, the lapsing stream, is heard,
And ever and anon th' unseen night-wandering bird.

An Arab of the air, it floats along,
Enamour'd of the silence and the night,
The tall pine tops, the mountains dim among,
Aye wheeling on in solitary flight;
Like an ungentle spirit earthwards sent,
To haunt the pale-faced moon, a cheerless banishment.

A wild low sound—a melancholy cry,
Now near, remoter now, and more remote;
In the blue dusk, unseen, it journeys by,
Loving amid the starlight calm to float;
Now sharp and shrill, now faint, and by degrees
Fainter, like Summer winds that die 'mid leafy trees.

I listen—in the solitude I stand,
The breathless hush of midnight—all is still;
Unmoved the valleys spread, the woods expand;
There is a slumbering mist upon the hill;
Nature through all her regions seems asleep,
Save, ever and anon, that wailing sound and deep.

Doubtless, in elder times, unhallow'd sound!
When Fancy ruled the subject lands, and Fear,
Some demon elf, or goblin shrieking round,
Darkly thou smot'st on Superstition's ear;
The wild wood had its spirits, and the glen
Teem'd with dim shapes, and shades inimical to men.

Here, in this solitude all vast and void,
Life seems a vision of the shadowy past,
By mighty Silence swallow'd and destroy'd,
And thou of living sounds the dirge, and last;
Serenely quiet sleeps the moveless scene,
As if, all discord o'er, mankind had never been.

Nocturnal haunter of the homeless sky !
 Most immaterial of terrestrial things !
 On the grey cloud in slumber canst thou lie ;
 Or 'mid the flooding moonlight fold thy wings ?
 'Mid shooting star-beams lovest thou to roam ?
 This gross earth, sure, for thee is scarce a fitting home.

Lovest thou, when storms are dark, and rains come down,
 When wild winds round lone dwellings moan and sigh,
 And night is hooded in its gloomiest frown,
 To mingle with the tempest thy lone cry,
 To pierce the rolling thunder-clouds, and brook
 The scythe-wing'd lightning's glare with fierce unshrinking look ?

On Summer's scented eve, when fulgent skies
 The last bright traces of the day partook,
 And Heaven look'd down on Earth with starry eyes,
 Reflected softly in the wimpling brook,
 Far, far above, wild solitary bird,
 Thy melancholy scream 'mid woodlands I have heard.

And I have heard thee when the wintry snow
 Mantled with chilling white the moonless vales,
 Through the drear darkness wandering to and fro,
 And mingling with the sharp and sighing gales
 Thy wizard note—when Nature's prostrate form,
 In desolation sad, lay sunk beneath the storm.

It is a sound most solemn, strange, and lone,
 That wildly talks of something far remote
 Amid the past—of something scarcely known—
 Of Time's most early voice a parted note—
 The echo of Antiquity,—the cry
 Of Ruin brooding o'er some Greatness doom'd to die.

So parted from communion with mankind,
 So severed from all life and living sound,
 Calmly the solemnized and soften'd mind
 Sinks down, and dwells in pensive thought profound,
 On dreams of yore, on visions swept away,
 The loves and friendships warm of being's early day.

Most lonely voice ! most wild unbodied scream !
 That hauntest thus the silent wilderness,
 Thou tellest man that life is but a dream,
 Romantic as the tones of thy distress,
 Leaving on earth no lingering tract behind,
 And melting as thou meltest on the wind !

Faint come the notes—thou meltest distant far,
 Scarce heard at intervals upon the night,
 Leaving to loneliness each listening star,
 The trees—the river—and the moonshine bright,
 And 'mid this stirless hush, this still of death,
 Heard is my bosom's throb, and audible my breath.

Lo ! 'mid the Future dim, remote or near,
 Lurks in the womb of Time a dreadful day,
 When shuddering Earth an awful Voice shall hear,
 And Ruin make the universe her prey,
 And Silence, when the pulse of Nature stills,
 In viewless robe shall sit enthroned on smoking hills !

NOTICE RESPECTING MR BROSTER'S NEWLY DISCOVERED SYSTEM FOR THE
REMOVAL OF IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH AND DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION.

AMONG the numerous calamities to which our nature is incident, there are few so generally distressing as that of defective utterance, whether it appears in the mild form of a hesitation in speech, in the more confirmed stage of continual stammering, or in its crisis of muscular contortions.

The experience of every person who has mixed much with society, will furnish him with examples of all these varieties of imperfect articulation ; but unless they have been observed within the circle of his own friends, or within the sphere which circumscribes the exercise of his own feelings, he has, perhaps, never reflected on the agonies to which its victim is exposed, or on the heart-breaking anticipations which it excites in all those who are interested in his welfare. To a young man of great talents, of refined wit, and of extensive information, who seems destined to enliven and adorn the circles in which he moves, the occurrence of such a calamity is perhaps the greatest to which Providence can subject him. Conscious of powers which he cannot exercise, without being the object of ridicule, or without giving pain to those who hear him, he resigns himself to the tranquillity of silence ; and in so far as regards the pleasures of social intercourse, he is on a level with those who are utterly destitute of the organs of speech. To those who are destined for public life, for the bar, the pulpit, or the senate, the evils of defective utterance are still more appalling. All the early hopes of professional success are at once extinguished, and the unfortunate patient either becomes a burden to his friends and to himself, or must embark in a new profession, for which, perhaps, neither his talents nor his education have prepared him. When imperfect articulation deforms the female voice, its effects are yet more distressing. Under its mildest form, all the enchantments of youth and beauty disappear ;—every accomplishment, however great, is thrown into the shade, and all the hopes of female ambition are for ever blighted.

The disease to which we have alluded, is admitted on all hands to be beyond the power of medical skill, and those who have devoted themselves to its cure have generally been teachers of elocution, who have considered defects of voice as coming within the range of their profession. Without depreciating, in the least, the humane and skilful efforts of these respectable practitioners, we may be permitted to say, that no decided methods of cure have been discovered, and that the causes of defective utterance have been as little understood as they have been studied.

In this state of our knowledge on a subject of the highest importance to society, we were surprised to hear that Mr John Broster of Chester had discovered a method of removing impediments of speech and defective articulation. Such a discovery we were strongly disposed, along with many others, to rank among those extravagant pretensions, which are so often intruded upon the public ; and Mr Broster seems to have been so sensible of the prevalence of such an opinion, that he appears to have declined making himself known in Edinburgh in any other way than by the cures which he performed. Several cases of a very striking nature soon occurred to shew the success of his method.

A personage of rank and fashion, whose defective utterance had been generally known from constant intercourse with society, was so completely cured, as to excite the astonishment of every person. The celebrity which Mr Broster acquired by this cure, brought him a number of pupils, some of whom came even from London, to receive the benefit of his instructions, and the success with which these cases were treated, far surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of the individuals themselves. Persons who had almost lost the power of giving utterance to particular words, were completely emancipated from all embarrassment of speech. Others, who could not articulate without contortions of countenance, and other ner-

vous indications, were enabled to speak with ease and fluency; and one gentleman, who had scarcely ever ventured to breathe a sound before company, was enabled to make a formal speech before a large party, who had been assembled by his father to commemorate the almost miraculous cure of his son.

The removal of impediments of speech, has always been considered as the work of time and laborious exertion, and those who professed to have studied the subject most deeply, required the constant attendance of their pupils for months, and even for years. Mr Broster's system, however, is of a very different character. Some of his most striking cures have been performed after a single lesson, and, in general, a few days is all the time that he requires for effecting it. This rapidity of cure, indeed, is one of the most valuable features in his system. The hope of a speedy remedy encourages the patient to apply his whole mind to the system, and enables the poor, and those who cannot quit their professions, to avail themselves of a discovery, which otherwise could have been of no benefit to them.

Hitherto we have considered this new method as applicable only to the ordinary impediments of speech, but we have reason to know that Mr Broster's method embraces a much wider range. He has applied it to the cure of cases of weak articulation; he has, as it were, given the power of speech to those who were supposed to be labouring under bodily disease, and he actually communicated the power of reading aloud before company, to a venerable philosopher, whom a paralytic affection had almost deprived of the power of speech.

During our inquiries into the success of Mr Broster's system, we have

had occasion to peruse several of the letters which have been addressed to him by the individuals whom he has cured, and by the parents of those pupils who were unable to express their own gratitude. The respect and affection which these letters breathe, while they shew the value which has been set upon the cure, evince also the kindness and gentleness of the treatment by which it has been effected. Mr Broster's humanity to the poor, and to those whose circumstances do not permit them to prove their gratitude by their liberality, deserves to be especially noticed. We know of cases where he has refused any compensation for his trouble; and we are sure, that in every case where it is necessary, his liberality will be conspicuous.

As we are not acquainted with the nature of Mr Broster's system, we cannot give any opinion of it as a scientific method. We understand, however, that it is as simple as it is efficacious; and that though much depends on the skill and judgment of the person who applies it, yet it is capable of being successfully practised by those who have been completely instructed in its principles and details.

This important discovery has hitherto excited little general curiosity. The interest which it has called forth has been chiefly local, and confined to the relatives and friends of the persons whom it has benefited; but, as Mr Broster's pupils increase in number—as the remarkable cures which he performs become better known, it cannot fail to excite that notice which it so justly merits; and if its success shall continue to be as great as it has hitherto been, we have no doubt that the legislature itself will rank Mr Broster among those public benefactors whose services entitle them to a public remuneration.

AMERICAN WRITERS:

No. IV.

FARCES.—About a dozen or twenty sober, childish, or disagreeable “entertainments” have been produced, in the United States of America—by the natives—within the memory of man, we believe—under this title; but, in almost every case, with such a serious, reasonable, or cautious, untimely air, that, when they came to be performed, people—who were not in the secret—nor concerned in any way, *with*, or *for*, the piece,—knew not whether to laugh or cry.

The truth is, that our Transatlantic brethren—fruitful, as they certainly are, in a sort of stubborn oddity—a kind of unmanageable humour; abounding, as they certainly do, in what may be called respectable absurdities—have nothing outrageous in their nature; little or no raw material, of their own, for generous, broad, rich caricature; no humour, worth working up; no delicious drollery; little or nothing, in themselves, or their habits, for good-natured misrepresentation. The farces, in America, therefore, without one exception, are made, by English workmen, of English—or British material—and performed, in almost every case, by Englishmen. Our friends, over the water, in this part of their practice, therefore, not only steal our brooms ready made—but people to use them—which we take to be a great “improvement,” as they would call it, of Joe Millar. The French pieces, which appear in America, are always in *our* translations, after they have been adopted *here*.—See **DRAMA**, Vol. XVI. p. 567.

FARMER—DR:—A young physician, who wrote—some five or six years ago—some five or six—(we mean to be very bitter, now, of course—*very*)—some five or six downright, Philadelphia poems. Nevertheless—in mercy—that we may not break his heart, altogether—drive him stark, staring mad—we must allow him a word or two of comfort, after this—a spoonful of syrup—a lump of sugar—to quiet him.

He has, really, some good stuff, in his nature: some ore, worth coining:—a little (the stronger, perhaps, for being so little)—of that fiery, strange

element—the true *elixir vite*—which, in its rectified state, becomes the elixir of immortality—“that is to say”—poetry.—We would advise him to try once more; give the public another dose; and, if they won’t have it without—pinch their noses for them, till they are glad enough to swallow it—critics or not.

The poetical ore, by the way, in Dr F. may be estimated—*safely*—thus—6 parts fire: 2 earth: 1 lead: 1 pure gold.

Yes—let him try again. Let him sink a shaft—not himself—in some other place—not in Philadelphia—that Quaker “ATHENS.” It is too low and flat for him, there: he will find little or nothing but cold water—dirty water, perhaps—go as deep as he may, into that land of accretion; where there is nothing primitive, but a few Quakers—nothing solid, or heavy, but a few purses, and a few heads—nothing rich or valuable, under the surface; that alluvial district, where everything but wreck and rubbish, driftwood, or animal remains—like those of the Port-Folio—and some other antediluvian shell-fish—are secondary. Let him do this, in some other place—among the mountains; work hard, in the granite region; build a better furnace; begin altogether anew; sweat, like a good fellow, over the anvil—shut his eyes to everything else—neither sleep nor doze, while the fire is in blast. If he follow our advice, we will answer for his “turning out” a piece of workmanship, after all, of which his country may be proud.

FESSENDEN—DR: (we believe.)—A “has been” of “American literature”—so called: author of a poem or two—so called: and, among others, which had a prodigious run, for a time, of “Terrible Tractoration;” a parcel of stuff, in poor doggrel, about Perkins, the man, who, some twenty-five years ago, more or less, cured people of almost everything—head-ache—lame-ness,—cath,—rheumatism,—fever,—common sense—on both sides of the water, with two small pieces of metal, which went by the name of “metallic points,” or “tractors.” The wise men of America, by the way, were

quite as foolish, credulous, and absurd, as ours. They made up their full quota of believers: like the French, while the wonders of animal magnetism were the "go:" like ourselves, now that craniology, etc. etc. are the creed of the orthodox.

Dr F. is a good prose writer; but about as much of a poet, as—as—now for it!—as the multiplication table, or Jeremy Bentham's "own self." He is the editor of some village newspaper, now; the prose part of which, is really worth reading; but his poetry—God forgive us for calling *any* doggerel, poetry—although "five lines were a day's work with him"—is—d——.

FRANKLIN—DR BENJAMIN. Of this extraordinary man, we could say much, that would be new to his countrymen; but, our limits will not permit of our doing it, worthily, now. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a few remarks; one or two short anecdotes; and a *faithful* account, of his philosophical pretensions. His Life, partly written by himself, is, or should be, in the hands of every young person. It is a plain, homely narrative; remarkable for candour, sincerity, and good common sense. The style is clear, strong, and simple.

His Philosophical, Moral, Political, and Humorous Essays, are pretty well known. A word or two, however, concerning each class—by way of correcting certain errors, which are continually repeated.

The leading property of Dr Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty, which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men;—the generator, in truth, of all his power—was *good sense*—only plain, good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry, or eloquence: and yet—by the sole, untiring, continual operation of this humble, unpretending quality of the mind; he came to do more, in the world of science; more, in council; more, in the cabinets of Europe, more, in the revolution of empires, (uneducated—or self-educated, as he was,) than five

hundred others might have done; each with more genius; more fervour; more eloquence; and more brilliancy.

He was born of English parents, in Boston, Massachusetts, New England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self-denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous *good sense* carried him through, he came to be—successively—a journeyman printer, (or pressman, rather, on account of his great bodily strength,)—in a London printing-office;—editor and publisher, at home, in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had a prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen;—agent, for certain of the colonies, to this government;—an author of celebrity;—a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world—continually increasing, as it went;—a very able negotiator;—a statesman;—a minister plenipotentiary to France, of whose king he obtained, while the Bourbons were in their glory—by his great moderation, wisdom, and republican address, a treaty, which enabled our thirteen colonies of North America to laugh all the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn;—yes—and all these things, did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone, of his *good common sense*.

He died, in 1790, "full of years, and full of honours;" the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundations of which, he had assisted in laying;—the very corner-stone of which, he had helped in to the appointed place, with his own powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up, undismayed, unmoved, while the ark of *their* salvation thundered, and shook, and lightened in their faces;—putting all of them, their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless; and abiding the issue, while the "DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE" went forth, like the noise of trumpets, to the four corners of the earth. He lived, until he heard a war-like flourish echoing through all the great solitudes of America—the roar of battle, on every side of him—all

* The very press, at which he worked, is now in the possession of Messrs Cox and Baylis—GREAT QUEEN'S STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS—near the place where Dr F. worked.

Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires riotous with a new spirit—his country quietly taking her place among the nations. What more could he wish?—Nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a great—and, of course—a good man. We have but few things to lay, seriously, to his charge—very few: and, after all, when we look about us; recollecting, as we do, the great good which he has done, *everywhere*; the little mischief that he has *done*—the less than little, that he ever meditated, *anywhere*—in all his life—to the cause of humanity—we have no heart—we confess it—again to speak unkindly of him. The evil that Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his fourscore years—and upward of life—was, in comparison with his good works, but as dust in the balance.

In his personal appearance, a few years before his death, he was very much like Jeremy Bentham, as *he is*, now.

In his moral temperament, he was altogether one of the old-fashioned Yankees—or New Englanders—for *they* only are Yankees: one of that peculiar people, who are somewhat over zealous of good works. Like his countrymen, he was cool, keen, firm, cautious, and benevolent: a man of few words; yet able, nevertheless, with a part of those few—hardly more than a dozen, or twenty, at *one* time—to overthrow all opposition—quiet a long debate—shame the talkative, and silence the powerful—in the state assembly, of which he was a member.

By nature, perhaps, like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years, by continual guardianship, trial, and severe discipline, he had brought entirely under his control. This, we say positively, *was* the character of Washington: this, we *believe* to have been the character of Franklin.

We happen to know something of the Doctor's determination, however, in two cases; both growing out of the same event, where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up, like a smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Some time in the year 1767, or 8, he was in this country, acting as agent for some of our Transatlantic possessions.

The troubles had already begun, there. One day, he went before the Privy Council, as agent, with a petition from the assembly of Massachusetts; or, more carefully speaking—one day, when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts-Bay, already presented by him, was taken up. He was treated with great indignity—insulted—grossly abused, by the Solicitor General, Wedderbourn. He bore it, without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change, or shadow of change, went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity—they were almost ready to reproach him for it. Such untimely self-command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause—or—so they thought—from a strange moral insensibility. On his way from the place of humiliation, they gathered about him. He stopped—he stood still—his manner—look—voice—were those of a man, *who* has quietly concentrated every thought, every hope, under heaven—all his energies—upon a single point.—“HIS MASTER SHALL PAY FOR IT,” said he, and passed on.

The other circumstance grew out of the same affair. As a mark of especial consideration, for the Privy Council, the Doctor appeared before them, in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that his courtly garb, thus chosen, thus worn, had been of no avail, as a refuge or shelter, to him; that, on the contrary, it had only made him a better mark, and exasperated his adversary; that, worse than all, his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood, for a piece of dirty adulation; or, worse yet,—for a piece of wretched foppery—he went, on leaving the Council, straightway home; threw the dress aside; and, from that hour, *never wore it again*, till the day, on which he went, with full power, into the court of the Bourbons, *to sign the treaty between France and America—the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!* What must have been his feelings!—That paper gave the death-blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done—the threat was accomplished: Franklin was at peace with himself: the majesty of Great Britain *had paid*—bitterly paid, for the insolence of the Solicitor General.

It was while preparing himself, on this very occasion, for his appearance at Versailles, among the pride and flower of the French nobility, that a little circumstance occurred, which the Doctor was fond of relating, all his life, as finely characteristic of the French temper—full of resource—full of apology, such as it is—never to be taken by surprise.

He had ordered a fashionable court-wig to be made for the occasion; desiring Monsieur le Perruquier, whatever else he did (for the Doctor had already heard something of these encumbrances)—whatever else—to make it large enough. The wig was brought home, at a very late hour: nothing could be more stately, “superb,” or “magnificent.”—But when he came to try it on, the Doctor—otherwise the patient—found it insupportably tight. He complained: Monsieur le Perruquier bowed. He remonstrated—grew red in the face—the Perruquier bowed again.—“It is too small, sir—too small entirely,” said Franklin—“altogether too small, sir.”—“*Après tout,*” answered Monsieur le Perruquier, cutting a light pigeon-wing before the Doctor—“*Après tout, Monsieur, ce n'est pas la perruque, qui est trop petite; c'est la tête, qui est trop grosse.*”—The Frenchman, with all his politeness, however, did not say, or think of saying—*c'est la tête, qui est trop grande.* If he had, perhaps the Doctor would have borne the head-ache more quietly.

But enough. Turn we now to his PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. These are plain, downright, sensible papers, wherewith all the world may see, that nothing is done for display; nothing for effect; nothing, without a serious consideration. The Doctor lays down, throughout, no proposition—strongly—positively—unless where he is justified by his own repeated, personal experience. He takes nothing for granted; he simply records the progress of his own experiments; putting his queries modestly—never flying off into hypothesis—and reserving his conjectures, for their proper place—a memorandum-book. It is gratifying to follow such a man; to observe his holy caution—his awful regard for truth, whatever may come of it—his faculty of explanation, which, half a century ago, when most of the subjects, upon which he wrote, were little

understood, made whatever he thought as intelligible to other men, as if they themselves had also thought it.

In electricity, his bold, adventurous course of experiment, cannot be overpraised. It was unspeakably daring—sublime. It led, in every part of the globe, to fearless inquiry; a more intrepid zeal; a more peremptory mode of interrogating the dangerous element:—it led, in short, everywhere, to noble adventures; brave experiments; rational doctrines; useful discoveries:—and, after seventy years of jealous, continual examination, has obtained, except in a few particulars, for *his* theory—that of the self-educated American—a decided, open, almost universal preference among the philosophers of Europe.

To Franklin we owe the *knowledge*, that electricity and lightning *are* similar. He proved it; shewed others how to prove it; and formed, without assistance, thereupon a scientific theory, which continues, of itself, to explain the principal phenomena of thunderstorms—lightning—and electricity. It had been suspected, before, by the Abbe Nolet; but, in throwing out his conjecture, the Abbe, himself, attached no value to it; and, without a question, had no idea of any method, by which the truth of it could be shewn. It was only one of those accidental vague thoughts, continually to be met with in the works of brilliant, flighty men, for whom the world are claiming the honour of all our discoveries—all our inventions—all our improvements—one after the other, as fast as they appear: as if to imagine were the same as to invent, or make:—as if to dream were to demonstrate:—as if to talk, without knowing why, of an idle, strange possibility, were to establish a great, useful truth:—as if a poet were a mathematician:—as if a writer, who may have said a century ago, on seeing the top of a tea-kettle forced off, or a coffee-pot nose explode in the fire—that, after a time, the smoke of water might be turned, *perhaps*, to account—were to have the credit, now, of our great steam discoveries:—nay, as if we ourselves, who, in our soothsaying capacity, now whisper, that, *perhaps*, the time will come, when star-light will be for sale in the jewellery-shops; put up, in lumps of crystal, for the rich—in plebeian glass, for the poor: when there will be turn-

over the sea when butterfly dust will be in common use among the miniature painters: when the better half, in truth, of all mankind, will be for ever on the wing—each in her airs, literally, all the day long, in good weather—ostrich plumage at her back, instead of her head—more flighty than ever—not merely coquetting, but *angelicising* with men—floating and flying literally; not figuratively:—when—but we pass over the elixir of life—the philosopher-stone—perpetual motion—the art of navigating the skies in soap or silk bubbles:—As if we, by reason of two or three audacious conjectures, were to have the credit hereafter, of all the discoveries that may be made in the matters or things, whereabout we have been gossiping.

To Franklin we owe the first idea of the *plus* and *minus*; or, in other words, of the *positive* state of electricity, and of the *negative*. M. Du Fay had previously seen a type, or shadow of the truth, in the two *KINDS* of electricity, which he called vitreous and resinous: but, instead of pursuing the inquiry, or urging others to pursue it, he threw by his original idea, as erroneous. It fell into neglect. Franklin took it up anew, pursued it; obtained a result, which enabled him to solve a multitude of problems—that of the Leyden jar, among others—which had puzzled, for a long time, all the schools of Europe.—This discovery, by the way, is claimed for Dr Watson.—A single fact will shew, with what propriety. The paper of Doctor Franklin is dated July 11, 1747: that of Dr Watson, Jan. 21, 1748.

To Franklin, moreover, do we owe the consummation of proof respecting the sameness of electricity and lightning. He had previously discovered (what has been claimed for T. Hopkinson; but upon what grounds we do not know) the power of points upon electric matter. The first experiment, on Dr Franklin's plan, was made, in 1752, at Marley, near Paris, under the direction of M. D'Alibard. About a month after this, Franklin obtained a like result, in Philadelphia, by using a kite.

So, too, the discovery of *ascending* thunder has been claimed for the Abbe Bertholon, whose paper was published in 1776. Franklin's letter declaring the *fact*, and accounting for it, is dated in September, 1753.

After this, followed a series of minor discoveries; experiments; and explanations of electrical phenomena; for most of which Dr Franklin has now full credit over Europe; and if he had not, here is no place—this is no time—for doing justice to all parties.

Pass we on, therefore, to his *POLITICAL* ESSAYS; merely remarking, by the way, that while he was ransacking the skies; meddling with government; plucking down, literally, the thunders of both upon his head; he found leisure, with a few hints, to get up a set of musical glasses: to invent a stove, now in general use throughout America: to construct his lightning rods: to give laws for swimming, which are inestimable; establish a plan for libraries, which has been followed everywhere:—" &c. &c. &c."

The political papers of Dr Franklin are worthy of great praise. They are profound, comprehensive, statesman-like. He saw, with a clear eye, the policy of nations; foretold, with surprising accuracy, certain great political changes, which took, and are taking place. By his "Canada pamphlet," he mainly contributed, while the elder Pitt was minister, to provoke that magnificent, bold enterprize, which ended in the complete, and perpetual overthrow of the French power, throughout all North America.

We have good reason to believe that he had a share in Paine's powerful book,—"*The Rights of Man*." He had, also, the hardihood, in 1785, when the whole coast of his country, from Georgia to Maine, was ready to swarm out with privateers, at a day's notice, in case of war; when the United States of America had no navy; and, of course, no means of annoyance *but* privateers—to come out openly—denounce privateering; and call it, in so many words, little better than piracy. A word of this, while passing.—Mr Munroe, and other leading political men of the United States, have begun to talk the same language—wherefore, a hint or two for them, before it is too late. Make war upon private property anywhere, at sea, or on shore; and *private* property will immediately become a species of *public* property. It will belong no more to individuals—but, altogether, to communities. Every capture will be the loss of some insurance company. The loss, therefore, will

come upon the whole nation, without working the destruction of individuals, who are helpless. It is, therefore, not so much a question of humanity, in a time of warfare—whether you will, or will not, assail private property—whether you will, or will not, spare the merchant, as it is of sound policy. The true question is this, for every people: are we—taking all the mischief into view—are we to gain or lose by privateering?—A cowardly, cruel, piratical temper, is generated by it: property acquired by lawless adventure, is pretty sure to be wasted in debauchery or extravagance: great mischief—great profligacy—great interruption to the sober productive habits of a people, are likely to follow:—Privateersmen are a species of pirate. Granted—granted. But, after all, if you have no other way of defending yourself—no other way of driving your adversary to terms—why not let loose even the pirate upon him? or—why restrain the pirate?—Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The enemy of *your* enemy is your friend—so far.

Doctor Franklin was a bold advocate for the Indians; at a time, when they had hardly another white advocate upon the whole earth. He wrote in their behalf, like a philosopher—like a man—like a Christian. Some of his opinions, by the way, may be found in several of our *late* works—(very *late*, some of them)—upon the North American savages. *Vide* Hunter's Narrative, Colburn's Magazine, &c. &c.

Till of late, it has been a habit with all the white Americans, to abuse and belie their copper-coloured brethren. Up to the time of Dr Franklin, this habit was universal. After him, followed Ramsay, with a voice, like that of a trumpet, in their behalf; Irving, (see Knickerbocker—Intro.) with a brave, manly heart—a steady look—and a powerful arm—but only for a few hours; Neal, who has never sheathed his weapon, for nearly eight years; a multitude of young writers, who are now tilting away, in behalf, not so much of the red Americans—their countrymen—as of themselves. They, the latter of these, are in the saddle, not because they understand, or care for the merits of the controversy; not because they pity the red men, or would atone for the outrage

that has been heaped upon them, year after year; not because they care twopence about Indians, or anything else—except a week or two of newspaper popularity; but because it is now the fashion to be philanthropical.

So, too, in the slave trade—Franklin shewed himself to be the same friend of humanity. A paper of his, *purporting to be* the arguments of a Barbary slave-holder, in justification of himself and others, for holding white Christian slaves in captivity—but, in truth, *being* a fine parody upon the speech of Mr Jackson, a Georgia slave-holder, in Congress—contains a masterly refutation of the arguments generally used by the southern planters of the United States.

Moreover—if any political economist of this day, will turn to a paper of Dr F.'s; entitled, "Positions to be examined;" or to another concerning "Embargoes, Corn Laws, &c."—he will be amazed, we are sure. The science of political economy, he will find, has made much less progress, than he could have believed, since the days of Benjamin Franklin.

Of his humorous essays, we have only to say, that everybody has heard of them. A part of his papers have been translated into all the languages of Europe, some into Latin. His "Poor Richard," and "Whistle," are two of a multitude, which have done, we believe, incalculable good, in our language, at least.

GALLOWAY.—If we are not greatly mistaken, this gentleman was the author of a masterly pamphlet, which appeared in America, soon after the escape of Washington from Sir Wm. Howe and Cornwallis.—If so, Mr G. was a loyalist—and shewed, rather more conclusively than we should have liked, had *we* been the leader of His Majesty's forces, in America, that Washington was entirely in the power of his adversary, more than once: that nothing saved him, in crossing the Delaware, but imbecility or something worse, on the part of his Majesty's generals.—Washington himself, we know, *did* say, that he owed his escape, to the infatuation of his enemy.—Yes, and well he might. Cornwallis had pursued him so hotly, through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, that, while the rear of one army was leaving each of those "places" in succession, the van of the

other was entering it. Washington's whole power, when he crossed—his whole army—that, upon which the hopes of all America were cast, was only twenty-two hundred men—worn out—suffering every kind of hardship—and completely discouraged, by a long, uninterrupted series of disaster. *They* were leaving him, by fifties and by hundreds—owing to the nature of their engagement: so that, in two days, he was reduced from thirty-three, to *seventeen hundred* men. Cornwallis had six thousand capital troops, *chosen* for the purpose. Yet Washington was permitted, strange as it may seem, to cross a broad, rapid river, with his miserable remnant of military power; with all his baggage and stores (the loss of which would have been quite irretrievable to him;) and *without* molestation.—The advance of Cornwallis put up, for the night, almost within cannon-shot of the Americans, while they were embarking.

There was a Mr Galloway—perhaps the same—in the Pennsylvania assembly. He distinguished himself about 1764-5—by opposing a petition of that body; or *in* that body, for changing the proprietary to a regal form of government. Franklin afterwards published Mr G.'s argument, with a preface of his own.

GILMAN—REV. MR—A Unitarian "clergyman," of Charleston, South Carolina; formerly a contributor to the North American Review, for which he made some tolerable translations of Boileau. He was too much of a poet for that sort of job; and, we fear, though one of the most beautiful prose writers of the age—is too little of a poet now, for any generous, bold adventure, in the way of poetry.—These Unitarian "clergymen," by the by, are fine fellows in America: Mr Everett (see vol. XVI. p. 570-1) is now going to the right field for him—Congress: he will make a figure, there, for a time; but will never be a statesman:—Mr Sparks, we see, is turned editor: Mr Hally is now president of a college: Mr Pierpont—lawyer—merchant—poet—preacher—makes compilations "for the use o' schools:"—*He* is a powerful man, however: *He* might be a statesman. These are Unitarian leaders.

GORDON, DR—Wrote a history of the AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR,

3 vols. 8vo, which may be depended upon. He was an eye-witness of what he describes; an Englishman, we believe: The work is crowded with material, of which a great history might have been made. With a world of trash, there are some passages of extraordinary force and breadth in it: as, for example, the account of a German officer's death and burial, on the top of a mountain, just before the surrender of Burgoyne.

GRIFFITH:—EX-CONSUL to some French port; maker of a "Supplement," which is very well, so far as it goes, to the HISTORY OF MARYLAND, which, as we have said before, is not yet written. (See Bozman, vol. XVI. p. 310.)

GRIFFITH—JUDGE. Author and compiler of the LAW REGISTER, a work of great value, to those who have claims, or property, in any part of the United States. It contains all that is material, for a stranger, ay, or anybody else—to know, of the *laws, course of practice, and court rules*, in each of the twenty-eight communities, which go to make up the Union.

GRISCOMB—Author of "A YEAR IN EUROPE:" a plain, sensible, good sort of a man, who, after "running over" here for a time; picking up a world of "pretty particular information, I guess;" over-ran, like another Cæsar, a considerable part of Europe; and precisely one year—to an hour—from the day of his debarkation at Liverpool, re-embarked for America, where he ran-out, before all the world, about a twelvemonth ago, in a volume of—commentaries, which are, certainly, very much to be wondered at, considering the precipitation of his movements here.—We have heard; but we *know* nothing of the matter, that he was "dispatched," by some society of New York, to this *other* world, for information. It may be so—we don't much like to accuse his countrymen of dispatching travellers; but certain of his movements here, certainly favour the notion. He had no *body* with him—that we are sure of; and up to the day of his departure, set all the laws of time and space at naught.

HALL—JOHN E.—A blockhead; editor of the Port-Folio (tautology that)—see Dennie, vol. XVI. p. 566; and "author" of many priceless works (to our knowledge)—an account of which, we herewith subjoin.

Thus—No. 1.—"HALL'S Port-Fo-

lio:" a Monthly Magazine, made up of original essays from our "periodicals," newspapers, gazettes, &c. translations of translations; matter, for which the Philadelphians have not yet been able to invent a name—but which, when it is more than usually absurd or foolish, they call his own—poetry, of which we remember a verse:

"The wedding-day appointed was;
The wedding-clothes provided;
But, on the day she was to wed,
She sickened and she did die."

2. HALL'S *Admiralty* is a compilation from "Clark's Praxis," and some other English works; with a few meagre notes, which, so far as they go, only serve to mislead a student, or neutralize the text.

3. "HALL'S *Justice*"—A shameless piece of quackery, with a candid fair title, nevertheless—a paltry compilation, with what amounts to *caveat emptor* upon the back—from the Laws of Maryland; wherein the author, under pretence of assisting the *lay gens*, among other characteristic, ingenious expedients to swell the volume, has the impudence to give two copies—both of which are false—of the same "precedent," as he calls it, which "precedent," by the way, is a bill of sale!

4. "HALL'S *Emerigon*"—a poor translation, with two or three tolerable notes (which, of course, are not his own) of a poor French book, on the Law of Insurance. These works, we should observe, are *only* to be found among the wholesale collectors of America—the auctioneers; who will confirm our testimony. They *know* them to be priceless.—Nos. 2, 3, and 4, are light octavos; the rest, heavy enough.

5. "HALL'S *Law Journal*"—A compilation of refuse law tracts; old pamphlets; forgotten speeches—&c.—&c.—the best of all his "works;" being *entirely* a compilation.

As a writer, were he not one of those, the *whole* of whom we profess to give an account of, Mr John E. Hall, would not be worth our notice. He is a bad one—a mischievous one—a foolish one. He is endowed with less than moderate abilities:—with no scholarship; no principle; no heart—no courage—no decency—no character. And yet, strange as it may seem, he is worth calling sternly to ac-

count—worth driving before us, with a whip of scorpions.—There will be those—we know—the Spartans knew it—whom it were beneath a man to assail with anything but a whip. HE is one of them. A child—an idiot, we know, may lift a flood-gate or a bar; draw a bolt, or turn a key—which—idiot as he is—may let in a deluge, upon a province.—HE has done this.—He got possession, it were no easy matter to tell how—of a spring—a fountain, the waters of which *did* circulate, some years ago, (when it was troubled of the angels,) through all America—like wine. Into it, with a wicked, mercenary spirit, he has been pouring a deadly poison—a pernicious exhilarating drug—month after month—until there are those, who relish the taste, and love the sparkle, of these impure waters.—He is, therefore, worth scourging, they, worth shaming.

Or—in sober, plain prose, John E. Hall was permitted, weak and wicked as he is, to get possession of the Port-Folio, after the death of Dennie, before anybody thought it possible for him, or it, in *his* hands, to be mischievous. With *that*, he is now able to provoke the indignation of those—whom, but for *that*—he could never hope to move anything more than the pity of. With all his abominable stupidity, however, the man had cunning enough to see, that if he ventured much of *his* loading upon the Port-Folio, it would go to the devil, of course; and himself with it: wherefore he has contrived, year after year, to keep it afloat—and *his* chin above water—though he has been over head and ears with it, more than once—afloat—in spite of his own, dead, ponderous imbecility, by freighting it with a buoyant material, which he pilfered from our magazines—whenever he went ashore—that is, about once a month.

He has moreover succeeded, one hardly knows how, in making himself an outlaw, worth hunting down, upon all the sweet, calm charities of life; all the sanctities of retirement: He has done more—he has foregone the privileges of a fool: put himself, by his appetite for vulgar notoriety, out of the protection, to which he was naturally entitled, by his insignificance; and all the laws of generous literary warfare. By his own brutal, cowardly disregard

of all decorum, he has driven us to scourge the lion's hide—though we know what is under it—inch by inch, from his back.—We await our reward.

HAMILTON—ALEXANDER. (See VANDERLYN, vol. XVI. 419.)—A West Indian, by birth: Secretary of State under the administration of Washington; a soldier—a man—a statesman—a legislator (in theory) of whom any people might be proud:—author, (jointly with Mr Madison, late President of the United States; and Judge Jay, formerly minister to this court—who wrote only two of the papers, we believe—vol. XVI. p. 509.)—author, so far, of a work, *THE FEDERALIST*, which may be called, seriously, reverently, the Bible of Republicans.—It is a large octavo volume—a series of essays, which appeared in defence of the Federal constitution, pretty much as it now is, before it had been adopted by the people.—It is a work, altogether, which, for comprehensiveness of design, strength, clearness and simplicity, has no parallel—we do not even except, or overlook, those of Montesquieu, and Aristotle—among the political writings of men.

While Hamilton was the Secretary of State, certain of his reports, upon the domestic relations of the country, were papers of extraordinary power: It was this Hamilton, with whom Washington quarrelled, in the Revolutionary war; and whom Burr shot in a duel. The quarrel with Washington was only for a moment. Washington was imperious—absolute: Hamilton, youthful, haughty, and fearless. Washington spoke to him, rather too much like a master. Hamilton drew up; and gave him a word of caution, which was never forgotten; though, when Washington came to make up his political household, he put all recollection of it aside, and called him to the first office, under him, in the Federal administration.

HARPER—ROBERT GOODLOE—A remarkable specimen of the self-educated class: a senator: a member of Congress, where he held a commanding influence, year after year: a statesman—whose *great* speech, Cobbett swears that *he* (Cobbett) made for *him* (Harper): a good mechanic, (having been a cabinet-maker in his youth; a circumstance of which he makes no

secret): a good captain: a good—perhaps a great lawyer. His writings are chiefly political. They are not collected, we believe; but certainly deserve to be, with great care. They are energetic, manly, profound, satisfactory.—We hold him to be, altogether, one of the ablest men that North America has produced.

HAYDEN—HORACE, Dr, a Yankee, author of the "*GEOLOGICAL ESSAYS*" to which we alluded some time ago—(see BEAZLY, vol. XVI. 420): a valuable work nevertheless, although one is occasionally disturbed by the pompous, absurd style, in which little matters are spoken of. It is a prodigious accumulation of material—fact, argument, reason—of which great use might be made; but, of which little is made. We think highly of Dr Hayden as a geologist; mineralogist—and also, as a dentist. He has written ably upon the diseases of teeth; lectured in the "*Maryland University*"—so called—on the same subject; and we are quite sure is master thereof.—He has also—such are the strange pursuits of a learned Yankee;—he has also found out a method of tanning leather, in four hours, for which he has obtained a patent: and a method of preserving anatomical preparations "*to all eternity*"—which we take to be quite a desideratum with everybody, but our resurrection-men: Both of these discoveries, however, Mr Charles Whitlaw (see BOTANY, vol. XVI. p. 564) claims to have given Dr Hayley, the "*first idee*" of.

HUNTER—JOHN, D. (see vol. XVI. p. 639—Dec. 1824) Author of the book, which is called HUNTER'S NARRATIVE.—A very honest fellow, at bottom—spoiled by absurd attention here; with a world of cunning; who forgot his part, as a North American savage, entirely, before he left us.—He could not get up a better book, without assistance; although, we dare say, that, after all the pruning; alteration, correction, etc. etc. which the "*NARRATIVE*," has undergone, there is not a paragraph left, as it was written by him.

HUSTON—Editor of the MINERVA: formerly one of the writers for Dr Coleman's EVENING POST—(a valuable paper—vol. XVI. 427.) Mr Huston, we are told, is English; at any rate, his writings are, though he *does* maintain,

that Sir W. Scott is not—we state it strongly—the author of his own works: that, on the contrary, “one Dr Greenfield” is: and, moreover, that *he* (Mr H. we suppose—the article wearing an editorial face) did actually see the MS. of a novel, in the possession of a London publisher; which MS. was in the hand-writing of Dr G., and afterwards appeared in print, as one of the Waverley novels.—We may err a little, perhaps, in the particulars; but, substantially, we are correct, in saying that such positive testimony did appear, some 18 months ago, in the *MIRRYA*.

HILL—IRA. Another Yankee. (See *BEAZLY*, vol. XVI. 420.) This man’s “*THEORY OF THE EARTH*,” is one of the most capital affairs that we know of; unless, perhaps, that paper of Irving, in the Introduction to *Knickerbocker*, upon the same question, be as good.—The chief difference is, that Irving is undoubtedly in fun, while he appears to be profoundly in earnest: Ira Hill profoundly in earnest, while he appears to be only in fun. It is, after all, however, a mighty ingenious book—was rather satisfactory to *ourselves*—and if he would put forth a new edition, with a burlesque title, would go down, yet:—Or, if the book should not, he would. Absurd as it is on some accounts, however, it is, on others, an essay of singular merit.

HISTORY.—There is hardly a state in the whole “Union,” without a history of its own: Some ten or a dozen have been put forth, concerning the United States—America—the Revolutionary war, etc. etc. and yet, up to this hour, the best account of America, the Revolutionary war, and all, has been the work of a stranger—an Italian—a writer, who had never set his foot, in America. His name was *CARLO BOTTA*.—A plenty of material may be found for a good history.—Professor *EBELING*’s collection of itself; that, which he gave to Harvard University some years ago, is a mine of learning about America. He was a stranger too; a German.—*RAMSAY* is romantic, loose, declamatory, and credulous: *MARSHALL*, (Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,) insupportably tiresome; and, with all his great honesty, care, and sources of information, from the papers of Washington, greatly mistaken, several times, in matters of importance: *GORDON*,

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fatiguing: a mere catalogue of undigested, indigestible transactions: all matter; no workmanship, as a whole: *Mrs WARREN*—a woman: *TRUMBULL*, sound; but a little too wise thoughtful, particular, in ordinary affairs, clumsy, credulous, without ardour:—*ALLEN* (see vol. XVI. 308, Sept. 1824) partly trash; partly newspaper wisdom; partly rhodomontade; partly writing, of a noble, strong, bold character—determined—eloquent—original—but, murdered by typographical blundering.—Allen, by the way, must not bear this load. He is too honest a fellow; too good a man; has enough to answer for, on his own account. It was the transgression of others—Neal and Watkins.—Be it on their heads. *R. WALSH*, Dr—*could* write a book about America, by which he would be remembered, if he were to undertake it, like a man; discharging his heart of all bitterness; foolish rancour; jealousy and fear.

HOFFMAN—DAVID—Professor of Law in the University of Maryland—a highly respectable institution; but no University. It is, in fact, only a medical college; with a law faculty, of which Mr H. is the professor.—He is the author of a small work, of which we think very highly.—He calls it “*A COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY*.”—His views are more extensive, by far, than those of any other person, who *professes*, or lectures upon law, in America; and, with a few trivial exceptions, dignified, worthy, and admirable. He teaches that men are not lawyers by intuition: that he, who is called upon to expound law, *may* have occasion to know what he is talking about; *may* wish that he knew something of history, legislation, languages. He would have the name of a lawyer something more than a by-word among men—a reproach—a nickname.

HALLY—REV. MR—Another Unitarian clergyman: formerly a preacher of Boston, Massachusetts: one of the most eloquent speakers of the age—or declaimers, rather: a showy, beautiful rhetorician: president of the Transylvania “University,” so called—an academy on a respectable footing—hardly a college: a miserable prose-writer—in comparison with *himself*, as a speaker, we mean.—He never appears to say what he means; or to mean what he says, with a pen.

H

HALLY—Brother of the last: associate editor with Bigelow (see vol. XVI. Oct. 1824, 421,) of the New York Magazine, a journal which died of its own talkativeness.

HUTCHINSON—The last royal governor of Massachusetts; about which province he wrote a good, strong substantial history. It has been well continued by MINOT. Gov. H. was the client of Mr Solicitor General Wedderburne (see FRANKLIN, p. 49) when he abused Franklin.

IRVING—WASHINGTON—Author of sundry NEWSPAPER ESSAYS, which have been totally reproduced here; of some papers in SALAMAGUNDI; of KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK; of the NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, which appeared, in a series of the ANALECTIC MAGAZINE, we believe, at Philadelphia, about 1814; of the INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry (American edition); of the SKETCH-BOOK; BRACEBRIDGE-HALL; TALES OF A TRAVELLER; and of one paper,* if no more, in the New Monthly; making altogether, about *five* good, fashionable, octavo volumes, (if they were fairly published,) in England; or five *duodecimo* volumes, as they do publish, in America.

We mention this, now, because we mean to make use of it presently; because Mr Irving has been called, among other names, a "voluminous writer," (though he has written less, in all his life, than one of his countrymen has, in four months, under the continual pressure of serious duties, which apparently took up his whole time;) because Mr Irving has been regarded as a large, industrious contributor—or, at least—as not a lazy one—to the world of literature: (though he has actually produced less than half an octavo page a-day, since he first became to be known, as a professional author.)—And because (we have made an estimate) KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK, which came out, in two small duodecimo volumes, over the water; and which has been put forth in *one* volume, octavo, by the London publisher,—actually does contain *more matter* (shewing, thereby, at what price we have been buying his other "Crayon" warcs) than either BRACEBRIDGE-HALL; THE SKETCH-BOOK;

or TALES OF A TRAVELLER—every one of which the same publisher has put forth in *two* octavo volumes.

This, we take to be a little too bad; a little too barefaced—for even a court publisher.—We cannot well perceive why we are to pay double price for the writings of Geoffrey Crayon: we do not well understand why we are to give 24s. for a certain quantity of matter by him, when as much of that which is quite as good—if not better—produced by the ablest men of the British Empire, may be had for half the money.

Still, however—(these remarks do not apply to the author: we are only laying a foundation here)—Still, however, we have no sort of doubt, whimsical as the supposition may appear, that a part, perhaps a large part, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, has been owing to this very short measure, of which we complain. Things comparatively worthless may be made *genteel*, by high prices alone—(The Italian opera, for example.) But—if they are to be *popular*, they must *appear* to be sold at something like a reasonable rate. Hence, with all the attractions of the opera—novelty—high prices—the patronage of royalty, itself—that of all the nobility—gentry, &c. &c.—with Catalani into the bargain, while it was *ungenteel* to see Shakspeare, at Covent-Garden, or Drury Lane—the Opera House could not be filled, even *twice a-week* last year.

We are all prone to exaggeration. It is a part of man's nature. No time; no suffering; no humiliation will overcome the propensity. You will hear a man boast of having gorged more food, or liquor; quarrelled more frequently; seen more sights; heard more noises; talked more—than other people:—Thus, too, you will hear a woman boast of having done more mischief; torn more laces, hearts, and gloves; turned more heads or tunes; caused more prattle; spoilt more music than her neighbours.—A man, whose ambition it is, to carry off *six* bottles of port under his belt—a beast—would never complain of his butler; nor dispute the bill of his landlord for *twelve* bottles, at a sitting, if the landlord or butler could persuade him that he had really drunk the twelve—no indeed—not he—he would like them

* Called "Recollections of a Student." We are assured, although we did not perceive him, that *he* is the author of this one paper.

the better for it ; and go away, better satisfied with himself.

Now, this we take to be precisely the case with our fashionable octavos. People, who never study ; never think—are quite amazed, when they come to find how easy a thing it is, after all, to read entirely through so vast a work as that, which has come to them in two octavos. They think better of themselves ; their capacity ; their diligence ; less of those, whom they have hitherto looked upon with a sort of awe—the readers of a quarto : and, we are sure, would never pardon us, if we should venture to tell them, that, after all—they have only been reading a duodecimo—only as much as their fathers read for a duodecimo.

This, we say, is one cause, perhaps a great cause, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, with a certain class of people ; the indolent, loitering, and fashionable. Another is, that, finding themselves less weary, when they have read a *pair* of his octavos through, than they have ever been before, with a pair of octavos, by anybody else, they take it for granted, naturally enough, that it is owing to his great superiority over all other octavo writers—owing to some witchery of *his*—known only to himself—that he is able to keep the attention awake, without wearying it, for what appears to them, a length of time, wholly unprecedented.

If the SKETCH-BOOK ; or BRACEBRIDGE-HALL ; or the TALES OF A TRAVELLER, had been published as KNICKERBOCKER was, not in *two* fashionable* octavo volumes ; but in *one* decent octavo volume, for the day ; and sold for twelve shillings—though either might have been more popular, neither would have been so fashionable, as it has been.

The LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE—papers, in that very department of writing, for which Geoffrey has obtained a fashionable reputation—the touching, pathetic, and simply beautiful, are greatly superior to anything of his—in *their class*. A little more management ; a little more courtly, bookselling address in the publisher ; and we believe that, before this, they would have superseded Irving, completely, in the fashion-

able world—as they have, already, in the world of literature—so far, we mean, as they go, in that particular class of writing.

But enough. Come we now, to the author.—Irving has been foolishly praised ; cruelly, wickedly abused. He went up too high : he has fallen too low. They made an idol of him ; they could see no fault or blemish in him ; they crowned him ; set him above other men ; offered up his fellows to him—in spite of his continual, sincere expostulation. He was no Cromwell ; no Caesar—and he knew it : He did not refuse the honour, that it might be put upon him, by force. Well—they did this—it was very foolish of them ; very profane. But *he* was innocent : *he* should not have suffered.

Now—mark the change—*now*, in the freak of the hour, as if they could never forgive *him*, for their own folly—*now*, in the first paroxysm of returning reason—they have torn off his crown ; tumbled him into the dirt, with brutal derision, cries ; and would, if they had power, grind him to dust ; casting the precious metal, that *is* within him, with all that he has of common earth, upon the waters, or the winds. They anointed him wickedly : they are now dishonouring him, far more wickedly. It is high time for us to interpose.

Shame on the dastards ! There was a time, when he was talked about, as a creature of miraculous purity—in whom there was no guile : a sort of superior intelligence, come out for the regeneration of our literature : a man, so kind of heart ; so benevolent ; so gentle, that none but a ruffian could speak affrontingly of him. But *now* !—to hear what some people say, one would be ready to believe that he (who is, in truth, one of the most amiable, excellent creatures, alive—with manhood enough, too, where manhood is called for,) is a dangerous, lewd man ; a licentious, obscene, abominable profligate ; an atrocious conspirator—at war, alike with morality and liberty—a blockhead—(this climax, for the late Westminster school)—a political writer—an idiot—a patrician. Geoffrey Crayon a political writer ! God help the fools !

* *Qu.*—May not our author's text have run thus—*too* fashionable volumes :—that is,"—&c. &c.—WARRINGTON.

Yes—it is time for us to interpose. We throw our shield over him, therefore. We undertake, once for all, to see fair play. Open the field—withdraw the rabble—drive back the dogs—*give him fair play*; and we will answer for his acquitting himself, like a man. If he do not, why—let him be torn to pieces and be —.

In the day of his popularity, we shewed him no favour: in this, the day of his tribulation, we shall shew him none. He does not require any. We saw his faults, when there was nobody else to see them. We put our finger upon the sore places about him: drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour; a joint, visible, in his golden harness—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man. But,—we have never done,—we never will do him wrong. We never have been—we never will be—gladiators, or assassins, for the amusement of anybody. We have too much respect for ourselves; too much for him—too little regard for the changes of popular opinion, which is never right, where it is possible to be wrong—ever to join the mob of puffers, or blackguards.

What we say, therefore, now, of Washington Irving, we say, with a full knowledge, that a time will come, when it shall appear against us. We shall put our opinion here, as upon record—believing, in our hearts—for we have no temporary purpose to gratify—that, after many years, *he* will find consolation, support in it; *others*—that, in the time of these changes, there was one, at least—who had courage, power, and patience, to tell the truth of him—utterly careless of what other men thought, or said.

One word of his life, and personal appearance, (both of which are laughably misrepresented,) before we take up his works. He was born, we believe, in the *city* of New York; began to write for a newspaper at an early age: read law; but gave it up in despair—feeling, as Cowper did before him, a disqualifying constitutional timidity, which would not permit him to go out, into public life: engaged in mercantile adventure: appeared first, in *Salamagundi*; followed with *Knickerbocker*; wrote some articles for the *American Magazines*; was unsuccessful in business: embark-

ed for England—where, since he came to be popular, anybody may trace him.

He is, now, in his fortieth year: about five feet seven: agreeable countenance; black hair; manly complexion: fine hazel eyes, when lighted up—heavy in general—talks better than he writes, when worthily excited; but falls asleep—literally asleep in his chair—at a formal dinner party, in high life: half the time in a revery: little impediment—a sort of uneasy, anxious, catching respiration of the voice, when talking zealously: writes a small, neat hand, like Montgomery, Allan Cunningham, or Shee, (it is like that of each)—indolent—nervous—irritable—easily depressed—easily disheartened—very amiable—no appearance of especial refinement—nothing remarkable—nothing uncommon about him:—precisely such a man, to say all in a word, as people would continually overlook, pass by without notice, or forget, after dining with him, unless, peradventure, his name were mentioned; in which case—odds bobs!—they are all able to recall something remarkable in his way of sitting, eating, or looking—though, like Oliver Goldsmith himself, he had never opened his mouth, while they were near: or sat, in a high chair—as far into it as he could get—with his toes just reaching the floor.

We come now to the works of Geoffrey.—1. *THE NEWSPAPER ESSAYS*: Boyish theatrical criticisms—nothing more. foolishly and wickedly reproduced by some base, mercenary countryman of his—from the rubbish of old printing-offices: put forth as ‘*by the author of the SKETCH-BOOK.*’—How could such things be, “by the author of the *Sketch-Book*,” written, as they were, twenty years before the “*Sketch-Book*” was thought of?—By whom *were* they written?—By a boy.—Was *he* the author of what we call *The Sketch-Book*?—No. *The Sketch-Book* was written by a man; a full-grown man.—*Ergo* the American publisher told a —. Q. E. D.

Nevertheless, there is a touch of Irving’s quality, in these papers—paltry as they are: A little of that happy, sly humour; that grave pleasantry, (wherein he resembles Goldsmith, so much;) that quiet, shrewd, good-humoured sense of the ridiculous, which, altogether, in our opinion, go to make up the chief excellence of

Geoffrey—that, which will outlive the fashion of this day ; and set him apart, after all, from every writer in our language. The qualities which have made him fashionable, he has, in common with a multitude :—Others, which are overlooked, now ; but which will cause him to be remembered hereafter—perhaps for ages—are *peculiarly, exclusively* his own.

2. SALAMAGUNDI; or WHIM WHAMS, &c. &c.—The production of Paulding, Irving, Verplanck ; and perhaps of others, in partnership :—the papers of Paulding are more sarcastic, ill-natured, acrimonious—bitter, than those of Irving ; but quite as able : Those by Verplanck, we do not know : we have only *heard* of him, as one of the writers : It is a work in two volumes, duodecimo ; essays, after the manner of Goldsmith—a downright, secret, laboured, continual imitation of him—abounding too, in plagiarisms : the title is from our English FLIM FLAMS : oriental papers—the little nian in black, &c. &c. from the Citizen of the World : Parts are capital : as a whole, the work is quite superior to anything of the kind, which this age has produced. By the way, though—What if some *very* enterprising publisher were to bring out a few of the old British classics, in a modern, octavo dress, with a fashionable air—We have an idea that he would find it pay well. The Vicar of Wakefield, now ; Tom Jones ; Peregrine Pickle—What a run they might have, before they were discovered, in their large, handsome type ; fine, white paper ; and courtly margins.—Or, “to make assurance doubly sure ;” and escape the critical guardians of the day, what if he change the titles ; names ; dates, etc.—the chances are fifty to one, that he would never be found out—at least—until two or three editions had run off. It would be more fair, than such plagiarism, as we *do* meet with every day—like this of Salamagundi—about which nobody ever thought of complaining.—Beside ; where would be the harm ?—the copyrights have run out. Would it not be doing a favour to the public ; a handsome thing, after all, by our brave, old-fashioned literature, which, we are afraid, will soon be entirely obsolete ?—The truth is, that we are tired and sick of these daily, hourly imitations—thefts and forgeries ; angry, weary, and ashamed

of seeing our old British writers—our pride—our glory—for ever upon the shelf—never—never upon the table.

We are quite serious, in what we say concerning the safety, with which our old fathers might be served up, under a new title. It may be done—for it *is* done every day. Try the experiment. Let Mr Campbell republish that paper of Goldsmith, wherein he gives an account of a trip to Vauxhall—precisely as it is—without altering a word. Our life on it, if Mr C. keep the secret—as he would, undoubtedly, after such a hoax, upon him, or by him—that nobody else would smell a rat, for a twelvemonth to come.—By and by, perhaps, when we have a leisure afternoon, we may amuse ourselves, with pointing out a few cases, in our modern, stylish literature, to justify what we have said.

Among the characters of Salamagundi—about a dozen of which are capital, there is one of a fellow—whose name is TOM STRADDLE—an Englishman—a pretty fair specimen too, of the Englishmen, that our friends over sea, are in the habit of meeting with, in their country. It was done by Irving, we believe. It is admirable.—Some years ago, a man, who was prosecuted in Jamaica, produced a volume of Salamagundi on his trial. The publication charged as libellous, it appeared, had been copied, literally, word for word, with a spiteful, malicious accuracy, from the character of Tom Straddle ; printed—sold—sent abroad, mischievously enough, to be sure, while one of those English “ *Travellers*,” whom Irving had so delightfully hit off, was in Jamaica—exploring and astonishing the natives.—This fact, alone, proves the truth of resemblance.

3. KNICKERBOCKER : A droll, humorous history of New York, while the Dutch, who settled it, were in power : conceived, matured, and brought forth, in a bold, original temper—unaided—and alone—by Irving : more entirely the natural thought, language, humour, and feeling of the man himself—without imitation or plagiarism—far more—than either of his late works : It was written, too, in the fervour and flush of his popularity, at home—after he had got a name, such as no other man had, among his countrymen ; after Salamagundi had been read, with pleasure, all over North America : In it, how-

ever, there is a world of rich allusion—a vein of sober caricature—the merit of which is little understood here: Take an example—"Von Poffenburg" is a portrait—outrageously distorted, on some accounts, but nevertheless a portrait, of General Wilkinson—a "bellipotent" officer, who sent in a bill, to Congress, for sugar plums, or segars, or both, after "throwing up"—in disgust we dare say, as "he could not stomach it," his military command upon the Florida frontier: So too—in the three Dutch governors, we could point out a multitude of laughable secret allusions to three of the American chief magistrates (Adams, Jefferson, Madison)—which have not always been well understood, anywhere—by anybody—save those who are familiar with American history.

By nine readers out of ten, perhaps, Knickerbocker is read, as a piece of generous drollery—nothing more. Be it so. It will wear the better—The design of Irving himself is not always clear: nor was he always undeviating, in his course. Truth or fable, fact or falsehood—it was all the same to him, if a bit of material came in his way.

In a word, we look upon this volume of Knickerbocker; though it is tiresome, though there are some wretched failures in it; a little overdoing of the humorous—and a little confusion of purpose, throughout—as a work, honourable to English literature—manly—bold—and so altogether original, without being extravagant, as to stand alone, among the labours of men.

4. NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. Irving had now grown so popular, in America, that he was consulted with, or pestered about, almost every undertaking of the day, in matters of literature.

The war with us had become serious. The navy had grown popular, with everybody. The pride of the people was up; their passions; they were almost ready to launch their houses upon the water.—When Hall took the *Guerriere*; and broke, as they say, there, the charm of our invincibility (they never say *how*, by the way; or with what *force*)—the whole country broke out, into acclamation. They loaded him down with honour. They lavished upon him, within a few

weeks, more testimonials of public favour—than have ever been bestowed upon all the public men of America—from the time of Washington, up to this hour.—The consequence was natural. The commanders of their little navy adventured everywhere, with a preternatural ardour; fought nobly, desperately—and were the talk of a whole country. Battle after battle was fought; victory after victory followed—before the tide was turned, by the capture of their Chesapeake.

The *Analectic Magazine* took fire—with an eye to profit: hunted up materials: employed Irving to write a Biography of these naval captains, one after the other; and gave it out, with portrait after portrait, month after month, to the overheated public.

Some of these papers are bravely done: In general, they are eloquent, simple, clear, and beautiful: Among the *Lives*, that of poor *Perrey*, the young fresh-water Nelson, who swept Lake Erie of our fleet, in such a gallant, seaman-like style, is quite remarkable—as containing within itself, proof, that Irving has the heart of a poet.—We do not say this, lightly—we say it as a fact—we shall prove it.—We had seen him try hard, before, in that paltry, boyish piece of description—the passage through Hell Gate*—which has been so be-praised: we had really dozed over his laboured embellishments—they were affronting to our natural sense of poetry—we had no suspicion of the truth.—It is only a word or two, that we speak of. It is not where he tries, that Irving is poetical: it is only where he is transported, suddenly, by some beautiful thought—carried away, without knowing why—by inward music—his heart beating; his respiration hurried.—He is never the man to call up the anointed, before him, at will: to imagine spectacles; or people the air earth, and sea—like a wizard—by the waving of his hand.—He has only the heart of a poet: He has not—he never will have—the power of one. It is too late, now. Power comes of perpetual warfare—trial—hardship: He has grown up, in perpetual quiet—sunshine—a sort of genteel repose.—He may continue, therefore, to feel poetry; to think poetry—to utter po-

etry, by chance—but he will never be able to *do* poetry, now, as he might have done it, before this, if he had been worthily tempered, year after year, by wind, or fire—rain—or storm. He, who has grown up in the courtly tournament: He, whose warlike discipline has come only of the tilting-ground—blunted weapons—or silken armour—may have the *heart* of a true knight—may *feel* bravely—may *think* chivalry—but will he be able to *do* chivalry, for more than a little time, together?

The passage, to which we allude, is *not*, as he might suppose, that, where he goes out of his way, tries, labours to be a poet; by saying, that—while the dying men lay about, upon deck—their eyes were all turned up to the face of Perry: no—the passage to which we allude, is unpremeditated—It is not a picture, like *that*, which he, himself, declares to be “above prose—*poetry*”—it is only one thought, happily uttered—said, as none but a poet ever could have said it. He has been talking about Lake Erie—that solitude of waters—where no battle had ever been heard before: over which no warrior ship had ever gone. He speaks of the barbarian—we do not give the words—looking out from the wood—*startled by the “apparition of a sea-fight”* upon the waters of a solitary lake, whereon, till that hour, he had never seen a vessel, perhaps, larger than his own birch canoe.

That, we say, is enough. That very phrase—the *apparition of a sea-fight* is enough to prove that Irving is, by nature, a great poet.—We shall say more of this, by and by.

5. INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry. A well-written article: but Irving was never made for a critic.—He is, to a critic, what a cupper and bleeder is to a resolute surgeon.—If he let out any blood—black, or natural—healthy, or pestilential—it is by coaxing it out of timid, small punctures—not by draining arteries, with a fearless cut, into the very region of the heart, perhaps—if the case require it. One thought, only, do we remember. He charges Mr C. with having been frightened, by the Edinburgh people, during the time of gestation—or delivery:—or, to come nearer what he *says*—he charges Mr C. with having been too much afraid

of the Edinburgh critics.—He was right.

6. SKETCH-BOOK—Irving had now come to be regarded as a professional author: to think of his pen for a livelihood. His mercantile speculations were disastrous. We are glad of it. It is all the better for him—his country—our literature—us. But for that lucky misfortune, he would never have been half what he now is: But for his present humiliation, he would never be half what he will *now* be, if we rightly understand his character.

Strange—but so it was. The accidental association—the fortuitous conjunction, of two or three young men, for the purpose of amusing the town, with a few pages a-month, in Salamagundi, led, straightway, to a total change of all their views in life. Two of them, certainly; perhaps all three, became professional authors, in a country, where only *one* (poor BROWN) had *ever* appeared before. Two of them have become greatly distinguished, as writers: the third (Verplanck) somewhat so, by the little that he has written.

Thus it is. A *single* star, worthy of attention, has hardly ever appeared in the skies of literature. So, in learning: so in science—age after age. It is a constellation—a cluster—a galaxy—or darkness. But for a similar conjunction, we do believe that most of the leading writers in our sturdy old English literature, would never have been greatly distinguished. A man should have a body of iron—a soul of iron—to outlive a long course of solitary trial.—But for strong rivalry—contention—social criticism—jealousy—fear—perpetual effort, no great man would ever have known a tythe of his own power: Nay, but for such a state of intellectual warfare, he would never have *had* a tythe of that power, which he may have put forth, in his full maturity. Hence, the policy of confederating for mutual improvement, everywhere—among every class of people. The mass of their knowledge becomes a property in common. Trial, exercise, power, self-assurance come of it.—Every year, a man, who is thus urged onward, will do that, which, a year before, he would have thought impossible: *see* that—as the horizon grows larger about him, at every step of his upward course—which, a year

before, he had never *heard* of. He may not be so sensible of his progress, after a time, as he was, when he went up, first, from the level of his companions; but his progress will be, nevertheless, real. He, who has had an opportunity of measuring himself, thus, day after day, with men *like* himself, will come, in a single twelve-month, to look upon that, of which he was proud, with a feeling of shame, astonishment, or sincere sorrow. Not so, if he hold himself aloof, or be held aloof, by circumstances. He may go into his grave, without advantage to himself, or the world; linger his fourscore years; or die of old age, with a feeling of complacency toward all the labour of his hands. God help such a man! God help him, who does not see, whatever he may have done—however proud he may be of it—however *honest*, or, the world say, however *boastful*, he may be of it—God help him, if he do not see, before the fever of his blood is down, that he might have done it much better.—Let a man be proud of his doing; let him, if he speak at all—speak the truth of his own workmanship—whatever the world may say—but let him never be *satisfied* with himself or his work—never—never.

The American cities are towns—the largest, *only* towns; the smallest, villages. *Altogether* they do not contain one half so great a population as that of London.—There was no opportunity, for Irving, in America: no chance of association. Therefore, he came here.

THE SKETCH-BOOK was written for America. It was refused here by two or three booksellers—Mr Murray among the number, we believe: was published, on Irving's account, we also *believe*, by Mr Millar.—It met with unexpected favour: Millar was "unfortunate:" wherefore Mr Murray, whose "enterprize," where there is no sort of risk—we would never question—made a proposal for the SKETCH-BOOK; following it up, with a "munificent" 1000 guineas for BRACENRIDGE HALL—and a L.1500 for the TALES—(Irving had learnt how to deal, in the meantime.)—These "enterprizing publishers," by the way, are a pleasant kind of adventurers, to be sure—very desperate—*very*.—They lie by, till a man's reputation is up; till some less "enterprizing," wealthy, or exten-

sive publisher has had all the risk—when, making a bow, perhaps, they step in, with a superb, generous air; overbid all their "less enterprizing brethren;" *subscribe off* the book, before they publish it; and pass for liberal, adventurous encouragers of literature.—Let authors treat such people, as they deserve: stand by those, who stood by them, in spite of temptation—if they would make themselves or their brethren respectable.—We could point out one of these "patrons"—one of these "enterprizing publishers" who has rejected manuscripts probably, without reading them—certainly without behaving like a gentleman to the authors—and yet, when these very authors came to be known; he has gone out of his way, to pay them unworthy compliments: to coax and wheedle them—into a new negotiation. We could name one, who, some years ago, thought proper, to refuse the manuscript of a young author—a man of singular talent—with a sort of compassionate—pitying—supercilious air—infinately provoking, though not enough so to furnish a plausible excuse for knocking him down.—That author has now become one of our authorities—he is a statesman—has great power, and great reputation.—Lately—not long ago—the publisher was lucky enough to meet him, for a few minutes, in a large company.—He went up to him; spoke to him; said a great many delightful things: reminded him of the time, when he was in such, or such an obscure situation, overlooked of all the world; begging him to believe, by the way, that *he* had not overlooked him: that *he* had seen his talents—of which, bowing, the world had *now* such abundant proof—&c. &c. &c.—"Yes"—was the reply—"Yes, Mr.:—so and so—You certainly *did* shew your estimation of my talents—bowing—*once*."—This very publisher too, refused Hunter's Narrative. It was published on account of the author. It succeeded. He—the publisher, who had refused it, was cunning enough to give Hunter a hint or two—immediately—concerning his future publications.—A curse on such "enterprize!"—

THE SKETCH-BOOK—is a timid, beautiful work; with some childish pathos in it; some rich, pure, bold poetry: a little squeamish, puling, lady-like sentimentality: some courage-

ous writing—some wit—and a world of humour, so happy, so natural—so altogether unlike that of any other man—dead or alive, that we would rather have been the writer of it, fifty times over, than of everything else, that he has ever written.—

The touches of poetry are everywhere; but never where one would look for them. Irving has no passion: he fails utterly, in true pathos—cannot speak, as if he were carried away, by anything. He is always thoughtful; and, save when he tries to be fine, or sentimental, always at home, always natural.—The “*dusty splendour*” of Westminster Abbey—the “*ship staggering*” over the precipices of the ocean—the shark “*darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters.*”—All these things are poetry—such poetry as never was—never will be surpassed.—We could mention fifty more passages—epithets—words of power, which no mere *prose* writer would have dared, under any circumstances, to use. They are like the “*invincible locks*” of Milton—revealing the God, in spite of every disguise.—They remind us of Leigh Hunt, who, to do him justice—notwithstanding all his “*tricksey*” prettinesses, does talk more genuine poetry, in his *epithets*, than any other man, that ever lived. We know well what we say—we except nobody.—We hate his affectation; despise—pity his daintiness, trick and foppery, but cannot refuse to say, that in his delicate, fine, exquisite adaptation of descriptive words, to the things described, in his poetry he has no equal.—The “*loosened silver*” of the fountain; the “*golden ferment*” of the sunshine, upon the wet grass; the large rain-drops, that fall upon the dry leaves, like “*twangling pearl*”—all these, with a thousand others, are in proof.

The epithets of Hunt are pictures—portraits—likenesses: those of Geoffrey, shadows. Those of the former frequently take off your attention from the principal object: outshine, overtop, that, of which they should be only the auxiliaries: Those of the latter never do this—they only help the chief thought. The associations of Hunt startle us, like Moore’s “*unexpected light*,” in the cool grass—the trodden velvet of his poetry: those of Irving never startle us; never thrill

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us; never “*go, a-rippling to our finger-ends*,” but are always agreeable—affecting us, like the sweet quiet lustre of the stars, or moon. When we come upon the epithets of Hunt, we feel as if we had caught something—a butterfly, or a bug, perhaps, while running with our mouth open; or detected some hidden relationship of things: But when we come upon the epithets of Geoffrey, we feel as if we had found, accidentally, after we had given up all hope—some part or parcel, which had always been missing (as everybody could see, though nobody knew where to look for it), of the very thoughts or words, with which he has now coupled it for ever.—Let us give an illustration.

Who has not felt, as he stood in the solemn, strange light of a great wilderness; of some old, awful ruin—a world of shafts and arches about him, like a druidical wood—illuminated by the sunset—a visible bright atmosphere, coming through coloured glass—who has not felt, as if he would give his right hand for a few simple words—the fewer the better—to describe the appearance of the air about him?—Would he call it *splendour*?—It isn’t *splendour*: *dusty*?—It would be ridiculous.—But what if he say, like Irving, “*dusty splendour*?”—Will he not have said *all* that can be said?—Who ever saw those two words associated before? who would ever wish to see them separated again?

The bravest article that Irving ever wrote, is that about our ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA. There is more manhood: more sincerity: more straight-forward, generous plain-dealing in that one paper, than, perhaps, in all his other works.—He felt what he said; every word of it: had nothing to lose; and, of course, wrote intrepidly.—Did we like him the worse for it? No, indeed. It was that very paper, which made him respectable, in this country.

RIP VAN WINKLE is well done; but we have no patience with such a man, as Washington Irving.—We cannot keep our temper, when we catch him pilfering the materials of other men; working up old stories. We had as lief see him before the public, for some Bow-street offence.

The WIFE is ridiculous, with some beautiful description: but Irving, as

we said before, has no idea of true passion—suffering—or deep, desolating fervour.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE—the art of BOOK MAKING, &c.—are only parts of the same essay: it has no superior in our language.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM, is only worth mentioning, because, we attribute our TRAVELLER'S TALES, entirely to the success which that paper, and the STOUT GENTLEMAN, met with.

VOL. II.—Irving, though he is continually at work, never gives one a good solid notion of the English character. All his pictures want breadth—a sort of bold, bluff humour—without which a man of this country is like the man of every other country. The Stage-Coachman, for example—what is it, as a whole?—parts are fine—touches are fine—but, as a whole, it is anything but one of our good-natured, lubberly, powerful coachmen: one of those fellows, who fight without losing their temper: who love their horses more heartily than their wives: touch their own hats, or knock off those of other people, with precisely the same good-humoured air: say—“Coach, your honour?”—And—“Go to the devil!” in the same drowsy, hoarse, peculiar voice.

One of the best papers that Irving ever wrote—if not, in reality, the very best, is JOHN BULL. Yet is it, nevertheless—a coloured shadow only—an imaginary portrait; not *our* John Bull—not *he*—the real, downright John Bull, whom we see every day in the street.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—Very good—very—so far as they go: Historically true: Irving has done himself immortal honour, by twice taking the field in favour of the North American savages. He has made it fashionable.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—This brings to our mind a piece of poetry—four lines—by Irving, which he left as an impromptu, on his *last* visit, a few months ago, we believe, to Shakspeare's room. They are very good; and being, we have a notion, the only poetry of his, actually counted off, to be found, are worth preserving.

“Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room, we see;
That, where he died, in vain to find we try:

Useless the search—for all immortal he—
And those, who are immortal, never die.”

We know not if these *be* his; but we have good reason to believe them so. At any rate—we shall pass them to his credit, for the present, adding two lines by a countryman of his, (Neal) which really were impromptu—the only impromptu, that he ever wrote in his life.—They were written, after he had forsworn poetry—(on going into the room, where Shakspeare was born)—because, if we are to believe him, “he couldn't help himself.”

“The ground is holy, here!—the very air!—

Ye breathe what Shakspeare breathed
—rash men, forbear!”

7. BRACEBRIDGE-HALL. STOUT GENTLEMAN—very good; and a pretty fair account of a real occurrence;* STUDENT OF SALAMANCA: beneath contempt: Irving has no idea of genuine romance; or love—or anything else, we believe, that ever seriously troubles the blood of men:—ROOKERY—struck off in a few hours; contrary to what has been said: Irving does not labour as people suppose—he is too indolent—given, too much, we *know*, to revery: DOLPH HEYJIGER; THE HAUNTED HOUSE; STORM SHIP—all in the fashion of his early time: perhaps—we are greatly inclined so to believe—perhaps the remains of what was meant for Salamagundi, or Knickerbocker:—the rest of the two volumes quite unworthy of Irving's reputation.

8. TALES OF A TRAVELLER. We hardly know how to speak of this sad affair—when we think of what Irving might have done—without losing our temper. It is bad enough—base enough to steal that, which would make us wealthy for ever: but—like the plundering Arab—to steal rubbish—anything—from anybody—everybody—would indicate a hopeless moral temperament: a standard of self-estimation beneath everything.—No wonder that people have begun to

* But, oddly enough, there seems to be *another* original account of the same occurrence. Look into the HERMIT IN LONDON. We have a mysterious character, and a rainy day, *there*, too.

question his originality—when they find him recoinning the paltry material of newspapers—letters—romances.—In the early part of these two volumes we should never see any merit, knowing as we do, the sources of what he is there serving up, however admirable were his new arrangement of the dishes; however great his improvement.

A part of the book—a few scenes—a few pages—are quite equal to anything, that he ever wrote. But we cannot agree with anybody, concerning those parts. Irving is greatly to blame—quite unpardonable, for two or three droll indecencies, which everybody, of course, remembers, in these TALES:—not so much because they are so unpardonable, in themselves—not so much on that account—as because the critics had set him up, in spite of Knickerbocker; in spite of Salamagundi; in spite of the Stout Gentleman—as an immaculate creature for this profligate age.—He knew this. He knew that any book, with his name to it, would be permitted by fathers, husbands, brothers, to pass without examination: that it would be read aloud, in family circles, all over our country.—We shall not readily pardon him, therefore, much as we love him, for having written several passages, which are so equivocal, that no woman could bear to read any one of them aloud—or, to remember that she had—by reason of her great confidence in the author, been upon the point of reading one aloud.—Irving has a good, pure heart. How could he bear to see a woman faltering over a passage of his—at her own fire-side—while she was reading to her husband; her children—daughters, perhaps—or to the newly married?—We hate squeamishness. Great mischief comes of it. We love humour, though it be *not* altogether so chaste. But we cannot applaud anybody's courage or morals—who under a look of great modesty—with an over-righteous reputation—ventures to smuggle impurity into our dwellings—to cheat our very household gods.

The latter part of these TALES, we firmly believe, were old papers lying by. New cloth has been wrought into old garments—New wine, put into old bottles. 'The money-diggers'

have a good foundation. It is literally true, that people are now digging—have been, for years—upon desolate islands, in America, for money, which the traditions of the country declare to have been buried, with formalities, which are terrible enough, to be sure. Irving is *not* indebted, as people suppose, therefore, to a German story-book, for this part of his late work.—The pirate—who goes off in a boat—which one may see rocking, under the land—is decidedly the finest *bit* of Geoffrey, that we know of.—But he is only one of several characters wrought into old, moth-eaten tapestry, the weaving of his youth—which was not worth patching up.

One word of advice to him, before we part—in all probability, *for ever*.—No man gets credit by repeating the story of another: It is like dramatizing a poet. If you succeed, *he* gets all the praise: if you fail, *you* get all the disgrace.—You—Geoffrey Crayon—have great power—original power.—We rejoice in your failure, now, because we believe that it will drive you into a style of original composition, far more worthy of yourself.—Go to work. Lose no time. Your foundations, will be the stronger for this uproar. You cannot write a novel; a poem; a love tale; or a tragedy. But you *can* write another SKETCH-BOOK—worth all that you have ever written: if you will draw only from yourself. You have some qualities, that no other living writer has—a bold, quiet humour—a rich beautiful mode of painting, without caricature—a delightful, free, happy spirit—make use of them.—We look to see you all the better for this trouncing. God bless you! Farewell.

JAY—JUDGE. One of the men who wrote the FEDERALIST. See HAMILTON: p. 56; a Judge of whom Lord Mansfield spoke, like a brother—(while Judge Jay was minister to St James's)—after having had a consultation with him. His correspondence with our cabinet was able, and sharp. It may be found in the AMERICAN STATE-PAPERS.

JEFFERSON—THOMAS. Late President of the United States: now upwards of 80: the ablest man, we believe, in America: author of many celebrated STATE-PAPERS: of the NOTES ON VIRGINIA, (a small duodecimo vo-

luno of no remarkable merit, written while he was young.

The famous DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—the American MAGNA CHARTA, very nearly as it now stands, was the production of Mr J. He was one of the committee appointed by congress, for drafting it. After a consultation, they separated—agreeing that each one should bring his own ideas complete, in regular form, on a certain day. They met—each with his own ‘Declaration’ ready to produce. Mr J. was called upon (as the youngest man, we believe) to read first. He submitted—his paper was immediately accepted by his associates: they would not even read those which they had brought, after hearing *his* read.—It was adopted by congress, with a few alterations; part of which, like the improvements of Pope, in his own poetry—were of a very questionable character.

While Mr Jefferson was the Secretary of State, and subsequently, he produced a number of REPORTS, and PAPERS, which are distinguished by extraordinary temper, foresight, wisdom, and power. Among these, are his REPORT ON THE FISHERIES: a system, for the regulation of WEIGHTS and MEASURES: a paper, upon the ACCOUNTABILITY of PUBLIC OFFICERS: a correspondence with our cabinet, concerning the IMPRESSMENT of AMERICAN SAILORS, which, by the way, was the *real cause* of our late war with America. Mr Jefferson is a fine scholar: a liberal thinker: and a truly great man. See our VOLS. for 1824, p. 509: 622.

JOHNSON, JUDGE—an able man: has written lately the LIFE of GENERAL GREENE, one of the revolutionary officers. Greene was another Washington; the only man able to take his place, if he had fallen; or if he had been overthrown by the cabal, in Congress. General Charles Lee was a better captain—the best, we believe, in the armies of the revolution: but he was too adventurous—too bold and peremptory—too dangerous for the place of commander-in-chief. One word of him, by the way—now that he is likely to have no sort of justice done to him among the people, for whom he sacrificed himself. He was one of those, to whom the letters of Junius have been ascribed: he was a British general: an officer, in the

Prussian service: a lieutenant-general, we believe. He made prodigious efforts in the cause of America—put his head in peril, as a traitor: was, we conscientiously believe, *sacrificed*—(we will not qualify the phrase at all)—to Washington:—treated shamefully:—In short, he died of a broken heart.—It was well for America—very well, that he did not become the commander-in-chief—the leader, even for a month, of her armies. He would have been a dictator—a despot—or nothing—if he had: But we see no reason—there was none—why he should have been so cruelly sacrificed; or so bitterly slandered.—We mention this now, with more emphasis, because THE REPUBLIC is all in commotion about LA FAYETTE—pretending—shame on such impudence!—that all this uproar comes of their gratitude.—Gratitude!—we know them better. But, even while we speak, the fashion is over—we have no doubt of it—we put our opinion, therefore, upon record, with a date (Jan. 1, 1825)—we say, that already the fashion is over, in America; that, already, they have done pursuing the “Father of their country,” as they profanely call him, after Washington, with outcries and parade.—Gratitude!—We know them better.—*They* talk of gratitude, while the surviving men of the revolution are dying of want:—while General St Clair—who literally starved, in his old age, upon the precarious bounty of a “single state,” is hardly cold in his grave:—while the very man, with whom Burgoyne treated, before the surrender (Wilkinson), is living upon the charity of Maryland:—while Baron de Kalb, Lord Stirling, (also a traitor in the cause of America)—Pulaski, (a Polish nobleman)—with a score of others, each one of whom *did* as much for the republican side, as LA FAYETTE—and risked much more.—We know the character of this people; we know that of the *Marquis*—But he was a boy, a mere boy, when he volunteered in the armies of America: and we say, positively, that all this uproar is not because of their *gratitude*, in America, for what he did, in the day of revolution (for he did but little—and, of that little, they knew nothing)—but *chiefly*, because he, LA FAYETTE, is a *nobleman*, of whom they have heard much talk *late*ly, and all at once. It is curiosity—not *gratitude*.

Gratitude is consistent. Curiosity is not. Gratitude is the growth of knowledge, in a case like this: Curiosity is the growth of ignorance.—A few years ago, (we have not forgotten it,) James Munroe, the President of the United States, made a tour through New England. Before he went among the Federal party, there was no language too offensive—no usage bad enough, one would have thought from their papers, for James Munroe. When he went away, “they pursued him as they did La Fayette.”—Every house—every heart had been open to him—every voice followed him with flattery.—Why was this?—Was it because they had been wrong?—No. Was it because they were ashamed of their behaviour; or had come to understand his plain, homely virtues?—No. It was only because he, James Munroe, was *President of the United*

States of America. These republicans are curious: they secretly revere rank, *more than we do*: they had never before seen a *PRESIDENT*.

LOGAN—JAMES: a quaker: a chief justice in Pennsylvania: died about 1750:—author of several works in Latin, which have been republished in various parts of Europe: a great scholar, for the age—familiar with many languages—a good mathematician: a translator of Cicero's *De Senectute*, published with his notes, by Dr Franklin. His “*Experimenta Melutenuta de Plantarum Generatione*,” was published in Latin, about 1740—in Leyden, translated afterwards, and republished, by Dr Fothergill, at London. Several of his papers may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society. We look upon him as altogether an extraordinary man.

WADD ON CORPULENCY.—WADD'S *NUGÆ CHIRURGICÆ*.*

BYRON, my dear fellow, said we to him one day, you are inclined to corpulency.

Not at all, was the reply; it is entirely against my inclination, but I cannot help it.

This was very well for a joke; but he could help it, and did so—for by taking, as we advised, a raisin and a glass of brandy a-day, and abstaining from all other food, solid or fluid, for the course of a month, he lost flesh vastly, and was nearly as thin as ourself when he died. At the time we spoke to him, he must have been rising eighteen or nineteen stones.

We were thinking of this the other evening, when Wadd's books, of which we had never before heard, came by chance into our hands—and yet the *Essay on Corpulency* had reached a third edition. So true it is, that one half of mankind does not know how the other half lives; and, moreover, they are pleasant and readable books,

as we shall evince by the time we get to the end of this our article. We, (*i. e.* not merely ourselves, but the world,) have now come to that state of refinement, or rather, we should say, of good sense, that what Dr Johnson truly called the most important operation of the day, is no longer undervalued. Dinner, with its avant-couriers, breakfast and lunch, and its running footmen, *chasse cafè*, and supper, is properly appreciated. We no longer pretend to the silly puppyism of despising what, from the earliest age to the present, and from the present until the day of the dissolution of this great Globe itself, must continue to be the most interesting topic of life. Our living literature bears the impress of this new feeling. Witness Dr Morris, Dr Kitchener, the Author of *Waverley*, Sir Morgan O'Doherty, &c. &c. &c. Everybody, in short, of any mark or likelihood in this scribbling generation. All these

* *Cursory remarks on Corpulence or obesity, considered as a disease, with a critical examination of ancient and modern opinions relative to its cause and cure. Third edition. By William Wadd, Esq. F. L. S. Surgeon extraordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. &c. &c. London, Callon, 1819. Pp. 129. 8vo.*

Nugæ Chirurgicæ; or a Biographical Miscellany, Illustrative of a Collection of Professional Portraits. By W. Wadd, &c. London. Longman and Co. 1824. Pp. 270. 8vo.

great men display, either by direct allusion, by receipt, maxim, advice—or by indirect notice, that they are perfectly *au fait* at all sort of culinary arrangements. In truth, great writers of almost all ages have been characterized by this attribute. Homer, to whom,

—“as from their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns, draw
light,”

rejoices in a banquet as in a battle, and describes the cutting up of a porker flourishing in fat, with as much gusto as he does the dissection of a Jove-nurtured hero. A collection of the moral and political sentiments—the *γνώμαι*, as they are technically called, of Homer—has been made long ago;—a collection equally savoury could be made of his cookery prescriptions, his ideas of managing tipple, his magniloquent and unrivalled epithets of everything connected with the social board; and we strenuously recommend some adequate hand to perform this acceptable service to Grecian literature, and to the great cause of gourmanderie at large. Having thus cited Homer, we excuse ourselves from saying anything of the minor authors,—Plato, Horace, &c. whom we had marked on the margin of our paper, to be quoted on the occasion.

As then the value of feeding has been duly acknowledged, the consequences thereof must be worthy of attention—among the most prominent of which is corpulence. If we believe Wadd, this is a disease, (for such he considers it,) in a great measure peculiar to England. And why should it not? Is there any other country in the world which assumes for its national tune, OH! THE ROAST BEEF—which delights in surrounding its monarch with officers, designated, contrary to all rules of orthography and etymology, by the jaw-stirring name of Beef-eaters—which finds matter of scorn for all its neighbours chiefly in the inferiority of their provender, looking, as behoves them, with contempt on the frog-fed Frenchman, the leek-eating Taffy, the oatmeal-swallowing Scot, the potatoe-devouring Irishman, the sourcrout German, the turnip-nibbling Swede, the garlick-chewing Spaniard—and so on to the end of all the nations of Europe—firmly believing all the while, that no

native of these countries ever uses, or has even heard of, other food than what they think fit to assign to them—which bestows the Knightly title on one joint of beef, and the Baronial on another; and, not to be bothering the public with a long induction of particulars, has preserved these attributes from the days in which Cæsar found them (barbarous, to be sure, but in the middle of their wigwams *carne lacteq; viventes*;) to the present hour. Without going farther, what a philosophical work, a History of the Lord Mayors of London, keeping an eye to this one peculiar and national point, could be made, if it were done by a great oesthetic genius of a comprehensive mind, capable of grasping many particulars in one grand philosophical sweep, such as Mr Coleridge!

“It has been conjectured by some, that for one fat person in France or Spain, there are an hundred in England. I shall leave others to determine the fairness of such a calculation.

“That we may, however, approach, or even exceed it, no one will doubt, who reflects on the

— expensive plans
For deluging of dripping pans,

introduced by the modern improvements in the art of grazing, and the condescension of some of our physicians, who have added the culinary department to the practice of physic. One learned Doctor (vid. Institutes of Health) is of opinion, that the vulgarism of ‘Kitchen Physic’ is one of those oracles of Nature, that deserves much more attention than ridicule;’ another asserts, that ‘no man can be a good physician, who has not a competent knowledge of cookery,’ and ornaments ‘Culina’ with a Roman stew-pan; while a third apologizes for descending from professional dignity to culinary preparations, teaching us how to make ‘savoury jelly,’ which may rally the powers of digestion in that fastidious state of stomach frequent after long fits of the gout. And it ought not to be omitted, amongst the great events of the present era, that the combined efforts of art and nature, produced in the jubilee year 1809, the fattest ox, and the most corpulent man ever heard of in the history of the world.

“It is not a little singular, that a disease which has been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr Thomas Short’s Discourse on Corpulency, published in 1727, with a small pamphlet by

Dr Fleming, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprize all that has been said in this country, on what Dr Fothergill termed, 'a most singular disease.'

"In answer to this, we may be told, that sufficient has been written, for any man to be his own physician in this complaint, and that "le regime maigre," and Dr Radcliffe's advice, of keeping the eyes open, and the mouth shut, contains the whole secret of the cure."—*Corpulency*, p. 5—7.

Which, however, is no answer at all.

"It is supposed, that a person weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, generally contains twenty pounds of fat. The accumulation of fat, or what is commonly called corpulency, and by nosologists denominated *polysarcia*, is a state of body so generally met with in the inhabitants of this country, that it may exist to a certain degree without being deemed worthy of attention; but, when excessive, is not only burdensome, but becomes a disease, disposes to other diseases—and to sudden death.

"The predisposition to corpulency varies in different persons. In some, it exists to such an extent, that a considerable secretion of fat will take place, notwithstanding strict attention to the habits of life, and undeviating moderation in the gratification of the appetite. Such a predisposition is often hereditary, and when accompanied, as it frequently is, with that easy state of mind, denominated 'good humour,' which, in the fair sex,

..... 'Teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.'

Or when, in men, the temper is cast in that happy mould, which Mr Hume so cheerfully congratulates himself on possessing, and considers as more than equivalent to a thousand a-year; 'The habit of looking at everything on its favourable side;'—on such dispositions of body and mind, corpulency must, in a certain degree, attend."—P. 15, 16.

Part of this we are perfectly certain of. A good fat face is generally a pleasant object. It is most truly said, in *Peveril of the Peak*, that an ill-humoured-looking fat man is so rare an object, as to create in us the disgust which attends the sight of a monster. Look at the picture of Jack Powell, the butcher of Stebbing in Essex, who died in 1751, aged 37, (Lord Byron

and Raphael's age,) weighing 40 stones. What a good, thoughtless, beneficent hilarity is in his countenance! With what an air of complacent self-satisfaction he is wiping his unwigged head—how agreeably degagé his loose vestments hang around him! You feel it would be impossible to fret that man. Not a black-berry did he care about the Pope, the Devil, or the Pretender, or about the Family Compact, or Mr Pitt, or the balance of power in Europe. We venture to say, he had a vast ignorance of the works of Jemmy Thomson, or Sammy Johnson, or Davie Hume, or the Warburtonian Controversy, or any other of the flocci-nauci-nihili-pifications, which, in his day, were engaging literary men. But if he knew not these trifles, we lay a rump and dozen that he had a perfect knowledge of a beef-steak—that it would be hard to puzzle him in a mutton-chop—that Tom Rees's own Tripsonions are not deeper versed in the mysteries of a belly of tripe, than he was; and that, no matter who was the best singer of bob majors within the parish of Stebbing, few would beat him in disposing of their juicy attendant, the leg of mutton and trimmings.

To waddle back to Wadd. We shall skip some dozen or so of his pages at a slap, premising, that they contain cures, &c. for corpulency, one of which strikes us to be unutterably horrid. It is recommended as a remedy to devour Castile soap. What a tremendous abuse of the stomachic region! Sooner would we amplify ourselves to the dimensions of Daniel Lambert himself, than make a washing-tub of our paunch, and convert our gastric juice into suds. Vegetable diet is more palatable, though still highly objectionable; but as we intend to go at full length into that question very shortly, in a philosophical consideration of John Frank Newton's return to nature, we excuse ourselves from saying anything farther on the subject here.

There is a vast, miscellaneous collection of anecdotes of corpulency at the end of Wadd's book; pleasant to read, but arranged with a complete contempt of all regularity—very much in the manner of Miss Letitia Matilda Hawkins' new attempt at a Joe

Miller. What, however, can be more agreeable than to hear of ladies of four or five-and-twenty stones; of Tunisian misses fattened for marriage; of butchers pinguifying on their own steaks; of Spanish generals feeding themselves on vinegar, until the skin hung round the body like a pelisse, thereby affording justification of what might otherwise seem a bouncer of George Colman's, in his description of Will Waddle,

"Whose skin, like a lady's loose gown,
hung about him"—

Of windows knocked out, and walls knocked in, to let out prodigious coffins; of Englishmen travelling through Saxony in quest of the picturesque, weighing 550 lb., or 39 st. 4 lb.—wafted through Italian vales and Valdarinian regions on the groaning necks of twelve chairmen; of Captain K., of the Jamaica trade, of whom the astonished negro exclaimed, "Great big man—man big as tub, massa;" of the son of the Bishop of — (a diocese which, we should imagine, must be always vacant,) who, at nineteen, weighed twenty stones, and was remarkable for his wit, of which we have the following specimen—

"A fellow collegian, son of a dean,
of a very lean and spare habit, expressing his astonishment at their difference of size, he explained the reason by the following extempore parody of the old song,

There's a difference between
A bishop and a dean,
And I'll tell you the reason why;
A dean cannot dish up
A dinner like a bishop,
To feed such a fat son as I."

—All of which, with many other equally piquant matters, may be found in Mr Wadd's Essay on Corpulency.

His *Nugæ Chirurgicæ* is a series of biographical notes on a collection of Professional Portraits. Where he got the foundation of his collection, we shall let himself tell.

"The following pages owe their origin to a collection of Professional Portraits, the nucleus of which was a set of prints, given to the author ten years ago, by his excellent friend, Mr Fauntleroy of Berners' Street!!!"

And this volume bears the date of 1824, by the end of which year that

excellent friend had fallen a victim to the laws of his country. *Sic transit, &c.*

The notes are in general brief, but abounding, as we think medical books generally do, with curious and peculiar anecdotes. The epigram on Dr Glynn, with whom we were acquainted, (he died in 1800, aged 82, and was a Scatonian prize-poet in 1757,) is new to us. Glynn was an ugly fellow:—

"This morning, quite dead, Tom was
found in his bed,

Although he was hearty last night;
But 'tis thought, having seen Dr Glynn
in a dream,

That the poor fellow died of the fright."

As also is the conundrum on the Three Doctors, which we shall leave unanswered, to exercise the ingenuity of our readers.

What's Doctor, and Dr, and Doctor writ
so?

But, on second considerations, to put them out of pain, we shall explain to them that it is,

Dr LONG, Dr Short, and Dr Ashew.

Of Jacob de Castro, we are told,

"De Castro was one of the first members of the Corporation of Surgeons, after their separation from the barbers, in the year 1745; on which occasion Bonnel Thornton suggested '*Tollite Barberum*' for their motto.

"The barber-surgeons had a by-law, by which they levied ten pounds on any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave.

"The separation did away this, and other impediments to the improvement of surgery in England, which previously had been chiefly cultivated in France. The barber-surgeon in those days was known by his pole, the reason of which is sought for by a querist in '*The British Apollo*,' fol. Lond. 1708, No. 3.

'I'de know why he that selles ale,
Hangs out a chequer'd part per pale;
And why a barber at port-hole,
Puts forth a party-colour'd pole.'

ANSWER.

'In antient Rome, when men leas'd fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in;
Man-menders then had noble pay,
Which we call *surgeons* to this day,
'Twas ordered, that a huge long pole,
With basin deck'd, should grace the hole,
To guide the wounded, who unlopt
Could walk, on stumps the other hopt:
But when they ended all their wars,
And even grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decaying; to keep swimming,
They join'd the other trade of trimming,
And to their poles, to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together.'

"From 'Brand's History of Newcastle,' we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place, as, at a meeting, 1742, of the barber-chirurgeons, it was ordered, that they should not shave on a Sunday, and that no brother shave John Robinson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafts. Speaking of the 'grosse ignorance of the barbers,' a facetious author says, 'This puts me in minde of a barber, who, after he had cupped me (as the physitian had prescribed) to turne away a catarrhe, asked me if I would be *sacrificed*.'—'*Sacrificed*,' said I, 'did the physitian tell you any such thing?'—'No,' quoth he, 'but I have sacrificed many, who have been the better for it.' Then musing a little with myselfe, I told him, 'Surely, sir, you mistake yourself; you mean *scarified*.'—'O, sir, by your favour,' quoth he, 'I have ever heard it called *sacrificing*; and as for *scarifying*, I never heard of it before.' In a word, I could by no means persuade him, but that it was the barber's office to sacrifice men, since which time I never saw any man in a barber's hands, but that *sacrificing* barber came into my mind."—*Nugæ*, p. 192-194.

We shall conclude with a notice of Valentine Greatrakes.

"This singular person, according to Mr Boyle, was of 'great honesty and exemplary sobriety;' taking no gratuity for his performances, and curing a prodigious number of cases where King Charles II. had failed, as testified by Boyle, Cudworth, Bishop Wilkins, and the wisest of all surgeons, Surgeon Wiseman, who affirms that the King's touch had cured more in one year than all the surgeons in London had done in an age!—An hereditary race of Machaons, in Scotland, of the name of Macdonald, have subsequently performed the same operation, calling it *Glacath*, which is, handling the part affected, and muttering certain words. They also were of 'great honesty,' and never accepted of a fee on any entreaty.

"After the Restoration, great multitudes flocked to receive the benefit of the royal touch; insomuch, that 'six or seven persons were crushed to death, pressing at the chirurgion's doore for tickets.'—*EVELYN'S Journal*, Vol. II. p. 571. In 1682, the King touched 8577; and Browne remarks, that notwithstanding the numbers were so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet, upon any new declaration of healing, they were again as fast as if none

had applied before; 'a thing as monstrous as strange.' Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise this royal prerogative; and in 1684, Thomas Rosewell was tried for high-treason, because he spoke with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to the cure of Scrofula. Charles Bernard, who had made this touching the subject of raillery all his lifetime, till he became serjeant-surgeon, and found it a good perquisite, solved all difficulties by saying with a jeer, 'Really one could not have thought it, if one had not seen it.'

"The Hon. Daines Barrington, in his 'Observations on our Ancient Statutes,' p. 107, tells us of an old man, a witness in a cause, who averred, that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, when a child, for the evil. Mr Barrington, when he had finished his evidence, 'asked him whether he was really cured?' Upon which, he answered, with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil, but that his parents were poor, and had no objection to the bit of GOLD.

"This new exploded royal gift is thus described by Shakespeare:—

'Strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers.'

Macbeth.

"The obsolete practice of Greatrakes has in a degree appeared again in the shape of *friction*, and has revived in full force in the process of *thumbing* and *rubbing*, as applied by certain adepts to distortions, who have not the same scrupulous difficulties that Greatrakes and the Macdonald had about the *Honorarium*."—*Nugæ*, p. 213-215.

Valentine Greatrakes was a young, tall man, of a most respectable family. He verily believed in his power, and sometimes succeeded strangely enough. It is odd that it continued in him only about five years. One of his family was the William Greatrakes, who was absurdly enough set up as the author of Junius, on the strength of his epitaph being the same as the motto to the letters—*Stat nominis umbra*.

We must add, that Wadd has a capital taste in drawing droll caricature figures. Nothing can be better than the fat fellow, with a *chapeau bras* and a cane perpendicularly rivetted in the ground, which faces the 108th page of our illustrated copy.

REMARKS CONNECTED WITH THE CRITICISM OF POETRY.

PERHAPS it has not been conceived, nor ever may be, what power is possible to be exerted over the spirit of a people by words.

We understand imperfectly the effects of knowledge:—those less, which follow from the impressions made, by the positive and explicit meanings declared in language, upon imagination and sensibility. But if there be also, as doubtless there is, a not immomentous influence, which must be allowed as distinctly proper to the words themselves of discourse, this, especially, we find it difficult to measure, or conceive.

An Age, rejoicing, like our own, in intellectual proficiency, hardly believes that which hitherto it has not explained. An age, triumphing, like ours, in applications of Intellect to gross utility, and to knowledge of evident demonstration, is slow to comprehend, and reluctant to avow, the moment and power of Forms. Yet is it just in such an age, in which the imagination of life declines, that the imagination adhering to—inhabiting—intellectual forms may become inestimably important.

Words are—or in them is given—the *external form* of Poetry. If the delight of Poetry is *useful*, a part of that Utility is to be ascribed, not to the substance,—to the meanings which the words expound,—but to the exquisite labour which the Art of Poetry has bestowed on consummating its external form—on the words.

Power, in words, is either of the matter which they deliver, or their own:—and of the understanding, or of imagination and feeling:—outwardly, or internally manifested:—if within the mind, in the first influenced, or, through it, in others:—immediately, or ultimately.

That is scanned more easily, which is proper to the matter, than to the words:—of the understanding, than of impression and affection:—the externally, than the inwardly,—the originally than the derivatively,—the immediately, than the ultimately manifested.

What dare we hope from Speculation, which should, in the most instances, prefer the more difficult question:—attaching itself to investigate effects, rather of the language, than the
;—of feeling impressed, than

of intelligence instructed;—hidden, than visible;—comprehending the long subsequent, with the present;—and with those of which the mind first interested is the seat, the most widely diffused from it into others?—

Yet one part of such inquiry is supposed in the Theory of the Fine Arts:—the other in the determination of their Utility.

Whence is Poetry the great cultivator of language?—From—1. its topics, in which it is unlimited and universal:—2. its passions, which are free, intense, entire:—3. its peculiar, quick and deep sensibility for the properties of language.—The knowledge, or use, by a poet, of his native speech, is, therefore, *extended,—inventive,—skillful*.

I. EXTENDED—since what is there—known or thought—that he must not delineate and express?—II. INVENTIVE—not only as Language, to Passion, asking its utmost expression, usually yields more than it had seemed to possess; but as Intellect, under Passion, conceives in new modes, which Language is changed in following.—III. This head might be referred higher.—Poetry is, throughout, ART.—The bold Art, which constructed metre, has influenced in every way the language of Poetry. By severing it to Art, it justifies, if it does not almost exact pains more elaborate, and less disguisedly so, employed in framing it, than might else become the medium of men's natural communication:—And by laying the ground in Poetry of an otherwise unknown harmony of words, it induces in the spirit, awake and susceptible with that delight, a more observant and feeling apprehension of their other properties:—In both ways, rendering the language of Poetry SKILFUL.

The following observations may shew that there is, acknowledged by us, a *proper* influence, action, or power of Words:—that is to say, *distinct* from any which is to be regarded as specifically and necessarily inherent in the Ideas denoted by them.

1. The word, divided—or conceived in division—from the idea which it represents, is not solely indifferent to us. An unknown language has a character to our ear,—almost to our imagination. And in known language,

some part—one element—of the powerful harmony of verse, is of the sound, unreferred to the sense.

2. To the word must be ascribed, further, whatsoever force of action or impression,—*though drawn from the meaning*,—it adds to that which already and unavoidably accompanies the meaning.—We may therefore cite, in the second place,

—The second part of harmony in language,—relations of the material elements of the word* to the idea, (*—harmony by expression.*) These are manifold: more, and less obvious:—regarding *in the word*, its properties, natural, as articulated sound, and artificial, as a constituent of metre:—*in the signification*, the essential idea, the connexions of ideas with one another, and specifically those modifications of the single idea, which give the grammatical quality of the word.

3. Other effects of the words *require*, without being drawn from, their significance. Such are, in the third place,

—Certain more general (verbal) qualities of *STYLE*:—As,—the purity of idiom:—that use of a language which distinguishes *degree* in the speaker:—the exemption from, at some times,—at others, the employment of—its familiar, and homely, expression:—Lastly, Some part of what has been accepted—whether rightly or not is not now our question—with every people, as a *language of Poetry*:—And, in the fourth place,

4. Certain more particular (also verbal) conditions of *Style*:—viz. the effect in composition, of historically known facts of a language:—principally, of its more ancient, and more modern forms:—in tongues of mixed

origin, of derivation from one or another source:—of dialects:—of innovation, or invention in language.

5. A fifth instance of force proper to words may be mentioned in the aptitude for expression, differing in different languages, with the principle of their grammatical formation.

The most difficult, in truth the essential points of the argument remain;—and may be comprised in these two questions.—How much of the passion, or lively power belonging to the idea, is, by that habit of Association, which collects and concentrates upon the sign the affection proper to the thing signified, effectually *transferred* upon the word?—How much, in *Style*, universally, of *the manner of presenting thought*, is of the words, and how much is effected in the thought?—

These two questions answered, and the preceding considerations followed out, might want not much of exhausting the inquiry, which they serve to propose. Simply stated, they may remind us, that the force, in composition, *proper*, distinctively from the ideas annexed to them, *to words*, is not, nor by those who have endeavoured to fix the canons of writing, has ever been accounted of as slightly efficacious. The Inquiry, were it even somewhat minutely and anxiously pursued, is not of nice and vain curiosity; but necessary to the Criticism, as it is linked with the advancement, or maintenance—if any induction of their principles may avail to advance or maintain them—of those Fine Arts, which speak to the human Mind by words, and which are usually comprehended by us under the denominations, Eloquence and Poetry.

* CAMPBELL'S Philosophy of Rhetoric. Book III. ch. I. § 3. "*Words considered as sounds.* When I entered on the consideration of vivacity as depending on the choice of words, I observed that the words may be either proper terms, or rhetorical tropes; and whether the one or other, they may be regarded not only as signs, but as sounds, and consequently as capable in certain cases of bearing, in some degree, a natural resemblance or affinity to the things signified. The two first articles, proper terms and rhetorical tropes, I have discussed already, regarding only the sense and application of the words, whether used literally or figuratively. It remains now to consider them in regard to the sound, and the affinity to the subject of which the sound is susceptible. When, as Pope expresseth it, 'the sound is made an echo to the sense,' there is added, in a certain degree, to the association arising from custom; the influence of resemblance between the signs and the things signified; and this doubtless tends to strengthen the impression made by the discourse. This subject, I acknowledge, hath been very much canvassed by critics; I shall therefore be the briefer in my remarks, confining myself chiefly to the two following points. First, I shall inquire what kinds of things language is capable of imitating by its sound, and in what degree it is capable; secondly, what rank ought to be assigned to this species of excellence, and in what cases it ought to be attempted."

DIBDIN'S CRITICISM.

No. I.

It is known to the more curious of my readers, (for, in truth, the affair has long since passed totally into oblivion, as concerns the reading *public*;) that Gilbert Wakefield, who corresponded with Charles Fox upon verbal emendations of Euripides, and so forth, and who enjoyed in his day considerable reputation as a classical scholar—once published a volume of Pope's poems, adorned with notes by himself, by way of specimen of a complete edition of that great poet's works. The undertaking went no further, but this volume having been almost entirely converted into trunk-lining, the few copies remaining acquire a high merit in the eyes of folks of a certain order; and accordingly, it is laid down at p. 730 of this "Guide and Companion," that "Wakefield's volume is, so far as it goes, ONE OF THE MOST SATISFACTORY PERFORMANCES OF ITS KIND; and that it IS TO BE REGRETTED, he felt himself deterred from its completion by the promised edition of Joseph Warton"!!!

How stands the fact?—True, most true it is, that this is "one of the most SATISFACTORY PERFORMANCES of its KIND," if, by "its kind," is meant the great genus of ASSERY. The work is certainly below all contempt—ignorant, stupid, asinine, bestially dull and degraded to the utmost possible pitch of any man's satisfac-

tion. The book not only damned Gilbert at once as an English critic; but, in the event, utterly damned him as a critic of anything, since people in general are not quite so stupid, but that they can perceive the extreme improbability of an Englishman being quite incapable of understanding one of the most correct of his own country's authors, and yet pretending to throw light upon the dark passages of authors who wrote some thousands of years ago, in a dead and forgotten tongue. But to cut matters short at once—who does not remember the famous quizz on the poetry of folks of quality, which some ascribe to Pope, others to Swift, others to Arbuthnot, but which all agree in considering as one of the *broadest*, if not of the *best*, pieces of quizzification extant in the English tongue? Well, only be pleased to see how the first verse of this *jeu-d'esprit* is introduced and commented on by the glorious emender of Euripides, the keen-sighted penetrator of the mysteries of old Greek choruses, the lynx-eyed hero of longs and shorts, in this most satisfactory performance, the non-completion of which is, in the opinion of the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, so deeply to be "regretted."

Read, benevolent reader, what I transcribe from this great man's edition; read, and trust your eyes.

"SONG BY A PERSON OF QUALITY. (1)

"Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions, (2)

Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;

I, a slave in thy dominions,

Nature must give way to Art.

Notes by Gilbert Wakefield.

"(1) This song is ascribed to Swift, in Sheridan's edition, vol. viii. p. 168. I am not able to ascertain the author, nor would it reflect much honour on the genius of either. *It seems disjointed and obscure.*

"(2) *purple pinions.*—Ovid speaks of *purple Cupid*, and Milton says, with inimitable elegance, *Par. Lost*, iv. 763:

"Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights

His constant lamp, and waves his *purple wings.*"

"(3) *Nature must give way to Art.*—What is the propriety of this observation? and what its application to the present subject?"

Is it not a sweet thing, Christopher, to see one ass clawing another's ears in this amiable manner?

C. P.

Certainly. Go on. C. N.

MINUTA CANTABRIGIENSIA.

Υγγρατά καὶ ἀραιομέτα.—A thing of shreds and patches.

ON THE APPOINTMENT OF ONE WHO HAD NO MUSICAL POWERS, TO A CHORISTER'S PLACE, AT CAMBRIDGE, MERELY BECAUSE HE WAS A FREEHOLDER OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"A singing man, and yet not sing!
Come, justify your patron's bounty:
Give us a song."—"Excuse me, sir;
My voice is—in another county."

II.

ON A STUDENT BEING PUT OUT OF COMMONS, FOR MISSING CHAPEL.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught:
O could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

III.

ON A PETIT-MÂTRE PHYSICIAN.

When P—nn—ngt—n for female ills indites
Studying alone not what, but how he writes
The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry—with ill-omen'd rapture—"Killing man!"

IV.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A VERY THIN COUPLE.

St Paul has declared, that when persons, though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain:
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine pairing,
Dr D—gl—s of B—n—t espoused Miss M—nw—r—ng,
The Apostle, no doubt, would have alter'd his tone,
And have said, "These two splinters shall now make one bone."

V.

Had thy spouse, Dr Drumstick, been ta'en from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou could'st not, like Adam, have gallantly said,
"Thou art flesh of my flesh"—because flesh thou hast none—
Thou with truth might'st have said, "Thou art bone of my bone."

VI.

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE, ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

This little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade.
A little taste hath little Dr Jowett:
This little garden doth a little shew it.

LATINE.

Exiguum hunc hortum fecit Jowettulus iste
Exiguus, vallo et muriit exiguo:
Exiguo hoc horto forsan Jowettulus iste
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguan.

THE GROUSOME CARYL ;

*Ane most Treuthful Ballant,**Compilit be MR HOUGGE.*

THERE wals ane man came out of the weste,
 And ane uncouth caryl wals hee,
 For the bouzely hayre upon his hede
 Wals pirlit with his derke eebree.

And the feint ane browe had this caryl ava,
 That mortyl man cold see,
 For all from his noz to his sholder blaide
 Wals dufflit rychte fearsomelye.

And hee nouthir hald bonnet, hoze, nor shone,
 Nor sarke nor trewis hald hee,
 But ane short buffe jerking rounde his waiste,
 That hardlye reechyt his knee.

And hee hald a belt of the gude bullis hyde,
 And ane buckil of irone hald hee,
 And he buir ane pole on his sholder,
 Wals ten lang feite and three.

Als hee came up by the Craigyeburn,
 With stalwarde steppe and free,
 Hee lokit up to the Saddil-Yoke,
 Als hee wolde take wingis and flee.

And aye hee keuste his burlye heede
 To flyng the hayre from his ee ;
 And hee hemmit and snockerit so awsome loude,
 That the levis shoke on the tree.

And the lyttel wee burdis helde up their neckis,
 And maide their croppis full sma',
 And till that caryl wals out of sychte,
 Ane breath they durste not drawe.

And the wodeman grypit to his long bille,
 Thynking his lyffe wals gone,
 And ranne behynde the hezil bushe,
 Tille the stalwarde caryl passit on.

And the deeris toke to their heelis and rannc,
 With their nozes fro the wynde,
 And till they wonne to Carryfron Gans,
 They nefer lokit them behynde.

And the verrye doggis of the sheephherd ladis
 Were seizit with burninge dreide,
 For they toke their tailes betweine their houghis,
 And made to the braies with speide :

And they eshotte out their crookyt tungis,
In lenthe more than ane spanne,
And laid their luggis backe to their neckis,
And whyukit als theye ranne.

And the oussen cockyt their stupid heedis,
And swatchyt their tailis full longe,
And aye they caiperit rounde and rounde,
And wiste not quhat wals wronge.

And aye quhan the caryl gave a yowte,
Or snockerit with belsche and braye,
Then all the rockis playit clatter agayne,
And nicherit for mylis awaye.

And the welderis started on the steipe,
Or scowrit alongis the lec,
And the lyttill wee kiddis rose from their layris,
And blette moste erdlischlve.

But iffe this caryl wals fleshe and blude,
Or ane monsteure comit fro helle,
Or risen out of the deepis of the se,
No manne in the londe colde telle.

But sickan ane daye and sickan ane fraye,
Or sickan ane frightesome tale,
Nevir pat that contraye in dismaye,
Since God maide Annerdaille.

For it wals saide ane horryde trayne
Had passit at the braike of daye,
Of monstouris haisting out of the weste,
And bounde for the fellis away.

The caryl he came to the Greyc-Meris Liune,
Benethe the rorynge steipe,
And he howckyt ane holle lyke bendyd bowe,
Ane trenche bothe longe and deipe.

And he pullit the braiken fro the slacke,
The hedder fro the hille,
The rown-tree fro the Straung-Cleuche Linne,
And the birke of the Raken Guille.

And seven Scottis ellis of that deipe holle,
He coverit up cairfullye,
And there he laye with his horrid crewe,
Unseine be mortyl ee ;
For no manne dorst come nie that houffe,
For the lyffe of his bodye.

But the oussen sancted fro the houmis,
The welderis fro the brae ;
Quhille the herdis gromblit throu the londe,
And wist not quhat til saye.

Young maidis were missyng fro their beddis,
 Before the brikke of the daye,
 And moderis rockyd their tome credlis,
 For the bairnis had elyit awaye.

But worde is gone easte, and worde is gone weste,
 From Yarrowe unto the Ae ;
 And came to the Lord of Annerdaille,
 At Lochess quhare he laye.

That Lorde he leuche at his vasselmenis tale,
 And he sayde full jocundlye,
 I will wende to the Grey-Meris Linne the morne,
 This grousome caryl to see.

Lord Annerdaille rose at the skreigh of the daye,
 And mounted his berry-browne steide,
 With foure-and-twentye wale wychte menne,
 To guairde him in tymme of neide.

And thre stainche blode-hundis at his heile,
 Of the terrouble border brude,
 That weille cold tracke the mydnighte theiffe,
 Or the sheddour of Chrystean blude.

And quhen hee comit to the Hunter-Heck,
 Och there wals a greeveous maene,
 For somethynge wals myssing over nychte,
 That colde not be tolde againe.

But hee lousit the leishes of his blode-hundis
 That lokit bothe doure and droye,
 For they nouthir rowit them on the swairde,
 Nor scamperit runde for joye.

But they snokyd the dewe, and snokyd the dewe,
 And snokit it ouer againe ;
 And the byrsis raise uponne their backis,
 Broschit lyke ane wyld boris maine.

Then Jowler hee begoude to youffe,
 With a shorte and ane aungrie tone,
 And German's ee begoude to glent,
 With a blode-reide glaire thereonue.

But Harper turnit his flewe to the hevinis,
 And hee gaif ane tout so longe,
 That all the wodis in Moffat-daille,
 With moulesse echois ronge.

That wals the true and the wairnyng note,
 Awaye wente the hundis amaine,
 And awaye wente the horsmen them behynde,
 With spurre and with steddyc reine.

But the fordis were deippe, and the bankis were steippe,
 And paithwaye there wals none,
 And or they wonne to the Selcothe Burne,
 The braif blode-hundis were gone.

But they hearit the echois dynnling on,
 Alonge the cludis so caulme,
 Als gin the spyritis of the fellis
 Were synging their mcrnyng psaulme.

And the egill lefte his mistye haine,
 Amiddis the cliffe so grimme,
 And he belted the mornyngis ruddye browe,
 And jointit in the blodye hymme.

“Spur on, spur on,” cryit Annerdaille,
 “Leiste evil mine hundis betydde,
 Gin the reiveris hydde were maide of irne,
 Ane ryving it moste bydde.”—

Quhan they came up to the Greye-Meris Linne,
 To the trenche bothe deippe and longe,
 Lord Annerdaille’s steide turnit runde his heide,
 No farther he dochte gange :

But aye he sraipyd, and he snorit
 And lukyd with wylde dismaye,
 And fain wald haif spoken to his maister ;
 But colde not get worde to saye.

“Who holdis this halle,” cryit Annerdaille,
 “This denne of dreide and doubte ?
 Gin yee bee creaturis of mortyl byrthe,
 I soummont you to come oute.”—

He hearit aue snockir, and than aue langhe,
 And than aue smotherit screime,
 Als gin the devil hald been asleipe
 And wakenit oute of aue dreime.

And the three blode-hundis youlit aloude,
 Quhan theye hearit their maisteris voyce ;
 For theye were chainit withyne the cave ;
 And frightesome grewe the noise.

But oute then came the grousome caryl,
 And up on his trenche stode hee,
 And his towzlye hede it kythit als hiche
 Als the hill of Turnberrye.

Lord Annerdaille hald not worde to saye,
 For his herte it beatte so faste ;
 And thoche he put grette couryge on,
 He stode full sore aghaste.

And aye hee lokit at the caryl's maik,
 And then at his pygmye mennis ;—
 They were no more before his faice
 Than ane scrowe of cockis and hennis.

“Chryste be mine shielde !” said Lord Annerdaille,
 “For als mine faithe shall shwyve,
 If ten such caryl's were in the londe,
 They wold swallowe it up alyve.”—

“Quhat seike you heire ?” quod the gyant caryl,
 “Or quhat is your wille with mee ?”—
 “We seike for oussen, sheipe, and kye,
 And eke for ane faire ladye !”—

“You shall haif their bonis then,” said the caryl ;
 “You shall haif them with righte gode wille,
 Quhan nine gude demis and nobil sonnys
 Haif guawit at them their fille.”—

“Lorde be myne shielde !” quod Annerdaille,
 “And saie me from skaithe and scorne !
 For the lykis of that I nefer hearit,
 From the daye that I wals borne.

“Louse forthe myne hundis, thou baisse reiver !
 If rackle thou woldest not bee.”—
 “Lothe wold I bec,” the caryl replyit,
 “For outhir youre golde or fee.

“They will brynge downe the stott but and the steire,
 The welder and the fleite hynde ;
 Or be dejune to myne gude demis,
 Quhan better they may not fynde.”—

Lord Annerdaille he waxed wrothe,
 Such thochtis he colde not thole,
 And he vowit to shede the caryl's blode,
 And burrye him in his holle.

“Art thou for battil ?” the caryl replyit,
 “That thyng rejoysethe mee ;
 For it will pleisse our stomackis to feiste
 On thyne fatte men and thee.”—

Hee bore ane polle on his sholder
 Wals ten large feite and three,
 And out of that hee throste ane speire,
 Moste dreadfull for to see.

Lord Annerdaille's men drew out their brandis,
 And flewe on the caryl anaine ;
 But in five twynkillyngis of an ee,
 Ane thirde of them lay slaine.

The reste wholit runde their steedis and fledde,
Swifte als the westlande wynde ;
But some they quakit and stode agaste,
Quhan lokinge them behynde :

For there they saw bothe wyffis and barnis,
Of frychtsome gyant brode,
Come runnyng out of the horryde holle,
And drynke their kinsmenis blode.

And aye they quaffit the reide warme tyde,
Their greide it wals so ryffe,
Then trailit the bodies into the holle,
Though fleckeryng still with lyffe.

Lord Annerdaillis men they rode and ranne
O'er all the Border bounne,
Till they founde out Johne of Littledeane,
Ane aircher of gritte renounne.

He came to the Gray-Meris Linne ouernighte,
And dernit him dexterouslye,
And there hee watchit for the grousome caryl,
To walke on his blodye lee.

Quhan hee had tokyn his horryde meale,
Too basse quhereon to thynke,
Then strode hee downe unto the streime
To taik his mornyng drynke.

And Johne hee lokit out ouer his denne,
And sawe the monstour lye ;
And the littil fisches swatteryng awaye,
For they thochte the streime gone drye.

The caryl hee rose up lyke ane tree,
And toke his steidfaste stande,
For hee behelde our gode yeomanne
With bent bowe in his hande.

Hee dorste not turne him runde to flye,
Though moche hee hald ane mynde,
For hee knewe the fleite and flying shafte
Wolde pierce his herte behynde.

Our yeomanne sent ane airrowe fleite,
From bowe of the good bay-tree ;
But the caryl kepptyt it in his teethe,
Als easily als ane flec.

Another and another flewe,
With als moche mychte and speide,
But stille hee kepptyt them in his teethe,
And chewit them for ane meide.

But Johne hee wals ane cunningg manne,
 Hee seyis his skille againe—
 Hee put two arrowis to his bowe,
 And drewe with mychte and maine :

The caryl deftly caught the ane
 Full fiercelye als it flewe ;
 But the other piercit him throw the breiste,
 And clave his herte in two.

Hee gaif ane growle—hee gaif but ane,
 It maide all the hillis to rore ;
 Then down hee fell on the Peele-Knowe side,
 And wordis spoke ufer more.

Then up rose the Lord of Annerdaille
 From ambosche quhair hee laye,
 And hee sackit the carylis grousome holle,
 And herryit it for ane preye.

But, och ! the sychte wals then displayit
 Of horroure and of paine,
 Lorde graunt that the men of Annerdaille
 May nefer beholde againe !

For soche ane wylde and salvage schene
 By barde hald never beine sunge,
 It wolde not syng, it wolde not saye
 Be anye Chrystean tunge.

They toke the carylis menzie brode,
 His sonnis and his wyffis three ;
 And they haunkit towis abote their neckis,
 And hangit them on ane tree ;

Then toke them to their grousome holle,
 For their last horryde roome ;
 And the Gyantis Trensche and the Gyantis Grave
 Will kythe till the daye of doome.

Now, long live Jamis, our nobil Kyng,
 And Lord Annerdaille, long live hee,
 And long live John of Littledeane,
 Quha set this countrie free.

Some saide those gyantis were brotal bestis,
 And soulis they colde haif none,
 Some saide they had, but shoke their heddis,
 And wonderit quhare they were gone.

Till Peter of Bodisbecke hee came forthe,
 With prufis of the verye beste,
 That put ane end to the dispute,
 And set the lande at reste :

For Peter wals out at eventyde,
 Upon his heightis, I wotte,
 And Peteris eyne colde see full weille
 Quhat other meunis colde notte.

So Peter behelde ane flocke of deilis,
 Lyke greifous hoddye-crawis,
 And ilk ane hald ane gyantis soule
 A-writhing in its clawis.

They flewe als they were bounne to helle,
 Swyfte als the fyerie flaime,
 But they drappit the fiendis in Gallowaye,
 The place fro whence theye caime ;

They flewe ouer bonny Annerdaille,
 And ouer the Nythe they flewe ;
 But they drappit the soulis in Callowaye,
 Als the worste helle they knewe.

Maye the Lorde preserve bothe manne and beiste
 That treade this yirde belowe,
 And littil bairnis, and maydenis fayre,
 And graunt them graice to growe ;

And may never ane reude unconthlye gweste
 Come their blessit bowris withyune ;
 And neuer ane caryl be seine againe
 Lyke him of the Greye-Meris Linne.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XX.

To Malachi Mullion, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. Sec. of C. North, Esq. E.B.M.

In'days when our King Tommy rang,
 His benk it cost but half-a-crown,
 We thoct it was a groat ower dear,
 And eaa'd the Taylor thief and loun!

MY DEAR SECRETARY,

It was well remarked by one of our cleverest contributors, Napoleon Buonaparte, (Heaven rest his soul!) that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This pas seul, after a month's deliberation, has been resolutely taken by Taylor, the Trimmer, and certainly the effect has been prodigious. We all remember how sublime was the Old Series of the LONDON! We all behold how ridiculous is the New; and accordant to the creed of the Corsican, reverence is turned into contempt. Instead of eyes uplifted methodistically towards the revolution of that heavenly body, mouths wide and silent as barn-doors, hands clasped, and knees slightly bent in

unconscious adoration,—now ecce eyes leering like the grey goggles of the Ettrick Shepherd himself, mouths gullering guffaws, hands performing on that exquisite instrument the Scottish fiddle, and knee and elbow keeping time together in a concerto between a chuckle and a crow. This is not the picture of me alone, Timothy Tickler, but of the small body of subscribers in general to the Dunciad. "Look, look at THE LONDON! my gracious! only look at the London! —'Tis the New Series!—Well, this beats cock-fighting!—Price three shillings and sixpence!—unconscionable extortion—oh! for a barrel of Powl-doodies, or a demi-gallon of potheen!"

Joking apart, and to treat the New

Series seriously, devil take me if, since the day on which I was kittled, saw I ever such a Magazine as this! With the deepest humility and contrition do I now confess my own stupidity, which at times has been more than I could well bear; but henceforth, I will pluck up my spirits, by remembering the *NEW SERIES*. Surely, Mullion, my stupidity never equalled this!—I ask you as a friend, whom I have ever found a friend, and, I hope, treated as such, both inter fam. and coram pop. for the greater part of half a century, if ever I appeared to be so alarmingly near my last? Yes, Mullion, with you I have used no disguise. You have attended me in my stupidest moments, when “none were by to hear” but your worthy self; you have seen me lean my forehead in unidea’d despair, now on my hand, now on the edge of the table, while glass and tumbler yielded a symphonious and spiritless response to the ululation of their master’s grief—You have seen, Mullion, those dim, dull, dozing, dawning, dying, dead eyes of mine, gradually shut up in their blue wrinkled sockets—You have heard that most alarming of all symptoms,—the grammarless groan in which the very verb loses his authority, and governs the accusative no more.—You have beheld my organ of Self-Esteem, which, in size, is second only to that of a Simpson, torpid as the causality of a Poole—and wept to think, that things seemed in a fair train to qualify me for a contributor to the *Phrenological Journal*—All this and more have you seen, and now, on your conscience and your credit, by your hopes of heaven, and of your provision-warehouse, as a christian, and a contributor, I ask you, with my hand upon my heart, and a face beaming with the simplest sincerity, if ever, by day or night, gloom or glimmer, you had any reason to suspect that I was about to commence idiot on my own account, with such a capital and stock on hand as any one partner in this concern of the *NEW SERIES*? If you must answer in the affirmative, out with it at once—let me know the uttermost extent of my imbecility—I am prepared to hear the worst—at my time of life the shock need not be very great. I am grateful for the past. Yet if my intellect be indeed pronounced on a le-

vel with the London, why, “wha Cato did and Addison approved cannot be wrong;” and at least, my Mullion, let it not be remembered on my epitaph.

Why, what a blundering blockhead this Taylor must be! You know, that, not long since, he came crawling out, at the point of North’s rod, from the accumulation of six months’ filth and slime, a perfect Grub of an Editor, and began biting away at the pointed iron, in total forgetfulness of his want of teeth. You then saw the Grub disappear into the interior of his palace, with all the pomposity of a flying beetle into his horse-dung, obviously mistaking himself for a Gad-fly, and indulging in the dear delusion of a sting. Now, once more, he sallies forth an enormous Bummer—a manifest Drone—with posteriors out of all proportion to his little short flimsy wings,—and——. There now, Mullion, did not I tell you so, down upon the pavement drops the Shard-born, and blunders with a groan into the gutter.

But easy—easy—let us drop all entymological personalities, and take another look at the *New Series*. Pray, may I ask, what barn-door fowl scratched this ground-plan of the *THAMES QUAY*? But I shall suppose my dear Mullion in his own corner over his jug, while I read aloud the first paragraph of the leading article of the first number of the *New Series*.

“All those who consider the ‘apparelling of the state’ as a matter of some consequence, must hail with pleasure the growing disposition to improve the appearance and convenience of the country at large, and the metropolis in particular: Soane, Nash, and Macadam, are stoning all the streets to death as though they were so many St Stephens. In the embellishment of our city it would be well to remember that London is the metropolis, not merely of England, but of the whole British empire; an empire which, comprising its dependencies in Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe, in point of population is exceeded by few, and, considering its wealth, knowledge, intellectual energy, commercial enterprize, and the consequent moral and physical power, perhaps unequalled by any, ancient or modern. The capital of such an empire ought to possess a commensurate character. On the contrary,

London, in its improvements or embellishments, has scarcely kept pace with the provincial towns. It is but, like one of its booksellers, a proprietor of a series of very indifferent Highways and Byeways. The houses crowd together and jostle like their inhabitants at an election, or in a Caledonian chapel. There is not even a good leading street to connect the two grand divisions, the City and West End of the Town. The best of them, that by the Strand, Fleet-Street, and St Paul's Church Yard, presents a tortuous, unseemly, and, for the most part, narrow passage, disturbed by cross thoroughfares, jutting churches, and elephants' mansions; it is also so invariably choked by stoppages, as to wage continual warfare against business.

"People quite forget the importance of the public buildings and the public avenues to their daily comfort and convenience; and it would take an entire paper to shew the influences of all kinds which the position and the construction of a city have upon the morals and habits of its inhabitants—many of them are very evident. If a town is composed of small houses, and spread over an immense space, communication will be difficult, and social intercourse obstructed, and, of course, diminished."

Oh! my Mullion, mildest of men, what beauty of expression! "*a growing disposition to improve the convenience of the country at large.*" Our scribe of the New Series here means "the out-of-door nature" of the Cockneys, which is now beginning "to lie more convenient to town;"—"stoning all the streets to death, as if they were so many St Stephens!" What profound knowledge, and striking application of Holy Writ! what beautiful expression given to the scientific discovery of streets being now, for the first time, made of stones! how novel the similitude, yet how natural and obvious, as soon as made, between a long street under the process of Macadamization, and him the first martyr! The delighted reader wonders how a resemblance so strong at all points had never presented itself to his own pensive imagination! that it should first have appeared in the New Series of the London, *Anno Domini* 1825! But with what perfect ease and mastery does the gifted author of THE THAMES QUAY turn from poetry to prose, from fancy to fact, from martyrology to statistics! "IT WOULD BE WELL TO REMEMBER THAT LONDON IS THE ME-

TROPOLIS NOT MERELY OF ENGLAND, BUT OF THE WHOLE BRITISH EMPIRE!" Guthrie, thou god of my youthful idolatry, hide thy head for ever—Pinkerton, thou Goth of my riper years, carry thy quartos to the Pozzi—Malte Brun, listen thou unto the wizard, "LONDON IS THE METROPOLIS OF ENGLAND." Yes, it is indeed; and "it would be well to remember" it. Let the great truth be written in letters of gold, that he who runs may read. But this is not all—for what is the whole British empire? why, it is "*an empire, (vide supra,) which, comprising its dependencies in Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe, in point of population is exceeded by few; and, considering its wealth, knowledge, intellectual energy, commercial enterprise, and the consequent moral and physical power, perhaps unequalled by any, ancient or modern!!*" Mullion, my boy, had you any idea of that?—will you ever again argue with me against popular education? If you do, "you will do well to remember that London is the metropolis of England," and that the article THAMES QUAY, in which that mighty truth was first formally promulgated, was written "BY A PAVIOUR."

Since the days of Akenside, we have had no such imaginative writer as the Paviour. "London is but like one of its booksellers, a proprietor of a series of very indifferent Highways and Byeways." Sly, satirical dog! Each street a little ago was like St Stephen; and now the whole of London, "the metropolis, not merely of England, but of the whole British empire," is like "*one of its booksellers!*" Damn the idiot, Mullion,—isn't that enough to send No. I. of the New Series of the London into the paper-box of your cigarium? yet I question if a leaf of such material would light a cigar. It is fit only for a pipe at the Pig and Whistle.

Forgive this sally—but, my dear English Opium-Eater, I insist upon your reading aloud to our friend A'-lan Cunninghame, the following sentence, written in Italics, as Hogg calls them; and if you do not both agree with me in declaring it, not only at the head of all periodical, but also of all idiotical composition, my name is not Timothy Tickler.

"People quite forget the importance of the public buildings and the public avenues

to their daily comfort and convenience; and it would take an entire paper to shew the influences of all kinds which the position and the construction of a city have upon the morals and habits of its inhabitants—many of them are very evident. If a town is composed of small houses, and spread over an immense space, communication will be difficult, and social intercourse obstructed, and, of course, diminished.”

No such thing, you blockhead; I give you the lie direct. If a town is spread over an immense space, I maintain that communication will be much easier, social intercourse cleared of all obstruction, and, of course, increased.

What comes next?—THE VAGRANT ACT. This is a comical rogue,—I know him—You remember the kicking he received on a certain occasion from a reporter in the Old Times, a degradation far beyond that of the treadmill. Take the following as a specimen of the rogue’s manner:—

“John Mowes; sleeping in an open shed, and not being able to give a good account of himself. (P. 31.)

“Marry! a legal settlement under a hedge! poor Mr and Mistress Smith! ‘Hail, wedded pair! Connubial comfort, hail!’—John Mowes too,—caught in the fact of sleeping in an open shed,—how could he, without a lie, give a good account of himself?—There are, however, hundreds of such hard cases as these in the prison returns!

“We come now to the report of William Matthews.

“William Matthews; going to the Swan Inn, at Horsham, St Faith, and behaving himself in a very outrageous and abusive manner towards Elizabeth, the wife of George Kerry, of the said inn, and threatening to destroy the said inn, and—*had no money to pay his reckoning!*—One calendar month’s hard labour, and whipped. (P. 69.)

“A very Thurtell of vagrants is this,—this William Matthews.—Outraguous to Mrs Kerry, who, perhaps, however, herself did not *draw of the mildest*,—but then threatening to destroy the inn!—the Swan!—Threatening to destroy the Swan, a most ancient crime!—and, not stopping here,—but, *not having money to pay his reckoning!*—Out upon him! The wheel was made for such a miscreant.

“Frederic Baggis; threatening to leave his wife to the parish! (P. 41.)

“A *parlous* legacy!

“By the way, we do not find this sort of threat strictly punishable under the act.

“Thomas Lounds; unlawfully playing at a certain game, called pricking the

garter, thereby enticing people to play. (P. 49.)

“We do not find the Rev. Mr Buntingford, or Archdeacon ———, racked for dabbling in guinea whist, or Squire Holyoak for vitiating the Melton hunt with ecarté.

“James Birch; for singing ballads in the public streets, &c. (P. 89.)

“What a blessing not to be born musical—the House of Correction is now your only musical box. At p. 101, we find ‘John Voice ran away, and left his child chargeable to the parish of Albourne.’ Doubtless he ran away with the best intentions; for, for him to stay was criminal. What could he do?—‘*Tor, et praterea nihil!*’—The wheel was all before him, where to choose.”

This irresistible irony is followed up by a letter from Hookey Walker to the editor, which I, at first perusal, opined to be fictitious, but I now see that it is from a real vagrant of that name, well known about the suburbs of London, (the metropolis, not only of Great Britain, but of the whole British empire, an empire containing, &c.) Then comes a sort of postscript by the editor, who relapses into the following most elegant badinage.—Come, Mr Taylor, come forward, if you please, once more, before an admiring public, and protest that, from “*a good feeling*,” you gave, with your pen and pursed mouth, your “*imprimatur*.”

“At p. 18, we have Thomas Moore for selling the Great Stambidge breeches, a crime which he can only have committed in some moment of anacreontic hilarity.

“At p. 27, Thomas Little stands charged on the oath of a constable, and on his own confession. It will be remembered that this gentleman put as a motto in the title-page to his little production, “*Lusisse pudet*,” little thinking it would conduct him to the treadmill.

“At p. 43, we have Campbell for not giving a good account of himself (we feared his connexions with the *New Monthly* would do him no good)—and at p. 30, we meet with Scott begging.

“At p. 54, Mrs Mary Ann Clarke; idle and disorderly. ‘To this complexion must she come at last!’

“At p. 25, Samuel Rogers; wandering abroad, lodging in ale-houses, and being unable to give a good account of himself.

“Perhaps this ‘talented’ person was not blessed with the pleasures of me-

mory just at the moment he was under examination.

"James Smith, of rejected popularity, is idle, wandering, and drinking at nearly every page. He is, unquestionably, an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. His picture, like that of Fortune, ought to be painted on a wheel. He is so eternally at work, that he is called by Cubitt his *Tire-smith*."

But here are some verses—to the Nightingale, too—and written in the woods of Bolton Abbey. Let any young lady take Barry Cornwall, and gently stupify him over the fumes of a small still, in shape and size like a tea-pot, put a crow-quill into his hand, bring her Album, and insist on the author of the Deluge apostrophizing a nightingale, and what better or worse would she expect than

"Fine bird, who mournest o'er the by-gone hours,
Like one of life complaining or great wrong,
Turn hither! and, fine bird, o'er Bolton bowers
(Too much forgotten) spread thy wealth of song," &c.

Now, if this be Barry, or of the Barry breed, we shall not be long without a few heathen divinities, and here they come, ready cut and dry.

"For never since the Phrygian mood was heard,
And never since the Dorian pipe grew rich
With melancholy meaning,—such as stirr'd
The mermaids' music, when the stars could witch
Old Ocean to his depths, or Triton's word
Alarm'd the waters of the salt-sea-ditch!
Where Calpe mocks the moon—has aught been known
To mate the words *thou* sighest in green-woods lone.

Sing on! Sing on, dear bird! a home more green
Than this grew never on green earth, since man
Fashion'd those antique dreams wherein were seen
Thessalian Tempé, and the streams which ran
Through valleys, on whose slopes rough Fauns did lean,
When poets of old Greece saw sylvan Pan,

* "In the music of the spheres, the moon is said to contribute the gravest and most sonorous part of the harmony."

† "Uriel,—the angel of the sun."

Vol. XVII.

And Naiads dashing from their silver springs,—

And all which verse or fable sweetly sings."

Our poet—whoever he be—resting under the shade of his laurels—signs himself "Umbroso." But he was bound to finish the address—and he has used the nightingale extremely ill, and Bolton-Abbey not a little scurvily, by giving way to "A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MR LISTON."

Here is a copy of verses by the Astronomer Royal of the New Series. The subject is a fallen star. The Astronomer Royal, it would appear, saw a star fall out of the firmament one night lately, an occurrence by no means uncommon in that part of the heavens which overhangs Cockney-Land. No intelligence had reached the Observatory of its having been picked up, neither is its course intimated by the Astronomer Royal. It was, no doubt, towards Hampstead.

"THE FALLEN STAR.

"A star is gone! a star is gone!
There is a blank in heaven!
One of the cherub quire has done
His aery course this even.

"He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there;
And lent his music to the quire
That haunts the nightly air.

"But when his thousand years were past,
With a cherubic sigh
He vanish'd with his car at last,—
For even cherubs die.

"Hear how his angel-brothers mourn
The minstrels of the spheres!
Each chiming sadly in his turn,
And dropping splendid tears.

"The planetary Sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep their hapless brother's fall,
Who sang with them so long.

"But deepest of the choral band
The lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass-according hand
Sweeps all her sullen strings."

"From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel lies,†
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

"The thousand car-bound cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from heaven."

Match me that, Mullion. Read it over again, and tell me if you ever read the like before. How do you account for the universal blindness of mankind to so very marked an occurrence as this, right over their heads and houses? It must have happened in the day-time—or perhaps at night, when all the world, and his wife, were asleep. It is well worth a place, however, in the Obituary. Now, mind my words; we shall be having this astronomical ninny figuring away in the New Series.—Stanzas for music, by the author of the Fallen Star. The Cockneys will be carrying about THIS POEM for weeks to come, spouting it into each other's noses—"It is full of *genius*, sir—full of *passion*—not only *fancy*, but *imagination*. What majesty of sound in 'The wandering Eleven!'—It reminds one of Keats. Had you seen how Hazlitt stared at the first recitation—Nothing finer in Wordsworth!" Yes, Mullion, it is thus the bantams of Cockaigne go crowing over each little addled article, as if it were absolutely the egg of a Phoenix, if such a thing might be supposed, till you, or North, or—God forgive me—perhaps my own thoughtless self—takes it up into his hand, and,—och hone arce!—the shell breaks, and forthwith there is a splutter of purulent matter, that would never have become chickified, had it been sat upon for months by a whole New Series of geese and ganders.

But here comes the great Spanish Ass, upwards of 14 hands high. Gentlemen, you shall hear him bray.

"BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF
MR LISTON.

"The subject of our memoir is lineally descended from Johan de L'Estonne, (see Doomesday Book, where he is so written,) who came in with the Conqueror, and had lands awarded him at Lupton Magna, in Kent. His particular merits or services, Fabian, whose authority I chiefly follow, has forgotten, or perhaps thought it immaterial to specify. Fuller thinks that he was standard-bearer to Hugo de Agmondesham, a powerful Nor-

man baron, who was slain by the hand of Harold himself, at the fatal battle of Hastings. Be this as it may, we find a family of that name flourishing some centuries later in that county. John Delliston, knight, was High-Sheriff for Kent, according to Fabian, *quinto Henrici Sexti*; and we trace the lineal branch flourishing downwards—the orthography varying, according to the unsettled usage of the times, from Delleston to Leston, or Liston, between which it seems to have alternated, till, in the latter end of the reign of James I., it finally settled into the determinate and pleasing dissyllabic arrangement which it still retains. Amiadab Liston, the eldest male representative of the family of that day, was of the strictest order of Puritans."

No; you are wrong, I assure you—he is not a mule—he is a *bona fide* genuine ass, and I could shew you his pedigree; but you are always so curiously obstinate, and so proud of your natural history. Well, then, hear him bray once more. I say he is an ass.

"In the midst of some most pathetic passage, the parting of Jaffier with his dying friend, for instance, he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse-laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, suddenly one of those grotesque faces would peep out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audience could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the continuity of feeling. He describes them (the illusions) as so many demons haunting him, and paralysing every effect. Even now, I am told, he cannot recite the famous soliloquy in Hamlet, even in private, without immoderate bursts of laughter."

Now, Mullion, are not all your doubts removed?*

I remember some months ago, that Snug the Joiner, in the Lion's Head, roared out to his subscribers, that no magazine ever reviewed any new books, and that therefore he was going to begin. He does so, in the New Series. And with what book?—Don Juan!! Snug supposes that so wicked a book cannot have been read much, and therefore he proposes to perform the same operation on Don Juan as Mr Bowdler of Bath performed upon Wicked Will of Warwickshire. He

is going to reprint the poem, without the naughty verses, in order that it may be perused to advantage by the same virgins who read the following VISION OF HORNS.

Yes ! lo and behold—a VISION OF HORNS !—Why scratchest thou thy head, my dear Mullion ? Why, London Maga is quite a woman of the world ; nay, verily, a woman of the town, and her mirth is most indecorous. How shocking must her slang be to the chaste ears and “good feeling” of her keeper, Mr Taylor ! What will Mrs Fry say ? She used to be a very demure female, somewhat homely, no doubt, and not very captivating ; but, although I “thought her prattle to be tedious,” there was a rosy pudency about her lips, that once a-month was not so much amiss to an old subscriber. But now—fye on it—equivocal, double-entendre, and downright, plain-spoken “skulduddery,” is with her the order of the day. Now for the Vision of Horns.

The wit of the Vision is this :—Elia (God forgive him) becomes clear-sighted in a dream, and, to his utter dismay, observes that every man of his acquaintance is a—cuckold, and this important information he communicates, at the rate of ten guineas a-sheet, to London, “which is the metropolis, not merely of Great Britain, but of the whole British empire.” His friends are all interesting characters, and they all belong to the most interesting professions. We have Dick Mitis, a cheesemonger ; Dulcet, a confectioner ; Placid, an annuitant ; and various clerks of the India-House. Elia, even in his dreams, is addicted to the very best society ; and among these delightful citizens he introduces also no less a man than a colonel—yes, an absolute colonel in the army.

“Dick Mitis, the little cheesemonger in St ———’s Passage, was the first that saluted me, with his hat off—you know Dick’s way to a customer—and, I not being aware of him, he thrust a strange beam into my left eye, which pained and grieved me exceedingly ; but, instead of apology, he only grinned and fleered in my face, as much as to say, ‘it is the custom of the country,’ and passed on.

“I had scarce time to send a civil message to his lady—whom I have always admired as a pattern of a wife, and do indeed take Dick and her to be a model of conjugal agreement and harmony

—when I felt an ugly smart in my neck, as if something had gored it behind, and turning round, it was my old friend and neighbour, Dulcet, the confectioner, who, meaning to be pleasant, had thrust his protuberance right into my nape, and seemed proud of his power of offending.”

Genius, like Elia’s, can throw an air of eloquence and delicacy over the coarsest subject. How keen the edge of his satire, and yet how lightly wielded his weapon ! “Now,” continues the ‘ingenious and original Elia of the London,’ “I was assailed right and left, till, in my own defence, I was obliged to walk sideling and wary, and look about me, *as you guard your eyes in London streets* ; for the horns thickened and came at me like the ends of umbrellas, poking in one’s face. They do not know what dangerous weapons they protrude in front, and will stick their best friends with provoking complacency.” How like the language of a dream ! How far superior to Coleridge’s *Kubla-Khan* ! Why, it is quite Shakspearean ! But hark—

“Desiring to be better informed of the ways of this extraordinary people, I applied myself to a fellow of some assurance, who (it appeared) acted as a sort of interpreter to strangers—he was dressed in a military uniform, and strongly resembled Colonel ———, of the Guards ; —and ‘Pray, sir,’ said I, ‘have all the inhabitants of your city these troublesome excrescences ? I beg pardon, I see you have none. You perhaps are single.’ ‘Truly, sir,’ he replied with a smile, ‘for the most part we have, but not all alike. There are some, like Dick, that sport but one tumescence. Their ladies have been tolerably faithful—have confined themselves to a single aberration or so—there we call Unicorns. Dick, you must know, is my Unicorn. [He spoke this with an air of invincible assurance.] Then we have Bicorns, Tricorns, and so on up to Millecorns. [Here methought I crossed and blessed myself in my dream.] Some again we have—there goes one—you see how happy the rogue looks—how he walks smiling, and perking up his face, as if he thought himself the only man ! He is not married yet, but on Monday next he leads to the altar the accomplished widow Dacres, relict of our late sheriff.’

“‘I see, sir,’ said I, ‘and observe that he is happily free from the national *goutre*, (let me call it,) which distinguishes most of your countrymen.’

" 'Look a little more narrowly,' said my conductor.

" I put on my spectacles, and observing the man a little more diligently, above his forehead I could mark a thousand little twinkling shadows dancing the horn-pipe, little hornlets, and rudiments of horn, of a soft and pappy consistence (for I handled some of them,) but which, like coral out of water, my guide informed me would infallibly stiffen and grow rigid within a week or two from the expiration of his bachelorhood.

" Then I saw some horns strangely growing out behind, and my interpreter explained these to be married men, whose wives had conducted themselves with infinite propriety since the period of their marriage, but were thought to have antedated their good men's titles, by certain liberties they had indulged themselves in, prior to the ceremony. This kind of gentry wore their horns backwards, as has been said, in the fashion of the old pig-tails; and as there was nothing obtrusive or ostentatious in them, nobody took any notice of it."

I once more beg you, my good-feeling friend, Mr Taylor of Fleet-street, publisher of so many books of practical Piety, to peruse the above! Do you think it fit for your young female subscribers, sir? Is such loathsome ribaldry a pretty Christmas-box, or New-year's gift, for your town and country friends, think ye? is the picture of a cuckold a becoming frontispiece to the New Series? Now, you are shocked with that word. But what is a plain, and ugly dissyllable, in comparison with this laboured and clumsy strain of grossness and indecency? I do not believe the real Elia wrote this. It is liker the drunken drivelling of the "celebrated critic." But be it whose it may, it would disgust St Giles—as would the following brutality sicken Bartholomew's Hospital.

" Some had great corneous stumps, seemingly torn off and bleeding. These, the interpreter warned me, were husbands who had retaliated upon their wives, and the badge was in equity divided amongst them."

The Vision concludes thus,—

" He was going on at this rate, and I was getting insensibly pleased with my friend's manner, (I had been a little shy of him at first,) when the dream suddenly left me, vanishing—as Virgil speaks—through the gate of Horn.

" I was getting insensibly pleased with my friend's manner! !"

O Lord! pleased with the manner of this fetid Fool! and only think "as Virgil speaks;" Virgil, the most elegant spirit of antiquity, alluded to by a Cockney! But, what brutal stupidity in the whole conception of the concern! and this too from the Essayist on the genius of Hogarth! Impossible.

RAIL-WAYS. Very well, let us take a drive. Softly—softly—this article must be by the Stot. O! my prophetic soul, it is even so. For we are told, "*vide* the Scotsman Newspaper," &c. Now, I will be hanged if I do, "*vide*" any such vulgar idiot. But you, Mul-lion may "*vide*" if you choose, page 33.

" On a well-made road a horse will draw one ton, in a cart weighing about 7 cwt., or about 3000lb., at a rate of two miles an hour. On a rail-way of the best construction he will draw, at the same rate of travelling, about 15 tons; let us call this 30,000lb., for the convenience of having round numbers; and on a canal he will draw about 30 tons in a boat weighing 19 tons, or about 90,000lb. Hence, on a rail-way, the draught of a horse is *ten times*, and on a canal *thirty times*, as great as on a well-made road. Now, a rail-way costs about *three times*, and a canal about *nine times*, as much as a good road; and it is probable that the expense of keeping them in repair is in proportion to the original outlay. It is obvious, therefore, if rail-ways should come into general use, that the expense of transporting commodities will be about two-thirds less than on the best roads.

" With respect to the advantages of a rail-way over a canal, which is the question here principally at issue, we may observe, in the first place, that if a horse power effect three times as much on a canal as on a rail-way, the original cost and subsequent repairs of a canal are about three times as great; consequently, a canal will require about the same rates or dues to repay the proprietors as a rail-way. It must next be observed, that this comparison relates entirely to the transporting of goods *at two miles an hour*. Now it is easy to shew, that so long as horse power is employed on canals, and they are not sufficiently deep and broad to admit the application of steam, this rate of transporting goods cannot be increased without an increase of freight, which would entirely destroy their superiority over roads. We have seen that a horse will draw about 90,000lb. at the rate of two miles an

hour. If we increase the velocity of the boat the resistance will also be increased, and with amazing rapidity. The *resistance of a fluid increases as the square of the velocity*. Since 90,000lb., therefore, is drawn at the rate of two miles an hour by one horse;

At 4 miles an hour it would require 4 horses.

6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	9
8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	16
12	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	36

Or,

At 4 miles an hour, the draught of 1 horse will be about 22,000lb.

6	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	10,000
8	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5000
12	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2000."

Information such as this, could not have been communicated to the public, without a new series—half-a-crown a Number was too low a price! and the balaam-box would otherwise have burst. Towards the conclusion of this affair, I see a most elegant compliment to America. What wide knowledge of the New world is here exhibited!

"RAIL-ROADS HAVE ALREADY EXCITED THE STRONGEST FEELINGS OF INTEREST IN AMERICA, THAT THEATRE, WHERE EVERY FACULTY OF HUMAN NATURE, AND EVERY DISCOVERY IN ART AND SCIENCE, IS DEVELOPED WITH SUCH MIRACULOUS ENERGY!" Bah! Bah! Bah!

Why, Mullion, has not the above stuff about rail-roads previously appeared in all the newspapers in the kingdom? And in newspapers only should such stuff appear. Now, would you believe it, after my lucid analysis of this ninny Number, of which Namby Pamby, Esq. must be the editor, that it is puffed like a soap-bubble, in the airy columns of the Morning Chron.? The advertising scribe therein says, that the New Series "has a more worldly character" than the Old London; and the publishers have also paid for an advertisement in the New Times, declaring that there is an entire change in the Editorship, and a vast

accession of new strength. Number One gives the lie to his own proprietor with the most unblushing effrontery; for does he not declare that a few jaded asses have merely been displaced by an equal number of fresh cuddies?—For our own parts, we pity the poor Lion's Head, as he used to call himself; for his braying brethren have discovered the deceit—the hide-royal has been with some difficulty drawn off, it having become entangled about his ears; and the disconsolate donkey has been turned out to thistle in the suburbs.

But I must conclude somewhat hastily, my dear Mullion, for my nephew has just called, and we are going to cross the hills to Altrive. But be sure to get North to expose this dishonest humbug of a New Series.

Don't let him attempt to read any of it, in his present uncertain state of health. But let him merely see it—open it before him—let him hear the heavy rustling of the fat greasy leaves, and then let it drop, with a squelch upon the floor, and the old boy will know its whole character without more ado. It will thus speak for itself. Meanwhile, having determined not to suffer such an imposition, I have written a letter to the Opium-Eater, and another to poor dear good Charles Lamb, demanding an explanation. I have also sent off a few lines to "Honest Allan," in case the Opium-Eater be dead. Indeed, I begin to fear that all three are defunct; and yet if it be so, it is certainly rather odd that I should not have heard of it. But you would be surprised to know how slow news travel hitherwards. Yesterday I had a visit from a man, who appeared with his wife and two children, but who was assuredly a bachelor last Spring, and whose marriage I have not, up to this blessed hour, heard of through any other channel. Mrs T. sends her love, and I am, my dear Mullion, yours affectionately,

T. TICKLER.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.*

THIS is a volume that Christopher himself ought to have reviewed—its beauty and accomplishments would have softened the natural and acquired acerbity of his disposition,—and tinged his intellectual countenance with a fine glow of moral sentiment. We think, even now, that we see the snell elderly gentleman taking somewhat superciliously the Literary Souvenir into his long sinewy chalk-stoned fingers (North's hand is quite Miltonic), those fingers that have been the death of many an able-bodied quarto, and whose lightest touch sends a trembling twelvemo to Tartarus—we think, I say, even now, that we see Him clutching a copy of the Souvenir, as if about to pronounce not only sentence of death, but also to carry it into immediate effect, without hope of pardon, respite, or commutation,—when, lo and behold! his rigorous and vigorous physiognomy relaxes and expands into a smile, “celestial rosy red, Jove's proper hue,”—his eyes beam with philanthropic fire, as if he were a very benevolent Howard,—his very nose curls with kindness—a peculiar and appropriate expression “belonging to each nostril,—to the right friendship, to the left (that nearest the heart,) love; his small, thin, gentlemanly ears, so antithetical to those long crisp concerns upon a Cockney, seem just to stir that one beautiful lock of silver that comes waving over his lofty temples,—there is in his short sharp shrill cough something singularly hearty, approbative, and urbane,—and as he changes his seat upon that venerable chair, whose bright brass studs, undimmed by years, shine like stars scattered over a black leathern firmament,—the good old man shews the satisfaction of his soul by the whamlet of his body; and it is plain to the whole world that the book in hand is worth two in the bush, and destined for a third edition. What a picture!

Gentle reader! and all readers of our Maga are gentle as the sweet South, that breathes upon a bank of violets, giving and stealing odours, (these are not the *ipsissima verba*, but

let them pass,) do you wish to give a small earnest graceful gift to some dearly-beloved one, then thank us for the happy hint, and with a kiss, or, if that be not yet permissible, at least with a smile of severest suavity, almost equal to one of the Basia of Joannes Secundus, lay the Literary Souvenir upon her tender lap, with a very few words, which it would be impertinent in us to particularize; only be sure “you breathe them not far from her delicate auricle;” and with a low, a deep, and pleading tone, like the knight who won the bright and beautiful Genevieve. It is a hundred to one that you are a married man in six weeks or two months; nay, if it be a “large paper copy,” one flesh will ye be before the new moon.

What pleasant Pagan was it that, thousands of years ago, said, that “gifts were powerful over affection?” It is hard to know *when* a young Christian gentleman is fairly entitled to give something more than words, looks, sighs, to a young Christian lady. We believe that nothing like a general rule could be laid down, safe to be acted upon; but, provided nothing exceedingly unfortunate had occurred, surely, surely, about the beginning of a new year, the austere moralist would allow a touch—be it almost accidental—a pressure of the hand as unaccountably as unintentionally meeting the hand—a—a—a kiss. Well, well, if that sweet name startle, call it a Literary Souvenir—for, by any other name, it will taste as sweet—yes, our fair subscribers, let it be a Literary Souvenir bound in the whitest, purest, most unstained lamb, whose fragrance is felt over the whole library, and preserves the immortal spirit breathing there from trouble and decay.

It is so long since we have written an article, that we have entirely forgotten how to begin—and instead of driving away tooth and nail, according to the sensible rules laid down in that useful work “The Contributor,” here have we been sitting at our oval table, about the size of a shield, for up-

* The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London; and Constable, Edinburgh. 1824.

† See Dr Jamieson.

wards of two hours, and yet there does not appear to be a page of Pica. But who the deuce cares? Not I. You know well that our sole motive in committing to paper one single syllable, is our own delight, or, if you choose to add, the delight of the world at large. We love to linger over an article for hours, days, weeks, months—if we did not abhor all exaggeration, we would say years, hystres, centuries. On one article yet unfinished, we were occasionally employed, so at least it seemed to us, and every man is the best, indeed only judge of his own feelings, for many centuries. We distinctly remember sketching a plan of it before the flood, and we appeal for the truth of this to Mr Montgomery and Mr Cornwall. Indeed, a sight of the manuscript would convert the most bigotted unbeliever. Such characters! Above all, what prodigious double-w's, formidable ells, and furious-looking Z's. Several of the latter would make Leigh Hunt give up the ghost in his yellow breeches. But we shall leave instructions in our will to our great-grandson how to finish off this article with effect for the first Number of our New Series.

One delightful feeling accompanies us now in all that we write for our dearly beloved Maga, that is, the feeling not only of the most devoted, but of the most disinterested attachment. It is a subject of just wonder and astonishment to us, how we could ever have submitted to any other remuneration for our articles, incomparable as most of them undoubtedly were, than the delight of being delightful. What was thirty guineas a-sheet to us? No more than so much waste paper. As a proof of this, we have at this moment (if indeed the rats have not eaten them) a great many (we forget how many, but certainly near a score) of our worthy Publisher's cheques on his banker, the least of which would pay an ordinary family's annual butcher's bill, lying in an old crazy escritoire, near the slates, without a lock, which was twisted off by one of the children. An accidental or designed dozen of Madeira—an occasional five-gallon cask of Jamaica—an East-Indian hump, once a-week a goose or turkey, and now and then a few hares, are all that we now accept from either North or Ebony; these, indeed, we accept willingly—and thus ourarder and our cellar are as superbly furnished as any in Edinburgh, not only

without expense, which, as we said before, is to us a matter of no moment,—but also without trouble, which is a matter of the greatest moment to every enlightened and virtuous epicurean. The petty and paltry details of house-keeping are mortal to Mind and its Productions, and above all, the single article of coals. The eternal laying-in of coals, and discharging of those mean printed coal-accounts, is fatal to the contributor. But, on the other hand, there is nothing too much to be expected from the periodical author, whose domestic arrangements are all carried into effect, as if by the agency of unseen and fairy hands,—who sits at a table that absolutely produces the viands that adorn it—who lies down to sleep in a bed for ever made and unmade in kaleidoscopic change of form, but by what chambermaid no tongue can tell;—who wears breeches shaped by a “Great Unknown” Tailor, whose bill is discharged in the clouds;—who walks in shoes glittering to the total eclipse of Day and Martin, “dark with excessive bright,” yet shoe-black seeth never,—and who, familiar as he is with the affairs of empires, never to his knowledge saw the face of a tax-gatherer, and will probably go to his grave ignorant of the inspector of window-lights.

There now—that was one of the narrowest escapes ever book had in the world. My dear Watts, you must know that our ink-holder is a dolphin, bestrid by a Cupid, who has unfished Amphion. Into the jaws of this dolphin, ever and anon plunges the pen of the present writer; and two minutes ago, just as I was about to begin a new paragraph, by an unlucky flourish, I upset the heir-apparent to the French throne, who forthwith vomited forth his whole chapter of contents over the board of green cloth. There were the two copies (large and small-paper) of the *Literary Souvenir* within a hair's-breadth of the inundation.—We durst not draw our breath in that tribulation. We saw in the stream of ink, “the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below;” we feared to stretch out a saving hand, lest the motion should bring down the inky avalanche. All is safe, not a single spot—and we go on to write from the main current of the stream on the table; for the intrusion of a servant with a cloth is odious, and to wipe up ink with paper, is a hell upon earth.

Few or none of our good poets are now publishing. This is, therefore,

just the very precise nick of time for such a publication as the Literary Souvenir. First-rate poems of large dimensions, like *Kehama*, *Madoc*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and above all, the *Excursion*, "wallowing unwildly enormous in its gait," are not coming out upon the public like absolute periodicals, as in years past. Some of our best poets are dead—all are dumb. Now, we are sorry for this, upon the whole, and wish to have some poetry. Does a day ever pass over a poet's head, in which he does not see visions and dream dreams? Perhaps he is indisposed to sit down to a great immortal work—but is in a fit key for a song, hymn, ballad, elegy, epigram, epithalamium, or, as our late friend Pirie would have said, *Epicidium*. Off then with a charming little piece, glowing from the mint of Nature. A separate volume is a serious business. But send the first-rate trifle to *Ebony*, or the *New Monthly*, (as you have a soul to be saved, beware the *London*, or you will be led into a *New Series* of mean misfortunes,) or much rather to the next year's *Literary Souvenir*. The truth is, that there is by "much too little" brotherhood among our bards. They are either too jealous or too selfish. Each bard is too broadly on his own bottom—too much the cock of his own walk. How beautiful it would be to see them all playing into each other's hands! Hours of Leisure need not be hours of Idleness; and then what pretty tall fellows would they all look, dressed rank and file, in the light-infantry company of *Fugitive Poetry*!

Now, all that is necessary is, that

no more clumsy battalion-men be admitted into the *corps d'élites*—and, above all, that be his bulk or bearing what it will, there shall be no drafts made directly from the awkward squad. Of course, all Cockneys are excluded, unless indeed there should seem need for a brace of trumpets, in which case Leigh Hunt, whose powers of puffing are known, might be admitted, chiefly on account of the reviews, and any other chicken-breasted Ludgate lad, who might also perhaps, if required, operate upon the serpent or trombone.

Let us change the image, metaphor, or figure of speech, (all of which, by the way, have ever seemed to us one and the same thing, *in rerum naturâ*,) and return to the ordinary language of human life.

The excellent editor is well known in the world of letters, and possesses no ordinary share of poetical genius. He is prodigiously improved within these few years, both in power and expression; and some of his best pieces are extremely beautiful. Mr Watts writes with much elegance and simplicity, and we like his compositions for their entire freedom from that spirit of exaggeration, and that simulated passionateness, so rife in Cockneydom. He writes sincerely; and his sincerity has been felt; for we scarcely remember any instance of so unostentatious a writer as he is, and, without any boast of originality, acquiring so much popular favour in so short a time. Some of the very best pieces in the *Souvenir* are from his own pen—and it gives us pleasure to quote the following very touching and pathetic stanzas:—

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

By Alaric A. Watts.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!—BURNS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasp'd thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;—
For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lip and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turn'd to many a wither'd hope,—to years of grief and pain;—
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flash'd o'er my boding brain;—
I thought of friends grown worse than cold, of persecuting foes,—
And I ask'd of Heaven, if ills like these must mar thy youth's repose!

I gazed upon thy quiet face—half blinded by my tears—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears,—
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no more ;
And for the hopes—the sun-bright hopes—that blossom'd at thy birth,—
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherish'd things on earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe ;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved—in sickness and in pain,
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul—for all that thou hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watch'd thee day by day,
Pale, like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away ;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud.

It came at length ;—o'er thy bright blue eye the film was gathering fast,—
And an awful shade pass'd o'er thy brow, the deepest and the last ;—
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy drooping head,—
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead !

Thy gentle mother turn'd away to hide her face from me,
And murmur'd low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attain'd by thee ;—
She would have chid me that I mourn'd a doom so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild as mine !

We laid thee down in sinless rest, and from thine infant brow
Cull'd one soft lock of radiant hair—our only solace now,—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers—not more fair and sweet—
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of thy brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not—like thee—the first !

THE FIRST ! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,
Of hopes that blossom'd, droop'd, and died, in life's delightful spring ;—
Of fervid feelings pass'd away—those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unsear'd by such a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my Fairest and my First !
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart is like to burst ;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hush'd, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy mortal birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many thirst,
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my Fairest and my First !

Perhaps the best poem in the volume is by Allan Cunningham. It is full of real warm human feeling of the best kind, finely tinged too with the spirit of poetry, and written in language almost Wordsworthian.—Cunningham is far superior to Clare, and we say so, without meaning any disrespect to that most amiable and interesting person. He has all, or near-

ly all that is good in Hogg—not a twentieth part of the Shepherd's atrocities—and much merit peculiarly his own, which, according to our notion of poetry, is beyond the reach of the Ettrick bard. Yet Cunninghame has never written, and probably never will write, anything so fortunate as the *Queen's Wake*.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

By Allan Cunninghame.

Oh! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee!

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seen, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Ardbiglan tree,
We stay'd and wooed, and thought the
moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were
few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ne fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes,
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy
rose;
To thee and thoughts of thee belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from
thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble
bower!

'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my JEAN,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our
night

One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's
bower,

Shines like the rainbow through the
shower;

O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can
speak:—

I think the wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that's not divine!

We cannot help thinking, that poetry like this—for poetry assuredly it is—awakens a much deeper feeling than that sort of poetry, which, dealing in troubled and sinful passions, might be supposed to have been groaned out to the Muse in auricular confession. There is something sickening in your assiduous poetical sinner, who sees nothing grand but guilt—thinks life dull unless it be devilish, and is oppressed with ennui, if forced for a season to have recourse to some honest employment. The truth is, that sane, sound, and simple nature, is the only nature in which the real poet long finds delight; and if sometimes he maddles with the morbid anatomy of the soul, it is that he may shew forth, in nobler proportions and diviner beauty, the unimpaired structure of our moral being. On this subject we shall not now dilate; but content ourselves with remarking, that nothing is easier than to write in this diseased and drunken style—and that nothing is more difficult than adequately—to speak of “the sound healthy children of the God of Heaven.”

North has just sent a devil to say, that he is to have no small print this month, so that we may make our article a page or two longer than per order. The easiest way of doing this is by extracts.—So, fair reader, here is a poem by Mr T. K. Hervey. He is a young gentleman of very considerable promise, and the *Convict-Ship* will adorn even a page of *Maga*. We have a small volume of poems lately published by Mr Hervey, called “*Australia*,” &c. which are much above mediocrity, and have attracted, as they deserved, considerable notice. No man in the world likes so well as we do to see clever youths coming for-

ward—and we at all times have shewn ing hand. Our friend Hervey has
ourselves ready to lend them a help- feeling and fancy.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain,
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life: while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

As it has been objected to us, that we
are too chary in general of poetical ef-
fusions, (in answer to this charge, see
our pyramidical bard Δ,) we shall quote
another little composition from the

Souvenir; and at the same time beg
leave to propose a toast—"The health
of the Reverend E. W. Barnard." Mr
Barnard, we learned t'other day, from
our friend Martin M'Dermot the Un-

merciful, is son-in-law to Arch-deacon Wrangham. We were happy to hear it, on both their accounts. Mr Wrangham is one of the best scholars in England; and that Mr Barnard has an exceedingly elegant mind, needs no better proof than

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

By the Rev. E. W. Barnard.

INTRODUCTION.

Come with a poet's eye, and parent's heart,
And bless your bounteous Maker!—
There they sit,
Beneath yon towering elms—a goodly boy
And gentle girl—their little arms around
Each other's necks entwining, as if loath
To play at worldly games, and minding only
Love, ceaseless love, the business of heaven.
Glow's not thine heart within thee at the sight?
Hia! nobler visions come—and hark! the voice
Of more than earthly music! angel forms,
Twin spirits, hovering o'er that infant pair,
Illumed, like sunshine, the departing skies,
So bright, so fond their smile!—And higher still,
(Such social charity prevails in heaven,)
Cherub and seraph troop around to hear
The guardians sing their gracious benison.
These, hand in hand, poised on their snow-white wings,
Alternate sing, and at each choral pause
Lift up to One Unseen their waving palms,
And draw down blessings. O'er their innocent charge
In plenteous showers the ready blessings fall,
To mortal vision like ethereal dews,
Odours, or rarest flowers, or costly gems,
Or stars of mildest lustre:—Beautiful,
And passing speech, in plenteous shower they fall,
And ever and anon the ministering spirits,
With looks that shew unutterable love,
Bend o'er the infants, and resume their song.

SONG.

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

1st Angel. Dews from an immortal wing,

Little bosoms nourishing;
Smiles of an immortal glow,
Making goodly seed to grow;

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

2d Angel. Drops of radiance, glittering bright,

From the face of orient light,

Ripening every plant of worth,
Till it bud and blossom forth;

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

1st Angel. Flowers that hand of poet never

May from heaven's pasture sever;
Richer theirs than rose's hue!
Sweeter they than violet blue!

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

2d Angel. Gems that in profusion gay,
Fearing nothing of decay,
Over heart and over brow,
Ever bloom as fresh as snow;

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

1st Angel. Gladsome health to fire the eye,

And paint the cheek of infancy;
Doubtless zeal, and guileless love,
Manhood's rugged heart to move;

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

2d Angel. Lowly thought, and holy fear,

Studious peace, and conscience clear,
And grace divine, to make them be
Meet for angels' company.

Chorus.—Strew about, strew about!

With these very beautiful verses, we intended to have closed our article. But on correcting the slip, we perceive that a few additional sentences are necessary for the "upmaking," since nothing looks so well at the top of a page, as the title of an article—and we perceive that the title of the next is a taking one. What then shall we say? why, that all our good Poets, yes, one and all of them, should contribute to the next volume of the Literary Souvenir. What difficulty is there in writing a beautiful poem of fifty lines, long or short metre, any summer morning before breakfast? Consider how early the sun rises all the summer through, from about the beginning of May, well on to the end of September. Suppose you breakfast at nine—or half past nine. Well then, up with you at five—and before the bell rings, there is your poem. Lay it aside for a week—correct it over your egg any sunshining morning—into the form of a letter with it—and off she goes to the tune of Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Leeds. Nothing can be more easy and simple than this process,—and by and by down comes, or up goes to you your beautiful large paper copy of the Souvenir, with the worthy Editor's kind regards, and a pleasantly indited letter. Therefore, Wordsworth, god of the woods, "sole king of rocky Cumberland," a lyrical ballad, if you please, or a small portion, a very small portion, of the Excursion.—Southey, with

wit and wisdom at will, dispatch a few pages of Omnia. — Coleridge, thou dear delightful dreamer, whose genius is ever sailing "up a great river, great as any sea," at thy bidding, let a flock of fair phantoms flit down to Leeds, on the ready railroad of thy inventive imagination. — O, thou English Opium-Eater, "perhaps the most singular literary character now alive!" who, from that little box of enchantment, dost devour divinest fancies, remember not to forget the Literary Souvenir. — Christopher North, thou terror of evil-doers, and praise of such as do well, fling to your friend Alaric a chip or two of the old block, and he will prize them as parings from olive tree in the sacred grove of Athens. — Barry Cornwall, my pretty man, take off your new natty yellow glove, and taking care not to ink your snow-white finger, indite an ode to the chaste Dian, or Boy Endymion, or him the hapless Hylas, Nestor, Hyacinthus, Sappho; or Jupiter Ammon. But we have said enough—the British Poets know what we mean, and we insist on our wishes being attended to in all proper quarters. The truth is, and we may as well out with it, that we long to have a hit at some poet or other. We cannot think of attacking their former works—that would seem spiteful—but we should like hugely to fall foul of an occasional poem from the pen of any one of our most highly and justly esteemed living poets.

Here have we been dallying away our time, pen in hand, for a couple of hours, like an absolute Dr Drake, and

yet we much fear, after all, that we have said nothing very characteristic of the Souvenir. The truth is, that we have too much genius to write a good review. Howsomever, we beg leave to inform the public, *pro bono publico*, that the volume contains precisely 394 printed pages, written by popular authors—ten (*ni fullor*) exquisite engravings by the first artists—and three plates of autographs of the principal Living Poets. Besides the poetry, of which we have quoted some average specimens, there are some half-a-score of prose tales, picturesque or pathetic. The prose tales are in general good—excellent; but we have a certain odd notion that we could write a better one than any of them; and we hereby promise to make this threat good before October. Shall we send it direct to Messrs Hurst, Robinson, and Co., or to yourself, Mr Watts, at Leeds? As we shall probably be in town before publication of the next Souvenir for 1826, we can hand it over the counter to Mr Mann, who, by the way, is an extremely pleasant man, indeed, and an excellent traveller.

O vain race of mortals! how and by what means have any of you ever brought yourselves to think ill of Blackwood's Magazine? What Editor in England would admit into his periodical this same blessed article? Not one. And why? Is it deficient in wit, fancy, understanding, or knowledge? Most certainly not. On the contrary, it possesses all those qualities, to a truly extraordinary degree. Why then would no editor but Christopher rejoice in this my article?

BECAUSE NO OTHER EDITOR HAS A HEART.

CAMPBELL'S THEODRIC.*

WHAT man of middle age does not remember, with something like a repetition of the pure, bright, original feeling, the enthusiastic transport of delight with which, in his youthful prime, he hung over the beautiful pages of "*The Pleasures of Hope*?" As he read that noblest production of early genius, what music sounded through his imagination and his senses, now like the murmur of a river, and now like the voice of the sea!—Everything was splendid and sonorous in that dream of beautified sublimity; and "a purer ether, a diviner air," seemed shed over our lower world. The young poet poured forth his emotions in the evident rapture of inspiration, and rejoiced in the yet unbaffled prowess of his genius, as he careered over the course that his fancy shaped through the glittering domains of life, all fresh and fair to the spirit that poured over them the charms of its own creative energies. Truly might it be said of Mr Campbell, during his composition of that immortal poem, in the language of Collins,— "that Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair." He seemed to have no fixed plan—no regular order—but all was one glorious tumult of exulting passions, moving to their own music. The untamed soul of youth spoke in every line—in every image. A beautiful array of words came processionally onwards, "the long-resounding march and energy divine;" and we felt, from the beginning to the end, "this indeed is poetry." A visionary loveliness bedewed the whole world of the young poet's genius; and not one homely conception, not one prosaic form of speech, at any time broke the dream of imagination. If the feeling flagged, the fancy was instantly on the wing—if the sense failed, the sound conquered—pictures of mind alternated richly with pictures of nature—pathos expanded into majesty, and a strain that began perhaps in graceful simplicity, ended in the most gorgeous magnificence. The whole was the work of a fine and fortunate genius, inspired by the finest and most fortunate of

themes; and while yet upon the verge of manhood, and by one startling and wonderful effort, which commanded glory, Campbell was admitted, by hail and acclamation, into the company of the immortals.

We have been speaking of our youthful feelings some twenty-five years ago, (for opinions we shall not call them,) of "*The Pleasures of Hope*;" and perhaps they were not greatly different from the feelings with which we still occasionally peruse that poem. But now we are critics, which then we were not, and that must make considerable difference, whether we will or no, between the present and the past. Faults and vices of diction now stare us in the face in the composition we once esteemed pure, faultless, perfect. Nay, what is far worse, we cannot but discover many imperfect and confused conceptions, no-meanings innumerable, vague and indefinite aspirations, needless repetitions, pompous and inane common-places, boyish declamations, much false glitter, feebleness strutting on stilts, melodies wearisomely monotonous, and the substitution of phantasmagorical shadowings of fancy, for the permanent realities of life. Is all this, indeed, true? and if true, is it at all reconcilable with our previous panegyrical paragraph?

Now, the solution of the difficulty, (if there be a difficulty here) is to be found in this—that Mr Campbell was a very young man when he wrote his poem, and we were a very young man when we read his poem. But, fortunately for his fame, there will always be a vast crowd of young people in the world, and most of them will admire and delight in Mr Campbell. Such of them as do not, will never be good for much, and most probably will prove to be Cockneys. Every promising youth will buy a copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in his fifteenth year, or sooner if precocious. Edition will pursue Edition: Campbell will always be a classic—and elegantly bound and richly lettered, he will, as far as we can see, lie on the drawing-room tables of the ingenuous and polite, until the extinction of civility in this empire.

* *Theodric, a Domestic Tale; and other Poems.* By Thomas Campbell. London: Longman and Co. 1824.

We know that Mr Campbell himself, should he perchance ever look into a periodical publication such as ours, will think the above observations very judicious. He will agree with us too, in thinking, that there are good reasons why he never can again write so fine a poem as his "Pleasures." He wrote the Pleasures, to use a Scottish phrase, with all his birr—*i. e.* with all his genial and native might and main. He had no fears of writing badly; for, in the glow and animation of impassioned youth he was strong through his very ignorance. No doubt, he thought many things exceedingly fine then, which he now regards with pity or disdain, in his great work; but what, in mature life, can make full and complete amends for the loss of that aerial and mounting spirit, that, like a spark, flies upwards, but, unlike a spark, also flies downwards, in undimmed lustre, made brighter by motion? Wordsworth somewhere deploras the decay and death of youthful enthusiasm, but closes his lament with the consolation drawn from "years that bring the philosophic mind." But if years do not bring the philosophic mind—if, when the fervour, the ferment, the tumult, the excitement, the pride, the transport of novel existence, be all dead and buried—the spirit feel much gone, and but little taking its place—if the animal and constitutional gladness, that brightened all the visions of boyhood into a close resemblance to the creations of genius, and gave to those creations themselves a more vivid and vigorous character, die away into the soberness and austerity of manhood, while intellect, left unaided and self-dependent, discovers that its reach is not great—and if that love of fame, which the brilliant successes of youth had fostered and fed, begins to pine for triumphs, more in despair than hope, and gradually prepare the spirit of him whom it possesses for fastidiousness or envy—then the Man of Genius must look back with a strange sorrow, and a depressing regret, on himself, the Boy of Genius, and, listening to the echoes of other years, almost hate the harp that has lost its strings, or his hand its cunning, "while starting back, he knows not why, even at the sounds himself had made" "in life's morning march, when his spirit was young." Of these two last apt quotations, one is from

Collins, the other from Campbell himself—and we know of no other third name that could, without a feeling of impropriety or incongruity, be linked with those of the two illustrious brothers.

Is not something very like this visible in *Gertrude of Wyoming*? That is a far better written poem than the *Pleasures of Hope*. It is polished, worked up, touched, and retouched, into sweet artificial beauty. But the beauty is cold and statue-like—passionless, formal even—simple, but insipid—much moonlight glimmer—little sunlight glory. It scarcely sustained the high character of Campbell, the bard of *Hope*; yet we do not think that he was pledged to greater things, or that the world was entitled to expect greater from his hands. His intellect was more ripened, and his taste more judicious; but he was an older man by twelve or fourteen years, and his mind did not appear to have gained as much as it had necessarily lost in the change of time. He still "looked on nature with a poet's eye," but that eye, which had seen all that lay dazzling on the surface, did not now seem imbued with a power to penetrate into the life of things, into "the beauty still more beauteous;" and it rested with less fervent delight than long ago, on the more obvious and prominent charms of the creation. *Gertrude of Wyoming* was sweet, pretty, even beautiful; but she bore not the divine cestus; and how far less captivating, with her copy of Shakespeare in her lap, than Wordsworth's *Ruth*, the true infant of the woods, and the child of nature! A few noble, even magnificent stanzas, occur in *The Gertrude*, but they are all laboriously written, and do not seem to us to form parts of a living whole. Indeed, the entire composition is the effect of study, not of inspiration; beauty comes at last, slowly and almost reluctantly, at his bidding, but seldom or never "smooth-sliding without step," as if impatient of a call; there is clearness of water, but no depth; the very flowers of the forest are too pale and delicate; something of a city character is in his sylvan solitudes, and there is a suburban spirit, even in the heart of the old woods. Than the story, nothing can be more unnatural, yet, at the same time, more common place. *Outalissi* is like a well sup-

ported Indian at a masquerade, but not the real Logan; his talk is of tomahawks, but gives us no high idea of the oratory of savage life, which we know to be noble—he has no influence on the poem, and, but for his being a portrait, might have been away on a fishing or shooting excursion, without detriment to plot or person. Yet still we love this poem—we suppose it is very popular—suspect it would not be easy to write one so good, and have given it, and will give it again, this very evening, the tribute of a tear. It is a sweet poem.

With all these genial but somewhat subdued feelings of admiration and love of Mr Campbell's poetical character, we came to the perusal of *Theodric*, a Domestic Tale; and, on the whole, we have not been so greatly disappointed as all the rest of the reading world. *Theodric* is a still fainter, dimmer, more attenuated poem than *Gertrude*; but still it is very, very pretty, very pathetic even; there is much that is Campbellish about it, and it cannot be said, fairly and candidly, that it does him absolute discredit. Yet, we did expect a better poem, and if Mr Campbell were not an only son, we should have attributed *Theodric* to his younger brother. We should have said, "Mr Henry Campbell, who, we understand, is many years younger than his celebrated brother, has written a, &c. &c.," and we should have concluded a kind of complimentary article, with roundly rating him for divers faults and sundry mannerisms. But when we view *Theodric* as a work by an elderly gentleman, we cannot help looking rather grave, and, therefore, shall proceed to analysis and extract.

" 'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des
Vaches were sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetic mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heav'n's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd.
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights browzed by the bounding bouquetin;

Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green,
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heav'n's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow."

Is that a very beautiful descriptive passage, or only a good one? We cannot say. Would such a passage stamp a new writer, a man of poetical genius? We cannot say. What is a Phoenix like? We cannot say. Does the mountain-bee "revel in the glare of the bright sweet air" after sunset? We cannot say. Are the four last lines good or bad, natural or artificial, strong or inflated? We cannot say. Gentle reader, judge for yourself—we are somewhat sceptical. "She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct," is, we fear, indifferent poetry.—But let us proceed.

" A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, even though sepulchral ground;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there."

But we now feel that it would be foolish regularly to analyze a small poem like this—of which the story is really good for nothing, and we suppose well known. So let us give a few of the best passages. *Theodric*, an Austrian Colonel, visits London, and during an illumination sees and falls in love with a beautiful English girl, named Constance—whom, in due time, he woos, wins, and weds.

" 'Twas a glorious sight.
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,

Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze;
 Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;
 Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
 And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
 Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
 In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
 Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
 Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen:
 The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
 And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
 The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
 Led by that clew, he left not England's shore
 Till he had known her: and to know her well
 Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;
 For with affections warm, intense, refined,
 She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
 That, like Heav'n's image in the smiling brook,
 Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
 Hers was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
 That cheer'd the sad, and tranquilized the vex'd:
 She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
 And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips;
 She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
 But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
 He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
 His future home in England for her sake."

Before marrying Constance, however, Theodric returns to "Cæsar's Court," "on matters of concern;" and, on his way thither, he visits Udolph, a young Swiss Cornet, who, under him, had "borne an Austrian banner on the Rhine." Udolph's sister, who does not know that Theodric "is engaged," falls in love with him, or rather has a romantic affection, which she had received for her brother's deliverer from the sight of a miniature-picture of that handsome hero, fanned into the flame of passion by his living breath. Theodric sees with grief the deep impression he has made on her too susceptible heart—and very prudently.

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dently, considerably, wisely, and modestly, says to her, at the close of a painful *eclaircissement*,

"Swear that, when I am gone, you'll do your best
 To chase this dream of fondness from your breast."

It is hard to tell what is natural and what is unnatural, what is delicate and what is indelicate, what is pathetic and what is ridiculous, in the delineation of so very complex, shifting, various, and anomalous a passion as Love. Therefore we pretend not to speak authoritatively—to lay down the law—or to decide in that great Court of Chancery. Young girls form wild and romantic attachments—pine away, and in good earnest die, and are buried, for apparently very insufficient reasons, and on the most unsatisfactory grounds. This being admitted, Mr Campbell is perhaps entitled to avail himself of any such historical fact, and make the most of it. But the situation he has chosen to place poor Julia in, is, to say the least of it, extremely painful, nay, it is degrading to the dignity of the sex. Had a woman written so, we could have sympathised with the victim, and would have believed anything she happened to say on the subject. But a man shews a sad want of gallantry in telling the whole reading-public, that he knew a Colonel in the Austrian service, with whom a beautiful Swiss maiden fell desperately in love—that the Colonel took the poor creature's passion into the kindest consideration—read her a most affectionate and yet firm lecture, on the imprudence and impropriety of giving way to such emotions in favour of his too-killing person—and, finally, requested her brother to row him across a lake, that he might be off to Vienna. Several pages of the poem are here quite despicable,—that is the fact—and far inferior in sentiment and expression to the general run of verses in the *Lady's Magazine*, or *La Belle Assemblée*.

Theodric returns to London, marries Constance, and is happy.

"To paint that being to a grovelling mind
 Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
 'Twas needful ev'n infectiously to feel
 Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,

To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain,
Of that pure pride, which less'ning to her
breast

Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the
good!"—

Rather heavy—somewhat dull, my
dear Campbell, is the above; but it
cannot be helped now—so let it pass.

Theodric and Constance are so happy in their wedded being, that Mr Campbell, whose intention it is to make out "a tale of tears, a mournful story," finds considerable difficulty in destroying their connubial bliss; and, in lack of expedients, falls upon one of the most prosaic curses that ever afflicted a new-married pair, in a house of their own, with a door to the street, and a brass knocker. The mother and sisters of Constance (all save one congenial sister) are a set of vixens, full of strife and gall—arrant mischief-makers—greedy gossips—plain-featured, hard-favoured, mean, and malignant. In short, Theodric has married into a most disgusting family. These vulgar she-devils almost succeed in making the young people quarrel, and much base and low scheming goes on, the details of which sorely puzzled our organ of causality. Meantime Theodric is about to be called out once more on active service; and, on being credibly told so by Mr Campbell himself, we could not but pity Constance, destined to widowhood "for one campaign," and a widowhood likely to be worried by weasels. Udolph, the standard-bearer, arrives at this crisis, telling Theodric that poor Julia is dying, broken-hearted, and the victim of her miserable passion; and that her beseeching prayer is to see Theodric, but for an hour, at her death-bed. Theodric breaks the matter to Constance, who, with many tears and forebodings, gives him permission to see her innocent, distant, and dying rival. The scene now changes to Switzerland; and here Mr Campbell is himself again, or nearly so. The following passage is far from being faultless, indeed is very faulty, and throughout wants ease and flow; but it is very good, although our kindness for the distinguished writer makes us like it, perhaps, better than it deserves.

"That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow

Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!

The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,

Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,

The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,

While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds

That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds:

Without was Nature's elemental din—

And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!

"Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finish'd half,

Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—

And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh!

But lo! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,

What accents pierced him deeper yet than those!

'Twas tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE—brief and terrible they were.

She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now, was left in doubt.

Poor JULIA! saw he then thy death's relief—

Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief?

It was not strange; for in the human breast

Two master-passions cannot co-exist,
And that alarm which now usurp'd his brain

Shut out not only peace, but other pain.
'Twas fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud

That cover'd JULIA, made him first weep loud,

And tear himself away from them that wept.

Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,

Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint

Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,

O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd

The shore; nor hope left utterly his breast,

Till reaching home, terrific omen! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair—

The servant's look—the table that reveal'd
 His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still seal'd,
 Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
 That he had now to suffer—not to fear.
 He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
 A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel:
 Her death's cause—he might make his peace with Heaven,
 Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven."

Constance, it appears, agitated by some undefined jealousy, and teased and tormented by her mother and sisters, had sunk into a galloping consumption. Would to Heaven Mr Campbell had thought of some other cause of her malady! Her farewell is very much in the spirit of Gertrude's farewell to her husband; not inferior, and beautifully pathetic.

"THEODRIC, this is destiny above
 Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love!
 Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
 For one true sister left me not forlorn;
 And though you're absent in another land,
 Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
 Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
 As these clasp'd hands in blessing you now join:
 Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
 Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great;
 And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
 I call upon your strength of soul and pride
 To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
 Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
 I charge my name with power to conjure up
 Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
 My pard'ning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
 Shall look not more regard than you have given
 To me; and our life's union has been clad
 In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
 Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
 Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
 There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;
 And let contentment on your spirit shine,
 As if its peace were still a part of mine:
 For if you war not proudly with your pain,
 For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
 But I conjure your manliness to bear
 My loss with noble spirit—not despair:
 I ask you by our love to promise this,
 And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—
 The latest from my living lips for yours."

We have said, we believe, somewhere in this hasty, but hearty article, that we are critics; but we really have no wish to prefer any especial claim to that character. Critics, however, or no critics, we may be permitted to say a very few words on the merits of *Theodric*, a Domestic Tale. We cannot help expressing our extreme surprise, that a man so highly gifted as Mr Campbell, could have contemplated "pure affection breathing household laws," that is to say, could have surveyed domestic life, its relations and events, and, after all, shewn himself unable to invent any more interesting and impressive exemplification of them, than what is exhibited in this pretty but insignificant poem. There actually seems something here too like a barrenness, not of invention only, but absolutely of feeling; his mind takes no hold either of the more stirring, or the more still humanities; and if human life can present to the imagination and heart of a true poet nothing better than this, the sooner we complete our journey between Dan and Beersheba the better; nor does the invention of printing seem one likely to be turned to much more account. Mr Campbell's object has evidently been pathos, but all the suffering is provoking rather than affecting; sorrow assails man and woman from mere misunderstanding, and an unlucky game of cross purposes; nobody is to blame, and everybody is punished; most excellent people are brought together by mere accident, and immediately set about marrying each other's happiness; the tide never suits; the time is either half an hour too soon or too late; a sort of small fatality attends each petty movement of

the somewhat insignificant personages; we almost are tempted to believe that *Theodric* and Constance must have been married on a Friday; and if they took a wedding-jaunt, we offer a trifling bet that their carriage broke down, and that they had some difficulty in getting into an inn towards the fall of evening. It is impossible for any reader of a good heart to peruse, without discomfort, the record of such perplexing misfortunes; but he is not, cannot, be rivetted to the narrative by any spell of which Mr Campbell seems to be in possession; on the contrary he reads on, merely that he may get rid of a dark but dull riddle; and at last he cannot but be a little angry with Mr Campbell, for putting to death two such beautiful and innocent young creatures as Constance and Julia, who might have suffered much affliction, and yet not missed the world so very unsatisfactorily as they do, both maid and bride. The tale illustrates nothing that we can discern worth illustrating, and whatever beauty and pathos there may be in a few passages, they are rendered almost entirely ineffective by the unfortunate, unpoetical, and unphilosophical choice of the situations in which the interlocutors are placed; a free, full, and unrestrained sympathy, is never once excited during the whole poem; the heart of the reader is almost always pained, and his understanding dissatisfied; and if he recalls to his remembrance any of the more affecting incidents in his own life, or in the lives of any one of his friends, he will feel that they were somewhat different in their nature, and their accompanying circumstances, from those in *Theodric*, although here a poet of acknowledged genius has employed his utmost power of fiction to invent, embellish, and adorn, with mournful beauty, a tale, illustrative of the feelings, fates, and fortunes, that fluctuate over the bosom of domestic life.

With respect to the style of execution—language, versification, imagery, &c., we have already said that we could not help reading the poem with much occasional delight. There are many most graceful, elegant, and beautiful lines, that could have been distilled only from the pen of a true poet—but the composition wants pith, fire,

and life. It is often, we are sorry to say it, most elaborately feeble, and—will the world believe, even when they see them with their own eyes?—sprinkled with manifest and undeniable Cockneyisms. Mr Campbell has frequently sounded the very lowest key in the gamut of poetry, just as Mr Wordsworth has often done in the lyrical ballads. But Mr Campbell has in all such trials miserably failed, and is no better than a boy playing upon a sycamore-pipe. Mr Wordsworth has, in almost all such trials, admirably succeeded, and the low simple note has been from a harp-string. The great Laker sometimes drives his fine, true, bold theories rather far, but he never fails to smite the heart, and generally his simplicity is sublime. Mr Campbell's genius is altogether of a different stamp; he must have the air of elegance to breathe, or he gasps, chokes, and dies. In *Theodric* he often tries to be homely, familiar, conversationally narrative, to write as if in a newspaper of daily occurrences, marriages, births, and deaths. Then is he uniformly silly and conceited, and that too to such an unfortunate extent, that we verily believe this poem, with all its tenderness and beauty, is now in the greatest jeopardy, and can only be saved by Mr Jeffrey from being damned. That ingenious and amiable critic has written for the next *Edinburgh* a most laudatory critique on *Theodric*. That is quite right. Mr Campbell is his friend—and what is friendship without active offices? It is the bounden duty of every good critic and honest man to praise his friends to the skies—if they be men of genius, even although they write indifferent poems. Abuse your friends in private, in the small social circle round the hearth, and in the misty silence of the *Cigarium*,—but in public let eulogy be the order of the day. Often have we held up to universal and well-merited admiration in *Maga*, the man whom in *Ambrose's* we have anatomized; and the author whom we have not left the likeness of a goose in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, often and often have we bowed and congeed down the front steps of No. 17, *Prince's Street*, as if he had been, at the very least, a *Phoenix*.

SCOTCH POETS, HOGG AND CAMPBELL, HYNDE AND THEODRIC.

WE are proud of Scotland—proud of our native country, for a thousand reasons. We are not so enthusiastic as the young Squire in *Marmion*, who is filled with joy and wonderment at the sight of the objects surrounding “mine own romantic town,” for our eyes have assuredly rested upon lovelier prospects in the course of our chequered peregrinations through the four quarters of the globe. Nor do we claim for ourselves the fame of being a nation of gentlemen, and we scout altogether the title of Modern Athenians. In a word, we are, we flatter ourselves, as free from the vulgar vanity of our countrymen as any people in the world, but still we hold to our original position, that we are proud of Scotland.—We are proud of its MIND.

Let nobody imagine, that we are going to give, what our dear Irish friends call blarney, to our population. What we have said, we have no design to enlarge farther on. If we be asked, where are the proofs of our assertion, we shall answer in the sublime word of Sir C. Wren’s epitaph, “Circumspice.” Look round every department of literature and science—of arts and arms—of wisdom and of wit—and you will find them full of Scotchmen. But one of the greatest evidences of the mental power abounding in our country is afforded by the circumstance, that our lowliest ranks have produced and continue to produce intellects the most refined, tastes the most cultivated, and genius the most powerful.

Jon Bee, the most illustrious writer perhaps of the present age, (and to whom, by the way, his friend Tom Campbell addressed the beautiful sonnet, beginning “Star, that bringest home Jon Bee,”) may imagine, that in this assertion, we are only showing another specimen of what he, in his admirable dictionary, ironically styles Modesty. In that crude and excellent work, he, after quoting from our pages a remark of our own, which went the length of saying, that “A loftier and a wiser people than the Scotch are not to be found *now* upon the earth, nor do the records of any such survive;”—(a remark to be read in that glorious Number of ours, which by universal consent has been called *ROYAL*.)—After quoting this remark, we say, Vir-Äpis, the

Bee, adduces the contrary testimony of Petrarch with a chuckle of satisfaction, to the effect, that “of all the barbarous and cowardly nations, none is more cowardly and barbarous than the English, excepting only the rascally Scotch.” This might have been true enough in the mouth of Laura’s lover; but the accurate mind of Jon ought to have reflected, that the days of Petrarcha are vastly dissimilar, and by no means like to the days of Georgius Quartus. However, letting that be as it may, wishing to convince Jon that we are not vapouring in braggadocio fashion on the present occasion, we beg leave to call the attention of him, and the public in general, to the two works which we have prefixed to our article, and to ask modestly, but firmly, whether any other country has produced the phenomenon of two poems similar to Theodric and Queen Hynde, being published within two or three weeks of each other, by two of the humblest of its natives—one sprung from the humblest class of its mechanical, the other from the humblest class of its agricultural, or rather pastoral, population. Let any other nation in Europe shew us a poem by a cotton-spinner’s products such as Campbell, and another by a herdsman’s, such as Hogg, forcing their way simultaneously into the very thick—the very press of a polished and jealous literature—and we are dumb. We accept even Jon Bee, anti-Caledonian as he is, to be the umpire in this cause, of Scotland *v.* the World.

And as we have happened to mention it, we may at once say, that there are many points of similitude between these great poets of the lower orders, which we shall hastily digest into a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch. It may be imagined that our well-known, our universally proclaimed, our much-boasted-of affection, friendship, and compeotationship with Hogg, may warp us into giving him an undue preference in this our closecoming contrast; but we here most solemnly assert, that we shall banish all such considerations from our minds, and be as impartial as Rhadamanthus, the son of Jupiter and Europa. Fond are we of Hogg—yea, even to a fault;—but nobody can deny that we have several times, in the course of our undis-

tinguishing Periodical, abused him most grossly, we might say diabolically; while, though no one can suspect us of any friendship or affection for any of the curs and crosses of Conduit-Street, yet it will be equally conceded to us, that Campbell's works have frequently received from us the highest meed of praise; and that of one of them, viz. the Ritter Bann, we alone, of all the periodicals, had the honour and the manliness to take any notice whatever. We are pleased to see that Tom has reprinted the whole of this beautiful poem in this volume of his. This is digressing, however: proceed we with our parallel.

First, then—both are Scotchmen—lowly in birth—in manners—and in conversation. As for birth, Campbell was born in the Goose-dubbs of Glasgow—Hogg in the hills of Ettrick, in Muckrath, which, being interpreted, signifies, the PLACE OF THE SWINE. In this the Shepherd is superior, inasmuch as the smell of the green hills, and the sight of the clear waters, is far preferable to the muck of the Molendinar, and the gurdyloo of the Gallowgate. Again, Hogg's sire was a herd; one who dwelt among the pastoral images to be derived from sheep and kine, from the objects which called forth the poetry of a Moses, the warblings of a Theocritus, and the mimic elegances of a Virgil and a Pope. Campbell's progenitor was a cotton-spinner, a pursuit which calls much more for jennies than genius, and which, though useful, is but mechanical, and without the slightest twist of poetry. Honner (and every true poet, in fact) draws similes everlastingly from sheep, and beautiful things they are; who, in the name of the Nine, ever drew anything from the cotton-mill, except so much per cent on capital sunk? With respect to conversation, Campbell has much to say in his favour that Hogg has not. Campbell has kept company with Lady Morgan, and such like fashionables; and no doubt has thereby contracted fine habits of speech and manners. Hogg has been, at least of late, very much with us; and it is excessively blameable, that he has not acquired our tone and delicacy. But it is ill teaching an old dog new tricks, as Lord Chesterfield says.

Again, both are writers of prose and verse. Here is a difficult scale to balance. Hogg never wrote anything so

stupid as the Balaamite portion of the Pleasures of Hope, nor anything quite so pathetic as O'Connor's Child. Campbell, on the other hand, was never guilty of such poetry as what composes the Mountain Bard; nor did he ever soar to the height of Bonny Kilmeny. In prose, Hogg's Tales and Campbell's Lectures on Poetry may pretty well stand against one another, both being equal outrages against literature. So likewise let the Jacobite Relics pair off with the Specimens of English Poetry. One work remains which sets Hogg far above the laureate of Lanark. *Hogg wrote the Chaldec MS.*!—Impartial justice, therefore, directs that we, in this respect, should exalt the horn of the Shepherd.

Thirdly, both are great Magazine writers. Hogg boasts that it was he who established this Magazine—it is a bounce on the part of the Shepherd; but beyond doubt, he has been an eager writer in it. Campbell contributes to Colburn, having succeeded the late Jack Polidori in that employment, at a fixed wage of five pounds, fifteen shillings, and fourpence halfpenny per week. It would be absurd were we to point out Hogg's inferiority in this particular.

Fourthly, Campbell is occasionally asked to Holland-House; there he gets now and then a side look from its lady, which fills him with gratitude. Hogg has ere now taken toddy fist to fist with a duke, and thought little about it. Campbell breakfasts with Redding and Fudgiolo, and other such highones. Hogg sups at Ambrose's. This round is, we opine, in favour of the Bard of Benger.

Fifthly, Hogg can drink eight-and-twenty tumblers of punch—Campbell is hazy upon seven. Four to one on the Shepherd.

Sixthly, Hogg is a Tory—Campbell a Whig. Hogg always said that the English would beat the French, and he was right—Campbell said that the French would beat the English, and he was wrong. Hogg despises the Edinburgh Review, and he is right—Campbell calls it in his Magazine a noble, critical work, and he is wrong. Other instances are needless. The follower of the Macallummure is here inferior beyond all chalks. But,

Seventhly, with which we mean to conclude our laboriously wrought-up parallel—in which our readers must perceive that we have most carefully

and faithfully collected the particulars of comparison, and most rigidly balanced them with a dexterous finger, one against the other—seventhly, Hogg, the Tory, has sung the praise of his King in strains the most pure, and songs the most abominable; he has huzzaed to his glory, and got drunk in his honour. In return for which, he never had any further remuneration than a headache in the morning; while Campbell, the Whig, who has, by his political creed, been linked with the most filthy and scoundrel-like revilers of that King—that Whig Campbell, we say, has for such good service received about L.5000, and is still receiving L.200 a-year. This last round is wonderfully in favour of Campbell.

So far for the personal comparison of these great men; and we shall descend now to a consideration of the poems which have called forth our parallel. We shall not analyse the plot or plan of these compositions, for several reasons. First, because we know every man, woman, and child, have already got them by heart; and, secondly, because we are not able to do it. For, with respect to Queen Hynde, we have read it over six times backward and forward, up and down, round and round—we have held the book in every possible posture that can be conceived, sideways, angularly, topsy-turvy, upsides down, and down-sides up; and yet, for the life of us, we have not been able to discover what it is about. A puzzling sense of unintelligibility came over us, yet was our pleasure not in the slightest degree diminished. We have at all times risen from the Shepherd and his Hynde delighted and instructed, without knowing why or wherefore. And with respect to Theodric, we have begun it four times; and regularly, with a strange certainty which we must leave to psychologists to account for, we have fallen asleep at the end of the third page. Yet we have, by means of a most potent dose of Roman punch, nerved ourselves to get through the task of comparing the two poems, and shall do it by extracting the most beautiful passages of each, and putting them in contrast with one another. To begin with something bright, we shall give an illumination, by Campbell, and a town-burning, by Hogg. At the illumination, Campbell's man loses his heart—Hogg's heroes, in his blaze, lose their lives.

Hear Mr Campbell.

"An English jubilee—'twas a glorious sight!

At eve, stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze,

Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze."

Hear Mr Hogg.

"Just while their horrid sacrifice
Still flamed with incense to the skies;
The liquid sounding flame enclosed them,
And roll'd them in its furnace bosom.
All glitter'd with a glowing gleen."

Here we have fire-light opposed to candle-light—the flames of heaven versus the tallow-chandlers—people rolled in a furnace bosom, to people rolled in wrap-rascals, (Hogg has been bitten into an alliterative madness,) folks smiling in a blaze to folks glittering in the gleen. With respect to versification, we can satisfactorily compare the melody of Campbell's—

"An English jubilee—'twas a glorious sight,"

with the harmonious rhymery of Hogg's,

"The liquid sounding flame enclosed them,
And roll'd them in its furnace bosom."

II. Love-making has long been the staple of poetry, and we must see how the Hogg and the Camel get through this important particular. A prince of Norway comes to court a lady, who he imagines is the Queen of Scotland. And he does it in this wise:
"Light, as the bound of buckgoat young,
To footstool of the throne he sprung,
Put one arm round the royal neck,
The other, with all due respect,
Her jewell'd bosom did enfold,
The gentle form and arms to hold;
And then did lips in silence tell,
Where lover's lips delight to dwell,
Full oft can maid, with frowning brows,
Reprove the act she well allows."

After this, we are positively ashamed to quote Campbell. His hero, by running after his flame's jarvey, and taking down the number, traces her,

— "and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound enchantment's spell."

[What this means is past comprehension.] Then

"He sought—he won her—and resolved to make

His future home in England for her sake."

What a vile contrast to the glowing description of the Shepherd! One is, that of a robust mountaineer roaring about Muckrath, in all the majesty of

man—the other, that of a wig-wearing *homme de la plume*, inhaling the brick-burning atmosphere of the purlicious of Seymour Place.

Justice, however, must make us remark, that Hogg's ideas of female resistance, to male caresses, have been, in a great measure, stolen from a poet of our own.

"Tip her the wink, and take hold of the fist of her,
Kiss before she has time to cry Christopher;
She may sing out, You're an impudent fellow, sir,
But her eye will unsay what her tongue it may tell you, sir,"
Evidently as Hogg's princess does in his poem; nevertheless, the echo of the song is sweet.

III. Both bards are great in the strife of the elements. We give Campbell precedence.

"That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now—
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice:
And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds,
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds:
Without was Nature's elemental din."

Now for Hogg.

"I may be wrong, as grant I may,
But it is plain, that on that day
The storm hath all unequall'd been,
Such as no living man hath seen.
These are the signs of sinful deed,
And these are tokens that I dread.
The demons of the fiery reign
Have been abroad in Christ's domain,
Roused, by some powerful heathen spell,
From out the lurid vales of hell,
The face of earth and heaven to mar,
And hurl the elements in war."

Well blown and strong, by both poets—but Hogg is far better. What is the tempest raging o'er the realms of ice—or the rifted precipice—the wolf's long howl, (we have heard that epithet long before, 'Tom,) and the wailing spirits—compared to demons of the fiery reign, (qu. ? rain) the lurid vales of hell—the elements hurled in war; and all by him of Ettrick. A tempest in a teapot!

But we need not push this part of the parallel farther. Let us take them upon a new tack.

It has been said, that the English language has been forcing itself upon us, to the detriment of our fine Scotticisms. The Waverley man has reared the head of our Doric somewhat, but we are quite proud to have this additional specimen, to prove that there are still men of Scotland, who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of the English tongue. Proofs are afforded in the pages of both poets most amply, and we shall hastily gather in a few.

In the English language, "death" rhymes to "breath," "Seth," and a hundred other words, which must instantly occur to the reader. Different rhymes await it north of the Border. "One single inch 'twixt them and death, They wonder'd at their cordial faith."

HOGG, p. 52.

"To think I could have merited your faith,
Shall be my solace, even unto death."

CAMPBELL, p. 21.

And in a hundred other places. Hogg also often rhymes to *urath*.

"Breast" rhymes with "rest," among the English epicures. No such thing "within the realms of Bercgon."

"Expecting every glance she cast
To see forth bursting from its breast."

HOGG, p. 18.

"It was not strange, for in the human breast
Two master passions cannot co-exist."

CAMPBELL, p. 36.

"On" rhymes to "Don" South—otherwise North,

"The warrior smiled, and laid him down,
I saunter'd, sung, and wander'd on."

HOGG, p. 68.

"No fears could damp—I reached the camp—sought out the champi-on,
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'twas long and well laid on."

CAMPBELL, p. 124.

Earth—birth—mirth, &c.

"And as the hail-cloud hanging swarth
Bursts with the thunder on the earth."

HOGG, p. 83.

"When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth."

CAMPBELL, p. 53.

How both bards rhyme "bosom" is past conjecture.

"The liquid sounding flame enclosed them,
And roll'd them in its furnace bosom."

HOGG, 435.

"There was many a friend to *lose him*,
When that gallant soldier died,
But the maiden of his *bosom*."

CAMPBELL, 100.

We offer anybody a sovereign in gold
who will interpret the first two lines
of that bit of Campbell.

Words ending in "spect" are oddly
treated by both.

"Thou shalt not need one word to *check*,
Nor hear aught but with due *respect*."

HOGG, 121.

"No, said he, yon phantom's *aspect*,
Trust me, would appal thee worse;
Held in clearly measured *prospect*."

CAMPBELL, 181.

Hogg's rhyme is quite national, for it
is known that the Scotch in general
sink the t in such words, saying *re-*
spec, &c. but Campbell beats him
even in this piece of nationality. Who
ever heard such a rhyme southwards
as this—

"It bore a crucifix,
Fame said it once had graced
An ancient temple, which the Picts."
CAMPBELL, 138.

They have some peculiar ideas as to
the word "abroad."

"Go back, ye wolves, to your dens, he
cried,

And tell the nations *abroad*
How the fiercest of your herd has died,
That slaughter'd the flock of *God*."

CAMPBELL, 147.

"But darker paths are to be *trod*,
For darker doings are *abroad*,"

HOGG, 268.

But we should be quoting the whole
books did we go on. Campbell rhymes
"bouquetin" to "between," and "route"
to "out," thereby shewing his know-
ledge of French pronunciation. He
also favours us with "*pair*" and
"*prepare*," "*page*" and "*page*,"
"*break*" and "*neck*," "*break*" and
"*wreck*," "*Devons*" and "*ravens*,"
"*human*" and "*woman*," and five
hundred others, in consequence of
which we hereby new christen him
Thomas the Rhymer. Hogg gallops
away in every page at such a rate that
it is needless to hunt out particulars.
Cull we, therefore, a flower or two
from each, and desert.

"Again to the battle, ACHAÏANS,
Our hearts bid the tyrants *DEFIANCE*."

CAMPBELL, 84.

Match that, Hogg, if you can. Ay,
ay, sir, says Hogg.

"Of war, religion, or of *LAW*,
Without consulting *COLUMBA*."

HOGG, 31.

Try it again, Campbell.

"Pageant!—Let the world *REVERE* US
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic *HEROES*." [Al-
dermen, we presume.]

CAMPBELL, 94, and again 87.

Now, Hogg.

"If thou'rt a Cotquean, by my *soul*,
I'll split thy pruriginious *noul*."

HOGG, 269.

A third time, Tom.

"I gazed, and felt upon my *LIPS*
Th' unfinished accents hang,
One moment's bliss, one burning *KISS*."

CAMPBELL, 89.

This is meant for rhyme, as will be
seen by referring to the poem, (*poem*!)
where every first and third line rhyme.

We are afraid that Hogg cannot
match that, yet we shall sport one.

"'Mong all the dark and stern *COMPENERS*
Of Odin's rueful *WORSHIPERS*."

HOGG, 93.

We have now concluded, and may
safely ask if we have not redeemed our
promise, to prove that no nation in the
world ever before produced two such
poems as Hogg's and Campbell's in
the same month? But it would be a
pity to part them without giving a
sample of their songs. Hogg shall go
first. They shall be both on love.

"O, come, gentle maiden,
[It must be pronounced "*midden*," for
the rhyme.]

Of lovely Dunedin,

Array'd in thy beauty and gladdening
smiles;

Thine the control I list,

Lovely mythologist!

Thine the monition that never beguiles."

Very good, indeed. Now, Mr
Campbell. We request our readers to
sound the *s's* as strong as they can,
and remember that this is a song to be
sung.

"Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee.

Suspence's thorns, Suspicion's stings,
Yet somehow love a something brings,
That's sweet, even though we sigh
Woe's *ME*!"

To be sung to music, it must be the
music of a saw.

"Farewell, sweet bards, farewell, ye
dulcet strains,
An oaken staff each hoisting for his pains."

Farewell, once again, Quoth SIGNIFER VESTER.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XVIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
 "NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
 "BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIFPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE I.

MR SECRETARY DR MULLION.

Yes, sir, your last Noctes appear to have made what my friend Dr Jamieson calls a stramash.

NORTH.

Why, sir, our conversations get wind unaccountably, and it is little wonder that they do make a noise. What do you allude to particularly ?

MULLION.

You know the song I sung,
 When church and crown are batter'd down
 By Bentham and his band.

NORTH.

Of course.

MULLION.

Well, Bowring, in the Morning Chronicle, has answered it—thereby taking on himself the office my song gave him of Poet Laureate to the pack. You remember,

When Bowring's tongue sings Southey's song,
 and now he chants accordingly by anticipation.

NORTH.

Is Bowring's song very good ?

MULLION.

I think it is.

NORTH.

Well then,

Let Mullion's tongue sing Bowring's song.

MULLION (*producing an ancient Morning Chronicle*) *chants*.

When built on laws, the good old cause
 Triumphantly shall reign,
 And in their choice the People's voice
 Shall not be heard in vain ;
 When England's name and England's fame
 Stand pure, and great, and free,
 Corruption chain'd, and Truth maintain'd,
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When Glory tears the wreath he wears
 From WELLINGTON's proud brow,
 And Liberty shall sit on high,
 That walks in darkness now ;
 When Justice wakes, and from her shakes
 Old ELDON, scornfully,
 And stands erect in self respect,
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When gibe and jest, by CANNING drest,
 Delude not as before,
 And pertness, made a thriving trade
 By CROKER, thrives no more ;
 When slippery PEELE the wounds shall heal
 Of priestly Bigotry,
 And Peace shall smile on Ireland's Isle,
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When laws on game shall cease to shame
 The subject and the state ;
 And men can trust, as wise and just,
 An unpaid Magistrate ;
 When Judges pure, shall seek t' insure
 A bright publicity ;
 And BEST can keep his rage asleep—
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When law's disputes, and Chancery suits,
 Shall be no more the tools
 For knaves in black, to harin and hack
 The many-colour'd fools ;
 When fraud and wrong, in weak and strong,
 And rich and poor, shall be
 With equal hand pursued and bann'd—
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When rods and whips, from BENTHAM's hips,
 The pand'ring knaves shall chase,
 Who long have sold, for pride and gold,
 Their country and thcir race ;
 When France and Spain shall rise again,
 And lovely Italy,
 By sufferings rude, refresh'd, renew'd—
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

When man at length shall feel his strength,
 And in his strength control
 The despot few, who then shall rue
 The hatred of the whole ;
 When towers serene, in living green,
 Fair Freedom's sacred tree ;
 And 'neath it, blest, the nations rest—
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !
 [*Here Mr NORTH fell asleep.*]

When Mr North in Frith of Forth,
 Shall fathom five be duck'd ;
 When Tickler's neck a rope shall deck,
 From lofty gallows chuck'd ;
 When messan dog treats Jamie Hogg
 In fashion rather free ;
 When Jeffrey's sheers crop Blackwood's ears,
 Then, hey, boys, down go we !

(NORTH) *awaking as usual at the end of the song.*

Bravo ! bravo ! a very good song indeed. I always said Tom Campbell was a clever fellow.

MULLION.

Tom Campbell !—Bowring, sir, you mean.

NORTH.

Ay, Bowring—yes, Bowring, I meant. Shew me the song ; let me peruse it. [*Reads*] “ Then, hey, boys, down go we.” Bowring may understand

Russian, but he is not quite certain as to his English. Hey, boys! is huzza, boys! rather an out-of-the-way cry for a sinking party.

When pertness, made a thriving trade

By Croker, thrives no more—

How horribly afraid all these hounds of low degree are of Croker!

MULLION.

Doubtless. The allusion to “priestly bigotry,” is not even brought into juxtaposition with Ireland, and the course recommended in that island. But it is not a bad song, for all that. The rhymes, however, are poorish—The last verse strikes me to be far the best—that I mean about ourselves. Don’t you think, sir, it would be an improvement if it ran thus in the last quatrain?—

When Brougham shall flog Ettrickian Hogg,

(That whip might borrow’d be,

Which Gourlay laid on shoulder blade,)

Then, hey, boys, down go we.

NORTH.

I do not like parenthesis in songs—but the idea is good. On the whole, I am pleased with the song. Mullion, write to-morrow to Bowering,—he lives in Jeffrey’s Square, St Mary’s Axe,—to say that I shall employ him in the song department, at a guinea per song,—with liberty afterwards to publish it with music at Power’s or elsewhere—besides permission occasionally to gather them into a volume. Even if I reject, as I sometimes must, I shall pay him nevertheless, for I like to patronize genius.

MULLION, (*making memorandum.*)

It shall be done, sir. You have seen the Dumfries Journal’s answer to the Farewell to Scotland, sung by the Ensign on the same occasion?

NORTH.

Not I.

MULLION.

I’ll read it for you, sir.

NORTH.

No—keep it till Sir Morgan comes—I expect him every moment

Enter AMBROSE.

AMBROSE.

Mr Tickler. [*Exit AMBROSE as TICKLER enters.*]

TICKLER.

How do you do, North?—Mullion, your hand; it is a long time since I saw either of you.

NORTH.

We have just ordered supper.

TICKLER.

I am as dry as a lime-burner’s shoe. [*Rings—enter Waiter—receives orders—exit—and re-enters with a quart of porter, which TIMOTHY gulps at a draught.*] I have just parted with Hogg. He’ll be here in a moment.

Enter Hogg.

Is’t me ye’re talkin’ o’, Mr Tickler? How’s a’ wi’ ye?

MULLION, (*aside.*)

I say, Mr North, did you ever see the Shepherd’s eyes reel so?

NORTH.

Oh, stuff—Well, I shall not wait another minute for this long-legged Irishman.

[*Rings.*

Enter Mr AMBROSE.

AMBROSE.

Supper, gentlemen, is ready in the next room.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

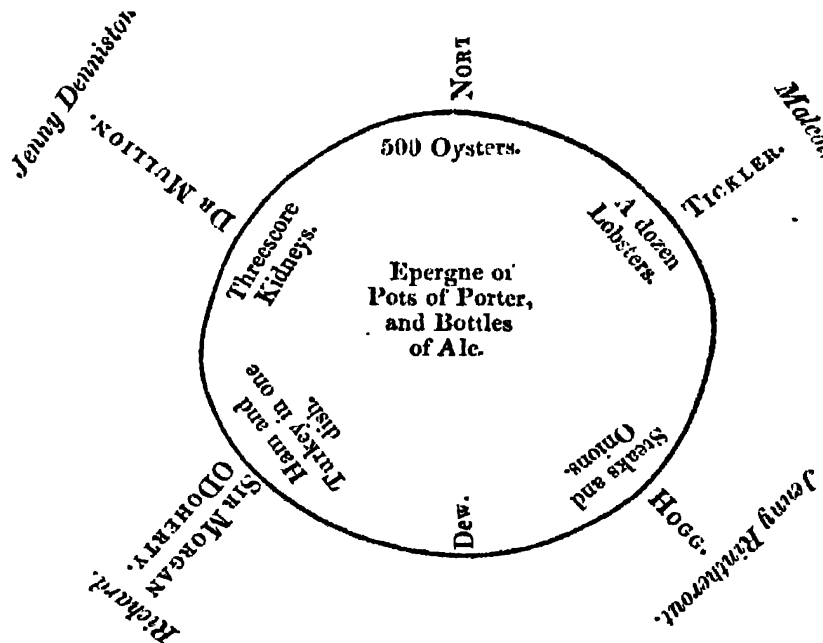
*Supper Room. Round Table.**Enter NORTH, TICKLER, MULLION, and HOGG. AMBROSE preceding.**Waiters following.**To them, ODOHERTY.*

ODOHERTY.

Just in time, I see. I hope I have not kept you waiting. I was just lining with Patrick Robertson, and had to run for it.

NORTH.

Do not delay us longer by your apologies. Gentlemen, be seated.

Ambrose.

MULLION, (*after contemplating the table with profound admiration.*)

This is a supper. Ambrose, a dram. What would Barry Cornwall say to such a sight?

ODOHERTY.

Nothing. He'd faint on the spot.

NORTH.

A round table, sir, may seem matter of form, as my friend Samuel Rogers says, but is matter of substance. The round table, which one may say literally gave peace to Europe, may still be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle.

HOGG.

Hout—that's the auld clishmaclaver o' Johnny Groats revived. Vera respectable steaks them, Mr Ambrose.

ODOHERTY.

I had rather see a table which would give oysters to the present company.

NORTH.

Do you like these oysters?

ODOHERTY.

Excellent indeed. I own, however, I am national enough to prefer the Irish. The Carlingford oysters—

TICKLER to NORTH, (*aside.*)

A maxim, hem!

ODOHERTY.

—Are small, but of a peculiarly fine flavour. The Bland oyster of Kerry, so called after a family of that name, not from any blandness of their taste, are good. Those of Cork harbour are gigantic—as big as your common dessert plates, and very agreeable.

MULLION.

Which do you prefer?

ODOHERTY.

A difficult question. The large oyster is like your large beauty, melting, luxurious, and soul-soothing. The small, like your small beauties, piquant, savoury, soul-awakening. Good oysters should taste like a copper halfpenny.

TICKLER.

Damn oysters !

ODOHERTY.

I am sorry to hear that expression from a man of your taste and genius, Mr Tickler.—Will you let me put one in the fire for you, North ?

NORTH.

Why in the fire ?

ODOHERTY.

If you have never eaten roasted oysters, I shall shew you the way we of the Emerald Isle very often do them.

[Takes a dozen Pandores, and puts them between the bars.

HOGG.

Od, how the deevils fizz ! They put a body in mind o' Wordsworth's lint-whites singing in chorus.

ODOHERTY.

Or as you yourself, a much greater poet, observe in your beautiful Queen Hynde, on the same subject,

The liquid sounding flame enclosed them,
And rolls them in its furnace bosom.

By the by, where the devil did you pick up that rhyme ?

HOGG.

Oh, man ! I aye forget the morn, whaur the saul o' me finds rhymes ower the night. They just come bumming into my lugs like a flight o' bees, whuz, whuzzing about a beescap.

NORTH.

Why, James, you are poetical even in prose.

ODOHERTY.

The oysters are done. Take care, man ; you'll burn your fingers. I'll hand them to you with the tongs.

TICKLER.

How do you dress them ?

ODOHERTY.

Permit me. You just put a nut-shell size of butter——

HOGG.

What kind o' nut, my lad ? Do ye mean a cocker-nut ?

ODOHERTY.

Peace, porker !—a hazelnut-size of butter under the oyster in its deep shell, which you see melts it, as a young maiden melts beneath the warm influence of love, then shred your eschalot gently into the same ; garlick would be better, if you had it ; or better still a dew-drop of assafoetida.

HOGG.

Haugh ! haugh !—Wha the deevil would swallow assafoetida ?—I scunner at the bare thocht.

ODOHERTY.

A proof that the population of Scotland is not yet civilized. If the Morning Chronicle man were to hear this from the Shepherd, he would forget the unscientific hostility to extermination in this more glaring act of barbarism. Having so far prepared the oyster, shower in your cayenne——

He who peppers the highest is sure to please—
add a little salt, and then it is a mouthful for an Editor.

NORTH, (swallowing a half dozen.)

True ; they are delicious morsels.

TICKLER.

I do not like oysters ; but if I must eat them, it would not be with this cookery. The native garum is their best sauce.

ODOHERTY.

De gustibus, &c. What is your favourite supper, Tickler ?

TICKLER.

Devilleed kidneys, as they do them in Germany, just broiled and peppered plainly. As for your champagne-dressed kidneys, they are not for my palate. They are greasy, and won't relish.

NORTH.

A plain lobster sallad for me. It may be vulgar, but in my situation I like to fall in occasionally with the popular taste. If I be inclined to be luxurious, give me devilled woodcock—cayenned—curry-powdered—truffled—madeiraed—seville-oranged—catsupped—soyed—

ODOHERTY.

Crushed with its trail and brains—beaten to a paste—seasoned with mace and lemon-peel—

NORTH.

—heated—

ODOHERTY.

—with spirits of wine, if you love me—

NORTH.

—in a silver stew-pan, saturated with its piquant juice, and gently liquified with the huile of Aix, city of oil and amphitheatre. It is heavenly.

HOGG.

What a deevil o' a mess ! I wadna gie't to Clavers for physick !—bird's dung and oil—och ! Gie me a half stun o' stot steak, wi' ingans ; and, Mr Tickler, ye may squash in a dozen or sae o' yer kidneys, if ye like. I dinna objec.

NORTH.

Have you supped yet, gentlemen ? (*they assent.*) To save the trouble of removing things, &c., I have ordered, and made it a standing order, that the punch be made in the punchery, at the feet of the portrait of Ambrose.

NORTH.

Just wait a moment, until the Ambrosian gives the word. I like to have all things in order.

TICKLER.

Surely, surely—There's still some of the porter here.

ODOHERTY.

And such porter ! Here, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together !

NORTH.

A stave, ODoherty, *en attendant.*

ODOHERTY.

By Jupiter ! and why should I not ? Sure, 'tis the first night of all the year, is it not ?—Here goes !—here goes !—Devil take the expense.

AIR—" *I am a bold son of Mars.*"

Now the year twenty-four is vanish'd and no more,
Let us make a tuneful roar, just to show we're alive ;
'Tis the true way to begin, with joy to welcome in,
And merriment and din, the year twenty-five.

The cause for which we fight—the cause of Truth and Right,
Was ne'er in better plight to prosper and thrive ;
Our enemies are down, and the field is all our own,
May the like as happy tidings crown the year twenty-five !
The friends of woe and ill we've beat with sword and quill,
They still retain the will, but 'tis vain to strive,
And God, with ample hand, showers blessings on the land,
The same may he expand in the year twenty-five.

Who now would care three figs for prating of the Whigs,
The memory of such prigs cannot long survive ;
While the honour and the glories of us and other Tories,
Will be sung in lofty chorus all through twenty-five.

Then every lad, I pray, who carouses here to-day,
May live a rover gay, or happily wive,
And return quite merry here at the ending of the year,
To give a hearty cheer over past twenty-five.

Enter AMBROSE, (*with a salaam.*)

All's right !!!

TICKLER.

The Estaminet ?—Thither let us wend our way.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Punchery, alias Estaminet.**Enter NORTH and Tail. They are seated, and commence operations.*

HOGG.

Hae ye seen, Captain, the answer to your blackguard sang about Scotland, in the Dumfries Journal?

ODOHERTY.

Not I. I read no papers but the Morning Chronicle, and Pearce Egan's Dispatch. They contain all the sprees. My friend, John Black, is great on the subject of watchmen—and as for Pearce, I need not sound his praises. What is the song, Hogg?

HOGG.

Well then, my lad, I'll just sing it to you.

MULLION.

It is happy for Sinclair that he has left the country.

HOGG (*Sings.*)

TO ODOHERTY,

In Answer to "Farewell," &c.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,

Go, get thee to thine own countrie;

If ever you cross the Border again,

The muckle diel accompany thee.

There's mony a tree in fair Scotland,

And there is ane, the gallows-tree,

On which we hang the Irish rogues,

A fitting place it is for thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou dastardly loon,

Too good for thee is brose and kalc:—

We've lads and ladies gay in the land,

Bonny lasses, and nut-brown ale.

When thou goest to merry Carlisle,

Welcome take thy loud laughter three;

But know that the most of our beggarly clan

Came from the *Holy Land*, like thee.

Go, get thee gone, thou beggarly loon,

On thee our maidens refused to smile:—

Our pipers they scorn'd to beg from thee,

A half-starved knight of the Emerald Isle.

Go rather and herd thy father's pigs,

And feed on 'tatoes and butter-milk;

But return not to the princely North,

Land of the tartan, the bonnet, and kilt.

ODOHERTY.

A song by no means to be sneezed at. But why do they father the song on Scotland or me?

TICKLER.

Is it not yours, then?

ODOHERTY.

Not at all. I sung it in this room—but so have I sung many a chant of Captain Morris's and Ned Lysaght's; but are they therefore mine? Johnny Brayhim would be the greatest song-writer in the kingdom at that rate.

NORTH.

I know it is not yours—but it has been generally attributed to you.

ODOHERTY.

Everything good in a certain line is——

TICKLER.

Which certain line, *entre nous*, is the blackguard line. Where's the stoup?

ODOHERTY.

So be it. But as for this song, if you will turn up the London Magazine for February, 1823, the very number, by the by, which contains the attack on Peveril—you will see a tale of Allan Cunningham's, entitled and called *Corporal Hodge*, in which that very "Farewell to beggarly Scotland" occurs.

HOGG.

I'll write to Allan the morn about it. There, Mr Tickler—it's maist toom.

ODOHERTY.

And if you do, tell him, though it is passed off there as an old song, that I shrewdly suspect it to be his own—and add, that I think it is his best.

NORTH.

The sugar, Tim.—I think I heard the song fifty years ago—but Allan is a likely man enough to pass off an affair of his own as an old one.

TICKLER.

The Row gives a fine notion of the relative sales of the two Magazines.

NORTH.

Pooh! pooh! We all remember how he bammed that poor ass Cromek. But the thing is not worth the words wasted about it. I see the London has altered its plan. Do you know anything about it, Ensign?

ODOHERTY.

Very little. I understand that there was a turn-out among the workmen, which made Taylor come to terms. The old hands continue—I do not think they have got any new ones. Lamb is a clever fellow.

MULLION.

They have augmented the price and quantity.

ODOHERTY.

Price, certainly, but not quantity. For you know enough of printing, Mr Secretary, to see that by the adoption of a new kind of type, and a more sparing distribution of it, they actually have less matter than before.

MULLION.

Their subscribers will scarcely thank them for that.

NORTH.

Silence, gentlemen, I insist, on such a topic—it is highly indelicate in my friends, and I shall not permit it.

HOGG.

Weel, after a', ye've brewed a dacentish joog.

TICKLER.

Considering! (*aside*.)—I say, North, have you read that pamphlet of Blackwood's on the proposed Change in the Administration of Criminal Justice here in Scotia?

NORTH.

Yes, Tim, and I assure you I think it the best pamphlet that has appeared anywhere this many a day. Tommy Kennedy, poor devil, is certainly both basted and dished to his heart's content at last.

TICKLER.

Ay, indeed. A proper fellow for a legislator—a Solon, with a witness, is Master Tommy! Whose is the pamphlet, by the way?

NORTH.

I don't know. Ebony, as usual, sports mum. Quite impenetrable, you know.

TICKLER.

Bless me, only look at Hogg!

ODOHERTY.

What a grand repose! Why, the man sleeps like a very murderer. How the porker snores!

NORTH.

Poor James. He has ridden seven-and-thirty miles of a very rough road, to-day, you must remember—and that at the tail of half a hundred kylics, too. What would not I give, now, to be able to sleep in that style. You might blow up the castle, and he would not hear it—not one jot.

O Fortunati Agricolaë, sua si bona norint!

ODOHERTY.

Why, Jem does know his own felicities. He's a very contented fellow, I must say that for him.

NORTH.

Not a better creature living—and yet you, you dog-faced devil, how you cut him. That paper on him and Campbell is really one of the most indefensible pieces of your blackguardism I have met with lately. Fie, fie, Sir Morgan; men like these, sir, are not to be dealt with in such a ruffianly fashion. You may depend upon it, sir, neither England nor Scotland will en-

ture to see Campbell or Hogg held up to that broad absurd sort of ridicule. 'Tis too base a paper.

ODOHERTY.

You have not put it in, then?

NORTH.

Pooh! I put it in without scruple. Why should you not say your say? —I can answer it, however.—'Tis your own affair, sir, not mine. Editoring is a mere humbug now-a-days. I must put in whatever you lads write, else I lose you. Heaven knows how often you go against my grain, all of you—but you, especially, ODOherty, ye're really a most reckless fellow when you take your pen in hand.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, a proper distinction. I am courtesy itself when my fingers are clean. So indeed is Gifford himself, I hear. So was Byron. So was Peter Pindar. All excellently well-bred, civil creatures over a tumbler.

TICKLER.

I don't understand your mixing me up with such company, North. For my part, I look on myself as a perfect Christian, compared to the like of ODOherty or Gifford.

NORTH.

Well, well, arrange your own precedence, Gents. So Gifford has at last laid aside the sceptre, ODOherty?

ODOHERTY.

Sceptre, indeed! Murray always held the sceptre himself. Would you have two kings of Brentford?

NORTH.

No, no, I agree with the Mæonian. In all cases—

'Εἰς Κοίρανός ἐστιν

*'Εἰς Βασιλεὺς ὃ ἴδμεν Κρονὸν παῖς ἀγκολυμῆται
Σκηπτρὸν τοῦδε θημίσας ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλεύῃ.*

ODOHERTY.

Do you know the successor in the Moravian prime ministry—Coleridge?

MULLION.

Is it the Barrister, or the Parson? Pooh! I was forgetting, the parson is made a bishop of—is he not?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, yes; the new Bishop of Botany Bay.

NORTH.

Of Barbadoes, if you please.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, ay. They should have sent out a black bishop, as you once said, North.

MULLION.

Clearly. So the barrister is to be editor? Will that mend his practice?

ODOHERTY.

Dish it, of course. 'Tis not everybody can play the Jeffrey.

NORTH.

I hear he is a sensible, worthy young man. I hope he will find his shoulders broad enough. Make another jug, Morgan.

TICKLER.

They tell me he's a wonderful churchman. Even higher than the old one. —Here, I'll make this jug. The last was too sweet.

NORTH.

Well, well. There are two or three first-rate articles in this last Number of Murray on ecclesiastical subjects—really first-rates—quite admirable; both the knowledge, and the sense, and the temper. This tone is the very thing to do good.—Ring for some boiling water.

TICKLER (*Rings and gives his mandate.*)

I wonder why they don't grapple like men with some of the real questions going. Who cares a fig about the old canting ass, Newton? Why don't they lay hand upon the Catholics? Why don't they treat the West Indies with something like vigour? Why have we nothing about the Greeks or the Spaniards?

MULLION.

Or the Irish lads, my hearty?

TICKLER.

'True, their mouths seem to be completely sealed up as to all the really stirring points. A cold-blooded, rancorous, cautious, cowardly pack! Give me the whisky bottle, North.

ODOHERTY.

There's Tickler himself for you—! Why don't *you* grapple, as you call it, with some of those grand topics yourself, Mister Timotheus?—Do you want the sugar?

TICKLER.

Me?—I hate all bothering topics. I like best to thrum away on my own old chords. Here, taste this, Baronet.

ODOHERTY.

Very fair indeed. A single slice of the lemon peel, if you please.

NORTH.

No acid in the jug. If you wish it, you may make a tumbler.

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I don't care a straw about it. It will do as it is. I only thought we might take advantage of Hogg's slumbers, to give ourselves the variety of a single round of punch-demy.—Have you seen Hannah More's new book?

NORTH.

On Prayer?—Oh yes, 'tis far her best. A really excellent treatise. It will live.—That water could not have been boiling, Timothy. A plague on that waiter! He thought the brass kettle would look better, and so he has half spoiled our jorum.

ODOHERTY.

I never yet met with what I could call a really bad jug of toddy. This, I assure you, is quite drinkable. You have made your mouth so hot with these pontets, that nothing appears more than lukewarm to you. Try another bumper.

NORTH.

Transeat.—Look at Clavers. He absolutely imitates the very snore of his master.

TICKLER.

A fine old dog, really.—By the by, have you heard how Queen Hynde is doing?

NORTH.

Very well, I believe; and no wonder. 'Tis certainly his best poem.

TICKLER.

I have not had time to look into it. What with dinners, and so forth, I never get reading anything at this time of the year.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis really a good, bold, manly sort of production. There's a vigour about him, even in the bad passages, that absolutely surprises one. On he goes, splash, splash—By Jupiter, there's a real thundering energy about the affair.

NORTH.

Hand me the volume, Ensign.—That's it below Brewster's Journal. Thank ye.

TICKLER.

I thought it had been a quarto.

NORTH.

No, no, that humbug is clean gone at all events. No quarto poems now, Mr Tickler.

ODOHERTY.

Just read the opening paragraph. By jingo, I could hear it a hundred times.

NORTH.

There, read it yourself. I never could spout poetry.

ODOHERTY.

I flatter myself I have a good deal of Coleridge's style of enunciation about me when I choose. Shall I sport this in my most moving manner?

NORTH.

Pooh! don't be a fool. Read it as it ought to be read. You have seldom read anything more worthy of being treated with respect. Take off your tippie, and begin.

ODOHERTY (*reads.*)

"There was a time—but it is gone!—
When he that sat on Albyn's throne
Over his kindred Scots alone

Upheld a father's sway;
Unmix'd and unalloy'd they stood
With plodding Piet of Cimbrian brood,
Or sullen Saxon's pamper'd blood,

Their bane on future day.
Nations arose, and nations fell,
But still his sacred citadel
Of Grampian cliff and trackless dell
The Caledonian held.

Grim as the wolf that guards his young,
Above the dark defile he hung,
With targe and claymore forward flung;
The stoutest heart, the proudest tongue,

Of foemen there was quell'd!
The plumed chief, the plaided clan,
Mock'd at the might of mortal man,—
Even those the world who overran

Were from that bourn expell'd.
Then stood the Scot unmoved and free,
Wall'd by his hills and sounding sea;
Child of the ocean and the wood,
The frith, the forest, gave him food;

His couch the heath on summer even,
His coverlet the cloud of heaven,
While from the winter wind and sleet
The bothy was a shelter meet.
His home was in the desert rude,
His range the mountain solitude;
The sward beneath the forest tree
His revel-hall, his sanctuary;
His court of equity and right,
His tabernacle, was the height;
The field of fame his death-bed stern,
His cemetery the lonely cairn.
Such was the age, and such the day,
When young Queen Hynde, with gentle
sway,

Ruled o'er a people bold and free,
From vale of Clyde to Orcady.
The tale is old, but the event
Confirm'd by dreadful monument.
Her sire had eastern vales laid waste,
The Piet subdued, the Saxon chased,
And dying old and loved, resign'd
The sceptre to his lovely Hynde "

TICKLER.

Very beautiful indeed. There is a fine breadth and boldness of utterance about this.

NORTH.

Ay, indeed is there. Here, ODoherty, give me the book. You read the passage very well—very well indeed.—This Queen Hynde, you see, Tickler, is left in rather a difficult situation. The Norse King comes over the sea, to wed her, *vi et armis*, and her Majesty sets off for Icolmkill, to consult old Saint Columba, who was then and there in all his glory. She gets among all the old monks with her maids of honour about her, and pretty work there is of it. One impudent little cutty, of the name of Wicked Wene, is capitally touched off.—*Lythe and listen, lordlings free—(reads.)*

"Come, view the barefoot group with
me,
Kneeling upon one bended knee,
In two long piles—a lane between,
Where pass the maidens and their queen,
Up to the sacred altar stone,
Where good Columba stands alone.

There was one maiden of the train
Known by the name of Wicked Wene;
A lovely thing, of slender make,
Who mischief wrought for mischief's
sake;

And never was her heart so pleased
As when a man she vex'd or teased.
By few at court she was approved,
And yet by all too well beloved;
So dark, so powerful was her eye,
Her mien so witching and so sly,
That every youth, as she inclined,
Was mortified, reserved, or kind;
This day would curse her in disdain,
And next would sigh for Wicked Wene.

No sooner had this fairy eyed
The looks demure on either side,
Than all her spirits 'gan to play
With keen desire to work deray.

Whene'er a face she could espy
Of more than meet solemnity,
Then would she tramp his crumpled
toes,

Or, with sharp fillip on the nose,
Make the poor brother start and stare,
With watery eyes and bristling hair.
And yet this wayward elf the while
Inflicted all with such a smile,
That every monk, for all his pain,
Look'd as he wish'd it done again.

Saint Oran scarce the coil could
brook;

With holy anger glow'd his look;
But, judging still the imp would cease,
He knit his brows, and held his peace.

At length the little demon strode
Up to a huge dark man of God;
Her soft hand on his temple laid,
To feel how fair his pulses play'd;
Then by the beard his face she raised,
And on the astonished bedesman gazed
With such enchantment, such address,
Such sly, insidious wickedness,
That, spite of insult and amaze,
Softer and softer wax'd his gaze,

Till all his stupid face was blent
With smile of awkward languishment.

Saint Oran saw—in trumpet tone,
He cried—‘Satan, avoid!—begone!
Hence!—all away! for, by the rood,
Ye’re fiends in form of flesh and blood
Columba beckon’d; all was still.
Hynde knew the mover of the ill,
And, instant turning, look’d for Wene:
‘I told thee, girl, and tell again,
For once remember where thou art,
And be due reverence thy part.’—

Low bow’d the imp with seemly grace,
And humbly shew’d to acquiesce;
But mischief on that lip did lie,
And sly dissemblage in the eye.
Scarce had her mistress ceased to speak,
When form’d the dimple on her cheek,
And her keen glance did well bewray
Who next should fall the jackall’s prey.
Saint Oran, woe be to the time
She mark’d thy purity sublime!”

TICKLER.

Wonderfully spirited, really. Why, this is infinitely better than the narrative parts of the Queen’s Wake. Hogg is improving, sirs.

NORTH.

To be sure he is—He has the true stuff in him, lads. Hear again—(reads.)

Ere that time, Wene, full silently,
Had slid up to Saint Oran’s knee,
And ogled him with look so bland,
That all his efforts could not stand;
Such language hung on every glance;
Such sweet provoking impudence.

At first he tried with look severe
That silent eloquence to sear,
But little ween’d the fairy’s skill,
He tried what was impossible!
His flush of wrath, and glance unkind,
Were anodynes unto her mind.
Then she would look demure, and sigh,
And sink in graceful courtesy;
Press both her hands on her fair breast,
And look what could not be exprest!
When o’er his frame her glance would
stray,

He wist not what to do or say!

Why, it’s quite capital all this. The rhythm is quite animating.

TICKLER.

Perge. Another screed, Christopher. Shall I fill your glass?

NORTH.

Yes. Stir the fire, ODoherty. But softly, don’t waken Clavers.—“Gently stir.” That will do, sir. Here goes the Bard again.

“Scarce had he said the word, *Amen*,
When petulant and pesterous Wene
Kneel’d on the sand and clasp’d his
knee,

And thus address’d her earnest plea:—

‘O, holy sire! be it my meed
With thee a heavenly life to lead;
Here do I crave to sojourn still,
A nun, or abbess, which you will;
For much I long to taste with thee
A life of peace and purity.

Nay, think not me to drive away,
For here I am, and here I’ll stay,
To teach my sex the right to scan,
And point the path of truth to man.’—

‘The path of truth!’ Saint Oran cried,
His mouth and eyes distended wide;
It was not said, it was not spoke,
‘Twas like a groan from prison broke,
With such a burst of rushing breath,
As if the pure and holy faith

Had, by that maiden’s fond intent,
Been wholly by the roots uprent.—
‘The path of truth!—O God of heaven!

Be my indignant oath forgiven!
For, by thy vales of light I swear,
And all the saints that sojourn there,
If ever again a female eye,
That pole-star of iniquity,
Shed its dire influence through our fane,
In it no longer I remain.

‘Were God for trial here to throw
Man’s ruthless and eternal foe,
And ask with which I would contend,
I’d drive thee hence, and take the fiend!
The devil, man may hold at bay,
With book, and bead, and holy lay;
But from the snare of woman’s wile,
Her breath, and sin-uplifted smile—
No power of man may ‘scape that gin,
His foe is in the soul within.

'O! if beside the walks of men,
In green-wood glade, and mountain-glen,
Rise weeds so fair to look upon,
Woe to the land of Caledon!
Its strength shall waste, its vitals burn,
And all its honours overturn.
Go, get thee from our coast away,
Thou floweret of a scorching day?
Thou art, if mien not thee belies,
A demon in an angel's guise.'—

'Angels indeed!' said Lachlan Dhu,
As from the strand the boat withdrew.
Lachlan was he whom Wene address'd,
Whose temple her soft hand had press'd;
Whose beard she caught with flippant
grace,

And smiled upon his sluggish face.
A burning sigh his bosom drew!
'Angels indeed!' said Lachlan Dhu.—
'Lachlan,' the Father cried with heat,
'Thou art a man of thoughts unmeet!
For that same sigh, and utterance too,
Thou shalt a grievous penance do.
Angels, forsooth!—O God, I pray,
Such blooming angels keep away!'—
Lachlan turn'd round in seeming pain,
Look'd up to heaven, and sigh'd again!

From that time forth, it doth appear,
Saint Oran's penance was severe;
He fasted, pray'd, and wept outright,
Slept on the cold stone all the night:
And then, as if for error gross,
He caused them bind him to the cross,
Unclothe his back, and, man by man,
To lash him till the red blood ran,
But then—or yet in after time,
No one could ever learn his crime;
Each keen inquiry proved in vain,
Though all supposed he dream'd of
Wene.

Alas, what woes her mischief drew
On Oran and on Lachlan Dhu!

Sweet maiden, I thy verdict claim;
Was not Saint Oran sore to blame
For so inflicting pains condign?
O think, if such a doom were thine!
Of thy day-thoughts I nothing know,
Nor of thy dreams—and were it so,
They would but speak thy guileless core,
And I should love thee still the more.
But ah! if I were scourged to be
For every time I dream of thee,
Full hardly would thy poet thrive!
Harsh is his song that's flay'd alive!
Then let us breathe the grateful vow,
That stern Saint Oran lives not now.

The sun went down, the bark went
slow,
The tide was high, the wind was low;

{ Heyho! the jug, the jug!

And ere they won the Sound of Mull,
The beauteous group grew mute and dull.
Silent they lean'd against the prow,
And heard the gurgling waves below,
Playing so near with chuckling freak,
They almost ween'd it wet the cheek;
One single inch 'twixt them and death,
They wonder'd at their cordial faith!

During the silent, eiry dream,
This tedious sailing with the stream,
Old Ila Glas his harp-strings rung,
With hand clate, and puled and sung
A direful tale of woe and weir,
Of bold unearthly mountaineer;
A lay full tiresome, stale, and bare,
As most of northern ditties are:
I learn'd it from a bard of Mull,
Who deem'd it high and wonderful;
'Tis poor and vacant as the man;
I scorn to say it though I can.

Maid of Dunedin, thou may'st see,
Though long I strove to pleasure thee,
That now I've changed my timid tone,
And sing to please myself alone;
And thou wilt read, when, well I wot,
I care not whether you do or not.

Yes, I'll be querulous or boon,
Flow with the tide, change with the
moon;

For what am I, or what art thou,
Or what the cloud and radiant bow,
Or what are waters, winds, and seas,
But elemental energies?
The sea must flow, the cloud descend,
The thunder burst, the rainbow bend,
Not when they would, but when they can,
Fit emblems of the soul of man!
Then let me frolic while I may,
The sportive vagrant of a day;
Yield to the impulse of the time,
Be it a toy, or theme sublime;
Wing the thin air or starry sheen,
Sport with the child upon the green;
Dive to the sea-maid's coral dome,
Or fairy's visionary home;
Sail on the whirlwind or the storm,
Or trifle with the maiden's form,
Or raise up spirits of the hill,
But only if, and when I will.

Say, may the meteor of the wild,
Nature's unstead, erratic child,
That glimmers o'er the forest fen,
Or twinkles in the darksome glen—
Can that be bound? can that be rein'd?
By cold ungenial rules restrain'd?
No!—leave it o'er its ample home,
The boundless wilderness, to roam!
To gleam, to tremble, and to die,
'Tis Nature's error, so am I!"

TICKLER.

There—why all this is quite the thing—the very thing. Is the poem equal,
North?

NORTH.

Of course not. 'Tis Hogg's. There are many things in it as absurd as possible—some real monstrosities of stuff—but, on the whole, this, sir, is James Hogg's masterpiece, and that is saying something, I guess. There is a more sustained vigour and force over the whole strain than he ever could hit before; and though, perhaps, there is nothing quite so charming as my Bonny Kilmeny, that was but a ballad by itself—while here, sir, here we have a real workmanlike poem—a production regularly planned, and powerfully executed. Sir, James Hogg will go down as one of the true worthies of this age.

TICKLER.

Who doubts it? Keep us all, the jug is out again! Come, Christopher, I'll try the thing once more, if you'll read, while my fingers are at work.

NORTH.

Nay, nay, fair play's a jewel. Give me the materials, Tim. Here, Sir Morgan, you shall read, while I *create*. Give me the bottle, I say.—This shall be *ditto*?

TICKLER.

"Like coats in heraldry, two of the first."—Shakespeare!—*hem*!

NORTH.

Esto. There, ODoherty, read what I have marked.

ODOHERTY.

"— ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλευῇ!"—*hem*!—

"Whoe'er in future time shall stray
O'er these wild valleys west away,
Where first, by many a trackless strand,
The Caledonian held command;
Where ancient Lorn, from northern
shores

Of Clyde to where Glen-Connel roars,
Presents in frowning majesty
Her thousand headlands to the sea—
O, traveller! whomsoe'er thou art,
Turn not aside, with timid heart,
At Connal's tide, but journey on
To the old site of Beregon;
I pledge my word, whether thou lovest
The poet's tale, or disapprovest,
So short, so easy is the way,
The scene shall well thy pains repay;
There shalt thou view on rock sublime,
The ruins grey of early time,
Where, frowning o'er the foamy flood,
The mighty halls of Selma stood.
And mark a valley stretching wide,
Inwall'd by cliffs on either side,
By curving shore, where billows broke,
And triple wall, from rock to rock;
Low in that strait, from bay to bay,
The ancient Beregonium lay.

Old Beregon! what soul so tame
Of Scot that warms not at thy name?
Or where the bard, of northern clime,
That loves not songs of Selma's time?
Yes, while so many legends tell
Of deeds, and woes, that there befell,

By Jericho, this is almost as good as a bit of Marmion. Fine mouthable apophthegms, as he would call them.

NORTH.

The Shepherd has some grand notes about the Celtic capital of Beregon, or

These ruins shall be dear to fame,
And brook the loved, the sacred name.

Nay, look around, on green-sea wave,
On cliff, and shelve, which breakers lave;
On stately towers and ruins grey,
On moat, and island, glen, and bay;
On remnants of the forest pine,
Old tenants of that mountain reign;
On cataract and shaggy mound,
On mighty mountains far around
Jura's fair bosom, form'd and full;
The dark and shapeless groups of Mull;
Others far north, in haze that sink,
Proud Nevis, on Lochaber's brink,
And blue Cruachan, bold and riven,
In everlasting coil with heaven.
View all the scene, and view it well,
Consult thy memory, and tell
If on the earth exists the same,
Or one so well deserves the name.*

Thou still may'st see, on looking round,
That, saving from the northern bound,
Where stretch'd the suburbs to the muir,
The city stood from foes secure.
North on Bornean height was placed
King Eric's camp, o'er heathery waste;
And on Barvulen's ridge behind,
Rock'd his pavilion to the wind,
Where royal banners, floating high
Like meteors, stream'd along the sky."

* *Selma* signifies The Beautiful View; *Beregon*, or *Peregon*, as it is pronounced, The Serpent of the Strait.

Beregonium. Would ye believe it, Tickler, he talks of their having discovered some of the old water-pipes lately, where the streets were: And all this anno five hundredesimo, or so?

HOGG (*rousing*.)

Hech—eeauceooccyaaahee—hech yaw-aw-aw-ee—what's that you're saying about the water-pipes of Beregonium?

ODOHERTY.

North was only remarking that you had made a small mistake—they turn out to be the gas-pipes, Hogg, that's all.

HOGG.

Like aneugh. I never saw them mysell. But how can ane tell a gas-pipe frae a water-pipe?

ODOHERTY.

Smaller in the bore, you know. And, besides, the stink is still quite discernible. Professor Leslie and Dr Brewster are hot as to the question, whether it had been oil-gas, or coal-gas. You must read that controversy ere your second edition come out.

HOGG.

Certainly, will I. Do they quote Queen Hynde meikle?

ODOHERTY.

Thumping skreeds of her. Upon my word, Hogg, we are all quite delighted with Queen Hynde.

HOGG.

Toots, man. Ay, I can make as braw poetry as ony ane o' them a', when I like to tak the fash. I've a far better ane than the Queen on the stocks, out bye yonder. I was just wearied wi' writing sae mony prose novells—it's just a pleasure to me to be skelping awa' at the auld tredd again.

TICKLER.

ODOherly has been reading us some of your best passages. I am heartily charmed, Hogg; I wish you joy, with all my soul.

HOGG.

Wha the mischief set him on reading me? I'm sure he never could read anything in a dacent-like way since he was cleckit—rax me the Queen, and I'll let you hear a bit that will gar your hearts dinne again—rax me the Queen, I say. Here's to ye a'—o' that's clean pushion—rax me the Queen—wha made that awfu' jug?—I'll read you a real chifdooover noo.—Ay, herc's the bit. I see it's marked wi' the keelavine. That's some sense, hooever—oo ay, I see it's Mr North's ain copy—I kent it wad never be yours, Captain; ye have na the discretion to pick out a piece like this. Ye wad never ken't by the lave—(*reads ore rotundissimo*.)

“ No muse was ever invoked by me,
But an uncouth Harp of olden key;
And with her have I ranged the Border
green,
The Grampians stern, and the starry
sheen;
With my grey plaid flapping around the
strings,
And ragged coat, with its waving wings;
Yet aye my heart beat light and high
When an air of heaven, in passing by,
Breathed on the mellow chords; and
then
I knew it was no earthly strain,
But note of wild mysterious kind,
From some blest land of unbodied mind.
But whence it flew, or whether it came
From the sounding rock, or the solar
beam,
Or tuneful angels passing away
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery
day,

When the cloudy curtain pervaded the
east,
And the sunbeam kiss'd its humid breast,
In vain I look'd to the cloud overhead,
To the echoing mountain dark and dread;
To the sun-fawn fleet, or aerial bow,—
I knew not whence were the strains till
now.
They were from thee, thou radiant
dame,
O'er fancy's region that reign'st supreme;
Thou lovely Queen, of beauty most bright,
And of everlasting new delight,
Of foible, of freak, of gambol, and glee,
Of all that pleases,
And all that teases,
And all that we fret at, yet love to see!
In petulance, pity, and love refined,
Thou emblem extreme of the female
mind!
O come to my bower, here deep in
the dell,

Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven
and hell ;
Even now thou seest, and smilest to see,
A shepherd kneel on his sword to thee :
But sure thou wilt come with thy glee-
some train,
To assist in his last and lingering strain :
O come from thy halls of the emerald
bright,
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow
light,
That shrink from the blaze of the sum-
mer noon,
And ope to the light of the modest moon !
O well I know the enchanting mien
Of my loved muse, my Fairy Queen !
Her rokelay of green, with its sparry
hue,
Its warp of the moonbeam, and weft of
the dew ;
Her smile, where a thousand witcheries
play,
And her eye, that steals the soul away ;
The strains that tell they were never
mundane ;
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing
mane ;
For oft have I heard their tinklings light,
And oft have I seen her at noon of the
night,
With her beautiful elves in the pale
moonlight.

Then, thou who raised'st old Edmund's
lay
Above the strains of the olden day ;
And waked'st the bard of Avon's theme
To the visions of his Midnight Dream—
Yea, even the harp that rang abroad
Through all the paradise of God,
And the sons of the morning with it
drew,
By thee was remodell'd, and strung
anew—
O come on thy path of the starry ray,
Thou Queen of the land of the gloaming
grey,
And the dawning's mild and pallid hue,
From thy valleys beyond the land of the
dew,
The realm of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that fancy roams !
I have sought for thee in the blue hare-
bell,
And deep in the fox-glove's silken cell ;
For I fear'd thou had'st drunk of its po-
tion deep,
And the breeze of the world had rock'd
thee asleep ;
Then into the wild-rose I cast mine eye,
And trembled because the prickles were
nigh,
And deem'd the specks on its foliage
green
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen ;
Then gazing, wonder'd if blood might be
In an immortal thing like thee !

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I have open'd the woodbine's velvet vest,
And sought the hyacinth's virgin breast ;
Then anxious lain on the dewy lea,
And look'd to a twinkling star for thee,
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,
Streaming in purple and glowing in
green ;
And thought, as I eyed its changing
sphere,
My fairy Queen might sojourn there.
Then would I sigh and turn me around,
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,
To the little air-springs of central birth,
That bring low murmurs out of the earth ;
And there would I listen, in breathless
way,
Till I heard the worm creep through the
clay,
And the little blackamoor pioneer
A-grubbing his way in darkness drear ;
Nought cheer'd me on which the day-
light shone,
For the children of darkness moved alone !
Yet neither in field, nor in flowery heath,
In heaven above, nor in earth beneath,
In star, nor in moon, nor in midnight
wind,
His elvish Queen could her minstrel find.
But now I have found thee, thou va-
grant thing,
Though where I neither dare say nor
sing ;
For it was in a home so passing fair,
That an angel of light might have lin-
ger'd there :
I found thee playing thy freakish spell
Where the sun never shone, and the rain
never fell,
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er
lay,
And never was kiss'd by the breeze of
day ;—
It was sweet as the woodland breeze of
even,
And pure as the star of the western hea-
ven,
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
And soft as the down of the solan's
breast.
Yes, now have I found thee, and thee
will I keep,
Though thy spirits yell on the midnight
steep ;
Though the earth should quake when
nature is still,
And the thunders growl in the breast of
the hill ;
Though the moon should frown through
a pall of grey,
And the stars fling blood in the milky
way ;
Since now I have found thee, I'll hold
thee fast,
Till thou garnish my song—it is the last !"

R

—There's a strain for you, lad! What say ye to that ane, Mr Tickler? Did Byron ever come that length, think ye? Deil a foot of him. Deil a foot of ane o' them.

ODOHERTY.

It certainly can't be denied, that when you please, you outstrip the whole pack of them.

HOGG.

Every mither's son o' them. Hoots! Hoots!—od, man, if I did but really pit furth my strength! ye wad see something—

TICKLER, (*aside*)

Preposterous vanity!—ha! ha! ha! ha! hah!

NORTH.

Come, James, you must not talk thus when you go out into the town. It may pass here, but the public will laugh at you. You have no occasion for this sort of trumpetting neither, no, nor for any sort of trumpetting. Sir, you have produced an unequal, but, on the whole, a most spirited poem. Sir, there are passages in this volume, that will kindle the hearts of our children's children. James Hogg, I tell you honestly, I consider you to be a genuine poet.

HOGG, (*sobbing.*)

You're ower gude to me, sir, you're clean ower gude to me—I canna bide to expose mysell this way before ye a'—Gie me your haund, sir,—Gie me your haund too, Mr Tickler—Och, sirs! och, sirs! (*weeps.*)

NORTH.

Come, Hogg, you know Old Grizzy has a bed for you, this time. You shall go home with me to James's Court—Come away, James—(*aside*). What a jewel it is, Timothy! (*Exeunt.*)

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LORD BYRON.

THERE has been a good deal of writing about Lord Byron since his death in our periodicals; but very little of it much to the purpose. The Quarterly Review has as yet been silent; the Edinburgh Review has contained only one or two insignificant paragraphs. The subject, now at last complete, has hitherto been in the hands of comparatively unauthoritative scribes; and we are constrained to say, that it has not been dealt with in a manner at all likely to increase their authority.

We are sorry to be obliged to notice with particular condemnation the style in which Lord Byron's character and genius have been handled in the Universal Review. That talented, and on the whole respectable Journal, is said to be chiefly conducted by a person of very considerable rank in our modern letters—a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman: and if this be the fact, (which we certainly by no means take for granted,) the tone and temper in which Lord Byron has been treated by the Journal in question is doubly and trebly to be regretted. Whether the accomplished person we allude to, be, or be not, the Editor of this Review, we are quite sure he is not the author of the article we speak of. He (if it be he) has been seduced into admitting the criticism of some totally inferior mind—some mind either not large enough to regard the greatness of the dead poet's fame without envy—or small enough to remember, in the pages of Mr Whitaker's Review, that the proprietor of the Quarterly Review had been also the publisher of that illustrious poet's most successful performances. The article is a splenetic, a malevolent, and, we fear we must add, a mean tirade. It must have been written by an unhappy man, and can be read with pleasure by none.

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Far more reprehensible, because far more lengthened and elaborate—and despicable to boot, because evidently written by a person, who, with friendship in his mouth, had never felt any real friendship for the departed poet—is the attempt towards a whole-length portraiture of Lord Byron's character, which appeared some months ago in the London Magazine. The writer of that production must be indeed a *miserable*. He derives all the vices of Byron—real or supposed—from the fact of his being a *Lord*. When he is to be commended for anything, "this, in short, is as well as could be expected from a Lord." What a picture of Grub-street bile! The same tone (here is a compliment!) has, we observe, been taken up by the distinguished author of the *Liber Amoris*, in a new octavo (chiefly, *ut mos est*, made up of old materials,) which he has published under the modest title of "The Spirit of the Age!" The Hero of Southampton-row is exceedingly bitter with Lord Byron, because he had a pedigree. He cannot away with the patrician soul that breaks out continually even in the most radical ravings of Byron's muse. It is evident, that if Mr Hazlitt had seen the living Lion down, he would have rejoiced in kicking him: he now does his pleasure with the dead. And it was for this sort of recompence, say rather retribution, that Lord Byron suffered, for a time at least, his noble name to be coupled in the mouths of men, with these abject souls—these paltry and contemptible caitiffs, who, while they would fain have derived some skulking benefit from his name, never regarded either the poet or the man, but with all the rancours of despairing imbecility and plebeian spite.

The truth is, that Byron's literary success had all along been regarded

S

with infinite gall by the minor Tories, and that the elevation of his personal manners and feelings had always prevented him from being an object of anything like real attachment among the miserable adherents of that degraded faction to which he sometimes too much lent himself. The feelings of this last class were, of course, kept in check so long as he lived; those of the former rarely durst break silence so long as Mr John Murray was his publisher in ordinary—and they also have spoken out with wonderfully more courage since there was an end of the lash that played about the pages of Don Juan.* There was on either side a great accumulation of spleen and envy lying in wait for a fair opportunity of eruption—and we have seen the eruption at least begin. We can scarcely turn over the pages of any insignificant Magazine or Review without coming in contact with long melancholy diatribes—all of them the grumbings of the same long-pent devil. One proves Byron to have been the most audacious of plagiarists—another is at great pains to shew, that he was not a poet of the truly high order—that he had little “*invention*”—that his merit lay only in “*intensity*”—and Heaven knows how much more stuff of the same sort! A third says, he never wrote any good poem after the Corsair. A fourth considers Don Juan as a mere imitation of Faublas. A whole chorus resounds in your ears, that Byron was, at all events, a perfect villain—the lewdest, the basest, the most unprincipled of men—and that, *ergo*, the subject ought to be dropped!—So far from suffering it to be dropt, however, we now intend, and that for the first time, to take it up.

We certainly cannot reproach ourselves with having, at any period of our career, either neglected or ill-treated the great poet who is now no more. We were, from the beginning, open,

sincere, and enthusiastic worshippers of his genius; we spoke out on that score in a way that most of our contemporaries can reflect upon with few feelings of self-gratulation—and we always so spoke out—which certainly cannot be said of any one among them. When he began to entertain the world with his Beppo and Don Juan, on the other hand, we were undoubtedly the first and the most efficient of all that rebuked him for teaching his muse to stoop her wing. We did this so boldly and so well, that we created for ourselves in many quarters a vast deal of ill will on this very account. John Murray, for example, never forgave us, and the whole of the inferior working band of his Quarterly Reviewers have hated us, as in duty bound, from that time, and have shewn their servile hatred in a thousand ways, and by a thousand means, all alike pitiful and servile. We continued to lament the indiscretions of his Don Juan, but we could not be blind to the extraordinary merits of that poem, as it grew up and expanded itself into one of the most remarkable works of English genius; and seeing these, we were quite above keeping our thumb upon the whole affair, merely because there was some difficulty in managing it, after the laudable example of the Edinburgh and Quarterly critics. Finally, since Byron died, various contributors have been allowed to express, in their own several styles, their opinions, about particular points connected with his character and genius, because the notion of unity of mind, in a Journal like this, is a thing quite below our contempt, and because it was wished to make our pages reflect, as to this subject, the feelings and opinions floating about in society in regard to it—with this one *proviso* only, that we should have nothing to do with the opinions of dulness, or the feelings of envy. And now, all this being done,

* We may hint, in a note, that in order to have great success now-a-days, it seems to be the rule that a literary man should publish with a bookseller attached to the opposite political party—a Tory with a Whig, and *vice versa*. Mr Murray would not suit even the author of Waverley half so well as Mr Constable; and Lord Byron never thrived after he had lost that hold upon Tory applause, or at least forbearance, which his connexion with Mr Murray afforded him. Theodore Hook brings out his Sayings and Doings with the Lord of the White-boy Gazette—and young Russell his anti-liberal Tour in Germany with the Master of Blue and Yellow. It was only an after-thought that prevented us from having Hobhouse's anti-Medwinian from Albemarle Street direct; and old Butler himself brings out his Book of the Catholic Church there. Southey would have sold an edition more of his Book of the Church, if he had published it with Mr Constable, or even Mr Colburn. This merely *en passant*—but it is all very true—and we may add, very poor.

we propose to take up the subject as one and complete,—not to exhaust it surely, but to speak out clearly as to some of the most important questions that have been put in agitation. We make no mighty pretensions. A little common sense, common honesty, and common feeling, shall serve our turn.

We shall, like all others who say anything about Lord Byron, begin *sans apologie*, with his personal character. This is the great object of attack, the constant theme of open vituperation to one set, and the established mark for all the petty but deadly artillery of sneers, shrugs, groans, to another. Two widely different matters, however, are generally, we might say universally, mixed up here—the personal character of the man as proved by his course of life, and his personal character as revealed in, or guessed from, his books. Nothing can be more unfair than the style in which this mixture is made use of. Is there a noble sentiment, a lofty thought, a sublime conception in the book?—Ah! yes, is the answer. But what of that? It is only the *roué* Byron that speaks! Is a kind, a generous action of the man mentioned? “Yes, yes,” comments the sage, “but only remember the atrocities of Don Juan; depend on it, this, if it be true, must have been a mere freak of caprice, or perhaps a bit of vile hypocrisy.” Salvation is thus shut out at either entrance: The poet damns the man, and the man the poet.

Nobody will suspect us of being so absurd, as to suppose that it is possible for people to draw no inferences as to the character of an author from his book, or to shut entirely out of view, in judging of a book, that which they may happen to *know* about the man who writes it. The cant of the day supposes such things to be practicable, but they are not; and we have always laughed our loudest at the impudence of those who pretend to be capable of such things, and the idiocy of those who believe in their pretences. But what we complain of and scorn, is the extent to which these matters are carried in the case of this particular individual, as compared with others; the impudence with which things are at once assumed to be facts in regard to the man's private history, and the absolute unfairness of never arguing from the writings to the man, *but for evil*.

Take the man, in the first place, as unconnected, in so far as we can thus consider him, with his works;—and ask, what, after all, are the bad things we know of him? Was he dishonest or dishonourable?—had he ever *done* anything to forfeit, or even endanger, his rank as a gentleman? Most assuredly no such accusations have ever been maintained against Lord Byron, the private nobleman—although something of the sort may have been insinuated against the author. But he was such a profligate in his morals, that his name cannot be mentioned with anything like tolerance. Was he so indeed? We should like extremely to have the catechizing of the individual *man* who says so. That he indulged in sensual vices to some extent is certain—and to be regretted and condemned. But was he worse as to those matters than the enormous majority of those who join in the cry of horror upon this occasion? We most assuredly believe exactly the reverse: and we rest our belief upon very plain and intelligible grounds. First, we hold it impossible that the majority of mankind, or that anything beyond a very small minority, are or can be entitled to talk of sensual profligacy as having formed a principal part of the life and character of the man, who, dying at six-and-thirty, bequeathed a collection of works such as Byron's to the world. 2dly, We hold it impossible that, laying the extent of his intellectual labours out of the question, and looking only to the nature of the intellect which generated, and delighted in generating, such beautiful and noble conceptions as are to be found in almost all Lord Byron's works—we hold it impossible that very many men can be at once capable of comprehending these conceptions, and entitled to consider sensual profligacy as having formed the principal, or even a principal trait in Lord Byron's character. 3dly and lastly, We have never been able to hear any one fact established, which could prove Lord Byron to deserve anything like the degree or even the kind of odium which has, in regard to matters of this class, been heaped upon his name. We have no story of base unmanly seduction, or false and villainous intrigue, against him—none whatever. It seems to us quite clear, that, if he had been at all what is called in society

an unprincipled sensualist, there must have been many such stories—many such authentic and authenticated stories. But there are none such—absolutely none. His name has been coupled with the names of three, four, or more women of some rank: but what kind of women?—every one of them, in the first place, about as old as himself in years, and therefore a great deal older in character—every one of them utterly battered in reputation long before he came into contact with them—licentious, unprincipled, characterless women. What father has ever reproached him with the ruin of his daughter?—What husband has denounced him as the destroyer of his peace?

Let us not be mistaken. We are not defending the offences of which Lord Byron unquestionably was guilty: neither are we finding fault with those who, after looking honestly within and around themselves, condemn those offences—no matter how severely. But we are speaking of society in general, as it now exists; and we say that there is vile hypocrisy in the tone in which Lord Byron is talked of *there*. We say that, although all offences against purity of life are miserable things and condemnable things, the degrees of guilt attached to different offences of this class are quite as widely different as are the degrees of guilt between an assault and a murder; and we confess our belief that no man of Byron's station and age could have run much risk of gaining a very bad name in society, had a course of life similar (in so far as we know anything of that) to Lord Byron's been the only thing chargeable against him.

But his conduct in regard to his wife?—ay, there's the rub. For many years this was the most fruitful theme of unmitigated abuse against Lord Byron—of late we have perceived considerable symptoms of another way of thinking as to this matter gaining ground. The press begins to avow, that there are two ways of telling this story, as well as other stories. In the upper circles of society there never wanted some who on the whole defended the Lord and blamed the Lady; but it is only of late that this line has begun to be taken up by any part of the press

—except, indeed, one small part of it, whose general character, and the suspicion, perhaps unjust, of mean private motives, prevented its opinions, as to this particular matter, from having any weight whatever.

We have no sort of doubt, that in this, and in almost all cases of the sort, there must have been blame on both sides. We believe, in the first place, that Lord and Lady Byron were never well suited to each other as to character and temper. We believe that Lady Byron, with many high and estimable qualities, had a cold and obstinate mathematical sort of understanding, than which nothing could be more unlike, or less likely to agree well with, the imaginative, enthusiastic, and capricious temperament of her lord. She, however, was the cooler person of the two, and should not have married a man whose temper she at least *might* have known to be so diametrically opposite to her own. Having married him, most surely it was her duty to bear with the consequences of that temperament to a much greater extent than we have any proof, aye, or any notion, of her really having borne with them. No woman of sense should, on any grounds but those of absolute necessity, separate herself from her husband and the father of her child. Now, that there was no reason of this kind for the step which her Ladyship took, is proved by the well-known facts, that she parted from him in London in a most affectionate manner; that even after she had completed her journey to Kirkby-Mallory, she wrote an affectionate, even playfully affectionate, letter to him, inviting him to join her there; and that, immediately after that letter, Lord Byron received a letter from her Ladyship's father, beginning "My Lord,"* and announcing her Ladyship's fixed, final, unalterable resolution never to live with Lord Byron as his wife again;—all this, too, be it observed, happened precisely at the moment when Lord Byron's pecuniary affairs were most disagreeably and miserably involved and perplexed—when he was annoyed with executions in his very house—in short, when any flights of mere temper on his part—nay, any offences of any kind, that could be in reason attributed to a state of mind

*edwin, the vulgarian, substitutes "Sir." Mr Hobhouse has corrected him.

harassed and tormented, and thereby, to a certain extent, rendered reckless,—ought to have been regarded with the highest indulgence, and when any symptom, or anything taken for a symptom, of a wish to shrink from the partaking of his injured fortunes, must have been regarded, above all by a man of his feelings, as the most cruel and unpardonable want of generosity.

But be it so that Lady Byron was more to blame than her Lord in the separation, what can excuse his publishing then, and continuing to publish, writings in which his wife's character and conduct were placarded for the amusement of the whole world? This, indeed, is no trivial question, nor can we answer it in any quite satisfactory manner—just yet. People, however, will be good enough to recollect, that Lord Byron had at least this much to say for himself, that he was not the first to make his domestic differences a topic of public discussion. On the contrary, from the moment that his separation from Lady Byron was known, he, and he only, was attacked with the most unbounded rancour, not only in almost all circles of society, but in every species of print and pamphlet. He saw himself, ere any fact but the one undisputed and tangible one was or could be known, held up everywhere, and by every art of malice, by the solemn manufacturer of cant, and the light-headed weaver of jeux-d'esprit, by tory and whig, saint and sinner—all alike—as the most infamous of men, because he had parted from his wife.—“Peasants bring forth in safety;” nay, almost any other gentleman in the country might have been involved in a domestic misfortune of this kind, without the least fear of exposure to the millionth part of what he suffered—for suffer he did. He was the most sensitive man alive—witness the keen torture, which, even to his last, could be inflicted on him by a single stupid letter of the Laureate. He was exquisitely sensitive;—and he was attacked and wounded at once by a thousand arrows; and this with the most perfect and most indignant knowledge, that of all who were assailing him not one knew anything about the real facts and merits of the case. Did he right, then, in publishing those squibs and tirades? No, certainly;—it would have been nobler, better, wiser far, to have utterly scorn-

ed the assaults of such enemies, and taken no notice of any kind of them. But because this young hot-blooded, proud Patrician poet did not, amidst the exacerbation of feelings which he could not control, act in precisely the most dignified and wisest of all possible manners of action—are we entitled, is the world at large entitled, to issue a broad sentence of vituperative condemnation? Do we know all that he had suffered?—have we imagination enough to comprehend what he suffered under circumstances such as these?—have we been tried in similar circumstances, whether we could feel the wound unflinchingly, and keep the weapon quiescent in the hand, that trembled with all the excitements of insulted privacy, honour, and faith?

As it is, thus stands the fact. Lady Byron's *friends* abused Lord Byron in all societies, and that abuse found its way through a thousand filthy channels to the public. Lord Byron retaliated:—but how? Did he attack his wife's character?—Did he throw the blame upon her?—No such thing. He at the time merely poured some vials of his wrath on the heads of those whom he *believed* to have influenced his wife to her own injury, and to the ruin of his peace—and permitted himself, subsequently, to hint in a way, by no means obtrusively intelligible, at some of those in themselves quite innocent little peculiarities of education and temper, by which, as he thought, (and who shall say unjustly?) Lady Byron was prevented from being to him all that he had expected when he made her his wife.

Goethe has said somewhere, that the man of genius who proposes to himself to be happy in this world, must lay down to himself the fixed and unalterable rule, to consider his genius as one thing, and his personal life as another—never to suffer the feelings of the author to interfere with the duties of the man—to forget altogether when his pen is not in his fingers, that it has been, and will again be, in their grasp. This is very well said, but we fear the history of literature will furnish but few examples in which the good old poet's theory has been reduced to practice—his own case, we believe, approaches as near to an example, as almost any one in recent times. No spectacle, certainly,

can be so noble, as the life of a man of true and lofty genius, regulated throughout upon such a principle. Such, we have every reason to believe, was the case with Shakspeare—with Spenser—with Milton—and such we know has been, and is the case, with a few others of the world's greatest names. But how completely the reverse was the fact in regard to Dryden, to Pope, to Addison—how completely the reverse is the fact in regard to the estimable living names of Wordsworth, of Southey—and in regard to almost all the living names that rank under theirs! Lord Byron has himself said many witty things about the absurdities of “an author all over”—and, in his personal conversation, he was almost always the mere man of fashion. But we know enough of his temper and feelings to be perfectly convinced that all this was a matter of elaborate art and study with him—that he was playing a part when he figured as the dandy Lord—that his mind was more continually, restlessly, and intensely occupied with literary matters, and, above all, his own literary reputation, than perhaps ever was the case with any other man of the same sort of rank in the world of letters, but Voltaire. In fact, the very sarcasms Lord Byron has bestowed upon these foibles, are only so many proofs that they lay very near his own heart. There is no trick of self-love more common than that of ridiculing in others the fault which we feel, and which we would fain have others not detect, in ourselves. How often does a sore conscience mask itself in a grin!

How did the English public conduct itself in regard to this most sensitive artist? From the beginning of his true career—it began with *Childe Harold*—we, in spite of all manner of disclamations and protestations, insisted upon saddling Byron, himself personally, with every attribute, however dark and repulsive, with which he had chosen to invent a certain fictitious personage, the hero of a romance. It is true enough, that the thoughts and feelings embodied in this fictitious personage's character, as poetized by Lord Byron, must have at some time or other passed through Lord Byron's own mind, and subsequent events decidedly shewed that many of them had been too much at home there. But the world was hasty, and there-

fore unjust. How do we know, that if *Harold* had been criticised merely as the character of *Macbeth* or *Marmion* is criticised, Lord Byron would have continued to paint little else but *Childe Harold*? How do we know how much our obstinate blending of *Harold* with Byron, stimulated the proud and indignant Byron to blend himself with *Harold*? How do we know, that we did not ourselves, by our method of criticizing his work, tempt the poet's haughty mind to brood exclusively on those very trains of dark and misanthropic thought, which, had we done otherwise, might have given way to everything that was happy and genial? There are horses, to whom no spur equals the stimulus of the bit.

But more—let people consider for a moment what it is that they demand when they insist upon a poet of Byron's class abstaining altogether from expressing in his works anything of his own feelings in regard to anything that immediately concerns his own history. We tell him in every possible form and shape, that the great and distinguishing merit of his poetry is the intense truth with which that poetry expresses his own personal feelings.—We encourage him in every possible way to dissect his own heart for our entertainment—we tempt him, by every bribe most likely to act powerfully on a young and imaginative man, to plunge into the darkest depths of self-knowledge, to madden his brain with eternal self-scrutinies, to find his pride and his pleasure in what others shrunk from as torture—we tempt him to indulge in these dangerous exercises, until they obviously acquire the power of leading him to the very brink of phrenzy—we tempt him to find, and to see in this perilous vocation, the staple of his existence, the food of his ambition, the very essence of his glory—and the moment that, by habits of our own creating, at least of our own encouraging and confirming, he is carried one single step beyond what we happen to approve of, we turn round with all the bitterness of spleen, and reproach him with the unmanliness of entertaining the public with his feelings in regard to his separation from his wife. This was truly the conduct of a fair and liberal public! To our view of the matter, Lord Byron, treated as he had been, tempted as he had been, and tortured and insulted as he

was at the moment, did no more forfeit his character by writing what he did write upon that unhappy occasion, than another man, under circumstances of the same nature, would have done, by telling something of his mind about it to an intimate friend across the fire. The public had forced him into the habits of familiarity, and they received his confidence with nothing but anger and scorn.

We had written thus far, when a little volume, entitled "Letters on the Character and Genius of Lord Byron,"* was put into our hands. The author is Sir Egerton Brydges, a gentleman whose general character must be tolerably well known among most of our readers. Sir Egerton is now a man advanced in years, and it is not difficult to trace in this book the feelings of one, who does not think himself to have been over well treated in the world. He has unquestionably shewn something very like genius in several of his works—especially in the novel of Clifford—but his range of mind has always been considered as small, and there has undoubtedly been a sad want of power and breadth, either of design or execution, in all his works. His name, however, was respectable, and we think, upon the whole, it will be considerably raised, when the production now before us has attracted general notice—which we perceive it has not yet done—indeed, even we have only heard of it, and seen it, by pure accident. Sir Egerton's book is altogether deficient in plan and arrangement. Tautology and repetition are most wearisomely abundant in it; weak things are said over and over again, and strong thoughts are said weakly. Nevertheless, Sir Egerton appears throughout as a most candid and upright critic of Lord Byron—he aims at *truth*—he writes in the true spirit of a gentleman—and if in relation to Lord Byron's poetical works, his own little views and theories are often introduced with no good effect, in relation to the character of the man, he—being entirely above the paltry feelings of envy, malice, and uncharitableness,—speaks throughout, we must say, in a tone of manliness and elevation, calculated to do him the highest honour.

There is nothing *here* of the feelings of the disappointed author, though we think there is much of the feelings of the high-born gentleman, who supposes himself, we know not how justly, to have met with less success than he was entitled to in the present fashionable society of England. Perhaps some sympathies as to this last matter may have, however unconscious Sir Egerton Brydges might be of it, mainly contributed to his undertaking the work before us. This circumstance by no means detracts from its value, in our eyes, and we certainly appreciate most warmly the zeal with which a neglected veteran has come forward to vindicate the fame of one, whom few in the same situation would have looked upon without feelings much less genial. We shall quote a passage which we think our readers will receive in good part, in place of something much to the same purpose, with which we were about to have pursued our own discussion. We have marked *one* paragraph in Italics—our readers will easily see why.

"It is well known that the points of attack on Lord Byron have been for some years directed, not against his genius, but against his morals and personal character. An apologist on this head ought to be very explicit, both for Lord Byron's sake and for his own. Were the reprobation and obloquy with which Lord Byron was pursued, from his entrance at Cambridge till his death, just or unjust? Had he cause for discontent and bitterness, or had he not? The common cry is, that he had not!—that he threw away genius, rank, station, the world's favour,—nay, the world's desire to receive him with open arms, in spite of errors and faults,—by defiance, outrage of all decorum, avoidance of society, foul satire, misanthropy, and the indulgence of all violent passions.

"Such, at least, if not the general cry, has been the unqualified clamour of more than half his countrymen! If such charges were true, it would be an odious task to be his apologist, even aided by all his dazzling genius. To me this view of him seems not merely a gross caricature, but a most wicked falsehood. It is not necessary for me to rest my defence on the principle that we ought to limit our consideration to the merits or demerits of an author's writings, and have no concern

* Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. &c. &c. London—Longman & Co. P. 457. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

with his private and personal character, except so far as it affects his writings; though a great deal might be urged for this principle, especially after an author's death. It seems to me that Lord Byron's personal character has been frightfully misrepresented and misunderstood.

"There is in the world, very generally prevalent, a strange perversion of mind and heart, which forgives to young men who have *no redeeming virtues or talents*, that, as the venial folly of early life, which is branded with infamy in *him* who has genius and a thousand brilliant qualities of heart, and a thousand brilliant actions, which ought to efface even great irregularities and faults. It would be well, if genius could always bring with it all virtue, wisdom, prudence, complacency, and self-command,—if high sensibility, or susceptibility, was *always* impressible by *good*, and *never* by *evil*;—but such is not human nature; such is not the state in which Providence has sent us into the world! Lord Byron has been tried by rules not applied to others; not applicable to the qualities of our frail being; and, what is worse still, very often upon *assumed* and *invented* facts!

"I will run rapidly over such of the generally-mentioned incidents of his life as I have every reason to believe cannot be contradicted, or, at least, not disproved. I pretend to no personal knowledge, nor to intelligence peculiar to myself.

"It is said that at Cambridge Lord Byron endeavoured to distinguish himself by eccentricities unworthy a man endowed with talents which might command honourable fame. I admit the choice of a *bear* as his companion, with all its attendant history, to have been a boyish act, which showed both bad taste and want of judgment. I do not doubt that Lord Byron had inherent in him, not only an excess of pride, but a good deal of vanity, which is not always united with it. The truth is, that there was implanted in him that strong *love of distinction*, which is given us for the wisest purposes, as a spur to noble exertions and a career of useful glory! But this fire does not always find vent in its proper direction; accidents sometimes impede it; blights, chills, obstructions, turn it aside; it is then almost sure, if it be strong, to break out in excrescences, funguses, diseases! Lord Byron had been oppressed and disappointed at school; he came to college with a wounded pride, and his manners, and (as I believe) the mortification of a fortune inadequate to his rank, exposed

him to a reception there which dwelt upon his haughty and meditative spirit, soured a temper naturally fierce, and drove his active feelings into extravagances in mere despair. This might be regretted; but there was nothing unnatural in it, nothing radically bad, nothing irredeemable, nothing unlike what has happened to thousands who have turned out virtuous and excellent members of society.

"But mark how much of the noble flame of a cultivated, amiable, and splendid mind was working in him, in his better and more congenial hours, even *now*. At this crisis he wrote those poems which were published under the title of *Hours of Idleness*! And mark, too, how this effort of a grand spirit emerging from a cloud was met!—It was turned into the most offensive mockery and insult!!—The author of that mischievous article has been named to me, but I am not at liberty to repeat it. I do not think it exaggeration to say, that much of the colour of the eccentric part of Lord Byron's future life is to be attributed to that article. Lord Byron, also, is said in his latter life to have known the author.

"Lord Byron now went abroad; but not till he had taken vengeance of his critics, and gained an advantage which must, in some degree, have consoled him; but the wound still rankled:—

hæret lateri lethalis arundo!

"The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* show that neither his understanding, his feelings, nor his genius, were allowed to sleep on his travels. Eccentricities, as strong as those exhibited at Cambridge, and produced by the same causes, may, perhaps, have been indulged during these wanderings; but it is clear, that they were never suffered to overlay his genius, or break down the energies of his mind or heart. I know not whether, if he did not resist to join in the youthful follies by which the more common beings of his age, and rank, and sphere of life endeavour to render themselves remarkable, the flame which could still burn so brightly in the midst of such an enfeebling and extinguishing atmosphere, did not thus prove its vigour and its virtue more decidedly, than if carefully cultivated, and kept from all perils and counteractions.—It is a sickly flame which never makes the cauldron boil over, and cannot live amid winds and tempests, even at the expense of sometimes taking a wrong and dangerous direction.

"At the age of twenty-four, after three

years of absence, Lord Byron returned from his first travels. The publication of the first part of *Childe Harold*, (1812,) brought him into immediate fashion. But this sort of fashion, this quick pass from one extreme to another, is almost as dangerous and oversetting in youth to a sensitive, fiery, and turbid spirit, as neglect and obloquy. It is like one used only to the bracing drink of cold waters suddenly overtaken by strong and inebriating wine! It must be recollected, that though in the democratic temper which prevails in England, Lord Byron's rank would not by itself procure him proper notice; yet when the whim of fashion fixed its eye on him on other accounts, it was a great aid, and increased fivefold the silly distinction which it confers with such blind adulation on its idols. I will not degrade my pen by attempting to give a picture of the manner in which it acts, or an examination of the little despicable cabals, artifices, intrigues, passions, and insanities, on these puny narrow stages of life, where the actors and actresses have the folly and blindness to call themselves *the world*, as if these few hundreds of silly people formed the exclusively-important part of mankind!—nay, as if they *monopolized* title, birth, rank, wealth, polish, talent, and knowledge; and this at a crisis, *when the ancient and great nobility keep themselves for the most part aloof*;* and when these *exclusionists* are principally *new titles, East Indians, adventurers, noisy politicians, impudent wits of low origin, vulgar emergers from the city suddenly got rich, contractors, Jews, rhyming orators, and scheming parsons, who have pushed themselves into notice by dint of open purse or brazen face; and who get a little bad gilding, like the gingerbread of a rustic fair, by a few cast duchesses, countesses, &c. who, having come to the end of their own pockets, credits, and characters, are willing to come wherever the doors of large houses can be opened to them, and the costs of expensive entertainments paid!*

"Into this new world, besetting to the young, the vain, and the inexperienced, Lord Byron was now plunged. It is true that his family was ancient, and had been highly allied, and might fairly be said to belong to the old nobility;—but I trust it will not be deemed invidious to say frankly, that they were now in their wane: his father had lived in high life; but he died when the son was an infant, leaving

the wreck of a spent fortune, and a widow to whose affairs retirement from the world became necessary, and who brought up her son among her own relations in Scotland, till the time when he was sent to Harrow.

"There is nothing more illiberal than a *great school* on the subject of fortune, manners, and connexions. When these operate to furnish mortification to a proud, sullen spirit, the chances are that it never recovers from its effects. Every one knows that the great passion of boys assembled in large numbers is to mortify each other. I learned many years ago, from good intelligence, that Lord Byron was especially subjected to these effects. I think, therefore, that candour ought to make some allowance, if, under these circumstances, the sudden blaze of fashion that fell on Lord Byron had a sort of undue temporary influence over his strong mind, which it would not otherwise have had.

"I say *temporary*;—I shall presently show that he emancipated himself from it to a degree and in a manner which has been made an offensive charge against him, but which appears to me a proof of his radical magnanimity and rectitude.

"But in the midst of this burst of fashionable idolatry his enemies and his traducers never left him. Not only were every error and indiscretion of his past life brought forward and made the theme of every tongue, but all were exaggerated; and there were added to them a thousand utter inventions of diabolical malignity. I had forgot to mention the old monk's skull, found at *Newstead*, which he had formed into a drinking-cup, when he first quitted Cambridge for the old mansion of his ancestors, and the orgies of which among his companions he made it a part. It must be confessed that it was an unfeeling frolic which it would be vain to excuse, and which, I must frankly own, fills me with a painful shudder that I cannot overcome. I am willing to surrender it to the opprobrium which it deserves. But his calumniators were not content with this; they founded the most revolting perversions on it, which have found their way into the German and other foreign biographies of our poet. It cannot, however, but strike us, that many a youth of rank has been guilty of a hundred jokes equally objectionable,—yet against whom such acts, if he happened

* Our readers will recollect what was said in our Number for last November, about the fact, that Lord Byron never had access to the *real first class* of London society. Mr Bowles has quoted the passage we allude to in his late "Final Appeal" upon the Pope Controversy with Roscoe and Byron.

to be stupid, and never to have done a good thing to counterbalance them, were never brought forward as objections to his amiableness or respectability.

"Four eventful years (1812 to 1815) passed in this manner in England. It was on the 2d of January, 1815, that Lord Byron's marriage took place: a subject on which it is not necessary to my purpose to enter into any details, and which I willingly avoid. All the world knows that it was not happy, and that, wherever the fault lay, it embittered the remainder of his days.

"The charge against Lord Byron is,—not that he fell a victim to excessive temptations, and a combination of circumstances which it required a very rare and extraordinary degree of virtue, wisdom, prudence, and steadiness, to surmount,—but that he abandoned a situation of uncommon advantages, and fell weakly, pusillanimously, and selfishly, when victory would have been easy, and when defeat was ignominious. I have anticipated much of the answer to this charge: I will dwell a little more on it. I do not deny that Lord Byron inherited some very desirable and even enviable privileges in the lot of life which fell to his share. I should falsify my known sentiments if I treated lightly the gift of an ancient English peerage, and a name of honour and venerable antiquity: but without a fortune competent to that rank, it is not 'a bed of roses';—nay, it is attended with many and extreme difficulties, and the difficulties are exactly such as a genius and temper like Lord Byron's were least calculated to meet;—at any rate, least calculated to meet under the peculiar collateral circumstances in which he was placed. His income was very narrow: his *Newstead* property left him a very small disposable surplus: his *Lancashire* property was, in its condition, &c. unproductive. A profession,—such as the army,—might have lessened, or almost annihilated, the difficulties of his peculiar position,—but probably his laziness rendered this impossible. He seems to have had a love of independence, which was noble, and, probably, even an intractability; but this temper added to his indisposition to bend and adapt himself to his lot. A dull, or supple, or intriguing man, without a single good quality of head or heart, might have managed it much better. He might have made himself subservient to government, and wormed himself into some lucrative place; or he might have lived meanly, conformed himself stupidly or cringingly to all humours, and been borne onward on the wings of society with little personal expense.

"Lord Byron was of another quality and temperament: if the world would not conform to him, still less would he conform to them. He had all the manly baronial pride of his ancestors, though he had not all their wealth, and their means of generosity, hospitality, and patronage: he had the will, alas! without the power.

"With this temper, these feelings, this genius, exposed to a combination of such untoward and trying circumstances, it would indeed have been inimitably praiseworthy if Lord Byron could have been always wise, prudent, calm, correct, pure, virtuous, and unassailable:—if he could have shown all the force and splendour of his mighty poetical energies, without any mixture of their clouds, their baneful lightnings, or their storms:—if he could have preserved all his sensibility to every kind and noble passion, yet have remained placid and unaffected by the attack of any blameable emotion;—that is, it would have been admirable if he had been an angel, and not a man!

"Unhappily, the outrages he received, the gross calumnies which were heaped upon him, even in the time of his highest favour with the public, turned the delights of his very days of triumph to poison, and gave him a sort of moody, fierce, and violent despair, which led him to humours, acts, and words, that mutually aggravated the ill-will and the offences between him and his assailants. There was a daring spirit in his temper and his talents, which was always inflamed rather than corrected by opposition.

"In this most unpropitious state of things, everything that *went wrong* was attributed to Lord Byron; and, when once attributed, was assumed and argued upon as an undeniable fact. Yet, to my mind, it is quite clear,—quite unattended by a particle of doubt,—that, in many things in which he has been the most blamed, he was the absolute victim of *misfortune*; that unpropitious trains of events (for I do not wish to *shift* the blame on *others*) led to explosions and consequent derangements, which no cold prudent pretender to extreme propriety and correctness could have averted, or met in a manner less blameable than that in which Lord Byron met it.

"It is not easy to conceive a character less fitted to conciliate general society by his manners and habits, than that of Lord Byron. It is probable that he could make his address and conversation pleasing to ladies when he chose to please; but to the young dandies of fashion, noble and ignoble, he must have been very repulsive: as long as he continued to be the *son—the lion*,—they may have endured him without opening their mouths, be-

cause he had a frown and a lash which they were not willing to encounter; but, when his back was turned, and they thought it safe, I do not doubt that they burst out into full cry! I have heard complaints of his vanity, his peevishness, his desire to monopolize distinction, his dislike of all hobbies but his *own*. It is not improbable that there may have been some foundation for these complaints: I am sorry for it if there was. I regret such littlenesses. And then another part of the story is probably left untold: we hear nothing of the provocations given him;—sly hints, curve of the lip, side-looks, treacherous smiles, flings at poetry, shrugs at noble authors, slang jokes, idiotic bets, enigmatical appointments, and boasts of being senseless brutes! We do not hear repeated the jest of the glory of the Jew, that buys the ruined peer's falling castle; the d—d good fellow, that keeps the finest stud and the best hounds in the country out of the snippings and odds and ends of his contract; and the famous good match that the Duke's daughter is going to make with Dick Wigley, the son of the rich slave-merchant at Liverpool! We do not hear the clever dry jests whispered round the table by Mr —, eldest son of the new and rich Lord —, by young Mr —, only son of Lord —, the ex-lords A., B., and C., sons of three Irish Union Earls, great borough-holders, and the very grave and sarcastic Lord —, who believes that he has the monopoly of all the talents and all the political and legislative knowledge of the kingdom, and that a poet and a bellman are only fit to be yoked together!

"Thus, then, was this illustrious and mighty poet driven into *exile*! Yes, *driven*! Who would live in a country in which he had been so used, even though it was the land of his nativity, the land of a thousand noble ancestors, the land of freedom, the land where his head had been crowned with laurels,—but where his heart had been tortured, where all his most generous and most noble thoughts had been distorted and rendered ugly, and where his slightest errors and indiscretions had been magnified into hideous crimes?"

The following passage may also be worthy our readers' consideration:—

"If Lord Byron had been the monster which detestable rumour represented him, then there was nothing which his genius had at that time put forth at all adequate to the redemption of his name, and to render the charm of his writings paramount to the disgust which ought to have

been raised by his character. The fact is, that his writings were mainly the *reflections* of his character; and consistency required that they who admired one should admire the other. I suspect, then, that the *hatred* was sincere; the *admiration* hollow, feigned, and the mere unexamined echo of a few leading spirits, who gave the tone in fashionable literature. This cause, no doubt, was mingled up with other whimsical ingredients, of which the fume of fashion is engendered;—such as novelty, wonder, applied both to the author and his compositions; and in these latter, a great sprinkling of strange, daring, and licentious faults, which the taste for pungency, indulged by imbecile fashion, mistook for beauties.

"Lord Byron had too manly, penetrating, and noble a mind, to be satisfied with a fame, which, however extended, was so hollow, and accompanied by so many frightful and heart-revolting drawbacks. He saw that even in his writings there was a constant disposition to divert the attention from the points where his strength and his merit lay, to throw it where the praise could not be supported, and invidiously to select features that were the ebullitions of those humours, which, though he could not control, he in his hours of more sober thought regretted; and this, too, for the double purpose of connecting them with all his personal errors, and giving exaggerated strength to his indiscretions or his peculiarities. He perhaps knew well, as Johnson said of Milton, 'what nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon other men:' he knew, in spite of the occasional frailties of his being, what virtue, what superiority to vulgar goodness, there was in those happier fits of exertion, when the more sublime or more pathetic inspirations of his Muse broke into utterance, and were embodied in his most eloquent and enchanting language! Yet these, he found, were taken as vain words which availed his moral character nothing in the estimation of mankind; while all his ribaldry, all of his lower or more evil nature, were solely taken as part of *himself*! 'But what,' cries the arch-censurer, 'are all the fine sentiments in the world, if they are not proved by concordant action?' *The union is, no doubt, desirable and necessary to produce perfection; but is there no virtue in the grand and beautiful speculations of the mind, when they are sincere? We are not mere material beings; nor will the rectitude of our material conduct ennoble us, or render us good, if our minds are low, base, and vicious. On the contrary, there may be mighty and splendid greatness in the mind, even*

when our actions are sometimes frail. No one can feel grateful, tender, beautiful, and just sentiments, who is not virtuous at the moment of their impression. The reverse of this, I am aware, must, on the same principle, be true; and for all that are bad in Lord Byron, he must answer. But in this last class many more have been included by a public, not equally nice on other occasions, than strictly and fairly belong to it.

"So far, then, Lord Byron had much stronger reason for his bitterness, his discontent, and his misanthropy, than has been granted to him. It was not all sunshine with him, as has been represented: the situation he is said to have thrown away did not afford so much ground for gratitude, rather than gloom and hatred. He perceived that, while he was treading on flowers, mines of pestilence and destruction were beneath. Doors flew open to him; voices hailed him: but he was of a temperament too ethereal to breathe well in the thick tainted air,—of an ear too nice, to be pleased by the perfidious sounds.

"All these, however, he would probably have continued to endure; and the dominion of his great intellect, the mellowness and sobriety of added years, the calmness which long intercourse with mankind gives to the irritability of the temper and nerves, might gradually have secured to him a sort of fame and estimation less dangerous, and more satisfactory both to his judgment and his pride. All these were irretrievably defeated by a most ill-assorted combination of domestic events. It is absurd to suppose that any human understanding can command all the complicated trains of human affairs, and be answerable for consequences which will befall us in spite of wisdom and virtue. There is sometimes domestic misery where there is no fault."

The personalities scattered over some of Lord Byron's writings in relation to some living men of letters, have been quoted and commented on as, scarcely less than his allusions to his own domestic affairs, proving unmanly spite to have formed an essential part of his personal character. Some of these personalities—especially those about Mr Coleridge—cannot be pardoned, upon any grounds. Mr Coleridge is, and always was, incapable of injuring any human being; and he, of all men in the world, is totally above the feelings of literary envy. He always, and in all places, did justice to Byron's genius; and he had too much taste, (even if there had been no-

thing more in the case,) to make Lord Byron's personal concerns the subject of his conversation. But might not the character of Coleridge have been much misrepresented to Lord Byron? Might he not have suffered himself to be influenced by that sort of ruinour, however absurd, that has always mixed up Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey all together, as if they were, both poetically and personally, completely *tres juncti in uno*? We are afraid that there may have been no want of mean understrappers to poison his lordship's mind with base lies as to Coleridge; and we are certainly quite unable to believe that Lord Byron is chargeable with much more than being a great deal too rash and hasty of belief as to this matter. What motive could he have for abusing the personal character of a brother poet, for whose poetical fame he himself had perhaps done more than any other contemporary? One of the best-natured and kindest-hearted men in the world, Coleridge, will assuredly suffer those ill-advised sarcasms to make no lasting impression upon his rich and noble mind.

As to Mr Wordsworth, and still more as to Mr Southey, we confess we take quite a different view of the matter. The former, no matter from what causes external to himself, from what long ill-usage received at base hands, and entailing innumerable consequences of real evil—the former illustrious poet is unquestionably much belied if he be not accustomed, on too many occasions, to sneer at, and utterly undervalue, the productions of contemporary genius more fortunate, in the worldly meaning of the word, than his own. We certainly have no sort of doubt that Mr Wordsworth may easily have permitted himself to say things of, even to, Lord Byron, sufficient if not to vindicate and justify, to afford at least no inconsiderable apology for, the few insignificant jokes, which, after all, constitute the sum of Lord Byron's offences against him. And, by the way, we do not recollect that any of these jokes were levelled against *Mr Wordsworth* otherwise than in his poetical capacity.

With regard to Mr Southey, the case is quite of another kind. Here there was a real, rooted antipathy. Lord Byron considered the Laureate as a base renegade in politics and religion. Nothing could be more absurd than

that belief—but it was his. He, moreover, believed Mr Southey to be his personal enemy—he believed him to be a man accustomed, in all possible ways, to abuse and vilify him in his conversation and his correspondence. Mr Southey has denied that this was true; but, subsequently to that denial, he has written far more, and far severer things, (in so far as intention goes,) against Lord Byron, than ever Lord Byron wrote against him. He who has dubbed Byron “the chief of the Satanic school,” can have no right *now* to complain of Byron calling him “Renegade,” and “Turn-coat.” They are, at all events, quits. And as little right can he have to find fault with Byron’s too easily taking up malevolent misrepresentations of the tone of his conversation in regard to Lord Byron, who himself has, since Lord Byron’s death, written a violent diatribe against Lord Byron, merely on the authority of certain passages in Mr Medwin’s book—a book which had not been published for a week, ere every man of sense in England was well satisfied as to the utter worthlessness of its authority,—a book, as to the real character of which, knowing as we all do Mr Southey’s intimate relations with the publisher of the Quarterly Review, we can with difficulty suppose Mr Southey to have been utterly in the dark for many hours after it came into his hands.

As for the squibs, epigrams, &c. about some of his own friends, such as Mr Rogers, Mr Moore, and Mr Hobhouse, that have, although unpublished, been sufficiently heard of in the world—we really cannot pretend to attach any sort of importance to such things. It is certain that these gentlemen were always the firm friends of Lord Byron, and it is certain that his fame is now as dear to them as it ever was. There are moments in which we all crack jokes at the expense of persons for whom we have the sincerest affection; and the only difference is, that we are not all poets and authors like Lord Byron, that our sarcastic words are forgotten, while his *litera scripta manet*. The story of his having said to his mother, when he and Mr Hobhouse parted company on their travels, that he “was glad to be alone,” amounts to nothing; for who is he, and above all, who is the poet, who does not often feel the departure of his dearest friend as a temporary

relief? The man that was composing Childe Harold had other things to entertain him than the conversation of any companion, however pleasant; and we believe there are few pleasanter companions anywhere than Mr Hobhouse. This story, however, has been magnified into a mighty matter by Mr Dallas, whose name has recently been rather wearisomely connected with Lord Byron’s. In justice to Mr Hobhouse, we shall quote from the Westminster Review a passage upon this matter, which we cannot doubt to have come from Mr H.’s own pen. Mr Alexander Dallas, in talking of the Chancellor’s injunction against the publication of some of Lord Byron’s letters, obtained by Mr Hobhouse acting as Lord Byron’s executor, has said,—

“Mr Hobhouse was travelling with Lord Byron during the time when many of these letters were written, and probably he supposes that his lordship may have often mentioned him to his mother. This seems an equally natural supposition with the other; and if it should have entered into Mr Hobhouse’s head, he would, by analogy, be equally ready to swear, not that he supposed he was often mentioned, but that he really was so. And yet, after reading Lord Byron’s letters to his mother, it would never be gathered from them that he had any companion at all in his travels; *except, indeed, that Mr Hobhouse’s name is mentioned in an enumeration of his suite; and upon parting with him, Lord Byron expresses his satisfaction at being alone.*”

Mr Hobhouse’s comment on this follows.

“Of course such persons as Mr Dallas and his son Alexander could have no notion, but that Mr Hobhouse’s interference to prevent the publication of the correspondence must have been dictated by some interested motive; and hence, the offer to omit any passage in the letter that might be disagreeable to that gentleman. And here we will remark, that it might have been very possible that two young men, neither of them three-and-twenty, travelling together, might occasionally have had such differences as to give rise to uncomfortable feelings, which one of them might communicate when *writing to his own mother*; but that it is impossible to believe, that after many years of subsequent intercourse, the writer would make a present of such letters for publication, as contained anything to wound the feelings of him with whom he was living on terms of the most unre-

served intimacy. Mr R. C. Dallas, in his letter to Mrs Leigh, which his son has published, asserted that Mr Hobhouse had endeavoured to stop the forthcoming volume, because he was alarmed and agitated (so he calls it) for himself—and he hints that he had reason for so feeling—as if Lord Byron's letters might contain disagreeable mention of him; yet it afterwards turned out, upon the confession of Dallas, the son, that Mr Hobhouse is 'mentioned throughout the whole of the correspondence with great affection.' Supposing the contrary had been the case, whose character would have suffered? Mr Hobhouse might have been grieved, but it would not have been for himself; the indiscretion of giving (if he did give) such letters to a third person would have rested with Lord Byron; but the infamy of publishing them would have belonged only to the seller of the manuscripts. We will show, in this place, another proof of the sort of moral principle which has presided over the publication in question. It answered the purpose of the editor to deal in the strongest insinuations against Mr Hobhouse; but, unfortunately, his father had, in the course of his correspondence with Lord Byron, mentioned that gentleman in very different terms—what does the honest editor do? he gives only the initial of the name, so that the eulogy, such as it is, may serve for any Mr H*. Mr R. C. Dallas's words are, 'I gave Murray your note on M*, to be placed in the page with Wingfield. He must have been a very extraordinary young man, and I am sincerely sorry for H*, for whom I have felt an increased regard ever since I heard of his intimacy with my son at Cadiz, and that they were mutually pleased.' [p. 165.] The H* stands for Hobhouse, and the M*, whom R. C. Dallas characterizes here 'as an extraordinary young man,' becomes, in the hands of his honest son, 'an unhappy Atheist,' [p. 325.] whose name he mentions, in another place, at full length, and characterizes him in such a way as must give the greatest pain to the surviving relations and friends of the deceased. We know of nothing more inexcusable than this conduct. In the blind rage to be avenged of Lord Byron, because he would give no more money or manuscripts to Mr R. C. Dallas, and of his lordship's executor, because he would not permit his private letters to be published; the father and son not only consign the 'body, soul, and muse' of their

benefactor to perdition, but extend their malediction to those whom he has recorded as being the objects of his affection and regard."

Old Mr Dallas appears to have been an inveterate twaddler, and there are even worse things than twaddling alleged against him by Mr Hobhouse, in the article we have been quoting. The worst of these, however, his misstatement as to the amount of his pecuniary obligations to Lord Byron, may perhaps be accounted for in a way much more charitable than has found favour with Mr Hobhouse; and as to the son, (Mr Alexander Dallas,) we assuredly think he has done nothing, but what he supposed his filial duty bound him to, in the whole matter. Angry people will take sneering and perverted views of the subject matter of dispute, without subjecting themselves in the eyes of the disinterested world, to charges so heavy either as Mr Hobhouse has thought fit to bring against Mr A. Dallas, or as Mr A. Dallas has thought fit to bring against Mr Hobhouse. As for the song of which so much has been said, what is it, after all, but a mere joke—

Who are now the people's men,
My boy Hobbio?

Yourself, and Burdett, Gentlemen,
And Blackguards, Hurt, and Cobbio!

What is this foolery to the jests
that passed between Swift and his
dearest cronies?

As for Messrs Moore and Rogers, we shall see when they are dead,—and their Medwins, or, better still, their MSS. speak out—whether they have not said and written as many good things at Byron's expense as ever he did at theirs. Good Heavens! What is it come to—if three distinguished friends, poets and wits by profession, may not exercise occasionally a little of their poetical wit upon each other's foibles? These men loved and respected each other through life—What more has the world any right to know about the matter?

Some farther light may be thrown upon these matters, and others of a similar nature, by a note to Count Gamba's Narrative on Lord Byron's last Journey to Greece,* in which that gentleman comments upon certain passages in the article on Lord Byron's

* A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece. Extracted from the Journal of Count Peter Gamba, who attended his Lordship on that Expedition. London: Murray. 1825.

character, which we have already alluded to as a disgrace even to the London Magazine. Count Gamba speaks—

“ We were in excellent health and spirits during our whole voyage from Italy to Greece; and for this we were partly indebted to our medical man, and partly to that temperance which was observed by every one on board, except at the beginning of the voyage by the captain of our vessel, who, however, ended by adopting our mode of life. I mention this to contradict an idle story told in a magazine, (the London,) that Lord Byron on this voyage ‘ passed the principal part of the day drinking with the captain of the ship.’ Lord Byron, as we all did, passed his time chiefly in reading. He dined alone on deck; and sometimes in the evening he sat down with us to a glass or two, not more, of light Asti wine. He amused himself in jesting occasionally with the captain, whom he ended, however, by inspiring with a love of reading, such as we thought he had never felt before.

“ To give some idea of the silly stories that were told to the prejudice of Lord Byron, and which some of his biographers have shewn every inclination to adopt for facts, I will mention, that our young physician confessed, that for the first fifteen days of our voyage he had lived in perpetual terror, having been informed that if he committed the slightest fault, Lord Byron would have him torn to pieces by his dogs, which he kept for that purpose; or would order his Tartar to dash his brains out. This Tartar was Baptista Falsieri the Venetian. In the same manner, the English inhabitants, both civil and military, of Cephalonia, seemed surprised by the kind, affable, open, and humorous disposition of Lord Byron, having formed a preconception of him quite contrary to his real character. The writer in the magazine, who certainly never saw Lord Byron in his life, chooses to insert this fact, and to place the surprise and delight to the account of his Lordship, who, he says, ‘ was gratified to a most extravagant pitch.’ And at what?—merely because he was ‘ in good odour,’ the writer says, ‘ with the authorities of the Island.’ If his Lordship was ‘ gratified to a most extravagant pitch,’ he concealed his gratification from me, who was with him almost every hour in the day. Pleased he was at the attentions of the Cephalonian English, as it was his nature to be with the attentions of any persons who seemed to wish him well: the rest is fiction. Perhaps I may be pardoned for alluding to one or two other pretended facts introduced by the same

writer, in order to finish the features of the portrait which he has given of Lord Byron. ‘ It was dangerous,’ says that writer, ‘ for his friends to rise in the world, if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.’ This is very easily said, and is with equal difficulty disproved; because the controversialists of both sides may end in saying, ‘ in my opinion, he did hate them;’ whilst the other can only reply, ‘ in my opinion, he did not.’ In proportion, however, as the charge is so easily made, and with such difficulty refuted, and as it is a most serious imputation, the writer ought to have some very good grounds for his assertion. I would therefore beg to ask him, which of his friends Lord Byron ever was known to *hate*, because or when ‘ they rose in the world?’ Which of his friends, I further ask, was he ever known to *hate* at all? *Those very few individuals who, I have always understood from his Lordship’s own lips, were his friends, I never heard him talk of, except in terms of the most sincere attachment. My own opinion is just the contrary to that of the writer in the magazine. I think he prided himself on the successes of his friends, and cited them as a proof of discernment in the choice of some of his companions. This I know, that of envy he had not the least spark in his whole disposition: he had strong antipathies, certainly, to one or two individuals; but I have always understood from those most likely to know, that he never broke with any of the friends of his youth, and that his earliest attachments were also his last.*

“ Again, in order to prove the difficulty of living with Lord Byron, it is said, that ‘ when Mr Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder.’ I have the best authority for saying, that this is not the fact: that two young men, who were continually together, and slept in the same room for many months, should not always have ridden side by side on their journey is very likely; but when Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse travelled in Greece, it would have been as little safe as comfortable to be ‘ generally a mile asunder;’ and the truth is, they were generally very near each other.

“ The writer, wishing to shew how attentive Lord Byron was to his own person, says, ‘ And in these exercises so careful was he of his hands, (one of those little vanities which beset men,) that he wore gloves even in swimming!’ This is certainly not true; and I should say, on the contrary, that he wore gloves (if it be worth while to mention such a circumstance) rather less than most men: I have known him ride without them.

"I could contradict other assertions of the magazine-writer, which, though trifling in themselves, have served as a foundation for his 'personal character of Lord Byron;' but I feel reluctant to enter upon a task, which will doubtless one day or the other be better performed by some fellow-countryman of my illustrious friend. Indeed, I should not have said as much as I have, had I not been informed that the article to which I allude has made some impression upon the English public, having on the first appearance an air of candour and impartiality, as well as of being written after an intimate acquaintance with the great original; whereas, though there is some truth in his statements, it is certain that neither the writer nor his informants were fair judges of the person intended to be portrayed."

We sincerely hope, that the Count Gamba's expectation of a Life of Lord Byron, written by one of his true and intimate friends, will not long remain unfulfilled. Dallas's book, utterly feeble and drivelling as it is, contains certainly some very interesting particulars as to his feelings when he was a very young author. The whole getting up of the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*—the diffidence—the fears—the hopes that alternately depressed and elevated his spirits while the volume was printing, are exhibited, so as to form a picture that all students of literature, at least, will never cease to prize. All the rest of the work is more about old Dallas than young Byron, and is utter trash. Mr Medwin's book, again, has been dissected by Murray, Hobhouse, &c. in such style, that no man can ever henceforth appeal to it as authority. Nevertheless, there are many things in it also which, from internal evidence, one can scarcely doubt to be true,—and, perhaps, some of the most interesting of these may be confirmed hereafter on authority of another description. Mr Moore, *on dit*, is preparing Memoirs of Lord Byron. If he merely endeavours to recall to memory those parts of the burnt autobiography, that never, under any circumstances, should have been burnt, and adds anecdotes and recollections of his own occasional companionship with Byron, and letters, nothing can be better. But we certainly protest altogether against Mr Moore as the formal and complete historian of Byron's life. Mr Hobhouse, by his early intimacy continued uninterrupted to the close, his participation above all in

Byron's early and influential travels; and, we may add, even by his sympathy with Lord Byron's opinions, however wrong and dangerous, as to political matters, appears to be clearly designated as the man whose duty it is to undertake a work which the world has an unquestionable title to expect from some one. No set of people can differ more widely from Mr Hobhouse's views as to politics, and perhaps some other matters, than we do, and always have done. But neither can any one, who has read his history of Napoleon's Hundred Days, doubt his capacity to execute a work on this subject worthy of going down to posterity, in conjunction with Lord Byron's own immortal works. This will be the true "*Illustrations of Childe Harold*." Moore could write a much cleverer, and more sparkling collection of anecdotes than Hobhouse,—but he has, by his Captain Rock, convinced all the world, that he is utterly incapable of taking up a subject essentially serious—and discussing it in a manner at all creditable to himself, and satisfactory to the world. Moreover, Moore is, after all, an Irishman—and it is an Englishman born and bred, who alone can understand thoroughly the feelings and character of this great English poet.

Until some such book as this has been published—and until Lord Byron's own correspondence has, in part at least, appeared,—it is sufficiently obvious, that common candour and justice demand from the public the suspension of any final striking of a balance, in regard to the good and the evil which were blended in Lord Byron's character. In the meantime, it is most consolatory to us, and must be so to every mind that is not degraded by bigotry, arrogance, or spleen, to observe, that the last great act of the drama of his life was, whatever may be thought of the former parts of it, throughout characterized by everything that is best, noblest, wisest. Count Gamba's name comes upon our ears, associated with some very disagreeable recollections; and his book is—as a book—but a poor one. It contains, however, quite enough of facts to satisfy all mankind that Lord Byron in Greece was everything that the friends of freedom, and the friends of genius, could have wished him to be. Placed amidst all the perplexities of most vile and worthless, intriguing factions—at the same time exposed to and harassed by the open violence of

many utterly irreconcilable sets of mere barbarian robbers—the equally barbarous chiefs of whom were pretending to play the parts of gentlemen and generals—and, what was perhaps still more trying, perpetually annoyed, interrupted, and baffled by the ignorance, folly, and obstinate drivelling, of his own coadjutors, such as Colonel Stanhope and the German Philhellenes—he, and he alone, appears to have sustained throughout the calmness of a philosopher, the integrity of a patriot, and the constancy of a hero. If anything could have done Greece real good, in her own sense of the word, at this crisis, it must have been the prolongation of the life he had devoted to her service. He had brought with him to her shores a name glorious and commanding; but, ere he died, the influence of his tried prudence, magnanimous self-denial, and utter superiority to faction, and all factious views, had elevated him into a position of authority, before which, even the most ambitiously unprincipled of the Greek leaders were beginning to feel the necessity of controlling their passions, and silencing their pretensions. The arrival of part of the loan from England—procured, as it unquestionably had been, chiefly through the influence of his name—was, no doubt, the circumstance that gave such commanding elevation to his personal influence in Greece, during the closing scenes of his career. But nothing except the visible and undoubted excellence of his deportment on occasions the most perplexing—nothing but the moral dignity expressed in every word and action of his while in Greece—nothing but the eminent superiority of personal character, resources, and genius which he had exhibited—could possibly have reconciled the minds of those hostile factions to the notion of investing any Foreigner and Frank with the supreme authority of their executive government. We have no sort of doubt, that if Byron had died three months later, he would have died governor of all the emancipated provinces of Greece. This is a melancholy thought, but it is also a proud one.

As for the ultimate issue of the present conflict—that, even if Byron had lived, and continued to act as gloriously as he had begun—must still, in our humble opinion, have remained a matter of the extremest doubt. The ques-

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tion is not—Whether we wish Greece to be free from the Turkish sway? As to this, there is no diversity of feeling among any men of common education, and common feeling in any country of Christendom. The real question is—Whether the Greeks have not chosen to commence their conflict at a most improper and imprudent time? And that question we assuredly cannot have any difficulty about answering. They began their conflict when all Europe was in profound peace; so that they could not have any rational expectation of being supported by any foreign power whatever. This was of itself sufficient idiocy. But more still, they began their conflict ere they had either heads to guide them—hands to fight for them—or money to sustain them. Their chief men are either paltry intriguers from Constantinople, or wild robber captains from their hills. They have no army, and scarcely any prospect of having one, as anybody, that has read M. Gamba's book, must be convinced. They have no resources worth speaking of, but what they get from abroad—And what permanent or effectual aid can a nation expect from loans such as they have been asking, and in part obtained? There is no real spirit of any kind among them, except only the spirit of hatred to the Turks, and the spirit of vile jealousy, and hatred of each other. They began fifty years too soon. Had they waited, education was *beginning* to find its way among the more wealthy classes—commerce was *beginning* to flourish—a national spirit was *beginning* to be formed—but they started ere any one of the appliances was in a state of efficient preparation. Witness one fact for a thousand. A private English nobleman, without any practice either of arms or politics, was, almost from the moment he appeared amongst them, felt universally to be the only man capable of discharging the highest duties in their state. It is true, that this man was Byron;—but, after all, what would a foreigner like Byron have been in any country really fit and ripe for playing the part that Greece has undertaken? Not nothing surely—but as surely not very much.

The wisdom or folly of the Greek cause, as it is called, has, however, very little to do with our judgment as to Lord Byron's conduct, after he had

espoused it. That conduct, we repeat, was blamelessly illustrious—it was clear, high, and glorious throughout. The last poem he wrote was produced upon his birth-day, not many weeks before he died. We consider it as one of the finest and most touching effusions of his noble genius. We think he who reads it, and can ever after bring himself to regard even the worst transgressions that have ever been charged against Lord Byron, with any feelings but those of humble sorrow and manly pity, is not deserving of the name of man. The deep and passionate struggles with the inferior elements of his nature (and ours) which it records—the lofty thirsting after purity—the heroic devotion of a soul half weary of life, because unable to believe in its own powers to live up to what it so intensely felt to be, and so reverentially honoured as, the right—the whole picture of this mighty spirit, often darkened, but never sunk, often erring, but never ceasing to see and to worship the beauty of virtue—the repentance of it, the anguish, the aspiration, almost stifled in despair—the whole of this is such a whole, that we are sure no man can read these solemn verses too often, and we recommend them for repetition, as the best and most conclusive of all possible answers, whenever the name of Byron is insulted by those who permit themselves to forget nothing either in his life or his writings but the good.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul,
nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave—for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

We believe we said, at the beginning of this paper, that we should speak, in the course of it, of Lord Byron's genius also, as well as of his personal character. We feel, however, that it would be in vain to enter upon this at any length now; nor are we sure that almost anybody would wish us to do so. He unquestionably has taken his place as a British classic of the first order: Of that there can be no doubt. Individual men, even of great talents, may dispute and cavil under the influence of individual prejudices, either of poetical theory or of personal feeling; but the voice of England, the voice of Europe, has spoken, and has been heard. There is no possibility that any man should, without the highest genius, exert over the mind of his contemporaries that sort of influence which Byron has exerted, without deserving to do so, and without continuing to exert a mighty influence over the mind of all future time. He is, and he always will be, one of

“The dead, but sceptred Sovereigns,
who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—”

Yet he died at seven-and-thirty; and who shall say—nay, who can believe, that the genius of Byron, if his life had been prolonged, might, must not have produced works sufficient to leave even the best of what he has bequeathed us comparatively in the shade?

He was one of those true masters, whose successive works attested, almost always, progressive power. We cannot but look upon the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, in spite of their many exquisite passages, as weak, even boyish, compositions, compared with the third—ininitely more so with the fourth. In that last canto of *Harold*, so rich with its elaborate pomp of language and versification—so pregnant with passionate thought, with beauty of all sorts, with the exquisite feeling of natural beauty, the beauty of art, the solemnity of earthly ruin and decay—so massively strong, and yet so elastically buoyant throughout;—in the lament of *Tasso*, which we think is, as a whole, superior to *Pope's* best and greatest effort, the *Abelard and Eloisa*, and indeed to any poem of the same class that the world has seen—in that specimen of intense unaffected pathos, and most graceful versification;—in the splendid narrative of the *Corsair* and *Lara*, so easy, so terse, so vigorous in composition, and so abounding in the display of compact and complete imaginative power;—in the pensive elegance of *Parasina*;—above all, in the colossal, mysterious, heart-rending gloom of *Manfred*:—in all and in each of these we certainly apprehend that no succeeding age, in which genius is appreciated and honoured, can ever cease to acknowledge and reverence the soul of a poet, and the hand of a master, of the very highest class. The few, the very few, who stand above *Byron*, must not be classed at all.

In the other serious poems of *Lord Byron* (which we have not named) the public appears to have decided justly, that he has been less fortunate. The *Corsair* threw the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* entirely into the shade; and, in spite of many isolated passages, quite equal to any he ever produced, especially in *Cain* and *Sardanapalus*, his more formal dramatic poems, have been weighed in the balance against *Manfred*, and found wanting.

His *Beppo* is a very clever *jeu d'esprit*: but *DON JUAN* must not be aluded to so briefly. We have little hesitation in saying, that we regard that work as, upon the whole, the most original, remarkable, and powerful of all the works of *Lord Byron's* genius. The exquisite grace of its

language and versification (generally speaking, for it is often very careless as to both of these matters), the keen and searching observation—the perfect knowledge of human nature in very many of its weakest, and in very many of its strongest points—the wit—the humour—the really *Shakespearean* touches of character scattered over every page—these are excellencies which lie sufficiently on the surface of this extraordinary poem. The profound philosophical truth displayed in the conduct of the work—the gradations of the incidents, and the fine developement of the principal character—these are matters demanding more study, and sure, if that study be given, to reward it abundantly.

Nothing can be more true, than that *Lord Byron* possessed, after all, but a limited knowledge of man and man's nature. Such is certainly the case; for if it had been otherwise, we must have seen a wider range of characters and sentiments in his works. He knew not, neither does he deal with, the sound, healthy workings of virtuous, innocent, unpolluted natures. No; but he deals with the inmost recesses of the dark heart—he portrays the blackest glooms of the most powerful, though the most miserable of passions—he tears the mask from the front of frigid hypocrisy—he lays bare the misery of unsatisfied infidel intellect on the one hand—and the worthless poverty of mere conventional forms of goodness upon the other. In *Don Juan*, he has shewn himself to be, as a wit and a satirist, quite equal to *Le Sage*—to *Voltaire* himself; and he has done so without darkening from our eyes one spark of that nobler and more enthusiastic genius, which nature had never before granted to any man in conjunction with such powers of wit as he possessed. No one can defend the licentiousness of some descriptions in this poem; but the refinement and art of the whole composition are so great, that we really do not entertain any apprehensions of its ever being a favourite book with the sort of readers likely to be essentially injured by those offensive passages,—which, after all, are not very many—not nearly so many, certainly, as those who take their opinions from the reviews must imagine.

We shall take leave to conclude this subject (for the present) with another

quotation from the letters of Sir Egerton Brydges. In spite of some feebleness of expression, there can be no doubt that this respectable veteran speaks a great deal of very honest, manly truth about Lord Byron.

"Such a perpetual tumult of violent emotions as that in which Lord Byron lived, perhaps contributed to shorten his existence: it was a fever which had a direct tendency to wear him out; and weakened him for the attack of any accidental illness, which thus became irresistible. If there be any one who is not affected and awed by so sudden a dissolution of so many extraordinary endowments; of gifts of nature so very brilliant; of acquisitions so unlikely to recur; of such a fund of images and sentiments; and observations, and reflections, and opinions, so matured, so polished, and so habituated to be ready to pour themselves forth to the world on every occasion; he must be a creature totally insensible, and stupidly indifferent to all those instinctive sympathies which make us regard with affection and pride the intellectual and more dignified part of our being. He who is himself feeble in intellect, is yet commonly conscious of its value; he admires and views with awe the high in talent; he envies, and would desire to possess, what is thus denied to him; he may not adequately admire the brilliancy of the prospect, when the sun lights it up; but he feels a deep chill and loss of pleasure when the sun retires and leaves all before him an indistinct mass of darkness. Lord Byron was often, in truth, a sun that lighted up the landscapes of the earth, and penetrated into the human heart, and surrounded its altar with beams of brightness.

"His death is an awful dispensation of Providence, and humbles the pride of man's ambition, and of his self-estimation. In the eye of Providence those powers we estimate so loftily must be as nothing, or we cannot persuade ourselves they would be thus suddenly cut off before their time.

"But to our narrow ken, the splendid genius of Lord Byron must still be considered of mighty import. Yet it is the inseparable lot of man, 'not to know the full value of a treasure till it is taken from us.' Highly as we admired Lord Byron in his life, we shall admire him, if possible, infinitely more, now that it is gone. Variety will not make amends for intenseness in particular paths: but

Lord Byron had both unequalled variety and intenseness in all. He had not only the supremacy of a sublime, sombre, melancholy, mysterious imagination; but he had an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, and a most precise and minute knowledge of all the details of common life; a familiarity with all its habits and expressions; a lively and perfect insight into all its absurdities; and a talent of exposing them, so practised, so easy, and so happy, that it might be supposed he had never wandered into the visionary, and never occupied himself with anything but the study of man in familiar society. The alternate and opposite ability of throwing off the incumbrance of all degrading circumstances from imagery, which is the characteristic of the higher poetry, and that of bringing forth those very set-offs for the purposes of degradation, seems to require such contrary habits of attention, as well as of temper and feeling, that they have been scarcely ever united in the same person. Nor is it much less extraordinary, that in this, as in his graver imagination, all is faithful to nature: there is no exaggeration; the points selected for his wit and humour are sketched with admirable exactness; nay, the surprising likeness is one of the great attractions of this comic painting."

"Wherever Lord Byron has given any images, sentiments, or thoughts, as his own, there is no reason to suspect that he has imputed to them more force than his own mind and bosom bore witness to. If, therefore, there are to be found in his numerous poems frequent passages of noble thoughts, and generous and affecting feelings, they are such as on those occasions must have been the inmates of his own soul and heart. They shew themselves by their freshness and nature never to be put on, — never worn as a dress.

"Lord Byron was himself the being of imagination, whose character breaks out in all his writings; his life was that of the wild magical spirit, of which the feelings, the adventures, and the eccentricities, astonish and enchant us in his inventions. The public notoriety of this makes us receive much from him, which in others might be deemed exaggerated and over-wrought. A character and life so singular will always add interest to the writings of the poet. Another mode of life might possibly have produced poetry not less full of power, but it would not have been the same sort of power:

—it might have had more sobriety and regularity; it would *not* have had the same raciness, and, probably, not the same originality and force: it would have left all the ground untouched where Lord Byron has shewn most genius and most novelty, and upon which no one is likely to follow him. If he has done wrong, if the evil parts overbalance the good, so much the worse for the value of his genius. But do they overbalance the good? It is not evil to detect and expose hypocrisy; it is not evil to pierce the disguise of meretricious love; and the picture which renders it *ridiculous* will avail beyond a thousand thundering sermons!

“But they who are angry with the foulness of the prurient curiosity that detects, would not scruple to be guilty of the crime detected! Such pictures are, indeed, a compound of good and ill: they may corrupt some innocent minds, while they may check in their course of vice others already corrupted. But this is a great set-off to the objections even of some of the least defensible parts of Lord Byron's works.

“There is a very doubtful good in believing the mass of mankind much more virtuous than they are, and thus increasing the success of hypocrisy and insincerity. If they are represented worse, the falsehood of the representation will recoil upon the author.”

* * *

“There are extremes into which he has been sometimes led by a course of sentiment and thought, and a line of fiction, which, on deep consideration, will not be found to have the tendency, or deserve the character, that superficial readers and critics have assigned to them. One of the grand faults of mankind, which Lord Byron's temper, the impulses of his heart, and the vigour of his faculties, prompted him to combat and expose, was *hypocrisy* and *false pretension*. He

saw with indignation the unjust estimate of character the world was accustomed to make, and the flagrant wrong with which it was accustomed to distribute admiration, honours, and rewards. He bent, therefore, the whole force of his mighty faculties, to expose these absurdities in striking colours; to throw a broader light on their real features; and to draw the veil from the *cloven* foot, and the *satanic* qualities which had hitherto been concealed.

“He would plead, that, in detecting *vice* under the robe of *virtue*, he was not warring with virtue's cause, but supporting it; and that the cry of alarm was but the interested and corrupt cry of those, who could not bear that their own cloak of disguise should be torn from them!

“But has he not, in the effort to pull down hypocrisy, set up naked and audacious crime? This is the charge against him: and it is indeed a charge which has sometimes a strong appearance of being well founded. All powers of great energy will occasionally overshoot the mark: the decision must be made according to the *predominance* of good or evil. We must estimate by the *comparative* mischief of the character *elevated*, and the character *depressed*, by these exhibitions. Now, daring and *open* crime always brings with it its own antidote; but *concealed* rottenness works under ground, covered with flowers, and spreads diseases and pestilence, without a suspicion whence the sufferings and the destructions come, —and, therefore, continues to prostrate its victims, unchecked by its success, and uncorrected by time.”

We are very far from wishing it to be supposed that we entirely adopt some of these views of Sir Egerton; but we adopt certainly the general course and tenor of his opinion; and we are quite sure that all he has said is well worthy to be *considered*, and that very seriously.

“—————Look on me!—There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some *INSANITY*—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts—
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate!
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names;—
Look upon me!—for even of *ALL* these things
Have I partaken; and of all these things
One were enough: Then wonder not.”—

MANFRED.

MORNING.

THERE is a parting in Night's murky veil,
 A soft, pale light is in the eastern sky ;
 It steals along the ocean tremblingly,
 Like distant music wafted on the gale.
 Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear,
 Like waning tapers, when the feast is o'er ;
 While, girt with rolling mists, the mountains hoar
 High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear.
 There is a gentle rustling in the grove,
 Though winds be hush'd ; it is the stir of wings,
 And now the sky-lark from her nest up springs,
 Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love ;
 And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns—
 Joy to the earth, the glorious Sun returns !

NIGHT.

I LOVE thee when thou comest, glorious Sun,
 Out of the chambers of thy watery dwelling ;
 I love thee when thy early beam is telling
 Of worlds awaken'd, and man's toil begun ;
 I love thee, too, when o'er the western hill
 Thy parting ray in golden hue is stealing,
 For then the gush of soft and pensive feeling
 Speaks to the labouring bosom, peace, be still ;
 But thou art not so lovely to mine eye
 At morning, balmy eve, or busy noon,
 As is thy gentle sister, the pale Moon,
 Which shineth now in yon unclouded sky :
 Then let me forth, to drink her mellow ray ;
 Who would exchange it for the gaudy day ?

R. G.

TO .

OH ! Lady, now the time is past
 When passion held her darkling sway,
 And gentle Peace hath shed at last
 O'er our poor hearts her ray.

Why are there in our greetings still
 Such wanderings of the thought and eye,
 As if we had not drunk our fill
 Of joy and misery ?

Our speaking glances cannot meet,
 I cannot gaze upon that brow,
 But o'er my brain strange fancies fleet,
 Such as oppress me now.

And yet I do not love thee now,
 At least not as I loved before,
 Because our lips have breathed a vow
 That we should love no more.

Well, Lady, blessings go with thee,
Where'er thy path of life shall lie ;
And should thy thoughts e'er turn to me,
O turn them tenderly !

Think of me as of one whose blood,
Drop after drop, were shed with gladness,
If, falling, it might bring thee good,
Or dissipate thy sadness.

I know thy plighted faith is given
To one more worthy of thy love,
Nor would I that a vow were riven
That's register'd above.

Oh, no ! the madd'ning time is over,
When we were all to one another—
Forget, then, that I was thy lover ;
Think of me as thy brother.

And, trust me, when I think of thee,
That all my thoughts are pure and holy,
Though in their tenor there may be
Somewhat of melancholy.

For dreams of youth, when past and gone,
Leave in the mind a radiance still,
Like twilight, when the parted sun
Hath sunk behind the hill.

Then, Lady, blessings go with thee,
Where'er thy path of life shall lie ;
And should thy thoughts e'er turn to me,
O turn them tenderly.

R. G.

SONNETS.

No. I.

VANITY.

BEHOLD a madman !—on the thirsty sands
He builds in summer hour his gorgeous pile
Up to the clouds, unmindful, all the while,
How fleet shall be the labour of his hands,—
For lo ! the sky is changed, the lightning flies,
The thunders roll, winds beat, and torrents pour,
And, when returning daylight gilds the shore,
A prostrate wreck the mighty fabric lies !—
What better are the visions of our youth ?
What better are our plans of riper years ?
We ever hope for happiness, but Truth
Amid life's desert distant far appears,
And, as we build our palaces of thought,
The wand of Ruin crumbles them to nought.

No. II.

THE WORLD.

THERE is a tumult in the wilderness—
 Behold, with fiery breath the fierce Simoom
 Rushes resistless onward, death and gloom
 Darkening behind it in their dreariness !
 It is the witherer of Beauty, lo !
 Strength and the powers of life abide it not,
 Each living thing sinks down upon the spot
 Lifeless, with all the leaves on every bough !—
 Thus is it with that many-headed thing,
 The monstrous world, which, passing o'er the mind
 Of unsuspecting Youth, leaves nought behind
 Except the shadowy darkness of its wing,
 And Guilt, and writhing Anguish : Hope can bring
 No balsam, nor can Life a succour find.

No. III.

DESTRUCTION.

SEE how that Giant, on his iron car,
 With wheels of fury traverses the earth,
 Men, and the works of man, in hellish mirth
 He treads and tramples down, eternal war
 With Order waging and Tranquillity :
 He riots in the tempest ; on the land,
 And on the sea, the traces of his hand
 Are visible ; and, to the wondering sky,
 Up from the bowels of the hills he throws
 Rocks, lava, and bitumen, in a stream ;
 His breathing is the hurricane ; a beam
 Of lightning is his eye-glance ; round his brows
 Twine adders wreathed with hemlock ; awful fame
 Is his—Destruction is the Giant's name.

No. IV.

HUMAN LIFE.

HOW change our days ! not oftener doth its hue
 The lankameleon change, than we our joys,—
 The hope that feeds upon our hearts destroys ;
 Little is done while much remains to do ;
 We fix our eyes on phantoms, and pursue ;
 We chase the airy bubbles of the brain ;
 We leave for Fancy's lures the fix'd and true ;
 Destroy what Time hath spared, and build again :
 Years o'er us pass, and Age, that comes to few,
 Comes but to tell them they have lived in vain !
 Sin blights—Death scatters—Hope misleads—Thought errs—
 Joy's icicles melt down before the sun—
 And, ere the ebbing sands of life be run,
 Another generation Earth prefers !

THOUGHTS UPON THOROUGHFARES.

"Dextra, ac sinistra, domunculæ construuntur."

VITRUVIUS.

"On est étranger à son voisin!" observes Le Mercier, in one of his chapters upon "Life in Paris;" and the carelessness of citizens, perhaps generally, as to that which passes immediately before their doors, might be proverbial. Accustomed, in fact, to the view of an infinity of objects, at an age when they want understanding to appreciate them, reflection seldom arises in after-life upon matters with which the senses are already familiar. It were a magazine of marvels for a man in London, who could only walk, with his eyes open, from one end of the city to the other; but how few men, who are habitually residents in London, would be capable (as regards the "mind's eye") of executing such a task!

For the mere Town, to a man who looks back for twenty years—even though he himself has all the while resided in it—is a wonder! We are so bound up always, either in our business or our pleasure; the distance is so formidable from one extremity of suburb to another; each "Quarter" provides for its own wants so completely within itself; and there is such an apathy about seeing even novelties, when we may see them every day, that a colony of negroes might be planted at Shoreditch, and the fact remain unknown (except by the newspapers) to those who dwell in Lambeth. There are thousands, perhaps, among the inhabitants of Mary-la-bonne, who have never walked across the "Southwark" bridge, since that convenience was erected; and almost whole parishes, east of the Royal Ex-

change and the India House, who would as soon expect to hear of a pavement across the Atlantic Ocean, as over Primrose Hill.

And yet it is beyond a chance, (though not believed in Birchin-lane,) that the next twenty years will bring about that consummation—shutting out green fields and hedges, even in a Sunday walk, from the poets of Holborn; and leaving no memento of the glories of Chalk-Farm but in its Sign! We have already got a complete succession of "places"—"terraces"—"squares"—and "crescents," from Tottenham-Court-Road, reaching all the way to Kentish-Town; and Kentish-Town has crept on until it almost reaches Hampstead. These erections skirt the Regent's Park, almost entirely, upon the east; on the west, a new town—called, distinctively, "Portland Town"—extends itself from Paddington to the foot (westward) of Primrose Hill. There needs now but a short street farther of communication from this last "Town," across the *Mons Coquinarius*,* to Hampstead; and the duels which have been fought in "Mary-la-bonne Park" will then become as merely matters of record and recollection, as those encounters of a century past, which stand chronicled in our older comedies, when the "peerage" was "thinned" at "Barn Elms"—in "the Ring"—or "behind Montague House."

And of all the directions, too, (which rather ekes out this probability,) in which new buildings have increased on the roads out of London, those very innovations which run pretty

* "*Mons Coquinarius*, or 'Mount of Cooks,' so called (see Tacitus) by Julius Agricola, on account of its proximity to the city. Hence (*Coquinarius*, or *Coquinarius*) no doubt, the term 'Cockney;' which some writers will have to be only a corruption of the French *Coquin* né—two words which need no explanation. I think it most likely, however, and indeed certain, that the French *Coquin*, itself, is from the Latin *Coquus*; that substantive being frequently used to designate a knave (metaphorically) by the later Roman writers, on account of the roguish, peculating habits of the servants employed by that people in their kitchens. Thus we find Cato haranguing his household upon the general corruptness of the age, when a Greek slave, a scullion, had been detected in eating a piece of an eel. I should say, clearly, "*Coquin*"—from '*Coquus*.' But there be those who are more learned in such matters than I am."—*Harwood's Antiquities*, 1642.

nearly north, have been the most lucrative and desirable. Towards Islington, we have walked out in great force—Bagnigge Wells Tea-gardens will soon be too valuable ground for prentices to sup bohea upon. Cold-Bath-Fields Prison is already surrounded on three sides with houses; Sadlers' Wells theatre will shortly stand within the city, and draw an audience from its own immediate neighbourhood. We have a paved street, I believe, uninterrupted, running from the Edgeware-road to "The Angel," beyond Pentonville; and, still later, the erections which surround Burton Crescent, have filled up all that tract of fields which lay between Gray's-Inn-Lane and Tottenham-Court-Road, formerly east and west—Holborn and the New Road, north and south. But these latter foundations have never "taken," as the technical phrase is, upon the whole, so well, (from some cause or other,) as those about Paddington and St John's Wood.

The buildings first commenced in this quarter throve, and the higher rented ones thrive well still. But some streets of a smaller calibre were afterwards imagined—houses showily got up, but cheaply—containing four or five rooms only each—to "supersede the necessity of small families living in lodgings,"—and this experiment, which was nearly or altogether the first of its kind that had been made in town, in a very few months conveyed a most strange and dolorous aspect to the neighbourhood.

The new Independencies were finished in the very extreme of gentility, and they were amazingly sought after (the projector thought of a coach-and-six) in the beginning. A great many very "genteel small fami-

lies" came in almost before the houses were dry—who "disliked living under the same roof with a landlord"—particularly towards "quarter-day."

Negotiants of another class too soon perceived the advantage of inhabiting the entirety of a dwelling; in as much as that the right, absolute, of entry and *sortie*, (without reference restrictive as to hours or parties,) remained in such case peculiarly in the disposal and discretion of the lessee. By degrees, however, most of these retiring souls, who were so desirous of privacy upon ordinary occasions, came, upon extraordinary ones, (such as will occur four times a-year,) to be invisible altogether. Doors were seen opened "ajar" too often, and with the "chains" kept up. A custom grew up among those who were "moving," of ordering their conveyances in the dead of the night. And the result was, that the whole Lilliputian district descended gradually into that three per cents at forty-two sort of occupation, to see which fills the contemplative soul with sadness, and the tax-gatherer with despair.*

Ex. "Ironing boards," and cashiered shutters, were put into new commission as *brevet* "counters;" and pippins and gingerbread courted the *gourmand's* eye in little dining parlours—fitted up for clerks at ninety pounds a-year to take their chop in! "Red cows," and notices relevant to "mending shoes," deformed "stuccoed fronts," and street doors that had boasted of fan lights and brass-knockers to them! Area-steps, meant once to keep plebeians out of "the hall," now became an unexpected convenience to the old woman who took in washing in "the kitchen." Children's legs, and liberal offers for "old rags,"

* "The symptoms of failure in a town vicinity are commonly gradual, and their character depends entirely upon the style of the quarter which is afflicted with them. In a fashionable square, (not mercantile,) the first omen of danger is commonly the appearance of a 'solicitor,'—his *departure* is prophetic of certain, and ready, dissolution. Two 'plates' upon one door, in any 'Place' of pretension, are suspicious. A 'doctor,' unless he be of known practice, is always a dangerous newcomer; he is too apt to have a 'first and second floor' 'to let' 'furnished or unfurnished.' Tooth-drawers are getting to infest streets with very good names to them now—nice minds will be jealous of such propinquity. It has a very vile appearance when you find a 'boarding-house' opened in the same 'Row' with you. If you value your character, give warning as soon after such an event as possible. A foot-boy kept in it—the parish shoe-black calling at any house in a morning—a chariot, with one horse, passing even *through* it—or a door answered from up the area—any one of these casualties, in my view, renders a street or 'terrace' no longer *correctly* practicable."—BACON'S *Decline of Parishes* (within the *Bills of Mortality*.)

depended from first-floor windows, carried, *a-la-mode de France*, down to the ground. Mr Robertson, "surgeon and apothecary," (departed) left his name to sanction the *debut* of "pipe-clay" and "tobacco;" and a chimney-sweeper shot out his professional brush from the casement of a cottage-built corner mansion—the very "attorney's house," as it had been intended for, of all the vicinity!—violating the feelings of its five-feet-square porch by the detestable presence of his abominable soot-bags; and nailing a picture (moonlight!) descriptive of his ulterior views in trade, against the very lattices of its Italian drawing-room veranda!

To what "base uses," (as well as monarchs,) may not bricks and mortar come! Houses have their "ups and downs" in the world as well as heroes; and No. 7, in Everett Street, (or the same number in any other street,) may fall as far in the scale of fate as ever did Imperial Cæsar!

The "Chivers" ball-room—"Chivers" gone away,

Might hold a barber—who the rent could pay.

Oh! that where housemaids to *one's* kit jumped up once,

The *other* now should mangle chins for twopence!

And yet these speculators, here—(such is the bounteous providence of nature!) did but prepare a resting-place for the many, who, by other alterations and fantasticalities, were to be deprived of their *gîte* elsewhere. An entirely new and magnificent chain of buildings, forming a street parallel with New Bond Street, surpassing that far-famed avenue in point of splendour, and threatening to equal it even in point of extortion, was destined to supersede those ancient and unsavoury passes, Swallow Street and King Street, which ran drawling—"cum

Bilho Bacchius"—side by side, from Oxford Street to Piccadilly. The cut, direct, from Marlborough Street to Hanover Square—that which one always wished to make, "on the place," with one's foot—for you could see through the house in Argyll Street, that forced you to go a quarter of a mile about—the opening is made; horse and foot pass freely; and the heroic soul, (as it delights to do,) may now drive its gig, straight as the crow would fly, to the place of its destination. Still, beyond this, or any other improvements, of late years, as far as site more immediately is concerned, the changes in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and the Italian Opera House, are the most complete and extraordinary. That especial abode of filth and infamy, St James's Market, and the avenue leading from it, into which the back doors of the theatre used to open, called "Market Lane"—the whole "subject matter" of this place—all the houses—with the population of fleas, low prostitutes, thieves, and hackney-coachmen, that infested them, has disappeared; and the ground is recovered by a range of taverns, coffee-houses, and arcades, some of them the gayest and most highly accustomed in the kingdom! Ten liberties of rats were left holeless by that one cut from St James's Square, (called "Charles Street,") to the Haymarket Theatre, which forms almost the only fine *point de vue* that we have to such a building, in the metropolis! Men now dine off plate, and drink champagne, upon the very spot of earth which Israel Chapman, the resurrection-man, once occupied as a stable; and from which he retailed out the "subjects," picce-meal, which he abstracted from the ground—over and above, now and then, an odd one, (or suspicion wronged him,) which had never gone through the formality of being put into it!* And

* "Mr J. Chapman was a Jew; but, as a resurrection-man, he stood at the head of his profession. Private students of medicine were in the habit of purchasing parcels of 'subjects' from him—he carrying home the entire man, (when obtained,) and dividing into portions at his own dwelling. In this way, Mr Israel, (or 'Easy,' as he was familiarly called by those who knew him,) had the reputation always of having disposed of a sailor who was murdered, about twelve years since, in Vine Street, Covent Garden. The man in question was thrown, in some affray, out of the window of a low brothel, and was seen by a watchman immediately afterwards, in a state of great bodily injury and suffering; he *disappeared*, however, either alive or dead, from the spot where he had been lying, in a very strange way; and Chapman, who then lived in Vine Street, was supposed always to have been concerned in his secretion. Chapman was the first man in his calling who hit upon the device of stealing

this is an analysis merely of the *locus* which stands completed; at the opposite corner of the Haymarket, where the works are yet in progress, translations of a still more marvellous character await us!

Here, to the abasement for ever of all "Whitcomb Street," (the ancient Hedge Lane,) St Martin's porch becomes visible almost from the gates of Carlton Palace! Yonder, the "Fives Court," and all its tumble-down dependencies, seem waiting only for the mouldering of wax and parchment to be as things that "were," and not regretted!

The star of the "Green Yord" twinkles! club-houses bestride the alleys of Suffolk Street, in which coals and candles, *à l'aimable*, used to be bought and sold! Pantom Street, and Oxendon Court, tremble at the prospect of their own approaching respectability, and the furious march of architectural reform—(this must be the reform "from without," that the Whigs in Parliament have so often talked about!)—the furious strides of cleanliness and parochial improvement, threaten almost to open us a reputable passage into Leicester Square!

On the far side of the river, among

the warrens of mean dwellings, which have arisen between Westminster Bridge and the Borough, matter of a different character, and rather an opposite one, presents itself for consideration. We have left the chosen rallying point of wealth, for the peculiar abode of labour and of poverty. It is in these extreme districts, that we find those artists lodged, whose peculiar craft the law condemns to distance from the community. Your horse-butcher; your tallow-melter; your bone-boiler; and your fell-monger; all flourish in this region. Here, your dustman makes a fortune, by amassing, in the gross, those matters which the poorest throw away as useless in detail. Here, you may convince yourself, if you please, that it is a mistake to suppose that the "poor" are rich; for you will see probably one old woman selling gingerbread, at one corner, day after day, throughout the year, whose weekly receipt, (suppose she gained her stock-in-trade for nothing,) would not compass the half of half a dozen shillings.*

What extraordinary places are those ten or fifteen different nests of one and two-story tenements, which have arisen within the last dozen years in

bodies before they were buried; a practice which has since been followed up with great success in the poorer districts about town; and which, from its obvious tendency to spare labour and expense to all parties, may fairly rank among the happiest efforts of modern invention. Chapman was a wag, too, in his way, and had a dog who was well known at the night-houses into which 'choice spirits' sometimes look (in the way of a 'lark,') out of curiosity. The joke, on these occasions, was to cajole a 'raw' into paying for glasses of brandy, which 'Easy's' dog, as he protested, would drink 'as naturally as a mid-wife drank anniseed.' When the liquor came, Easy used to swallow it himself, declaring, that he 'was not such a fool as to go dry while his dog drank brandy.' Mr Chapman was transported on suspicion of burglary, from the Old Bailey, in the beginning of the year 1819; and died, much lamented, on his passage to Port-Jackson."—*Memoirs of Sporting Characters*.

* "The poor love liberty quite as much as the rich; but I don't think they eat quite so much turtle. Your beggar dreads no calamity so much as the being 'taken care of;' nine in ten of them had rather take all chances than go into a work-house; but that is not (necessarily) because the trade of asking alms is a very good one. Three times in four, where mendicants are found to be in possession of sums of money, I should suspect either a fortunate plunder, or some accident. Money passes from hand to hand in strange ways, and many thefts are committed which the town never hears of. I recollect an old woman, in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials, who kept a lodging-house for poor people, and used to conceal her cash under the hearth-stone of the room she herself inhabited. Going one day to this hoard alone, her whole savings, amounting to fifty guineas, had disappeared! She was stewardess to a sort of benefit club, and used, on particular days, to have the whole stock of the society in the same place; if the thief had delayed his larceny two days, he would have carried off near five hundred pounds, and beggared half the bedridden washerwomen in the parish. This robbery (recovery was so hopeless) never came before the police. Aged people in the country frequently bury their money in fields and gardens, and are very frequently watched, and their banks broken up.

the swamps of Lambeth, Walworth, and St George's Fields? What a peculiar squalor is that which attaches to the street, called "Webber Row," and to the line now known as "Charlotte Street," (where the quack-doctors live at the corner;) in which the show caravans stand encamped for winter quarters, or repose; making up a mimic world, as it were, all of monsters and prodigies!—dwarfs—giants—monkeys—conjurers, and miraculous pigs!

A still more miry, and more cut-throat character even than this, applies to a whole wilderness of crooked passages, which lead from the point called "Jones's Riding-School," to the Cobourg Theatre! It is in the summer season only, or in hard frosts, that these unpaved defiles are passable. In vain you urge your hackney coachman—"Facilis descensus"—but "how am I to get back again," says the rogue, "if I go down there?" the pedestrian wayfarer looks dubiously, from the gas lights at the corner of Blackfriars' Road, as far as he can see

into the fog and gloom—resolves—and then again puts his hand on his watch—and doubts whether the road "round by the Obelisk" is not the nearer. The convenience of lamps has not yet been discovered in these wild and marshy fastnesses. Watchmen, (parochial) are an invention of effeminacy, in future ages to be arrived at. You may escape (if you look very much as if you were not worth three farthings) being throttled by the bully, who waits, cudgel in hand, for you, at the first corner; but no precaution can secure you against the pig who runs between your legs, and carries you off on his back (like a new Mazeppa) at the second.* The wonder is, who can be the people—of what means, or order, that reside here? A fact, of which the dweller two miles off knows no more than the inhabitant of Kamschatka!

But if there be curiosity in the many styles of building, which you may encounter in a morning's walk through London, the varieties which present themselves, in the way of population,

An old man, who had been a small farmer some time since near me, in Devonshire, hanged himself, and (it was said) in consequence of losing all his wealth in this way. A beggar, who had kept that part of the country for several years, disappeared immediately afterwards. I knew another case, and rather a curious one, in which a common beggar must have become possessed of a considerable sum in cash. The guard of a mail-coach, which ran into the west country, was apprehended at Oxford, for being concerned in a 'parcel' robbery, and carried more than a hundred pounds (part of the product of his theft probably) to prison with him. About the same time it happened that a fellow named Marsh, a sort of half-beggar, half-poacher, was committed to the same prison for vagrancy; and, coming into gaol without three-and-sixpence, he won the *whole* of the guard's plunder at some game of cards, or dominos! This man was actually discharged, at the expiration of his ten days' commitment, with a hundred pounds, money, in his pocket—if any part of the dress he wore afforded such a convenience. Do not judge of beggary too harshly; a penny seldom ruins the giver, even if he does bestow it in the wrong place. Mendicants may be merry, and yet have enough to complain of; law has done something, when it has made want not desperate, but humble. Few men, depend on it, would beg for a farthing, who could earn half-a-crown a-day by their labour—even although they could be certain that the farthing would not be refused to them."—*Tyas on Mendicity.*

* "Your citizen of Dyot Street is an eye-sore to his neighbour of Bloomsbury or Bedford Square; but this propinquity preserves the latter (eventually) from much heavier inconvenience. It is a wonderful spectacle to behold a creature, half naked, and primed with gin, for any act of outrage—to see it rise from its lair, not three steps off, and issue into a street where equipages stand at every door—and yet doing no mischief! But there is something here more than people look for, in the proverb which says—'Tell me your company,' &c: *A mechant chien, court lien!*—Dyot Street is safe while it stands in the eye of a better neighbourhood. But, put fifty such streets together, to the exclusion of richer ones, and let them form themselves into a parish; and not only that parish, but all the parishes about it, are likely soon to be unapproachable. Any attempt, however, at a system like this in London, has a tendency to correct itself; for the property of small houses, from the poverty of their tenants, is unproductive."—*Cormack's Parish Surveyor.*

are still more numerous and eccentric. It is not merely that you meet different people at different points, distinguished by circumstances peculiar to their rank or calling—sailors about Wapping and Limehouse—grooms about Hyde Park and Grosvenor Place—apart from these distinctions, the people have a different expression of feature—a decidedly different cast of countenance, at Aldgate and in Piccadilly. Everybody who looks at the Spitalfields weavers, men, women, and children, perceives that they resemble no other body of artizans in the metropolis. Walk, on a Sunday afternoon, in the neighbourhoods of Whitechapel or Mile-End, you will scarcely meet one handsome female, where at the West End of the town you would meet twenty. Sunken eyes, snub noses, wide mouth, and sallow complexion—the population is obviously less picturesque.

The characteristic stamp (as to feature) thrown by some crafts over those who follow them, is notorious. We know a shoemaker all over the world by his forehead, as easily as a tailor or a dancing-master by his address. The marks belonging to habit

are never to be got rid of—your footman keeps a public-house ten years, and yet can never knock at the door of it without alarming the whole neighbourhood. So, your pickpocket, from his mere slide and saunter, stands detected to a police officer in an instant; and the wight who has once driven a stage-coach, though but a “pair horse” one, will “square elbows” even in his coffin.*

The red night-caps of our butcher boys, and their still ruddier cheeks—(if it were not for the gallows, such rogues might live for ever!)—the hair *au pigeon* (to a degree of inherency) observable among the haberdashers—the handsome daughters that (beyond the average of any trade in London) fall to the lot of the bakers,—to notice such peculiarities in town as these, would be to count the sands of the sea, or the words of the Chinese dictionary. The crowd can neither be described† nor analysed, but particular groups may be dwelt upon for a moment.

Cross the Thames once more, and come, by the way of the Waterloo bridge, to the Surrey side of the river, where you find a sample of bolder

* “Men are very little aware how much their habits, and still more their opinions, are referable to the professions which they follow. And yet the thing must be so; for, what can direct our belief, or, at least, what is so likely to do so, as the result of our (comparative) experience? Thus, no man could have a fair trial for fraud, who was tried by a jury composed of horse-dealers—because all the likelihood in the minds of his judges must be in favour of his guilt. I have heard police officers give evidence in courts of justice with great intelligence, and, (as regarded their statements,) with great impartiality; but always with an obvious conviction in their own minds, that the man had committed a crime, who had had it in his power to commit it. Barristers of good *Nisi Prius* practice, are, in common conversation, most incredulous people; and always look (though it were a matter stated upon oath) to the *probability* rather than to the declaration. The influence of occupation goes so far in many minor points, that peculiar feelings, (and certainly particular manners,) have seemed, time out of mind, to belong, as of nature, to particular trades. Dyers are a people, throughout all London, accounted uncivil. Linen-drappers are always polite and smirking. Fruiterers and fishmongers every one complains of as impertinent. Tailors, all the world knows, give credit instinctively; geese were swans among the auctioneers so long back as the time of Noah. No man in his senses, for six centuries past, has ever believed one word spoken by a picture-dealer, or a curiosity-collector; and a friend of mine, (the most prudent man I ever was acquainted with,) refused to take a house once, because the lessor was an attorney.”—*Condy—Men and Manners*.

† The most pithy description I ever heard given of a crowd, was delivered in one sentence by a Frenchman, at a late fire. As the mischief and danger increased, the mob, of course, became highly delighted, and the thieves began to hustle those persons who had staid to put their small-clothes on before they came out. A Frenchman who had stood by up to this crisis, buttoned his pockets, and prepared to depart; observing, with a shrug, as he looked back at the assemblage, “Dere is mosh rascal here!”—T.

erections (at least meditated) than those of Webber Row. They are fine broad roads those, which are cutting men's houses and gardens now in half—destroying whole streets in some places, and introducing new population, and new views for existing population, into others! Here, too, you get just now a fair specimen of that curious phenomenon, a *moving* population, which is peculiar to cities of great extent, and of which London always possesses, in some quarter or other, a considerable amount.

Neighbourhoods, in their earliest infancy, or in the last stage of their decay—streets which are to be pulled down at the close of expiring leases, or streets which have been built only to last until a quarter gets into frequency and repute,—these localities are always resorted to by a particular description of individuals, whose nature seems to be to come when others go, and who live upon the small advantages that wealthier trades overlook. Jews, in great numbers, are found inhabiting such places, trading (from the time of Pontius Pilate) in old clothes, and latterly more in “china and glass,” than many Christians could desire. “Coffee-shops,” coal-sheds, barbers’ stalls, and the dens of dog and bird “fanciers,” abound in such lines as the “Waterloo Road,” where every cross street that you look down has a nice green pond, with a few ducks swimming about in the middle of it; cats’-meat barrows stand at doors with an air as if they were at home; tinkers and hare-skin collectors entering, cease their cry; and itinerant musicians as they approach, clap their fiddles and clarionets in their pockets.

Here and there an apothecary offers “advice *gratis*” in a vicinity like this; but the commonalty has no time to be sick, he can get nobody to take it. Cooks’ shops just contrive to exist, and there is no end to the numbers who deal in “marine stores,”—a trope in speech meant to typify generally the property of other people. Rat-catchers, bear-leaders, *entrepreneurs* of “Punch,” and plaster-figure-makers, divide “second floors” with straw-bonnet-menders, feather-cleaners, and ladies who sell ballads against the wall

(by day.) Sometimes a muffin-baker comes and trics his fortune for a month, or, at a “circulating library,” they “see what can be done” with half-a-kit of pickled salmon. But your publican is the only trader likely to lock the same door at Christmas and at Ladyday; the rest are, fixedly and properly, denizens of desertion, to whom time and place are encumbrances of slight consideration, and who can live as well (at free cost) in Petticoat Lane as at St Giles’s Pound,—who can migrate, like Tartars; at half-an-hour’s notice, (doing it with even less of camp equipage or affectation of publicity,)—and whose especial home, by an instinct contrary to that of the animal which otherwise they resemble, seems to be the particular spot which all the world else is forsaking.

This is the line, too, of motley shift and necessitousness, (or rather one of them, for the paths are many to the prison and the grave,) which leads on eastward to a scene of riot and debauchery, scarcely more fortunate, and full as disrespectsable, as itself; but in which the extremes, nevertheless, of prodigality and privation are found enduring a degree of association which they seldom court elsewhere, and where, grotesque as such fellowship alone at first sight may appear, it shews as orderly against the strange confusion of rank, calling, and character, which we find collected.

Between the “Obelisk” and the “Elephant and Castle,” there lies, somewhere in the pavement, a particular stone, which certain persons walk on one side of, whom some spell seems to keep from passing on to the other. The “King’s highway” seems *Tabooed* to these individuals every way beyond a given limit; and within their permitted space they wander vacantly up and down—as regards dress and external appearance, a marvellously incongruous assemblage! It is the modern “Sanctuary” this—(but for debtors only)—the “Rules” of the King’s Bench prison—a slight *peculium*—a slip of neutral territory—a sort of “Debatable Land,” (like the churchyard,) on which all kinds and qualities may meet;* and which might challenge as much, both in the way of

* “Introductions of a very curious character indeed have sometimes taken place in gaols—I recollect one, which occurred some years since, in Newgate, which

fraud and of frank villainy, if its contents could be analysed, as any six criminal gaols, perhaps, within the British dominions. In it, you meet with all the "wealthy fools" whom the law has wronged for years, and still continues to wrong, by not vesting their property (since it permits them to inherit) in the "next" reasonable friend as of course, or in the hands of some public authority. Fie upon the supineness of those who guard the general welfare, as to this subject! The merest crack in a man's brain sends him to confinement for life—its

entire addlement is attended by no precautionary course whatever! Is this an equal protection of the law? or, why is not an idiot as well entitled to that protection as the maddest man in the state? Why is it that my humanity is to be shocked by seeing a poor donkey, every now and then, hunted down—actually fought for—torn in pieces, for the sake of his unlucky burthen of four or five thousand pounds a-year? and the poor creature, braying all the while, actually in extreme delight, as fancying that its person, and not the contents of its

was perfectly melo-dramatic. In the year 1815, a young man, named O'Connell, who had run through a small property as a lieutenant of engineers, sold his commission, (being in Dublin,) spent the money, and disappeared. Coming over to England, and finding himself without a shilling, he at once enlisted into the 12th dragoons; remained six months; and then, having got possession of a small sum of money, deserted. With this fresh supply, which was about fifty pounds, (but which no one ever knew how he came by,) O'Connell again commenced gentleman, and ran away with a baronet's daughter from boarding-school—the baronet knew his son-in-law's general character, though he had no suspicion as to his latter adventures, and punished the lady's disobedience by striking her name out of his will, and then dying immediately. O'Connell, whose impudence and extravagance were alone sufficient, commonly, to prevent any one's desiring to assist him, now vented his disappointment (as might be expected from such a man) upon his wife, and by this measure, he lost the last hope he had—the patronage of her relatives. Soon after, being involved in debts, he was arrested by a tavern-keeper, and thrown into Newgate. A private of the Life Guards, at the same time, happened also to be brought to Newgate for debt, and lived, with O'Connell, in the same 'ward.' At the end of a week, the Guardsman's sergeant came into the gaol to pay him his regimental 'subsistence,' and the first man whom he ran against, within the walls, was O'Connell—the deserter—with whom he had served, four years before, in the 12th Dragoons! Of all the rogues I ever encountered with, this fellow (O'Connell) was the most incorrigible. I met him first, on visiting a friend who was himself a prisoner, pending the issue of a Chancery suit; and who had been induced to shew O'Connell some kindness (in fact, keep him from starving) by the consideration (very inadequate) of his having seen 'better days.' His pardon was obtained for the desertion, after an interval, on the condition of his separating himself from his wife; and, his debts being compounded for, a certain nobleman, who was interested for his family, promised to get him some humble appointment. The first thing which he did on his liberation, was to wait on the peer, in a suit of clothes (taken up on credit) which cost nearly a hundred pounds; and he managed the interview altogether so adroitly, that, in five minutes, he was directed to withdraw from the house. After this he lived by borrowing, and at last begging, of all persons whom he had ever seen, generally in great misery, but always keeping a boy to wait upon him, and do his errands; and the excessive impudence with which he made his demands, amused many people, for the joke's sake, into compliance. He would write a note to a friend, and send it by his 'servant,' saying that he had 'neither fire nor candle,' and begging the loan of 'fourpence.' To one gentleman, a perfect stranger, he wrote, soliciting a pound; and, receiving only five shillings, sent his boy next day to ask for 'the rest of the change.' At another time, he sent to me (he was then living in a wretched garret, and wrote that he was naked) to ask a suit of clothes; I gave him, among other things, a pair of undress military overalls, and he sent his boy back, *six miles*, to ask me for the *chains*! Eventually, he again enlisted into a foot regiment, and (relying on the exertions of his family) again deserted. This time, however, they refused to interfere, and he was sent to the coast of Africa, where he still remains."—*Sketches in London.*

pannier, is the object of pursuit—an error which, from the pure innocence it evinces, only aggravates our pity for the hapless *Grison's* condition! The ancient custom—for some deserving man to “beg” a pension of this sort, (that was, the spending of his estate,) from the king—was a most sound and judicious practice, and ought to be returned to.

But, for the fools, here they are in great numbers! Marry, there are places where it might scarcely be believed, if a man should say—“The metropolis of England nourishes such hordes of prisoners, that they cannot be kept under lock and key; but have, for years back, merely had, *custodia libera*, a particular quarter of the city, which they quit as they think proper, but which is assigned them for their residence!” Here they are, in great numbers, all the town fools who have had their day, whose fathers and grandfathers have been damned for the way in which they got money, and who themselves deserve to encounter a similar inconvenience for the way in which they have spent it.

Here is the gentleman who wore dove-coloured coats, and, for five years, always put on a new one every morning!

Here is the other gentleman, who never could tie a cravat on short of the sixteenth or eighteenth “failure;” and who now (from some cause or other) fails to tie on any cravat at all!

Here come the whole of the club that used to dine at P——’s, not where the wine was best, but where the bottles were the smallest; and the gentleman who meets them is he who gave six thousand pounds for his “dressing-case,” and discharged his footman for the vulgarity of perfuming himself with lavender water!

The “Bully Backs,” the swindlers, the gamblers, and all those who have been used to live *col mano*, fare better than the “Esquires,” in a society where law, either civil or criminal, is pretty nearly out of the question.

They are the basket-makers on the Indian island—a commonwealth sees no distinction of persons—the rogues are heavy-fisted—magistrates are slow to interfere—and they *know* their opponents too, in most cases—which also helps courage a good deal.

Some of these shine out (the newcomers) in gorgeous apparel, and have no earthly anxiety, as it should seem, but to clean their boots, and curl their whiskers. Others abide in garments, originally of no less pretension, but sullied by repeated rollings in the kennel, or faded by long and arduous wear. A third division (pantaloons, by day, impracticable) mope in the back attics round “The Philanthropic,” or in “Garden Row,” cutting greasy cards for sport or practice-sake, and “inly ruminating” (credit being stopped at the boiled-beef shop) what may be contrived for dinner.

The first bucks, however, by residence here, are apt to acquire a lazy, sauntering, semi-slipshod kind of air; and may be seen, in broad noon, making an exertion to get along, —uncombed, unwashed, unbraced, ungartered; looking like newspaper reporters walking home at seven in the morning, after a furious Whig “debate” in “both Houses,” or citizens, of forty years since, newly risen from bed, and trailing themselves (as the fashion then was) some hundred doors in search of a hair-dresser.

Since the invention of the “Insolvent Act,” most of the dwellers here are birds of passage; they return, however, to take a fresh six weeks, as often, generally, as the provisions of the law will allow them. A whole host of speculators come and go in this way, whose lives seem charmed against such casualties as hanging or transportation, and who keep tilburies and grooms through a long term of years, merely by knowing the secret, that he who has *nothing*, can as easily spend twenty guineas as ten.*

Some still, (the residents at the

* “The propensity of the human species to be humbugged, is one of the most interesting problems in ethics; and a valuable book might be compiled from a record merely of the more monstrous fallacies which have been swallowed within the last twenty years. It is not six months ago since a fellow in London hired a masquerade uniform—ran away with it—and so walked up and down for eight days before he was seized upon. He lived at four different hotels in this time; from three of which he departed without paying. He obtained credit from more than a dozen different tradesmen, who actually waited upon him, quarrelling for his orders; and was at last

"music shop,") the act" will not clear, and they are residents for a term. There is a lady, with L.300 a-year "in her own right," who has left her husband, living with an ex-groom porter, who has a verdict against him, in the Common Pleas, for L.5000. The match goes ill, for the gentleman has no hope but in the lady's income, and he is surrounded by worthies (a parlous state!) who have no more to lose, or to do, than he had himself. Mrs W——, who only hated her husband because he looked to his affairs, and lived within his fortune, finds living "cooped up in the Rules" worse even than the Bread Street bondage from which she delivered herself.

The tradesmen who carry on business in this Palatinate, know but two sorts of customers—those who pay before they receive the goods, and those who never pay at all. Houses are let always, and lodgings, upon the understanding that the lessor loses three weeks' rent out of four. There are some men who go out of the Liberty really penniless—having "surrendered" their property, as the law expresses it, to the last farthing. Many come into it advisedly, to make creditors take ten shillings in the pound,

where they could pay twenty. You meet some of the opera gentlemen here now and then; but, with all their lightness of foot, it takes six weeks before they can spring over the boundary. Public singers; but they raise their voices in vain; for it is not to such notes that the creditor's soul is accessible. There are authors—commonly "in" for small sums, but seldom with the prospect of paying any sums. "Sporting" gentlemen in an overflow—miss who you will at Tattersalls, you are sure to find him here. There is commonly a good sprinkling to be seen of the Israelites; specimens both of the doctors, the lawyers, and the clergy; and there are some selections generally from another class of public exhibitors—but the PLAYERS^d deserve a paragraph to themselves.

"*Talis homini est oratio qualis vita.*"

"Who can call him a good Christian that playeth the part of the devil?"

W. PRYNNE.

Returning to town by any road not absolutely eastward, (so Providence has ordained it,) you fall into the neighbourhood of the *minor* theatres; and, if your luck be in the ascendant, may meet some of the performers who appertain to them. By night or day

'nosed' only by a horse-dealer, from whom he went to purchase two valuable hunters; and who chanced to see—(there was a chink even in the armour of Patroclus)—that his customer had the whimsical fancy of going about without a shirt!—Another man (a far more extraordinary fellow) started from Suffolk with five pounds in his pocket, and established himself at a considerable inn in Yorkshire, as 'Francis' something or other, 'Esq. Member of Parliament,' of 'Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire.' This man obtained horses, upon 'trial,' from various dealers; and rode out hunting with half the esquires of the neighbourhood. Without the slightest reference or introduction, and without even being attended by a servant, he got free credit at his inn; the landlord never dreaming of asking him for money. Being distressed for a little current cash, he became indisposed—sent for an attorney in the neighbourhood—made his will—(bequeathing 'Thorney Abbey,' and immense possessions beside)—and concluded by borrowing thirty pounds from the lawyer. While these things were proceeding, the M.P. discovered that his landlord's sister had a portion of L.1000. He immediately became enamoured; proposed marriage; the family believed, and were charmed at the honour which awaited them! Upon this, to shun the proverbial danger of delay, (although he had the friends' consent,) he carried the young woman privately across the border, and married her. On their return, they were re-married according to the rites of the English Church. The possessor of 'Thorney Abbey' then prepared to set out for Cambridgeshire; promised to make his new brother-in-law Mayor of London; asked for the L.1000; and was on the point of receiving it. But an old woman, the bride's grandmother, being peevish with the rheumatism, fancied that he was an impostor. The charge spread as hastily as his importance had done; nobody remembered to have seen any of his money. Being laid hold of, and clapped into prison, he turned out to be a journeyman cooper from Wisbeach, with a wife and three children; and was eventually tried for the bigamy, and transported from the next Appleby Assizes."—BEAUMONT on Police.

* "Plaies are prynted on the best crowne paper—far better than most Bibles!"—*Histrio Mastix*.

—in rags, or in the “imperial purple”—the infant that can but point shall not mistake their profession for a moment!—Taken, at hazard, from among all ranks in society, but usually from the lowest, they are the people, these, whom Madam Fortune selects, by preference, to play her tricks with—their life is but as a harlequin pantomime, in which the public plays Clown, and insanity seems to hold the bat.

Reception into the “company” of an inferior theatre is not difficult to any girl of fifteen, who possesses tolerable personal advantages, and a disposition to make the readiest use of them. They commonly begin in “the figure”—that is, they get permission, after half a dozen lessons in dancing, to make that display of themselves in the *corps de ballet*, gratuitously, which costs a trifling stipend to the “manager,” when made by unfortunates of more experience. Such talent, however, as may command eminence in any but a first-rate theatre, is not very rare, and entirely independent of education. The chief *desiderata*, as concerns a female, are a loud voice, a pretty shape, and a pleasing deportment. Possessed of these requisites, a “young lady” catches the fancy of the Circus galleries; and within three weeks, from being a rinser of muslins, comes to be the very goddess of St George’s-Fields.*

Promotion like this happens more often to your sempstress than your mercer, because we admire a woman always kindly and naturally—a man (where we do grant him merit) grudgingly, and against our will; but, happen to whom or when it may, there is no brain that ever could bear up against it.

To gain an income of four pounds a-week—and by doing that which one would give four pounds to be permitted to do!—To be let paint one’s face!—wear one’s petticoats half way up one’s legs!—sometimes, to wear

no petticoats at all!—To wear dresses of gold and silver!—To represent the Countess—the Marchioness—the Queen!—To be pointed at—“That’s Mrs or Miss so and so!” in the street—To see one’s name in the “bills,” in red letters eight inches long!—To have one’s partizans—and one’s likings—and one’s predilections—and to be of importance, even to the manager!—To be “sick,” and have an “apology” made for one—and then “re-appear!”—To have love-letters sent one at one’s own “benefit”—To ride on “horse-back”—in a “new piece”—by “permission”—for somebody else’s!—To be mentioned in the penny-play criticisms—in the London Magazine—and to get, at Christmas or Easter—once a-year—to get one’s name into the *Times*, or *Chronicle*! We are but mortals, the wisest of us! Spangles and sprigged “linos!”—then *vogue la galere*!—Philosophy!—let men talk of that which they can understand—what philosopher was ever a favourite actor at the Circus!

The first passion of “success” is, in both sexes, for the outward (and attainable) semblance of gentility. The ladies shine out gorgeous with satin frocks, and *real* gold watches; the gentlemen all agree in a “horse and gig;” but whether the “coat” should be “frogged” or “white with pearl buttons,” is matter of opinion. There must, in all cases, be a new name—like “Barber Beaumont,” for instance—composed of two surnames; a separate *etat*, in favour of which the family garret is deserted; but we hang round home a little still, in our “ostrich feathers,” just to mortify “Miss Backstitch,” who used to think herself our equal; and so both gold watches and gigs make their appearance sometimes in localities, where no such movables (connected with any symptom of ownership) ever dreamed to enter.

* White arms, and a graceful carriage—we have so much *still* to live for—may be had independent of either chicken gloves or posture-masters. The most elegant woman I ever saw, and the most commanding in appearance, was the daughter of a grocer—an absolute fig-retailer—at Bristol. I saw this lady, who did not seem to be more than two-and-twenty, examined at great length as a witness upon a trial at Gloucester; and the first peeress in England might have been vain of such a deportment. She was very handsome, certainly; but I was not misled by that circumstance; for her younger sister was produced in court afterwards, who had to the full as much beauty, but nothing at all of the same style. The question was one of bankruptcy. This girl had been accustomed to keep her father’s books, and, I dare say, to serve in his shop; and had certainly never received any other education than such as a country boarding-school could afford.

Life, too protracted, is all that these favoured of Heaven, have to apprehend. They should live only—being rightly taken—while the whim that raised them continues to exist. Praised ever be the principle on which decline proceeds at Constantinople, where the first symptom that leads a great man to suspect that he is falling, is so contrived as to be the falling of his head! Those who are on horseback (even although they should verify the adage) until the *end* of their course have nothing to fear; but it is far otherwise with that knot of the unchosen, who may be observed always towards the close of “rehearsal” time, hanging still (as though they forgot that meat might be over-roasted) about the doors of a minor theatre.

The gentleman who enacts the “Murderer” is of this party, as also he who plays the “Constable”—the “King”—the “Waiter”—the “Lover”—and all those representers, *en role second*, whose business it is always in the play for “captains,” and “smart servants,” to break jokes and canes upon them.

There is the gentleman who “goes on” in *mud and moonlight*, and gets his death of cold (and fifteen shillings a-week) for jumping into the “real water,” dressed like Mr Anybody (the hero) every night, in the “last scene.” The “second Harlequin” is seen, and all the “second singers,” variety of occasional artists, eminent as dragons, cows, and camels; the man who (peculiarly) performs the bear; the bill-sticker, who “lies dead” in all the burial processions; the lady who plays the old women; and many other ferocious and extraordinary animals.

Note the taste of these people in attire! They are a *caste* of themselves in everything, but most of all in dress. That “walking gentleman’s” neck-cloth—though not so white as it was three weeks ago—is tied in a “knot,” which by no dulness can escape attention! The coat is always green or claret, exemplary of new “cuffing” and “collaring,” “letting out” or “taking in.” “Shooting jackets” are very much “the go,” with false-topped boots, pulled well up to meet small-clothes shrunk by repeated scouring. Four under-waistcoats look as if they had been purloined from one rag-shop. A pair of seamy sky-blue trowsers seem to have emanated from another. But the hat still rolls,

rakishly, on one side; the remnant of glove is whirled briskly round the end of the fore finger, and there is an air of desolate gaiety—a nod and a jest for the pawnbroker-way of meeting difficulties—about the whole man, which nothing—no, not even the being a cornet of cavalry, and on half-pay—nothing but a familiarity with the “lamp” and the *coulisse*—can impart.

Evening approaches—the duties of the night must be prepared for. Our assemblage disperses, and the urchins who were gazing on it transfer their admiration to some fresh object. We lose little. One moment, and new groups succeed. Turn as we will, in what quarter shall we want food for observation? But Rome was not built, nor can London be examined, in a day. We look on it, but what eye can retain even its outline? We live in its vast crowd, yet keep no trace of feature. It is the object only which the mind can grasp, that will remain impressed upon the memory. Night closes—and the lamplighter, in his hasty march, strides on to put out day-light. The muffin-bell rings out its tiny peal. Boys and old women, already in the field, challenge us (before six o’clock!) with “oranges,” and “a bill of the play.” A drizzling rain comes on in concert with the darkness; the sky bears one look of uniform, unvaried gloom. The hackney-coachmen bend their “top” coats, button to the chin, quit the watering-house, mount the box, and “fares” rise *cent per cent* by acclamation! The “gas” (for that comes by contract) flames already in the shop upon my right. On my left, Mr Dobbs, who buys his own candles, will try to make twilight serve a quarter of an hour longer. In half an hour more the theatre doors will be open, the linkmen will be all on the alert, and the people who go with “orders” will be an hour too soon, for fear they should be too late. Pat-tens in the streets will then be clanking, umbrellas streaming, and the million of lights that burn below will serve but to shew the black above more thick and visible. But this becomes the business, properly, of evening in London—matter which it would require a bolder pen than mine to discuss, or which, at least, from whoever may undertake it, deserves the attention of being treated in a separate chapter.

TIRUS.

LETTERS FROM THE VICARAGE.

No. III.

IN my last letter I ventured to recommend, as a measure calculated to restore vigour and unanimity to the counsels of the Church of England, that the Convocation should be replaced upon the footing which it occupied previous to the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms. That this arrangement would secure for the established church a degree of respect from her very enemies, such as she hardly expects at present from her best friends, cannot, I think, be doubted; whilst its effect, in putting an end to those useless controversies in which the established clergy too much indulge, would, of itself, prove a benefit of no ordinary magnitude. Were the Convocation restored to the full exercise of its powers, men of all denominations would see that the Church of England really possesses a spiritual authority within herself, independent of the authority which she derives from the state as the establishment: thus having an assembly existing, competent to determine on all questions, what are, and what are not, the doctrines of the church; her own members would look to its decisions, rather than to the mere *ipse dixit* of this or that leader of a party, for the genuine tenets of the society in whose communion they had been educated.

The revival of Convocation is not, however, the only measure affecting the discipline of the Church, which the state of public opinion appears to demand. I cannot help thinking that the institution of diocesan Synods, to advise with the Bishop when necessary, and to aid him in maintaining order and decorum among his clergy, would prove highly advantageous to the Church of England. That the powers of a Bishop are, if fully exercised, already competent to regulate the affairs of his diocese, may be perfectly true; indeed, it is quite true, that the external structure of the Church of England forms, altogether, when regarded in the abstract, one of the most beautiful theories which have ever been invented. But between arrangements admirable in theory, and perfect in application, there is the widest possible difference; nor will the almost total absence of ec-

clesiastical discipline from amongst us, suffer us to connect our own with the latter, rather than with the former class. Bishops are but men, and, like other men, are liable to be swayed, by compassion, by family influence, and by the fear of unpopularity, to treat with leniency proceedings highly injurious to public virtue. Hence the very few instances on record of profligate and unworthy clergymen in England being deprived of their preferment, or deposed from their offices. But a public body can hardly be guided by such considerations, inasmuch as its members are severally exempted from any odium which might perhaps attach to an act of the whole. The institution of diocesan Synods, therefore, with full power to hear and to examine into all complaints against the clergy, not only in cases of open immorality, but in cases of neglect of duty, or adherence to practices unsuitable to the dignity of the profession, would be attended with the best possible results. The people would know where to carry their complaints, whenever ground of complaint existed against the priesthood; whilst the latter, aware that the days of discipline had returned, would become more than ever circumspect in their ordinary proceedings. Nor would it be the least advantage of this arrangement, in the particular case of the Church of England, that the Bishops would thereby be brought into more frequent and more intimate intercourse with their clergy. At present such intercourse is a great deal too slender and too formal, nine-tenths of the clergy of a diocese seldom seeing their pastor, except once in four years, when he holds his visitation.

But these arrangements, however necessary they may be, and however calculated to excite among the clergy an increased *esprit de corps*, and a quicker zeal, are not, I fear, sufficient of themselves to restore to the Church of England that preponderating influence which she once enjoyed, and which, as the national establishment, she ought still to enjoy, throughout society at large. To bring this back to its former footing, and to adapt her condition to the taste of the times,

other changes must be effected, and that in matters where the very idea of change has hitherto been scouted; at least, some subjects must be thrown open to free and unprejudiced discussion, the bare mention of which has hitherto been regarded with indignation.

I have no hesitation in placing in a prominent situation among these, as a subject which cannot be too candidly or too openly discussed, a consideration of the mode by which the established clergy are paid, though quite aware that there is no subject, to a free and unprejudiced discussion of which, the generality of churchmen, and of good churchmen too, are more averse. Touch, indeed, ever so slightly upon the question of tithes, presume ever so delicately to doubt, not the justice, but the expediency of continuing the system,—throw out the most remote hint that you regard it as unsuitable to the present age of the world, and the existing temper of men's minds, and you run no small risk of being classed with the Radicals of the day, and overwhelmed, not by argument, but by invective. It is deeply to be regretted that the case should be so. But for this circumstance, it cannot be doubted, that the matter would have been long ago subjected to a very different kind of inquiry from any which has yet been applied to it; and had this inquiry been applied, it can as little be doubted that an entire change of system would have been the consequence. As no reflecting person can possibly suspect you, Mr North, of the most distant leaning in favour of radicalism, or hostility towards the constitution in church or state, a discussion of a question so delicate could not perhaps be undertaken anywhere with a better grace than in the pages of your miscellany. I hope, therefore, you will spare a few of your columns for the insertion of my suggestions.

The sources from which the established clergy of England derive their revenues at the present time are four; namely, Tithes, House-dues, Easter-offerings, and Fees. Of these, the first and last only are, generally speaking, exacted in country parishes; the second, third, and fourth, in parishes situated within a town or city. Let us see how far their exaction tends to support the respectability of the priest-

hood, and to attach the laity to the establishment.

That the clergy are legally entitled to the revenues which arise from one and all of these sources, is just as certain as that the fund-holder is entitled to the interest of his funded capital, or the merchant to the profits of his mercantile speculations. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd than to imagine that the minister who demands his tithes or dues, demands anything which is not, and has not always been, his own, or more utterly groundless than the complaints which we too often hear, of the iniquitous rapacity of the clergy. With respect to tithes, it is beyond dispute, that the most ancient tenure in the kingdom is that by which the parson asserts his right to the tenth part of the produce of all the lands and domesticated animals within his parish; and hence that the tenth sheaf, and pig, and lamb, are quite as much his property as the remaining nine are the property of the cultivator, or the rent of the farm is the property of the landlord. Whatever mutations landed property may have undergone, (and the whole land of the kingdom has repeatedly changed its owners since the establishment of the rights of the clergy,) each purchaser has bought his estate subject to the burthen of tithes. Of the existence of that burthen he was fully aware at the period when his purchase was made, and he paid for it accordingly. In like manner, every farmer hires his fields, knowing that he is to enjoy only nine out of ten parts of their produce. He consequently offers to his landlord a smaller sum, in the form of rent, than he would have offered had not the tithe been deducted; nor has either he or his landlord the slightest cause to murmur, when the tithe, which the one has never purchased, and the other never leased, comes to be demanded.

Again, though the right of the clergy to the House-dues, Easter-offerings, and Fees, may not, perhaps, admit of a demonstration so distinct as that right which secures to them the possession of the tithe, they are nevertheless as justly entitled to claim the one by prescription, as to claim the other by positive grant. To question the legality of these demands, therefore, is to take the bull by the horns, or, to speak less familiarly, is to attack the system on its

strongest point and tends only to perpetuate customs, which, if the stability of the church be desired, and the moral influence of the clergy esteemed, cannot too soon be omitted. I propose to consider the matter in a new light, to attack fairly, and without exaggeration, some of the consequences which attend the present system, and to inquire whether it would not be better for the cause of religion in general, of the established church in particular, and last, though, in these days of economy, not least, of the agricultural interests of the country—nay, whether the clergy themselves would not be benefited, considering them, not individually, but as a body, were that system abolished, and another, founded not in theory, but in experience, substituted in its room.

The only benefits which are usually said to arise from the payment of the clergy by tithes, are here,—that their revenues keep pace exactly with the state of the times, whilst a species of property is secured to them which renders them perfectly independent of their people. That the latter benefit is, in an especial manner, attained by the particular mode of payment now prevalent in England, must, however, be a great mistake, since no church can be said to be by law established, whose clergy, whatever may be the channel through which their revenues are immediately derived, are not placed on a footing of perfect independence towards the people. When, therefore, we speak of the advantages attendant upon the tithe-system, we must, I apprehend, confine ourselves entirely to the effect which it produces, in causing the wealth of the clergy to fluctuate as the prices of provisions rise and fall; and that this is a decided advantage, no one will deny. But even here, the English mode is not singular, as I shall take occasion to show, in a proper place.

On the other hand, the great evil of the system is, that it brings the clergy into constant collision with those very classes among their parishioners, with whom every well-disposed minister would especially desire to be on a friendly footing. We all feel and admit, that a clergyman is fully justified in endeavouring to make the most of his living:—Heaven knows that *most* is, in many instances, little enough; but what is the effect of such endea-

vours? If at any time he presume to raise the terms of his composition, (for in nine cases out of ten compositions in money are accepted in lieu of tithe,) he does so in defiance of the entreaties, the remonstrances,—sometimes the open hostility, of his flock; of those persons whose affections he would naturally desire to conciliate, for the purpose of attaching them to the establishment, and leading them in the paths of virtue and holiness. I do not say that the people act either with candour or wisdom, when they remonstrate against the fair demands of their Rector; far less when they quarrel with him because he seeks his own. I merely state the fact as it exists, and I appeal to the experience of every English incumbent for a confirmation of the truth of my statement. Under these circumstances a country clergyman has, in too many instances, only a choice of evils submitted to him. Either he must relinquish his rights, by accepting a composition far below the real value of the tithes, and sacrifice the interests of his family to a sense of duty; or he sacrifices his influence among the people, and enjoys, to their full amount, the temporalities of his benefice, at the expense of becoming utterly useless, in a spiritual point of view, to vast numbers among his parishioners.

Nor is the evil less, if he take his tithe, as he is entitled to take it, in kind. In this case, indeed, he not only irritates the farmer whose crops are decimated, but the very peasantry, though they have no personal interest in the proceeding, look with a degree of distaste, amounting sometimes to disgust, upon the man, who, having contributed in no ostensible manner towards the expenses of cultivation, coolly sends his waggon into a field, and removes every tenth sheaf of corn into his own barn. Then the chances of being involved in law-suits,—the risk of prosecution for trespass,—the necessity of becoming himself the prosecutor, when the tithe has not been properly set out, or impediments have been thrown in the way of its removal, all these circumstances, whilst they keep the minister himself in a state of almost feverish anxiety, effectually alienate from him the goodwill of his people, and defeat his chances of becoming morally useful in his vocation.

But if such be the case in parishes where the great or rectorial tithes are due to the incumbent, still more galling to all parties is the process of collecting vicarial tithes. These, as most of your readers probably know, consist, among other things, of the tithe of milk, eggs, apples, cabbages; of every thing, in short, which contributes to the maintenance of the most industrious and hard-faring class of the community,—petty farmers, market-gardeners, and labourers. Demand from these men the full value of their tithes, and you will exact a guinea or a guinea and a half per acre, from a person whose entire subsistence depends upon the produce of perhaps two or three acres of garden-ground; or a similar sum upon the cow which supports his family—and suppose he refuse to comply with your demand? Why, then, your agent must repair twice a-day to the cottage, to receive the tenth part of the morning's and evening's milking; he must decimate the apples and cabbages as they are gathered, and the eggs as they are laid; by which means the Vicar becomes, of necessity, not only a minister of the gospel, but a dealer in garden stuffs, and a dairyman.

Were there no other mischief attendant upon a system like this, than that it degrades the individuals who have recourse to it in the eyes of the people, that alone were cause sufficient for its abolition; but the degradation occasioned by it to individuals is the least of its evils. The petty farmers, market-gardeners, and daily-labourers, form the great majority of our country population, and are the very persons who come, for the most part, to church, not because they are churchmen upon principle, but because they esteem their parson. On the other hand, whenever they take a dislike to the officiating minister, they invariably revenge themselves by quitting the Church, and joining some class of Dissenters; and what is so likely to produce that effect as a constant jarring of interests between them and their pastor? I write the following words with reluctance, because I am not blind to the inferences which may be drawn from them; but having entered upon the subject at all, candour demands that they should be written. Let a clergyman's powers of oratory be what they may, let his

moral conduct be ever so unimpeachable, his example ever so worthy of imitation, and his general attention to his duties ever so minute, as long as he is driven, year after year, into personal and angry contact with the illiterate part of his parishioners, as long as his interests clash directly with theirs, and the only way to be popular is to be unjust towards himself and his family, so long will the Church of England be an abomination to the mass of the people, and the moral influence of her ministers amount absolutely to nothing. For, take the matter in another point of view, and suppose that a Rector or Vicar, for the sake of peace, gives up one-half, or more than one-half, of what he is by law entitled to claim, what follows? He ceases, indeed, to be an object of hatred, but he becomes an object of contempt; being despised as one ignorant of the ways of the world, and too much of a fool to manage his own affairs. It is a sad alternative this for a national clergy to choose between, the contempt or the hatred of their parishioners; but it is the only alternative which the tithe system leaves to the clergy of England.

When the payment of tithes was first introduced into this and all other Christian countries, it constituted not only the most convenient, but the only convenient method which could have been devised, for the support of the priesthood. In those rude and barbarous times, when a circulating medium was, comparatively speaking, hardly known, and all commerce consisted only in an exchange of one species of goods for another, it would have been extremely difficult, if not utterly impossible, to remunerate the clergy in any other way than by admitting them to a participation in the fruits of the earth; whilst the case of the Jewish priesthood, to whom a tithe had been assigned by God himself, very naturally suggested itself as a fit example to be followed with respect to the Christian priesthood. Besides all which, the lands being then cultivated by serfs and vassals, for the exclusive benefit of the baron, no angry feeling could possibly arise between the cultivator and the priest, when the latter came to demand his portion of the produce. On the contrary, it was to the vassals a matter of congratulation, that at least a

moiety of the fruits of their toil went to benefit the priest, whom they loved and respected, rather than that all should be swallowed up by the baron, whom they dreaded and abhorred; nor would a murmur have escaped them, had one-fifth, instead of one-tenth, been dedicated to that use. In this, however, as in other matters, the lapse of ages has gradually wrought a change. Our fields are no longer cultivated by the many for the benefit of the few; every man has a personal interest in his own labour; and hence each exaction, no matter from what quarter it may come, which directly tends to diminish the profits arising from their labour, is regarded by the labouring classes as an oppression. Hence it is that the tithe-system, which was once admired, is now detested; for though all educated and enlightened men know, that its most striking peculiarity is the insuperable obstacle which it opposes to undue exaction on the part of the clergy, you cannot persuade of this, men who are neither educated nor enlightened. These, and it is from these that the clergyman is compelled to collect his tithes, either cannot, or will not, view the measure in any other light, than as a direct tax upon their industry, and they consequently look with disgust, not only upon the individual to whom the tax is paid, but upon the religious establishment for whose support it was first invented.

Such is the effect of the present mode of paying the clergy in country-places;—the manner in which they are paid in towns is still more mischievous to the interests of the establishment. With the exception of the metropolis, there is hardly a town in England where the clergy are not left, in a very great degree, to the mercy of the laity. By the law of the land, buildings, such as dwelling-houses, barns, stables, &c. pay no tithe, tithe being claimable only on the produce of the earth, on domestic animals, and certain mills. Hence the rector of a parish, which extends not beyond the bounds of a town or city, draws tithe only from gardens or other cultivated spots attached to the houses. In these cases, it is true, that custom is pleaded, and the citizens are called upon to pay to the incumbent certain annual sums of money, because their predecessors had paid similar sums to his.

VOL. XVII.

Then, again, there are Easter-offerings which vary in amount from twopence to fourpence from each inhabitant of a house, or are definitely fixed at fourpence from the master of the family, or a half-penny from each of his children and servants. But even these paltry payments may be, and frequently are, disputed; nor is it by any means clear to me, that courts of law are competent to enforce the liquidation of House-dues, whatever may be the fact with respect to Easter-offerings. The consequence is, that in large towns,—in places where, above all others, a clergyman, to be useful, ought to enjoy a liberal income,—English livings are almost invariably poor, averaging between L.40 and L.150 per annum, which wretched pittances are scratched together in a way at once painful to the feelings of him who collects them, and in the highest degree detrimental to the interests of that religion of which he is guardian. His clerk, or agent, goes round once or twice a-year, partly to demand, partly to solicit, that the customary offerings shall be made. If the householder be disposed to comply with the demand, all is well; if not, he either refuses to pay at all, or diminishes his subscription at pleasure; nor do I know how the unfortunate clergyman is to proceed, in order to bring matters back to their former condition. This is a sad state of things, and calls loudly for reform.

With respect, again, to Fees, which are exacted both in town and country parishes, I cannot but consider them as even more derogatory to the dignified station which the established minister ought to fill, than even the House-dues and Easter-offerings themselves. Only think of a fee of one shilling being due from every poor woman, who comes to the house of God to return thanks for safe deliverance from child-birth; of half-a-crown for the burial of a corpse; of five shillings for a wedding, &c. &c. I by no means blame the clergy for accepting these fees, they are the right of the order, and individuals who refuse to accept them are guilty, in my opinion, of treachery towards their order. But they are seldom taken, I sincerely hope, without violence being done to the feelings of him who takes them; at least, I envy not the state of his mind, who experiences no self-abasement.

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while he pockets the poor cottager's shilling. Such things ought not to be. The clergyman should be the parent, not the hired menial of his flock.

I have stated these matters plainly, without attempting to gloss over the evil consequences which arise from them, because I am quite convinced that he is no friend to his country, to the church, or to the state, who seeks to conceal abuses in either. With respect to the church, indeed, that man must be mentally blind who sees not, that her very existence depends upon the line of policy which shall be adopted for the future maintenance of the clergy. Let the present system continue, and she will stand, perhaps half a century, perhaps a whole century, according as the prejudices of the laity come slowly or rapidly to a height; let a better system be introduced, and she will last for ever. The sole matter to be inquired into, therefore, is, Can a better system be devised?

An attempt was made some time ago, to substitute landed estates for tithes. Extensive glebes were accordingly assigned to the ministers, in several parishes, in lieu of tithes, the various land-owners contributing each a number of acres proportionate to the amount of tithe which his property paid. I believe the plan proved exceedingly injurious to the interests of the clergy, as indeed might have been expected; and, hence, it has not been so much as spoken of in later years. But the produce of landed estates is not the only mode by which the revenues of the clergy might be secured, without bringing them into hostile collision with the parishioners. Let an act of Parliament be passed, requiring all holders of tithes, lay, as well as clerical, to sell their tithes at a certain number of years' purchase, to the various owners from whose lands they are exacted; let the clergy resign their portion of the produce of this sale into the hands of the state, and let them receive, in return, moneyed payments, varying according to the price of the necessaries of life, and collected, not from the occupiers, but from the landlords. This arrangement, whilst it secured to the clergyman a revenue adequate at all times to the decent support of himself and his family, would effectually guard him from the disagreeable squabbles which attend the collection of his present dues; and by

casting everything like odium upon the civil government, would at the same time powerfully conduce to the support of the established religion.

I am quite aware, that to the execution of a plan like this, many objections may be urged. It is beset with difficulties; it will unhinge all our notions of property; it involves the interests, not of the clergy only, but of the laity, and of those very classes among the laity for whose support we must look, in order to secure its adoption. There is hardly a county member in the House of Commons who is not a lay-impropriator of tithes; is it probable that these men will forward the measure? That there are a great deal too many lay-impropriators of tithes in the kingdom, is most true,—perhaps your northern readers will hardly credit, that the tithes of three-fourths of the parishes in England are in lay hands. Yet such is the fact; the tithes of about three thousand, eight hundred and forty-five parishes being enjoyed by laymen, whilst those of little more than one thousand are held by the parochial clergy. Of course, the remaining three thousand, eight hundred and forty-five parochial clergymen, are stipendiaries, poor vicars, or poorer perpetual curates, and this too in a church which is said to roll in riches!!! But though it be difficult, the scheme is surely not impracticable. Nothing really beneficial to mankind has ever been brought easily out at once to perfection. The dawn of the Reformation itself was obscured by difficulties; the Revolution, which is said to have secured our liberties, was a perilous measure when regarded at a distance; whilst the overthrow of Buonaparte, and the restoration of peace to the world, were, at no very remote period, deemed wholly unattainable. Yet all these objects were, however, effected by prudence and perseverance. Why might not an attempt to remodel the ecclesiastical establishment be brought to an equally fortunate conclusion?

In cases like that before us, it is generally the wisest and safest plan to look around, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, some precedent upon which to act. Now, it so happens, that the condition of the Scottish clergy, and the method adopted for their maintenance, furnish exactly the sort of precedent of which we stand in

need. There was a time when the tithe-system prevailed in Scotland, to the very same extent, and after a still more objectionable fashion than that which marks it here. The whole tithes of the kingdom were at one period in the hands of lay-impropriators; there are now neither impropiators nor appropriation north of the Tweed. How this has been brought about, a few words will show; and I subjoin the detail for the edification of your southern readers.

It is well known, that previous to the Reformation, vast encroachments were made, in every country where the Romish superstition prevailed, by the bishops, and by religious houses, upon the property, not only of the laity, but of the secular clergy. In Scotland, this was the case to so great a degree, that almost all the tithes, besides extensive tracts of land, had passed into the possession of these dignitaries, whilst the officiating ministers were very slenderly provided for, by small shares, chiefly in the vicarial tithes of those parishes, to the care of which they were nominated. In a few instances, indeed, where the right of presenting to vacant churches was retained by lay patrons, the incumbents obtained possession of the full tithes; but in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, the tithes were the property of dignitaries, to whom the parochial minister acted the part of a curate, and from whom he received no more than a curate's hire.

As soon as the Reformation began to gain ground, the Scottish bishops and abbots deemed it prudent to conciliate the laity, by restoring to them, in the form of fees and tacks, portions of those estates of which their ancestors had been artfully deprived. Hence arose that class of persons, known in former times by the title of feuars, many of whom held considerable tracts of land of the different religious houses, on the sole condition of supplying them from time to time with a small share in the produce; whilst some enjoyed their feus even *cum decimis inclusis*, by which they became exempt from the payment not only of rent, but of tithes, to the church. But all would not do. In spite of these concessions, the Reformation made its way into Scotland, as well as into other countries, and with a degree of violence, which it never assumed, at least,

in the neighbouring realm of England.

The change which immediately took place in the condition of the priesthood, is one of the least creditable of many discreditable circumstances recorded in Scottish history. The whole of the lands and tithes, which, up to this era, had belonged to the bishops and religious houses, were at once taken possession of by the Crown; patrons of livings seized the tithes of the benefices, to which they had the right of presentation; feuars entered into full proprietary occupation of the feus; and the clergy were left to seek subsistence as they best could, in the voluntary contributions of their hearers. Thus the entire property of the church passed into lay hands; every living became a lay-impropriation, and the ministers of the Reformed religion were reduced to beggary.

The Crown, however, seldom retains, for any length of time, property which it has acquired either by confiscation or otherwise; and we accordingly find James VI. executing grants of bishops' and abbey lands, with portions of the tithes from other lands, to certain rapacious courtiers, who were henceforth called Lords of Erection, or Titulars of the Tithe. In this measure, impolitic as it perhaps was, some benefit accrued to the church. As the bishops and abbots, to whom these lands formerly belonged, had been in the habit of presenting ministers to the churches within their bounds, and of assigning to them stipends, so the lords of erection, who assumed the same privilege, were required to exercise it on the same conditions, namely, by conferring upon the incumbents a salary, just as great, or just as small, as they themselves might judge fitting. Of course, the ministers' stipends were in no instances enormous; but any stipend is better than none at all; and these, when once fixed, might not be retracted nor diminished. Such was the state of church property in Scotland during many years; the titulars, feuars, and patrons being in full possession of it, and the clergy in a state of pitiable indigence; whilst the cultivators of the soil suffered, (as I believe they generally suffer, where lay-impropriators exist,) the utmost degree of vexation, which a collection of the tithes in kind could possibly produce.

The first step towards a remedy of these evils was taken in the reign of Charles the First. From that period, down to the year 1789, the system has undergone numerous partial changes, into a detail of which it would be useless to enter here; but all of these have been in opposition to the interests of the impropiators, tending wholly to the benefit of the country at large, and the advantage of the clergy. The state in which matters now stand, is as follows:—

Teinds or tithes in Scotland, cannot, under any circumstances, be taken in kind. To whomsoever they may be due, whether to the Crown itself, for some tithes still remain in the hands of the Crown; to colleges, schools, or hospitals, to which the Crown has granted them; to titulars, feuars, or patrons; the heritor or landlord is entitled to have his tithes valued, and to pay only the same in money, at which they are by that valuation rated. From the titulars, feuars, or patrons, an heritor may farther redeem his tithe at any moment, by giving to the former nine years', to the latter no more than six years' purchase. From the Crown, colleges, schools, and hospitals, teinds cannot be redeemed; but it is a prodigious matter that even in these cases they must be valued.

The method adopted in valuing teinds, as described by Mr Bell, in his Dictionary of Scottish Law, is as follows:—

“The action proceeds before the Judges of the Court of Session in their character of commissioners of teinds; a proof is allowed; and the following particulars will show to what points the proof must be directed: 1st, Where the lands are in the natural possession of the proprietor, evidence must be brought of what would be a fair and just rent of the lands on a nineteen years' lease. 2d, When the lands are let in lease, the full rents, consisting of money, victual, (corn,) and kain, (fowl, payable in part of rent,) must be ascertained; and where there is a grassum, (a fine at the renewal of leases,) it must be ascertained, as well as the endurance of the lease. 3d, It is proper to inquire into the articles of

deduction, as, whether the expense of supporting the houses be borne by the landlord? whether there be more houses than are requisite for the farm? what is drawn for cot-houses, for a smithy, (a forge,) or for a change-house? whether any of the rent arises from orchards, woods, moss, or peats, or from mills, or other species of machinery? whether any part of the rent arises from any manufacture, or from a fishing, or from coal-pits, or from mines? what improvements have been made on the estate by embanking, draining, enclosing? whether any lime, marle, or other manure, be delivered to the tenant? whether the lease be set in steelbow? * These points will show in what manner the amount of the rent is ascertained, and what are properly deductions from the rent; and the amount of the free rent being in this way ascertained, *one-fifth of the free rent is taken as the value of the teinds.*”

The effect of this regulation has been, that, in almost every instance where tithes could be redeemed, they have been redeemed by the Scottish landlords; and where they could not be purchased, the landlord, and not the tenant, pays annually to the tithe-owner one-fifth part of the free rent of his estate. In these latter cases, the tithe-owner is exclusively burthened with the support of the minister; in the former, he is supported by the heritors or landlords of his parish. How this is managed a few words will show.

The whole of the clergy of Scotland are stipendiaries, deriving their stipends from the teinds or tithes of their respective parishes. The amount to be received by them depends neither upon the caprice of the heritors, nor upon any private assessment, but upon a decree of the Court of Session, acting in its capacity of commissioners of teinds: Thus, whenever a clergyman feels that his stipend is inadequate, owing to change of times and a rise in the price of provisions, he commences what is called a process of augmentation before that court; which either accedes to his wishes, or otherwise, as circumstances may direct.

* A farm is said to be let in steelbow, when the landlord delivers to his tenant, on entrance, goods in corn, cattle, straw, and implements of husbandry, by which the tenant is enabled to stock and labour the farm, becoming bound to return articles equal in quantity and quality at the expiration of the lease.

The circumstances, again, by which the Court is affected, are, says Mr Bell, the state of the teinds of the parish, (as, whether or not the fifth of the free rent is sufficient or insufficient to supply an increase?) the number of the parishioners, the rate of provisions in the place, or the resort to the parish. When, on these grounds, the Court see reason for an increase of stipend, they give what they conceive to be a sufficient increase; this is what is termed a decree of augmentation; and it takes place from the time the action is raised. In consequence of this decree, the minister may demand his whole stipend from any one heritor (landed proprietor) whose teinds are equal to the stipend; but this privilege, it will easily be believed, is not often resorted to; and the next step is to allocate (to apportion) the stipend on the different heritors. The decree, fixing the shares of each, is termed a decree of modification or locality, and points out the proportion demandable from each heritor within the parish. By these arrangements, whilst the clergyman is effectually guarded from all angry collision with his less educated parishioners, his interests are, perhaps, better taken care of than they would be, even though left to his own management; in proof of which we have only to bear in mind, that not a single living in Scotland falls short of 150*l.*; that the average value of Scottish livings is 250*l.* per annum; that many amount to 600*l.*, whilst several exceed even that. Now, when we take into consideration the relative value of money in the two countries, the difference of style in which the clergy are expected to live, on the south and on the north side of the Tweed, the absence of poor-rates in Scotland, and the fact, that whilst the English clergy are obliged to keep their glebe-houses in repair at their own expense, the manses of the Scottish ministers are both built and repaired for them by the heritors: When we farther recollect that there are few Scottish livings which are unprovided with moderate-sized glebes, whilst more than one-half of those in England have none; when, I say, we take all these matters into consideration, it will, I conceive, be admitted, that the Scottish clergy have suffered nothing by the resignation of the tithes; and that, as a body, they fill a far more desir-

able situation than their much-envied and much-slandered brethren of England.

It is not, however, my intention to draw any comparison between the relative wealth of the two churches; nor have I entered into the preceding detail for the purpose of leading others to draw such comparison. My sole object has been to show, that, in the kingdom of Scotland, all the evils of the tithe-system have been got rid of, without any injury being done to the interests of the parochial clergy. Why may not a plan similar to the above be adopted in England? I anticipate the reply. "The thing is impossible. There are too many interests concerned; and especially there is too much of the tithe in lay hands, for such a measure ever to go down."

Now, not to recur to the fact that there was a time *when the whole of the tithes of Scotland belonged to the laity, in spite of which the Scottish scheme was carried into effect*, I would venture to submit one striking consideration to the minds of the thinking and impartial part of the community. If ever there existed in any country an abuse more flagrant than others, it is that, in the nineteenth century—in this age of light and learning—one body of laymen should be permitted to exact a full tenth part of the produce of their lands from other laymen. In the name of common sense, by what tenure are lay-impropriations held? or, to speak more correctly, what are the benefits which Squire A. and Mr B. derive from Sir E. D. or Lord F., that these latter should be authorized in demanding the tithe of lands which belong to the former? When the rector or vicar comes for his tithe, he has some plea to urge: "I convey to you and to my parishioners in general, religious instruction, and this is my hire." But the lay-impropriator performs no sort of duty, nor confers any reciprocal benefit upon those whose industry he taxes. If it be said that his tithes are as much the property of the impropriator as any other estate, I admit the fact; but what then? It is a species of property which he ought never to have acquired. If the church, at the period of the Reformation, was too wealthy, and that it was far too wealthy no man can deny, the state acted rightly when it diminished its resources. But it acted by no means

rightly when it bestowed the spoils of the ecclesiastical order upon certain court-favourites. There were then two distinct circumstances which ought to have been considered—the lessening of the riches of the clergy, and the conferring some benefit upon the country at large. Of these the first was indeed attended to, and very sufficiently brought about: but where was the advantage to the landed interests in general by the mere transfer of their burdens—by their being required to pay tithes to a lay instead of a clerical rector? The first erection of lay-impropriations was therefore a glaring abuse. It has, indeed, been sanctioned by usage, and is now fully confirmed by time; but it is at bottom an evil, and, as such, requires, as far as may be practicable, mitigation, if not an absolute cure.

At once to confiscate lay-impropriations, and to gratuitously deprive the impropiators of a property which may have descended to them for many generations, would indeed be both unjust and impolitic; but I can see no injustice in the following plan, which is humbly submitted to the consideration of those in power.

Let commissioners of tithes be appointed, with full powers to value all the tithes of the kingdom, as well those enjoyed by laymen as those received by the clergy, and let a mode of valuation be adopted similar to that which prevails in Scotland. Let the fifth of the free rent of all lands be taken as the amount of tithe; and let each land-owner be entitled to redeem his tithe, at the rate of six years' purchase for lay-impropriators—at nine years' purchase for the clergy. Where tithes are held by the crown, by bishops, cathedrals, churches, colleges, or hospitals, let the landlord, and not the tenant, be required to pay annually the fifth of his free rent in lieu of the tenth of the produce of his estate, and in these cases let tithes be declared unredeemable. In like manner, where the landlord declines to redeem his tithes, let him pay in an equal proportion to his lay or clerical rector; but let no tithes be drawn or taken in kind on any pretence whatever. Where the heritors of a parish redeem their tithes, let them from henceforth be burdened with the support of the clergyman; where the tithes are not redeemed, let the person or body which receives the tithes fur-

nish out of them the minister's stipend.

With respect to the tithes at present drawn by the clergy, let the price of them, if redeemed, or if unredeemed, let their estimated annual in money, be paid into the hands of the governors of Queen Anne's bounty, who shall act as guardians or trustees of the church's property, and apply such proportion of it to the maintenance of the clergy, as the Court of Chancery, or any other law-court, in its capacity of commissioners of tithes, may from time to time determine. Let the surplus, if there be any surplus, accumulate, and form a fund for building and repairing the churches and glebe-houses of those parishes from which it was originally derived; whilst, in cases where the tithe has been redeemed from lay-impropriators, let the heritors or landlords be subject to these charges. By this means, he who has paid only six years' purchase for the redemption of his tithe, will eventually stand on an equal footing with him who has redeemed his at the higher rate of nine years' purchase.

These arrangements having been completed, the next subjects of consideration would be, how are the clergy from henceforth to be paid, and by what means shall the amount of their revenues be settled? To the former of these difficulties a sufficient solution has, I apprehend, been given already. *Whenever the heritors of a parish redeem their tithes, let them be burthened with the maintenance of the clergy, and the repair of the church and parsonage; where the tithes are no farther redeemed, than that the fifth of the free rent of the parish is paid by the proprietors, in lieu of tithe, let the individual or corporation which enjoys this revenue be culled upon to provide for these contingencies.* With respect to the amount of the minister's stipend, again, let that depend neither upon the caprice of the heritors, nor upon private agreement; but let it, from time to time, be determined by the Court of Chancery, or any other supreme court of tithes, according as the prejudices of society and the price of provisions shall direct. Let the same Court farther apportion to each heritor, in cases where the burden shall fall upon the heritors, his share of the stipend, exactly as it shall require the whole stipend to be paid by

the person in cases where no redemption of tithe has taken place. Thus the clergyman will retain his independence quite as effectually as he retains it at present, and all the evils attendant upon the tithe-system will be done away.

If it be said that these arrangements, though they might no doubt benefit the clergy, instead of relieving, would only throw a double burden upon the land, I reply, that the very reverse is the case, as the following calculation will prove.—

I do not believe that I place any immoderate value upon the whole tithes of England, as well those enjoyed by lay-impropriators, by bishops, schools, and colleges, as those retained by the parochial clergy, when I estimate the annual amount at 10s. per acre. In the southern counties, at least, where the cultivators are well pleased to pay a composition of 15s. for wheat, 12s. for lent corn, and a guinea for hops, I am certain that this average is moderate. The average rent of the land in England cannot, on the other hand, be taken at a higher amount than 40s., and this, when reduced by the expenses attendant upon repair of houses, &c. &c. which the landlord is bound to defray, will bring the free rent down as low as 30s. The fifth part of L.1:10s. is, however, as Mr Bonycastle assures us, just 6s.—here, then, even in the case of tithe valued, is a clear saving to each proprietor of 4s. per acre. But supposing all landlords disposed to redeem the tithes, as would probably be the case whenever redemption was attainable, what would be the cost of the measure? Those who purchased from lay-impropriators would pay L.1:16s. per acre; those who transacted business with appropriators, L.2:14s.—sums altogether unworthy of notice, when the amount of the benefit secured, is taken into consideration.

Well,—but are not the minister's stipend and the repair of the church and manse to be provided for by those heritors who redeem their tithes, or will not these expenses bring things back to their former level? By no means. Whilst government ought particularly to guard against reducing the established clergy to indigence, equal care should be taken that their revenues be not too great. A very poor and a very rich priesthood are equally

hurtful in all countries. One of your correspondents has accordingly fixed the minimum of a minister's stipend at L.150, and the maximum at L.300 a-year; but he who drew this estimate, though evidently a man of no ordinary talent, must be wofully ignorant of the expenses to which every clergyman in England is liable. A poor man's cow never dies in his parish but the minister is applied to to draw up a petition—of course he must himself subscribe his crown or half-sovereign. A cottager's wife is never brought to bed but the parson is sent to for linens, gruel, and comfits. A school is established—to this he must subscribe his two, three, and five guineas annually;—a lying-in charity is set a-going—to that he gives his guinea. No calamity or accident occurs in his neighbourhood, to the alleviation of which he is not expected to contribute. Could all this be done out of an income of L.150 a-year? Nor is this all. The education of an English clergyman has been of such a nature, as not only to fit him for the higher walks of life, but to throw him, from his boyhood, into the way of forming connexion with the wealthy and the titled of the land. Can these be kept up, or can a clergyman support the appearances which he is expected to support, and the keeping up of which tends, in no slight degree, to render him useful even among the poor, upon so miserable a pittance as L.150 a-year?—No, no. These are not times, when even the minimum of ecclesiastical benefices can, in this country at least, be thus taken. On the contrary, I am fully persuaded, that I reduce the thing to its lowest practicable amount, when I take L.400 as the minimum, and L.1000 as the maximum, leaving the intermediate sums to be apportioned according as circumstances may require. Thus, in London, and its immediate vicinity, L.1000 a-year are absolutely necessary to the decent support of a clergyman—(why, in Edinburgh, they have L.700;) in commercial towns, and expensive watering-places, L.700 a-year are not too much, whilst in retired country-parishes, where provisions are comparatively cheap, L.400 annually may be deemed sufficient. Not one of these, however, is too great, as every unprejudiced and well-informed person must allow.

To bring matters to this, great chan-

ges must of course be made in the extent of the various parishes in the kingdom. In country places, I would therefore recommend, that instead of leaving some at the present enormous rate of six, seven, ten, and twelve thousand acres, while others hardly comprehend one thousand, an average should be taken of three thousand; and that the bounds of all parishes should be made to include that space. Were this arrangement brought about, each parish which paid its minister a stipend of £400 a-year (and a countless proportion would pay no more), would be burthened with an annual rate of two shillings and fourpence per acre,—a sum less by two-thirds, even after the interest of the redemption money has been added to it, than is at this moment paid, in the form of tithes, by any parish in England. Would not this benefit the land-owners to the full as much as it would benefit the clergy?

Having thus provided for the decent maintenance of the clergy out of the tithes, wherever tithes had been previously due, the legislature ought next to take the situation of town and city ministers into consideration; as in some of the livings there is little or no source from which tithes can be collected, a valuation of the houses ought to be made, and a certain sum, upon the free rent of each, assigned to the minister for his support. This, in all cases, ought to be arranged, that the stipend of an urbane incumbent fall not short of £500; and when it is thus fixed, let all other sources of revenue be abolished. Let no more Fees or Easter-offerings be accepted, for they are pitiful and beggarly collections at the best, and leave an unkindly feeling on the minds both of those who give, and of him who takes them. As I said before, let London livings bring in their thousand pounds, and livings in Brighton, Manchester, and other similar towns, their seven hundred pounds, annually; but five hundred would be amply sufficient in York, Durham, or Canterbury.

As each benefice, under this new arrangement, would be fully adequate to the support of an incumbent, the legislature ought immediately to abolish pluralities. Pluralities are truly said to be wens and blotches on the face of the church; but as matters stand at present, they are, in some cas-

es, necessary. When a living amounts, as perhaps one half of the livings in England amount, to less than L.150 a-year, it is quite impossible that the incumbent can subsist; and hence the patron, who has given him one, has no scruple in giving him another. I admit, indeed, that pluralities are enjoyed in too many instances, where no plea of necessity can be urged,—but the only way to prevent this, is to make every benefice capable of maintaining its incumbent.

With respect to the higher departments of the church, the bishoprics, deaneries, archdeaneries, prebendal stalls, fewer alterations appear necessary. He who would sweep away the best of them, would annihilate the church—he would pull down the altar—would deprive her of the highest incitement which she holds out to diligence and theological research among her clergy. One regulation, indeed, might, I think, be adopted with great effect. Let fewer stalls be given to men of no eminence, merely because they chance to be the sons of the nobility, and a greater number to men of acknowledged talent; and let no man hold stalls in two cathedrals at the same time. It is a great deal too bad to see an honourable and reverend blockhead filling dignities in two or three different dioceses, whilst such men as Doctor Nares, for example, are left to spend their lives in an obscure parsonage in the country.

Touching the bishoprics again, I cannot but think, that the legislature would act wisely, if, instead of leaving them as they at present stand, it would so far put the one on a footing of equality with the other, on the score of revenue, as to preclude all necessity of translation. The translation of a bishop from one diocese to another is attended with serious evils to the church, whilst the expectation of being speedily removed seldom fails of rendering the expectant more or less a useless overseer of Christ's flock. Thus, where a man of family is appointed to a poor see, knowing, as he is led to know, that his present is no more than a step to future preferment,—he becomes morally satisfied that it is not worth his while to make himself intimately acquainted with the circumstances and character of his clergy, in as much as his connexion with them is but temporary. He therefore knows little about

them to the last. On the other hand, he who has no ground to expect a removal, applies himself to the acquisition of this important branch of knowledge. But just as he had begun to acquire it—just as he had begun to feel an interest in his clergy, and the clergy in return had begun to look up with affectionate respect towards him, the Minister takes a liking to him, and he is removed to a richer bishopric. Of course, all his labour must be gone through a second time, whilst the clergy, from whom he is separated, are left to form an acquaintance with their new Diocesan, instead of reaping the benefits of an acquaintance already formed. This ought not to be. The two Archbishoprics must, indeed, be kept as they are,—because, the rank of these prelates requires a larger revenue to support it than that of others. But among the resources of the suffragan bishops, we should have no such variations as one to be paid between L.30,000, and L.600 a-year. A bishop with L.5000 a-year would, in any diocese, be wealthy enough,—nor would he be anywhere too wealthy with that annual revenue.

Such are the changes which alone appear necessary to bring the ecclesiastical establishment of England as near to perfection as it falls to the lot of any human institution to attain. That they can be brought about without patience, perseverance, and address, on the part of government, is not to be expected; but if ever there was a period in our national history when an attempt of the kind might be made, that period is the present. Twelve

years ago, we were engaged in a war unparalleled in its magnitude,—and, to all appearance, without end. We are now at profound peace with the whole world. Our exchequer was then exhausted—our population discontented, because poor—our manufacturers idle—our trade in a state of stagnation—to have attempted anything like a radical change in any department of the commonwealth, would have been madness. Now the public resources of the empire are flourishing—our manufacturers are all busy—our commerce is daily extending—and, above all, our government is, to an unexampled degree, popular—What has that government to look to, except the internal administration of the country? And what department of its administration affects the welfare of the people half so much, as the national religion?

Let government take this measure up, and they need not dread the absence of support. No doubt, they will be opposed by the mass of impropriators—perhaps a small proportion of the clergy may join in this opinion—but let them go on. There is a preponderating majority of freeholders who pay tithe over freeholders who receive it—there is a preponderating majority among the clergy, who, having no hopes themselves of obtaining livings to the amount of three or four thousand a-year, would rejoice to see pluralities abolished. Let the ministry make but the attempt to remodel the impropriations of the church, and they must succeed,—for these, to a man, would support them.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

Class V.—The Lasses.

(Continued from Vol. XV. Page 304.)

"How came the twa moorland chieftains on at the courting the other night?"

"It's hard to say; there are various accounts about the matter."

"What does the smith say?—for, though his sentences are but short, he says them loud enough, and often enough ower, an' fo'ks reckon there's aye some truth in the foundation."

"I can tell ye what he says, for I heard him on the subject oftener than aince, and his information was precisely as follows:—'The Tod's bairns maun gang now, lads—I'm saying, the Tod's bairns maun gang now—eh, Menyc?—fairly run down. Half-a-dozen tykes ower sair for ae young Tod—eh? Fairly holed the young ane, it seems—I'm saying, the young ane's holed. Nought but a pick and shool wantit to howk her. Jewel has gi'en mouth there—I'm saying, auld Jewel has gi'en mouth there. Poor Wat has been obliged to turn to the auld ane—he's on the full track o' her—I'm saying, he's after her, full trot. But some thinks she'll turn her tail to a craig, an' wear him up. It was Wat that got the honour o' the beuk, though—I'm saying, it was him that took the beuk—wan gloriously through, too. The sixteenth o' the Romans, without a hamp, hinny. Was that true, think ye?—I'm saying, think ye that was true? Cam to the holy kiss, a' the wooers' teeth watered—eh?—Think ye that was true, hinny? The Jewel was amaisht comed to grips at that verse about the kiss—eh?—I'm saying, the Jewel closed wi' the beauty there, I'm saying—Ha! ha!—I think that wadna be true.—This is the length the smith's information ganga."

"I'm sure, gin the Snawfleck take the Jewel in preference to Wat, it will show a strange perversion of taste."

"O, there's naeboddy can answer for the fancies of a woman. But they're a gayan auld-farrant set the Tods, an' winna be easily outwitted. Did ye no hear ought of a moonlight-match that was to be there?"

"Not a word; and if I had, I wadna hae believed it."

"The Jewel has been whispering something to that effect; he's sae up-

lifted, he canna haud his tongue, an' I dinna wonder at it. But, for a' the offers the bonny lass had, to fix on him, is a miracle. Time tries a'; an' Jock may be cheated yet."

Yes, time is the great trier of human events. Let any man review his correspondences for ten years back, and he will then see how widely different his own prospects of the future have been from the lessons taught him by that hoary monitor Time. But, for the present, matters turned out as the fortunate wooer had insinuated; for, in a short month after this confabulation had taken place, the auld Tod's helpmate arose early one morning, and began a-bustling about the house in her usual busy way, and always now and then kept giving hints to her bonny lasses to rise and begin to their daily tasks.—"Come, stir ye, stir ye, my bonny bairns. When the sterns o' heaven hae gane to their beds, it is time the flowers o' the yird war rising—Come, come!—No stirring yet?—Busk ye, busk ye, like thrifty bairns, an' dinna let the lads say that ye are sleepy doddies, that lie in your beds till the sun burns holes in your coverlets. Fie, fie!—There has been a reek i' Jean Lowrie's lum this half-hour. The moor-cock has crawd, the mawkin cowered, and the whaup yammered abune the flower. Streek your young limbs—open your young een—a foot on the cauld floor, an' sleep will soon be aboon the cludds.—Up, up, my winsome bairns!"

The white Lady-seabird was soon afoot, for she slept by herself, but the old dame still kept speaking away to the other two, at one time gibing, at another coaxing them to rise, but still there was no answer. "Peace be here, Helen, but this is an unco sleep-sleeping!" added she.—"What has been astcer ower-night? I wish your twa titties haena been out wi' the men?"

"Ay, I wish they binna out wi' them still; for I heard them steal out yestreen, but I never heard them steal in again."

The old wife ran to the bed, and in a moment was heard exclaiming.—"The sorrow be i' my cen gin ever I

saw the liko o' that! I declare the bed's as cauld as a curling-stane.—Ay, the nest's cauld, and the birds are flown. Oh, wae be to the day! wae be to the day! Gudeman, gudeman, get up and raise the parishen, for our bairns are baith stown away!”

“Stown away!” cried the father—
“What does the woman mean?”

“Ay, let them gang,” cried the son; “they're weel away, gin they bide; deil speed the gate to the hallikit hempies!”

“Tewhoo! hoo-hoo!” cried the daughter, weeping,—“That comes o' your laws o' Padan-aram! What had ye ado with auld Laban's rules? Ye might hae letten us gang as we could win aff.—There, I am left to spin tow, wha might hae been married the first, had it no been for your daft laws o' Padan-aram.”

The girl cried, the son laughed, the old woman raved and danced through very despair, but the goodman took the matter right calmly, as if determined to wait the issue with resignation, for better or worse.

“I laud your tongues, ilk ane o' ye,” said he—“What's a' the fy-gae-to about? I hae that muckle to trust to my lasses, that I can lippen them as weel out o' my sight as in my sight, an' as weel wi' young men as wi' auld women.—Bairns that are brought up in the fear, nurture, and admonition o' their Maker, will aye swee to the right side, and sae will mine. Gin they thought they had a right to chuse for themselves, they war right in exercising that right; an' I'm little feared that their choices be bad anes, or yet that they be adverse to my opinion. Sae I rede you to haud a' your tongues, an' tak nae mair notice o' ought that has happened, than it hadna been. We're a' in gude hands to guide us; an' though we whiles pu' the reins out o' His hand to tak a gallop our ain gate, yet He winna leave us lang to our ain direction.”

With these sagacious words, the auld sly Tod settled the clamour and outcry in his family that morning; and the country has never doubted to this day, that he plowed with his own heifers.

On the evening previous to this colloquy, the family of the Tods went to rest at an early hour. There had been no wooers admitted that night; and no sooner had the two old people

begun to breathe deep, than the eldest and youngest girls, who slept in an apartment by themselves, and had everything in readiness, eloped from their father's cot, the Eagle with a lightsome heart and willing mind, but the younger with many fears and misgivings. For thus the matter stood:—

Wat sighed and pined in love for the maiden, but he was young and modest, and could not tell his mind; but he was such a youth as a virgin would love,—handsome, respectable, and virtuous; and a match with him was so likely, that no one ever supposed the girl would make objections to it. Jock, on the other hand, was nearly twice her age, talkative, forward, and self-conceited; and, it was thought, rather wanted to win the girl for a brag, than for any great love he bore her. But Jock was rich; and when one has told that, he has told enough. In short, the admired, the young, the modest, and reserved Snawfleck, in order to get quit of her father's laws of Padan-aram, agreed to make a run-away marriage with Jock the Jewel. But what was far more extraordinary, her youthful lover agreed to accompany her as bridesman, and, on that account, it may possibly be supposed, her eldest sister never objected to accompany her as maid.

The shepherds had each of them provided himself with a good horse, saddle, and pillion; and, as the custom is, the intended bride was committed to the care of the best-man, and the Eagle was mounted behind her brother-in-law that was to be. It was agreed before mounting, that in case of their being parted in the dark by a *pursuit*, or any other accident, their place of rendezvous was to be at the Golden Harrow, in the Candle-maker-Row, towards which they were to make with all speed.

They had a wild moorland path to traverse for some space, on which there were a multiplicity of tracks, but no definite road. The night was dark and chill, and, on such ground, the bride was obliged to ride constantly with her right hand round Wat's waist, and Wat, from sheer instinct, was obliged to press that hand to his bosom, for fear of its being cold—on all such occasions, he generally magnified the intemperance of the night at least seven-fold. When pressing that fair hand to his bosom, Wat some-

times thought to himself, what a hard matter it was that it should so soon be given away to another; and then he wiped a tear from his eye, and did not speak again for a good while. Now the night, as was said, being very dark, and the bride having made a pleasant remark, Wat spontaneously lifted that dear hand from his bosom, in order to attempt passing it to his lips, but (as he told me himself) without the smallest hope of being permitted. But behold, the gentle ravishment was never resisted! On the contrary, as Wat replaced the insulted hand in his bosom, he felt the pressure of his hand gently returned.

Wat was confounded, electrified! and felt as the scalp of his head had been contracting to a point. He felt, in one moment, as if there had been a new existence sprung up within him, a new motive for life, and every great and good action; and, without any express aim, he felt a disposition to push onward. His horse soon began to partake of his rider's buoyancy of spirits, (which a horse always does,) so he cocked up his ears, mended his pace, and, in a short time, was far ahead of the heavy, stagnant-blooded beast on which the Jewel bridegroom and his buxom Eagle rode. She had her right arm round his waist too, of course; but her hand lacked the exhilarating qualities of her lovely sister's; and yet one would have thought that the Eagle's looks were superior to those of most young girls outgone thirty.

"I wish thae young fools wad take time an' ride at leisure; we'll lose them on this black moor a'thegither, an' then it is a question how we may foregather again," said the bridegroom; at the same time making his hazel sapling play yerck on the hind-quarters of his nag.

"Gin the gonk let aught happen to that bit lassie o' mine under cloud o' night, it wad be a' ower wi' me—I could never get aboon that. There are some things, ye ken, Mrs Eagle, for a' your sneering, that a man can never get aboon."

"No very mony o' them, gin a chield hae ony spirit," returned the Eagle.

"Take ye time, an' take a little care o' your ain neck an' mine. Let them gang their gates. Gin Wat binna tired o' her, an' glad to get quat o' her, or

they win to the ports o' Edinburgh, I hae tint my computation."

"Na, if he takes care o' her, that's a' my dread," rejoined he, and at the same time kicked viciously with both heels, and applied the sapling with great vigour. But "the mair haste the waur speed" is a true proverb, for the horse, instead of mending his pacc, slackened it, and absolutely grew so frightened for the gutters on the moor, that he would hardly be persuaded to take one of them, even though the sapling was sounding as loud and as thick on his far loin as ever did the whip of a Leith carter. He tried this ford, and the other ford, and smelled and smelled with long-drawn breathings. "Ay, ye may snuff!" cried Jock, losing all patience; "the deil that ye had ever been foaled! Hillos! Wat Scott, where are ye?"

"Hush, hush, for gudesake," cried the Eagle; "ye'll raise the country, and put a' out thegither."

They listened for Wat's answer, and at length heard a far-away whistle. The Jewel grew like a man half-distracted, and, in spite of the Eagle's remonstrances, thrashed on his horse, cursed him, and bellowed out still the more; for he suspected what was the case, that, owing to the turnings and windings of his horse among the hags, he had lost his aim altogether, and knew not which way he went. Heavens! what a stentorian voice he sent through the moor before him! but he was only answered by the distant whistle, that still went farther and farther away.

When the bride heard these loud cries of desperation so far behind, and in a wrong direction, she was mightily tickled, and laughed so much that she could hardly keep her seat on the horse; at the same time, she continued urging Wat to ride, and he seeing her so much amused and delighted at the embarrassment of her betrothed and sister, humoured her with equal good will, rode off, and soon lost all hearing of the unfortunate bridegroom. They came to the high road at Middleton, cantered on, and reached Edinburgh by break of day, laughing all the way at their unfortunate companions. Instead, however, of putting up at the Golden Harrow, in order to render the bridegroom's embarrassment still more complete, at the bride's suggestion,

they went to a different corner of the city, namely, to the White Horse, Cannongate. There the two spent the morning, Wat as much embarrassed as any man could be, but his lovely companion in fidgets of delight at thinking of *what* Jock and her sister *would* do. Wat could not understand her for his life, and he conceived that she did not understand herself; but perhaps Wat Scott was mistaken. They breakfasted together; but for all their long and fatiguing journey, neither of them seemed disposed to eat. At length Wat ventured to say, "We'll be obliged to gang to the Harrow, an' see what's become o' our friends."

"O no, no! by no means!" cried she fervently; "I would not, for all the world, relieve them from such a delightful scrape. What the two *will* do is beyond my comprehension."

"If ye want just to bamboozle them a'thegither, the best way to do that is for you and me to marry," said Wat, "an' leave them twa to shift for themselves."

"O that wad be so grand!" said she.

Though this was the thing nearest to honest Wat's heart of all things in the world, he only made the proposal by way of joke, and as such he supposed himself answered. Nevertheless, the answer made the hairs of his head creep once more. "My truly, but that wad gar our friend Jock loup twa gates at aince!" rejoined Wat.

"It wad be the grandest trick that ever was played upon man," said she.

"It wad mak an awfu' sound in the country," said Wat.

"It wad gang through the twa shires like a hand-bell," said she.

"I really think it is worth our while to try't," said he.

"O by a' manner o' means!" cried she, clasping her hands together for joy; "for heaven's sake let us do it."

Wat's breath cut short, and his visage began to alter. He was like to pop into the blessing of a wife rather more suddenly than he anticipated, and he began to wish to himself that the girl might be in her perfect senses. "My dear M—," said he, "are you serious? would you really consent to marry me?"

"Would I consent to marry you!" reiterated she. "That is sicken a question to speer!"

"It is a question," says Wat, "an' I think a very natural ane."

"Ay, it is a question, to be sure," said she, "but it is ane that ye ken ye needna hae put to me to answer, at least till ye had tauld me whether ye wad marry me or no."

"Yes, faith, I will—there's my hand on it," says Wat. "Now, what say ye?"

"O, Wat, Wat!" exclaimed she, leaning to his arm; "ask the bee if it will hae the flower, ask the lamb if it will hae the ewe that lambed it, or ask the chicken if it will cower aneath the hen—Ye may doubt ony o' thae, but no that I wad take you, far, far, far, in preference to any other body."

"I wonder ye war sae lang o' thinking about that," said Wat. "Ye ought surely to hae tauld me sooner."

"Sae I wad if ever ye had speered the question," said she.

"What a stupid idiot I was!" exclaimed Wat, and rapped on the floor with his stick for the landlord. "An it be your will, sir, we want a minister," says Wat.

"There's one in the house, sir," said the landlord, chuckling with joy at the prospect of some fun. "Keep a daily chaplain here—Thirlstane's motto, 'Aye ready.' Could ye no contrive to do without him?"

"Na, na, sir, we're folks o' conscience," said Wat; "we hae comed far and foul gate for a preevat but honest hand-fasting."

"Quite right, quite right," said my landlord. "Never saw a more comely country couple. Your business is done for you at once;" at the same time he tapped on the hollow of his hand, as much as to say, some reward must be forthcoming. In a few minutes he returned, and setting the one cheek in at the side of the door, said, with great rapidity, "Could not contrive to do without the minister, then? Better? Kiss, an' come again—eh? what say ye to that? Now's the time—no getting off again. Better?—what?—Can't do without him?"

"O no, sir," said Wat, who was beginning a long explanatory speech, but my landlord cut him short, by introducing a right reverend divine, more than half-seas over. He was a neat, well-powdered, cheerful, little, old gentleman, but one who never asked any further warrant for the marrying

of a couple than the full consent of parties. About this he was very particular, and advised them, in strong set phrases, to beware of entering rashly into that state ordained for the happiness of mankind. Wat thought he was advising him against the match, but told him he was very particularly situated. Parties soon came to a right understanding, the match was made, the minister had his fee, and afterwards he and the landlord invited themselves to the honour, and very particular pleasure, of dining with the young couple at two.

What has become of Jock the Jewel and his copartner all this while? We left them stabled in a mossy moor, surrounded with hags, and bogs, and mires, every one of which would have taken a horse over the back; at least so Jock's great strong plough-horse supposed, for he grew that he absolutely refused to take one of them. Now, Jock's horse happened to be wrong, for I know the moor very well, and there is not a bog on it all, that will hold a horse still. But it was the same thing in effect to Jock and the Eagle—the horse would have gone eastward or westward along and along the sides of these little dark stripes, which he mistook for tremendous quagmires; or if Jock would have suffered him to turn his head homeward, he would, as Jock said, have galloped for joy; but northwards towards Edinburgh the devil a step would he proceed. Jock thrashed him at one time, stroked his mane at another, at one time coaxed, at another cursed him, till, ultimately, on the horse trying to force his head homeward in spite of Jock's teeth, the latter, in high wrath, struck him a blow on the far ear with all his might. This had the effect of making the animal take the motion of a horizontal wheel, or millstone. The weight of the riders fell naturally to the outer side of the circle—Jock held by the saddle, and the Eagle held by Jock—till down came the whole concern with a thump on the moss. "I daresay, that beast's gane mied the night," said Jock; and, rising, he made a spring at the bridle, for the horse continued still to reel; but, in the dark, our hero missed his hold—off went the horse, like an arrow out of a bow, and left our hapless couple in the midst of a

"What shall we do now?—shall we turn back?" said Jock.

"Turn back!" said the maid; "certainly not, unless you hae ta'en the rue."

"I wasna thinkin' o' that ava," said he; "but, O, it is an unfortunate-like business—I dinna like their leaving o' us, nor can I ken what's their meaning."

"They war fear'd for being catched, owing to the noise that you were making," said she.

"And wha wad hae been the loser gin we had been catched? I think the loss then wad hae faun on me," said Jock.

"We'll come better speed wanting the beast," said she; "I wadna wonder that we are in Edinburgh afore them yet."

Wearied and splashed with mud, the two arrived at the Harrow-inn a little after noon, and instantly made inquiries for the bride and best man. A description of one man answers well enough for another to people quite indifferent. Such a country gentleman as the two described, the landlady said, had called twice in the course of the day, and looked into both rooms, without leaving his name. They were both *sure* it was Wat, and rested content. The gentleman came *not* back, so Jock and the Eagle sat and looked at one another. "They will be looking at the grand things o' this grand town," said the maid.

"Ay, maybe," said Jock, in manifest discontent. "I couldna say what they may be looking at, or what they may be doing. When focks gang ower the march to be married, they should gang by themselves twa. But some wadna be tauld sae."

"I canna comprehend where he has ta'en my sister to, or what he's doing wi' her a' this time," said the Eagle.

"I canna say," said Jock, his chagrin still increasing, a disposition which his companion took care to cherish, by throwing out hints and insinuations that kept him constantly in the fidgets, and he seemed to be ruing heartily of all his measures. A late hour arrived, and the two having had a sleepless night and toilsome day, ordered some supper, and separate apartments for the night. They had not yet sat down to supper, when the land-

lord requested permission for two gentlemen, acquaintances of his, to take a glass together in the same room with our two friends, which being readily granted, who should enter but the identical landlord and parson who had so opportunely buckled the other couple! They had dined with Wat and his bride, and the whisky-toddy had elicited the whole secret from the happy bridegroom. The old gentlemen were highly tickled with the oddity of the adventure, and particularly with the whimsical situation of the pair at the Harrow, and away they went at length on a reconnoitring expedition, having previously settled on the measures to be pursued.

My landlord of the White Horse soon introduced himself to the good graces of the hapless couple by his affability, jokes, quips, and quibbles, and Jock and he were soon as intimate as brothers, and the maid and he as sweethearts, or old intimate acquaintances. He commended her as the most beautiful, handsome, courteous, and accomplished country-lady he ever had seen in his life, and at length asked Jock if the lady was his sister. No, she was not. Some near relation, perhaps, that he had the charge of.—No.—“Oh! Beg pardon—perceive very well—plain—evident—wonder at my blindness,” said my landlord of the White Horse—“sweetheart—sweetheart? I hope ’tis to be a match? Not take back such a flower to the wilderness unplucked—unappropriated that is—to blush unseen—waste sweetness on the desert air? What? Hope so? Eh? More sense than that, I hope?”

“You mistak, sir; you mistak. My case is a very particular ane,” said Jock.

“I wish it were mine, though,” said he of the White Horse.

“Pray, sir, are you a married man?” said the Eagle.

“Married? Oh yes, mim, married—to a white horse,” returned he.

“To a grey mare, you mean,” said the Eagle.

“Excellent! superlative!” exclaimed my landlord. “Minister, what think you of that? I’m snubbed—cut down—shorn to the quick! Delightful girl. I declare she is something favoured like the young country bride we dined with to-day. What say you, minister? Prettier, though—decided-

ly prettier. More animation, too. Girls from the same country-side have always a resemblance.”

“Sir, did you say you dined with a bride from our country-side?” said Jock.

“Did so—did so.”

“What was the bridegroom like?”

“A soft soles—milk-and-water.”

“And his name? You will not tell, maybe,—a W and an S?”

“The same—the same—mum!—W.S., writer to the signet. The same. An M and a T, too. You understand. Mum.”

“Sir, I’ll be muckle obliged to you, gin ye’ll tak me to where they are. I hae something to say to them,” said Jock, with great emphasis.

“Oh! you are the father; are you? Minister, I’ll take you a bet this is the bride’s father and sister. You are too late, sir; far too late. They are bedded long ago!”

“Bedded? Where bedded?” cried Jock.

“In a hotel, sir,” cried the other, in the same tone.

“In hot hell, sir, did you say? Dinna be in a rage, sir. That is a dreadful answer. But an ye’ll tak me to where they are bedded, I sall gar him come ower the bed like a lamper-eel—that’s a’.

“What! make a fool of both yourself and others? No, no, the case is past redemption now. A father is to be pitied: but—”

“Sir, you mistak’—I’m not her father.”

“What! not her father? Hope you are not the injured husband, sir? What!”

“One that should have been so, however.”

“What! should have been an injured husband? O Lord!”

About this stage of the conversation, a letter was handed in “to Miss Tod, at the Golden Harrow;” but the bearer went off, and waited no answer. The contents were as follows:—

“DEAR SISTER,

THIS cometh to let you know, that I have married Wat, thinking you and Jock had turned on the height, and that he had taken the rue; so I thought, after leaving the country to be married, I could never set up my face in it again, without a man; for you know, a woman leaving home with

a man, as we both have done, can never be received into a church or family again, unless she be married on him; and you must consider of this; for if you are come to Edinburg with a man, you need never go home again. John hath used me very bad, and made me do the thing I may rue, but I could not help it. I hope he will die an old bachelor, as he is, and never taste the joys of the married state. We will remain here another night, for some refreshment, and then I go home to his mother. This business will make a terrible noise in the country. I would not have gone home a maiden for all the whole world."

When the Eagle read this, she assumed symptoms of great distress, and after much beseeching and great attention by the two strangers, she handed the letter to Jock, shewing him that she could never go home again after what had happened. He scratched his head often, and acknowledged that "Maggy's was a ticklish case," and then observed that he would see what was to be done about it to-morrow. My landlord called for a huge bowl of punch, which he handed li-

berally around. The matter was discussed in all its bearings. The minister made it clearly out, that the thing had been fore-ordained, and it was out of their power to counteract it. My landlord gave the preference to the Eagle in every accomplishment. Jock's heart grew mellow, while the maid blushed and wept; and, in short, they went to their beds that night a married couple, to the great joy of the Eagle's heart; for never one doubted that the whole scheme was a contrivance of her own. A bold stroke to get hold of the man with the money. She knew Wat would grip to her sister at a word or hint, and then the Jewel had scarcely an alternative. He took the disappointment and affront so much to heart, that he removed with his Eagle to America, at the Whitsunday following, where their success was beyond anticipation, and where they were both living at an advanced age about twelve years ago, without any surviving family. It is a pity I should have been so long with this story, which forms such a particular era in the Shepherd's Love Calendar.

Altrive Lake, January 27, 1825.

AMERICAN WRITERS.*

No. V.

We rejoice. We begin, this hour, to see the end of our labour.—A little more time—a few more pages—and we promise all, who have stood by us in our late pilgrimage to that other world, over the seas—a long, long holyday.—This paper will complete our speculations for the present, if not for ever, upon the affairs—men—literature, so called—of North America.

MADISON—JAMES. Late President of the United States—predecessor of James Munroe, the actual President: (See HAMILTON, Vol. XVII. p. 56. —with Vol. XVI. p. 509. SKETCHES of the PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES): —A very able—very cautious—very artful man.—The chief—perhaps the

only evidence worth appealing to, of his abilities may be found, we have said before, in the FEDERALIST.—(See, as above.)—We should not forget, however, a convincing, bold, generous memorial of his, in favour of religious freedom, caused by an act of the Virginia Legislature, in abridgement, or properly speaking, destruction thereof, about 1785:—nor his political correspondence with Mr Rose—our minister at Washington; with Mr Munroe, the actual President; with Mr Pinkney, the minister of America, at our court: —Papers wherein the abilities of Mr Madison, as a negotiator—if nothing else—are abundantly conspicuous.—He is a good, plain writer; talks to

* Errors in our last—P. 54, 57, 58—for HALLY read Holly: p. 58—IRVING, for *totally* reproduced here—*only* reproduced here: p. 68—add, after the word *more*, *line* from the *bottom*—while these men are forgotten: p. 56—HUNTER, for *now* get up a better book: read, he could *now* get up a better book.—

the point ; reasons acutely—plausibly—and powerfully ; but seldom or never like a downright honest man, who believes what he says.—He is too fond of outwitting others—too plausible—too cunning by half. Nobody likes to be convinced by him—he is one of those, who “never take their tea, without a stratagem”—who hate fair play—who do whatever they do at all, by finesse—who had rather win by trick, than by honour.—But for James Madison, our last war with America—may it be the last!—would not have been for years—perhaps for ages—might not have been at all.—Good has come of it, undoubtedly—good, even to the United States ; but no such good as he looked for—no such good as any reasonable man had a right, either to calculate upon, or hope for. It was little short of madness—desperation—fool-hardiness—for his country to give ours battle, *when* she did—in the *way* that she did—unprepared—unadvised—as we know her to have been. We say no more than is true—no more than he deserves. It is to James Madison that we owe the last unholy—unnatural war with America. He was—(he is) an ambitious, artful, bad man—without courage enough to profit as he might, of his own deep, dangerous cunning—after *that* power was within his reach—for which, he had played a game, whereby twenty thousand people were absolutely sacrificed.—He shewed his cloven foot, years and years ago.—He saw plainly that *power* could only come to the Chief Magistrate of his country, in a time of war.—That very paper, which declares this truth, in the *FEDERALIST*, was written by James Madison. Therefore, had we the war, when he came to be the chief magistrate of his country.—We have called him a bad man—he deserves it. He was *bad* as a politician—*bad*, as one having power only to abuse it—*bad*, for lack of that long-sighted wisdom, which causes men to overlook a temporary advantage—the temptation of to-day—while contemplating the future—the magnificent—wide—unbounded future of the statesman, or the philanthropist :—*bad*, because, hoping to obtain that from us, in the day of our calamity, while we were gasping under the pressure of confederated Europe—*that*—a paltry advantage at best—which he could not hope to obtain by open, fair,

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manly negotiation—that, which he would not have presumed, we believe, to *beg*, while our hearts were up—our blood high—and our arms loose :—*bad*, because, at such a time, with such a hope—he made war upon us—took side with our natural enemy—the natural enemy of man—the destroyer—Napoleon Buonaparte—with him, who never spoke of America, but for the purpose of insulting her—with him, who lost no occasion of deriding, affronting—outraging—her principles and her policy—helping him to beleaguer us round about—us, the last hope of the world—us, the natural friends of America—us, the children of her great fathers—when all the nations of Europe, in her vassalage, were upon us.

Therefore do we call James Madison a bad man.—It is not in private life, that his natural temper is to be seen—As a *man*, he may be well enough, in his way ; but as a statesman, he was wicked, artful, and mischievous.

MAGAZINES.—Till within a year or two, the periodicals of the United States have been partly, or chiefly, or altogether, compilations from the periodicals of Great Britain. A new temper begins to shew itself. MAGAZINES—full of original matter ; with JOURNALS of SCIENCE, which are creditable even to the age, are beginning to appear. See DENNIE, vol. XVI. p. 566. —HALL, JOHN E. vol. XVII. p. 54.

MARSHALL—JOHN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIARY, in the United States : Author of WASHINGTON'S LIFE—*so called*, a great, heavy book, that should have been called by some *other* name. As a lawyer—as a judge—whose decisions, year after year, in the Supreme Court of the United States, would have done credit, honour to Westminster Hall, in the proud season of English law—we must—we do revere Chief Justice Marshall. But—we cannot—will not—forgive *such* a man, for having made *such* a book, about *such* another man as George Washington.—Full of power, full of truth, as the work undoubtedly is, one gets tired and sick of the very name of Washington before he gets half through these four prodigious, uncomfortable octavos, which are equal to about a dozen of our fashionable quartos : and all this, without ever finding out by them, who Washington was—or what he has done. See HISTORY. vol. XVII. p. 57.

2 B

MAYER—CHARLES F. Counsellor at law, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and Courts of Maryland: author of a capital Summary, in Judge Griffith's *LAW REGISTER*, under the title of MARYLAND. See GRIFFITH—vol. XVII. p. 54: a young man, altogether, of great promise, who, from his great honesty of heart, sincerity of temper, and clearness of head, is now rapidly advancing to the foremost place in his profession. A word of advice to him, therefore—He is too fond of antithesis; given to crowding too much thought into a small space—wherefore, it is no easy matter for common people to understand what he is driving at, either as a writer, or as a speaker.—This habit is bad for a lawyer—fatal for an advocate. If you would be understood, or cared for, by ninety-nine persons out of one hundred, you must *repeat*, without appearing to repeat. Never give the same illustration to more than two or three persons. That which is argument for one—is not argument for another. You should not only *repeat*—but you should *vary*—not only your arguments; but your illustrations.

His language is pure; style bad—singular—quaint—affected—capable, nevertheless, of becoming a nervous, original and superior style.—Be more natural, we should say. Dilute more. Strong water for strong men—strong meat only for those, who are not in their baby-hood. Leaf gold is better for the mob—will go farther among all who have no time to weigh, or examine—believe us—than your unwieldy, ponderous, pure metal. You are too honest. You give too good measure—too much weight—not only more than we bargain for; but more than we desire—much more than our money's worth—of thought.—If you lay down a proposition, whatever it be, don't be blockhead enough to put all your exceptions—all your qualifications, cheek by jowl, into the same period.—If you do, every period will be worse than a book—a volume of parentheses—which nobody *will* understand, if he can help it.—People don't much like to forget the beginning of a period, before they have come to the end—or, to get a page by heart, merely to be *certain* of your meaning. If you would rouse, you should alarm, or provoke the attention.—Allow us to say—we have some little experience, we flatter

ourselves—that, among all the ways which have been hit on, for provoking or alarming a reader, there is none equal to this. Lay down your propositions, *absolutely*, in the fewest possible words.—Let your qualifications—explanations—exceptions—&c. &c.—follow at your own leisure—in your own way—after the interval, of a period—a paragraph—a page—a volume—or, like those of Cobbett, or Jeffrey—when it shall please God.—If you do this, you are certain of provoking somebody; pretty sure of *alarming* a multitude; and, with any tolerable, decent luck, may get abused for a week or two, or even quoted—we do not say *remembered*: for *that* fashion is over.—Ask Mr Jeffrey, and Mr Cobbett, also—(we beg pardon of both, for associating them.)

The great advantage of this plan, is—that happen what may, you cannot be overcome by argument.—If you are cannonaded, for ever—shattered fore and aft—without a plank or a spar in the right place—you have only to come out, with a *QUARTERLY* explanation—or exception—or qualification—or apology—or a—something else.

For example. We lay down this proposition. *All men are thieves.* People open their eyes, of course—perhaps their mouths—at us, when they hear us. By and by—if we happen to think of it—we may add a sort of *nota bene*—or explanation, as thus. All men are thieves—“*if* we agree upon *this* definition”—(adding a definition, of course, that shall bear us out.)—What if people *do* misunderstand us?—What if they never see the explanation?—What, if they die, of the poison, before the antidote arrives?—That's no business of ours, you know.—The fault is their own—they should not have taken what we said, without many grains of allowance.—It has always been our fate, somehow, to be cruelly “misunderstood.”

How much better this plan, for the ambitious, than to lay down the same bold proposition, as you very, *very* scrupulous men do—thus—*we*—(that is, *ourselves*)—*believe*—(that is, have a sort of a notion)—*that all men*—(that is, a large part)—*are* (and we have no doubt have been, will be, should be, etc.—here decline the verb)—*thievishly inclined*.—We leave this to the consideration of all young writers.

MAXWELL—A Yankee—a lawyer—of Norfolk, Virginia: author of sundry poems, published about six years ago, the whole character of which was given (by Neal) in the *PORTICO* (See WATKINS, p. 193—NEAL, p. 180)—by a short imitation, a copy of which fell in our way, not long ago.

"There's a sweet little flower, by yon hill;

By yon hill, there's a sweet little flower:

And it blossoms, at night, o'er the rill:

So it does—and it dies in the hour.

* * *

And its leaves are all blue—so they are;

A rich-looking, beautiful blue:

And it blows all in solitude, there—

All alone—by itself—bathed in dew:

* * *

And that flow'ret will fade—so it will—

As the blue of my Reb-ecca's eye;

And perish adown by that hill;

And there it will perish—and die.

* * *

MORAL.

Yet fair—that flower, with eyes of blue—
It died one day—and so will you."

MITCHELL.—DR. SAMUEL L. A naturalist—a man of great erudition—the most credulous of God's creatures. Oliver Goldsmith, himself, was nothing to him. He would not only become a believer in, but a disciple of Munchausen, if he had leisure to look into him.—His faith is of a piece with Uncle Toby's.—He believes a thing, *because it is impossible*:—Translator of *CUVIER** (with valuable notes on the Geology of North America.) Has published—actually published a paper, *containing the remarkable events of his own life, arranged in chronological order*; among which is one, which we know to have been a *hoax*. Dr M. says that, on such a day (naming it) he was elected honorary member of the NEWTONIAN SOCIETY, MARYLAND.—Now, it happens, oddly enough, that we are masters of this whole affair. There never has been a society of that name, or a society of the kind, which one would look for, from such a title, in Maryland. It was the trick of a boy (barely seventeen, we believe)—upon the credulous, vain Dr Mitchell.—He wrote a complimentary letter, under a ficti-

tious name, as the secretary of such a society, to Dr M.—informing him of his election—wishing him joy—and praying his opinion upon matters and things in general.—The Doctor was prompt and obliging.—He sent a sort of essay to the NEWTONIAN Society—about organic remains, etc.—and about another society at "New York," to which he was going, "right away," to announce the glorious revival in Maryland.—See vol. XVI. p. 636.—It was profanation, to be sure; the boy deserved a whipping—but still, we cannot help enjoying the joke. Dr M.—is the writer also, of innumerable essays—which—with all their merit—are forgotten, as fast as they appear.

MINOR—wrote a continuation of Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts.—A good, plain, sensible book.—See HUTCHINSON, vol. XVII. p. 58.

MORSE—DR.—A clergyman; father of MORSE the painter. See vol. XVI. p. 133.—Compiler of an excellent GAZETTEER; and of "A Geography," which has quite superseded all other "Geographies," in his part of the world.—Some idea of its great value, may be gathered from what, we are told is a fact.—In the earlier editions, he gave a particular account of a *brass mine*, while enumerating the natural curiosities of a country.—We would not have the reader to suppose—however—that his *geography* is all of a piece. By no means—Hardly any two pages are alike.

M'HENRY—DR.—The "Popular Author" of sundry books: of the WILDERNESS—a novel; the SPECTRE OF THE FOREST—a novel (there is no other name for it, as we know of!)—and of the INSURGENT CHIEF:—a novel: Editor, also, of a "PERIODICAL," at ATHENS, North America. The novels are beneath contempt—so far, we should say, as we know anything of them.—We are not easily discouraged—but—we have never been able to do more than one volume, out of the whole.—We pushed on, till we came to a part of the *wilderness*, where George Washington falls in love—weeps—talks about oh's! and ah's!—The book fell out of our hands. Who could blame us?—We have escaped all the rest—and, with God's blessing,

hope to escape them—till our dying day.—The *MAGAZINE*, however, is really good.—Success to him. See p. 85.

NEAL—JOHN. A New Englander—a real brother Jonathan, or Yankee: one of those audacious, whimsical, obstinate, *self-educated* men, who are called by Dr Ferguson the self-taught astronomer, while giving an account of himself—"THE SCHOLARS OF GOD ALMIGHTY."

Neal has written more volumes, if those that he does acknowledge be his; or, one-third part of those, which he does not acknowledge, though laid, with all due solemnity, at his door, by the beadles of literature—than, perhaps, any other four of his countrymen. Yet he is now only thirty-two years of age—with a constitution able to endure every kind of hardship—has only been writing, at intervals, for seven years—has only gone through his apprenticeship, as an author, and set up for himself, within a few months.—His life has been a course of continual adventure. It will be one of great profit, we hope, now that he is out of his time, to the people of this generation, at least.

He is a Quaker; or *was*, till the society "read him out" for several transgressions—to wit—for knocking a man, who insulted him, head over heels; for paying a militia fine; for making a tragedy; and for desiring to be turned out, whether or no.

He was born, we believe, in Portland, Maine—formerly a part of Massachusetts Proper: was put into a retail shop, when about eleven or twelve years of age, where he learnt, he says, without his poor mother's knowledge, how to sell tape—lie—cheat—swear—and pass counterfeit money—if occasion required—as it would, sometimes, in a country, where that, which was counterfeit, and that, which was not, were exceedingly alike, not only in appearance, but in value:—Grew ashamed of cheating, he says, in a small way; and, after many years of adventure, became a wholesale "Dry Goods Dealer," in partnership, with PIERPONT ("poet-painter—auctioneer"—etc. etc.—See PIERPONT, vol. XVII. p. 190, and vol. XVI. p. 130:—failed: undertook to study law; and, as if that were not enough to employ his faculties—to support himself meanwhile by his pen (a thing unheard of in America)—while he was learning

Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, etc. etc.—He succeeded, in all that he undertook; and is now a counsellor-at-law, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The works, which we know to be his, are the following—most of which he has acknowledged—namely—1. A series of CRITICISM, ESSAYS, and POETRY in the PORTICO, (See WATKINS, p. 193,) from the second, up to the end of the fifth volume—being a large part of the whole.—N. B. This work he knocked on the head, it is thought, by an article on FREE AGENCY; 2. KEEP COOL, a novel, in two vols.: 3. BATTLE OF NIAGARA—a poem, in heroic verse, (3000 lines or so): 4. GOLDAN, another poem—chiefly in the eight syllable measure, with variations (about 1500 lines): 5. OTHO, a TRAGEDY: 6. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, a volume in all: 7. A multitude of ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, REVIEWS, etc. in the TELEGRAPH, while he was the secret editor—(See ALLEN, vol. XVI. p. 309: 8. The INDEX to NILL'S REGISTER—a volume of itself: 9. About one-third part of the large octavos, which pass for Allen's HISTORY of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION: 10. MISCELLANY, to the amount of many volumes, which has appeared in a multitude of the magazines, papers, journals, etc. etc. of America, and Great Britain.

In addition to all these things, which are undoubtedly his, we must enumerate a few more, which he will neither acknowledge, nor deny; but which are now looked upon, throughout America, as books for which he should be answerable.—They are LOGAN; SEVENTY-SIX; RANDOLPH and ERRATA, or WILL ADAMS. LOGAN has been republished here, in four volumes.—Another—SEVENTY-SIX, we believe, in three. The whole series would make about fifteen large duodecimos, here.

We lay these at Neal's door, for several reasons. We believe that no other man alive could have wrote them, or would have dared:—We know that a part of the LOGAN MS., which came, by a strange mistake, with some other trampled rubbish, into the hands of a Washington bookseller, was, to say no more of it, in the *hand-writing* of Neal: He has never denied being the author—saying al-

ways—that he is weary of denying such matters—that he who has been much in the habit of denying, makes a confession, by his very silence, when he refuses to deny—that if a man would reserve to himself the power of writing anonymously, he should never deny the “authorship” of anything.

In reply to all this, however, with a great body of circumstantial evidence, that might be brought forth, to prove that Neal is the author of these adventurous, impudent, strange, foolish works, we are told by others—not by him—that he has declared himself innocent of them. If this were true, it would settle the question for ever, with us. We know him well. We know that, whatever else he may do, he will not say that, under any circumstances, which he, himself, knows to be untrue. He is quite remarkable for his caution—though of a hot, and imperious temper.—It is, in fact, this regard for truth—to which he sacrifices everything else, under heaven—that makes him so dangerous—absurd—ridiculous. We know him so well, indeed, that we believe implicitly, in what he says, whether it regard himself, or another; and shall, for that reason, give his own account of these works—whether acknowledged or not—*precisely in his own words, by his own desire.*—It is laughable—there is no denying it—excessively ridiculous, to hear a man talking seriously of himself, and his own labours, precisely as if he had no concern with himself—as if himself were another person; puffing a part of his own works aloud—openly—without any sort of disguise; and gravely abusing the rest, with more severity by far, than other people do.—We give his own words.

“The world,” says he,—“The world are altogether mistaken. I am right—not in everything (I love modesty)—but in some things, about which they are mistaken. I shall prove this in spite of their teeth, some of these days. They won’t be able to stuff it out, much longer, I promise you. Truth is mighty, and *will* prevail—that’s my comfort. If I be wiser than other people, as I undoubtedly am, I believe, in a few things (I love modesty), they’ll find it out, after I have told them of it, forty or fifty times more. If I be not—why—who knows but I may discover it, after a while, and become a rational man.—

All things are possible. We learn by teaching. I may grow wise by teaching others their alphabet. If you would understand a subject, said somebody—I forget his name, (though my memory is remarkable)—write a book about it.—I like the rule—I have observed it. I have made books, I flatter myself, about a few things under heaven.—I love truth; am not so set apart from the rest of mankind by my modesty—great as it is—or my amiable temper—about which I have nothing to say, here (I love propriety)—as by my hatred of untruth.—When I say that I love truth, I mean all sorts of truth; but, like other wise men (as Cobbett, Jeffrey, Solomon, &c.) I love my own truth much better than other people’s truth. In short—I would rather find myself in the right, always; and all the rest of the world in the wrong, than myself in the wrong, while another is right—I don’t care who he is. Other people, if you are blockhead enough to believe them, would not. I don’t believe them. It’s very common to hear a fellow say—‘Well, well—that’s my opinion. I hope I am wrong; afraid I am not—I pray God it may turn out as you say.’—All a pack of lies.—He hopes (that) he is right: is afraid (that) he is not right; and prays God, all the time, (that) his prophecy may be fulfilled.

“Not having been educated, or brought up, as multitudes are, having had, in fact, no education at all, I have not many of *their* prejudices, whatever prejudices, of my own, I may have. my opinions are peculiar. I know it—I am proud of it.—My doctrines, whatever else they are, are not of the schools. I have been educated; or, in other words, kicked and cuffed about (figuratively, not literally)—in a school of my own—one that would make anybody wiser to the full extent of his capacity—the school of hardship, adventure—everlasting warfare with what are looked upon, by other men, as the giants of this world.

“You want my opinion of these books. Very well. It shows courage to ask it. Others might call it impudence—I do not. Yet, if anybody knows what impudence is—I do.—I love truth. You know my real character. If you did not, you would sooner have put your hand, I believe, into that fire, than make such a re-

quest of me: You shall have my opinion. But, if you make use of it, at all, make use of it, *as* my opinion. Call it mine: Give it in my own words. I would have nobody misled in this way. If I puff myself at all, as I have, twice, over my own signature, I choose to do it openly—I choose to do it, like a man.—I do not mean to say that I never did it *secretly*—because I have, in three or four cases, given myself a bit of a blow-up—though never a downright puff.—What I have said of myself, secretly or otherwise, at any time, has not only been the truth—but, in every case, it has been bitter enough, I flatter myself, to pass for the truth.—Give my own words, therefore. Let people know that, what *you* say is *my* criticism on *myself*. You may laugh at me—so may everybody else. You may call me crazy—foolish—whatever you please. I *will* have my own way. I have already spoken of my amiable temper. Why should I care about what people think? I am right, I *believe*. Believing this, I am quite as comfortable, you know, if wrong, as I should be, if I were right. (See my preface to the BATTLE OF NIAGARA.)

“Those who know anything at all of me, know me to be honest, or ‘indifferent honest,’ as my friend, Hamlet of Denmark, says; honest, as the world goes. They value what I say of others: why not value what I say of myself? If I be *not* honest, if my judgment be *not* sound, my opinion of others can be of no value. If I be honest—if my judgment be sound, my opinion of myself—as a matter of curiosity—a thing to laugh at—should be of great value.—Do I not know myself better than anybody else?—Besides—in the whole history of the world, we have not, I verily believe, the *true* opinion of any one man about himself, or his own works. Wherefore, as a matter of curiosity, such an opinion would be valuable, though the work, or the man, were of no value—the criticism, foolish—the critic, a fool, (I would say *ass*; but I wish to lay no traps, for those who pronounce boldly.) Cicero, Horace, Gibbon, Rousseau, Richard Cumberland—forty others—do you believe that any one of them, ever spoke what he thought of himself—even while pretending so to speak?

“The world—or, ‘more properly

speaking,’ the people thereof (I pity them for it; and, some ‘leisure afternoon,’ shall take them in hand,)—they have taken up a ridiculous notion, that, for a fellow to say the *truth* of himself, besides being very dangerous, very foolish, and very affronting, is vanity unspeakable. They will read a criticism about A. B. or the works of A. B.,—praise it—adopt it—call it ‘very *true*’—perhaps very severe—when that identical criticism, if they should ever come to know, that it was written by A. B. himself—or by one of his cronies—or by anybody else, with his knowledge—would be made use of immediately to prove the self-conceit of A. B.—his outrageous—unspeakable vanity.—Absurd.—As if the truth were not always the truth, no matter who speaks it. As if truth were not valuable for itself, alone. As if sound criticism were not as good from the mouth of one, as from the mouth of another. Only suppose, now, that, after a time, the most abusive criticism that ever appeared about Byron, should prove to be the writing of Byron himself.—How *vain*—how foolish he would seem to the eyes of the world!—Verily, verily—that same Rochefoucault was right. It is our own vanity, which makes the vanity of others, insupportable.—We should pity the conceited man else; only smile; never be angry with him, if it were not for this, our own conceit.

“In a word, Sir, the question *should* be, when we hear an opinion—Is this opinion *true*—*sound*.—It should never be, *By whom* was this opinion uttered?

“Let us doubt, if you please, the word of a *stranger*, whom we do not *know* to be honest; whose judgment we do not *know* to be sound, whether he speak of himself, or another—his own works, or another’s. Nay—let us watch him yet more closely, when he is talking of himself, than when he is talking of another. *That* is our duty—that is common prudence—wisdom. But—*But*—having *proved* his honesty; having *proved* his judgment—let us hear what he says, patiently; with good humour, if nothing more, while he is talking upon that subject, which he must understand better than he can possibly understand any other—if not better, than it is possible for anybody else to understand it—namely—*his own labours—himself*.

"I have, as you may have *inferred* perhaps—I love modesty—a very exalted opinion of myself; not so much though, for what I have done, as for what, in my opinion, I have the power to do, if God will spare me a few years longer—continue to overlook my follies—and give me fair play among the creatures of this world. I love to talk of myself. So did Cæsar—so did Buonaparte—so does everybody—though few have the courage for it.—But I shall be brief.

"In the first place, then, I would merely observe, that, in almost everything, which I have written, whether in prose, or verse, are passages—parts—of which any author would have reason, I think, to be proud—if they were his own: passages—parts—of which any author, I hope, would have the decency, to be ashamed—no matter whose they were—his, or another's.—As for myself, I confess (that) I am heartily ashamed of almost everything (that) I have written—grieved—sore—when I consider how much more worthily I might have done it; how much better I could now do it: yet proud—very proud of it, nevertheless, when I consider how few could have done it, so well, in the same little time; without education, aid, or help, of any sort;—under such continual discouragement.—With two or three late exceptions, all that I have written, has been dashed off, *with a rapidity which has no parallel in the history of literature.*

"To begin, therefore. I. CRITICISM, ESSAYS, POETRY, ETC. in the PORTICO. (See WATKINS, p. 193.) The criticism, which I furnished for this work, year after year, was altogether above the common level of such writing. That upon the works of Byron—though too poetical, too fine—got up rather to show myself, than him—is the best, beyond all comparison, that I have yet come across. I began my career in the literary world by reviewing others—in a frolic. I had never published anything, but four or five pages of pretty decent poetry; never written a syllable of criticism before—never read, I am sure, half so much as I undertook to write. I began with Byron.—(It was immediately after his Third Canto of Childe Harold appeared.)—I took him up; read him through—every page—every line

—of all his works: and reviewed all of them, *in less than four days.* But so little notion had I then of the quantity, or the value of what I had written, that I gave the article away, as I would a letter—and supposed (that) it would *all* appear in the following number of the PORTICO.—Judge of my surprise, when I found that I had written a small book—which came out, month after month, and excited extraordinary interest over America. I look upon that series of criticism, now, with astonishment. I wonder that I have improved so little. I can *write* much better now, to be sure; express the same idea, in fifty different ways—each better than I could then have expressed it. But, in truth, I do not perceive that my thoughts are much better now, or much bolder, than they were then.

"These papers excited, as I have said before, great attention. They obtained for me, in fact, an immediate engagement, which enabled me to support myself during my studies for the bar—for I had failed as a 'merchant'—so called, in America (a sort of wholesale haberdasher); was wretchedly poor; and, of course, with my temper, about as proud, if I can depend upon what I hear, as Lucifer himself. It may be very true, for I had observed, long before my failure, that a poor man—a wretched man—has never any sort of credit for his humility or condescension.—So—I undertook to reserve mine for the day when I should be rich, and happy.—It has not yet come; but when it has, I promise you to be as humble, good-natured, and polite, as the best of them.—The lawyers had given me prodigious trouble: So by way of revenge, I became a lawyer, myself.—I succeeded—I am satisfied—for the present, I mean.

"The ESSAYS were poor stuff—except one about WAR, DUELLING, ETC. (a clever piece of work): and one about FREE AGENCY (written for a club, one very hot afternoon, of summer), which, I say *now*, after having read volumes and volumes upon the subject, since it was written, though it is badly arranged—not carefully expressed—and was thrown off like a letter—is not only *original*, but an extraordinary, conclusive, unanswerable demonstration. It embraces all that

can be said on the subject, either way; with little or nothing, I believe, that was ever said before.

The POETRY, taken together, is poor stuff; but, nevertheless, much above the dead level of magazine poetry, with passages of extraordinary power and beauty.

"2. KEEP COOL. A novel in two volumes; a paltry, contemptible affair: my second offering to the public, my first, in the shape of a book. It was written chiefly for the discouragement of duelling—about which, as I was eternally in hot water, I began to entertain certain very tender, reasonable, talkative scruples of conscience. The hero is insulted, he fights, under what anybody would call a justification—kills the insulter—and is never happy for an hour, afterwards. The idea was good; parts of the book, as they stand, are worth preserving—the whole worth going over with.—Perhaps I may take it up again, some day or other; but I cannot bear to think of it, now.—I reviewed myself openly in the preface to this novel as *author*—a little time before Fadladeen was made use of, in Lalla Rookh—for a similar purpose. Much to the credit of my country, KEEP COOL is forgotten: or, where it is known at all, is looked upon as a disgrace to her literature—perhaps to myself. I am glad of it.

"BATTLE OF NIAGARA—GOLDAN—MISCELLANEOUS POETRY—OTHO.—Works abounding throughout, in absurdity, intemperance, affectation, extravagance—with continual, but involuntary imitation: yet, nevertheless, containing, altogether, more sincere poetry, more exalted, *original*, pure, bold poetry, than *all* the works, of *all* the other authors, that have ever appeared in America. A volume could be collected out of the whole, which would contain as much great poetry, as any single volume of this age. A few passages are equal to any poetry, that ever was written—to my knowledge. Cry out, if you will—say what you will. What I speak is the truth—It is my honest opinion. Judge you of my judgment in this case, by my judgment in other cases.—OF OTHO, which is now a bad poem, with a few great, and a few beautiful passages in it: a multitude of errors, little, and big—many thoughts, which, if they should be worthily developed, were enough to reform the tragedy spirit of

the age—of this, I could make a superb drama. I shall try it, some leisure week. In the preface to OTHO published (long before Lord Byron thought of giving battle) on account of the unities, I took up their defence; encountered your English Goliath, Johnson: overthrew him—'I love modesty: but I love truth better'—overthrew him, and his great argument, as it appears in the preface of Shakspeare.—I shall do this, after a more knightly fashion, one of these days.

"OTHO was written a long time before Mr Procter's MIRANDOLA came out, in his country. It was even published, before. I mention this, because MIRANDOLA is full of surprising resemblances to OTHO.—Parts of the plot; much of the sentiment; a situation or two; and, in one case, *the very words* are the same. As an American, I would carefully avoid imitation. It is the besetting sin of my countrymen. As an American, too, I should be charged with stealing from the author of *Mirandola*, when he would never be suspected of having stolen from OTHO.

"NIAGARA was, originally, the work of a few days, in the heat of summer. As it now stands—in the last edition—I consider it as the labour of less than a month; because, in about five or six weeks altogether, I wrote both NIAGARA and GOLDAN, beside some other poems—or poetry—and OTHO. I do not mean five or six consecutive weeks; but five or six weeks, in *amount*, allowing, of course, for sleep, meals, etc. etc. Byron makes a fuss about having done his British Bards in less than a twelvemonth; a *poem* which has no *poetry* at all in it—of his own.

"GOLDAN. This poem was the labour, when first ready for publication, of less than *forty-eight hours*. Altogether, as it now stands, I regard it as the labour of about a week or ten days. The poetry of Mrs Hemans—(of which a word or two here, in self-defence)—appeared in this country a long time *after* mine appeared, in America.—Between 'OTHO, NIAGARA, GOLDAN—and her 'SIEGE OF VALENCIA,' I find a multitude of brief, startling resemblances, not only of thought, but of expression—which, after a while, but for what I now say, might subject *me*, though they never should, *her*, to the charge of plagiarism.—So too, in the second part of CRESCENTUS, by

Mrs H. from page 26 to 82—there is a long passage (not one of her fine passages, neither—far from it)—so like parts of GOLDAN, that if her poem had not been published a long while—nearly two years—*after* mine, I would not permit Goldan to go through another edition. Both writers, I should mention, are describing a similar character, in the same kind of verse: it is that of a minstrel boy, labouring under a mysterious derangement (if I do not forget)—who goes about, over the earth—troubling the air—the human heart—every solitude—every place—everybody—with half-spontaneous—half-involuntary music.—I do not well remember now, wherein the resemblance lay: I may be mistaken, perhaps, in the identity of character—but I remember well, that I was afraid for Goldan, until I found out when hers appeared. (I took a note of the pages at the time.)

“It would be ridiculous enough to charge Mrs H. with imitating; or Barry Cornwall—otherwise Procter, with pilfering from—a Transatlantic barbarian, a self-educated, wild poet from beyond seas, who hates all the heathen mythology—as he does birch, kites, marbles, etc. etc., the entertainments of his boyhood.

“The woman is full of poetry. So is the man—brimful of that miraculous, deep, sure instinct, which—nay, the least portion of which, is a ‘longing after immortality.’ The light within her, is that, which no woman ever had before. Others have had more eloquence; more dramatic power; a more manly temper; but no woman had ever so much true poetry in her heart, as Felicia Hemans.—(I cannot bear to call such a woman—so gifted—*Mistress* Hemans.) Look at her VOICE OF SPRING. There is not such another poem in the world. It is a lump of pure gold.

“Her poetry, however—that which I call her poetry—the tender, profound, pure, and spiritual part of it—is only to be met with in her smaller pieces.—When she prepares herself more seriously for the communication of her power, she is no longer the same creature. The woman passes away—the priestess appears. That clear transparency of look, through which, every pulsation of her heart—every change of her thought, would be seen, were she less upon her guard—is gone. She

is no longer a child, articulate with inspiration; but a woman playing a part.

“So with Barry Cornwall, whose exquisite sense of colour, flavour, shape, and odour, in poetry is quite Shakspearean—at least, in the sweet and affectionate passages of his poetry—if not in those of a more sublime or desperate countenance—(when he handles the thunder and lightning of his Jupiter,—with chicken-skin gloves.) These people, of course, could never be charged with borrowing from a North American savage—though *he* might be charged with *stealing* from them.

“The preface to OTHO, wherein the great argument of Dr Johnson is refuted, I wrote one morning, as I would a letter, in the study of Mr Pierpont, (a clergyman, author of a poem, called ‘Airs of Palestine.’)—He knows all this to be true.

“As another example of the rapidity, with which I did business, ‘all unused’ as I was to that of reviewing, I would observe, that, being much pressed, one day, I read a long poem through, (‘The Village,’) and wrote a review of it, which afterwards came out in the Portico, while the editor was writing an epistle to some friend.

“The ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, etc. etc.—which appeared in the TELEGRAPH, would amount, I daresay, to a large quarto; and were much above the general run of newspaper stuff. I cannot well say more of them, except in three cases;—in the *first* of which, I called Andrew Jackson, the general, to account, for his outrageous insolence to a senator of the United States:—in the second, I *established* (no other word will answer my purpose,) I *established* a doctrine, among the great lawyers of the country; which doctrine, if it ever come to issue in the Supreme Court of the United States, will shake the confederacy to her foundations. I showed, perfectly to my own satisfaction, that *all* the Banks of *all* the States were unconstitutional. In the third, I reviewed a celebrated opinion of Chief Justice Marshall, on the great national bankrupt law: showed—not only to my own satisfaction, but, I flatter myself, to that of all the other bankrupts of North America, that he was wrong—mistaken absolutely—from beginning to end. So he was. I was right. He is convinced of it, now. The leading courts of the country—nay, the Supreme Court itself, with a part of

its dependencies, in effect—have adopted my views of that opinion. These papers were always knocked off at a heat—in the course of a few hours ; never corrected—never copied. But, hastily written as they were—presumptuous and foolish—nay, desperate as they were thought, when they appeared, by the mob of lawyers, I have lived long enough already to hear the opinions—arguments—ay, in one case, the very language—therein used—adopted and quoted by certain of the great law authorities of the country. The Supreme Court of the United States have grown sorry for that opinion—ashamed of the judgment which followed—and are now seeking to evade the consequences of both.

“ There were also, a multitude of papers upon the FINE ARTS, for which I have done more, in America, than all the rest of her native writers.

“ INDEX TO NILES’ REGISTER. The most laborious work of the kind, perhaps, in the world. It was done by me. Niles, to be sure, added a parcel of references to vols. XI. XII. ; and re-arranged one or two of the articles : But, as a work, it is mine. He showed his notion of its value, by giving me nearly three times as much as he promised, for it. He was a very laborious man ; but he had abandoned the work in despair, after a short experiment. So had one other person.

“ HISTORY of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Paul ALLEN,—(See ALLEN, vol. XVI. page 308.) The part which I furnished for this work ; about one-fourth, I believe, as it is published ; with about as much more, that was not published—having overstepped our contract—written more than was required—I wrote and copied, in less than six weeks—(that is—wrote it over twice)—besides reading several histories of the country and a prodigious pile of revolutionary manuscript—in the same time. It was printed shamefully ; but in general (my part of it, I mean) was well written. Some of the finest passages, however, were made nonsense of, by the carelessness of my associate (Dr Watkins), whose boy sometimes read the proofs.

“ My modesty—such as it is ; and, if I do not greatly misunderstand myself, it is like that of Cobbett—or that of Dr Mitchell, the great man, who published a Chronological Table of re-

markable Events in his own Life—my modesty—such as it is, will not permit me to say anything more of myself under this head.

“ My other essays—in other journals—were not worth a curse. I should except one, however, about Counsellor Phillips, and his *oratory*, wherein I did his business, I flatter myself, in America : and, perhaps, one more, wherein I showed, conclusively, that Mr Taylor’s book about Sir Philip Francis proved nothing at all : that all his facts were perfectly reconcilable to either hypothesis—(to the identity or ‘non-identity’ of Sir P. F. and Junius.) It appeared in the JOURNAL OF THE TIMES ; was most atrociously printed.—I was the *first* who undertook Mr T.—I stood alone, for a long time.

“ AS for LOGAN, SEVENTY-SIX, RANDOLPH, and WILL ADAMS, I have no sort of objection to say what I think of them, also.—No matter whose they are—mine or another’s.—It is all the same to me. I shall neither acknowledge, nor deny them. I did not, when I was threatened with assassination—challenged—lied about—posted : and I will not, if I die for it—until I think proper. They lay them to the door of another man ; a young friend of mine.—William B. Walter, the poet. Poor fellow !—he was innocent of them. He never saw a line of either—never heard of either—till it was printed, or printing. The stories about him—so far as these books are concerned—almost originated with me. Carey, the publisher of Logan, told me, soon after it appeared in Philadelphia, that poor Walter was charged with it.—A long time afterwards, when it suited my purpose, I spoke of the report (adding a few queries, and facts) to the unprincipled, shameless vagabond—or in other words, which I take to be more insupportable, and quite equivalent—I did all this, to the editor of what is called the COLUMBIAN OBSERVER, Philadelphia.—He published my communication ; but left out, until I made him put it in, a paragraph, upon which the whole character of the paper depended. All that I said was true—scrupulously true. The correction followed, within three or four days. Hence the ridiculous notion that prevails, about Walter’s having been guilty of these books.

“ The editor of the UNITED STATES LITERARY GAZETTE, *Theophilus Parsons*, by name, has thought proper to

make use of these words, while speaking of Randolph.—‘He (Neal) says—that he did *not* write the book’—To which I answer, thus:—‘Mr T. Parsons—*That’s a lie.*’ By what authority dare you say such a thing of me? I never denied, I never will deny, those books. Nor do I choose to own them. But you say also, that you, ‘understand, I was much *beaten*,’ therefore.—*That’s another lie.* You never understood any such thing. You, yourself, know me better. There does not live the man, who would venture to say so foolish a thing of me, where I am at all known. For your especial comfort, however, until we meet, I would mention that I never was beaten; that I never will be; that I hate a liar; never put up with insult—or forgive a falsehood—unless I think proper.—Let me proceed.

“LOGAN is a piece of declamation: SEVENTY-SIX, of *narrative*: RANDOLPH, *epistolary*: ERRATA, or WILL ADAMS, *colloquial*—They are a complete series; a course of experiment, as the author himself declares, upon the forbearance of the age: a multitude of papers thrown off in a sort of transport: amounting to *fifteen* large English duodecimos—written at the rate of *three* such volumes a-month—while the author was publicly engaged, nearly the whole of each day, in professional business.—I have it in my power to give dates, for all but Logan.—I know this to be true. I know that one of the series was actually begun and completed within *thirty-one days*. It would make three or four English duodecimos!*

“These books were not written for the British market; or with any expectation or hope of their being repub-

lished in England. They were not written—I may venture to say that, now, I hope—for the appetite of the age. They were the feverish productions of a man, who could not be idle—whose very trifling was always desperate, or serious. They were reproduced in London, without his consent, or knowledge.—Otherwise they would have been wholly transformed. A multitude of errors—a multitude of absurdities—would have escaped a second edition. Yet—with all their great faults; and with all their monstrous follies—there was only one man, alive, when they appeared, who could have written them.

“LOGAN is full of power—eloquence—poetry—instinct, with a more than mortal extravagance: Yet so crowded—so incoherent—so evidently without aim, or object, worthy of a good or a wise man—so outrageously overdone, that nobody *can* read it entirely through. Parts are without a parallel for passionate beauty;—power of language: deep tenderness, poetry—yet every page—almost every paragraph, in truth, is rank with corruption—the terrible corruption of genius.—It should be taken, as people take opium. A grain may exhilarate—more may stupify—much will be death.

“SEVENTY-SIX. I pronounce this to be one of the best romances of the age. With a little care—some pruning: a few alterations, it might be made an admirable book of. So far as it goes, it is quite a faithful history of the old American War—told with astonishing vivacity. The reader becomes an eyewitness in spite of himself.—It was published here, long before MATTHEW WALD appeared, wherein there is a world of resemblance—and a fight, with small swords, which otherwise,

* I give the dates—and order in which they were written, from the notes of the author.

“LOGAN—*begun* (. . .) *ended*—Nov. 17, 1821.

“RANDOLPH—*begun* 26. Nov. 1821.

1st vol. finished 21 Dec. 1821—2d, 8th Jan. 1822, with the interval of about a week, between the two, when I wrote nothing—4 English volumes in *thirty-six days*.

“ERRATA—*begun after* (time uncertain) *after* the 8th of Jan. 1822.—Finished 16 Feb. 1822—4 English volumes, in less than *thirty-nine days*.

“SEVENTY-SIX—*begun after* Feb. 16, 1822—finished, 19th Mar. 1822 (with four days off, during which I did not see the MS.)—3 English volumes in *twenty-seven days*.”

N.B.—During this time, the author was publicly engaged, every day, save Sundays, in professional business. They were the work, therefore, of only a few hours, instead of days.

the American author might be charged with having imitated.

"RANDOLPH—about as courageous a book as ever was, or ever will be, written; full of truth—alarming truth—to the great men of North America. It struck them with consternation. It is a novel; a plausible, well-connected, finely developed novel; but, by reason of a continual departure, for purposes of criticism, or biography, it requires great attention to enjoy the plot, or believe in it. Randolph sits in judgment, as it were, upon all America.

"ERRATA, or WILL ADAMS. A curiosity in literature: a powerful work—loaded with rubbish—full of deep interest, nevertheless.—I have done—I love modesty; and whatever you may think, have not been imitating William Cobbett—in this my criticism."

NILES—HEZEKIAH. Editor of NILES' REGISTER, a work of great value, for reference. Mr N. was, for a long time, the Cobbett of America.—He imitated Cobbett in everything, save his unprincipled self-contradiction—until a quarrel took place, which has ended in the salvation of Niles.—By the way—this brings to our recollection a little anecdote of Cobbett, worth telling. It shows the very nature of the man—his pretension; his talent; his impudence. While he was in America, he ran a-foul of some Frenchman, who had been republishing a grammar of Cobbett's—with a preface of his own. Cobbett swore that he couldn't write a word of English. To prove it, he quoted from his preface, the following words—we give them with Cobbett's typography—"Recorded honours shall gather round his monument, and thicken over HIM. It is a solid fabric; and will support the laurels; which adorn IT."—Quere, *Did* Cobbett know—or did he *not*, while he was writing these words, that they were the words of Junius, to Chatham? If he did—what are we to think of his decency?—If he did *not*—what are we to think of his knowledge, in that sturdy literature about which he is eternally talking, as if it were that for which he has a religious veneration—*let*, with which he is more familiar, *than* almost any other man of our country?

UTTAL—a Yorkshireman: professor of botany in the Harvard uni-

versity: author of a work upon the languages of the North American Indians: of another upon BOTANY, we believe. We have not seen them. He is a man of science.

OGILVIE—a Scotchman: a declaimer of wonderful powers, if we may believe what is told of him: author of a large work, entitled, if we do not forget, PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS—mere talk—nothing more. We have not seen them, for years; and hope never to see them again. He was a man of genius, destroyed by opium-eating.

OSBORNE—SELECK. A man of decent powers; formerly the chief, among ten thousand—American poets; now the editor of a country paper. Mr O. was a good, but not a great poet.

PAINE—THOMAS. A Goliath among political writers, who, unprincipled, coarse, and wicked as he was, by his RIGHTS OF MAN (assisted, we believe, by Dr Franklin,)—did more good, without wishing it—(we cannot well say more, of such a writer) than he did mischief, by his AGE OF REASON. Cobbett is a follower of his. Both are greatly over-rated. Paine was an Englishman: secretary to the first American Congress—a useful writer for the Republican cause; but, nevertheless—a man—whose memory is held in utter abomination throughout America. The mischief that he did was intentional: the good—accidental.

PAINE — R. TREAT — originally THOMAS, which he changed, merely to avoid, we believe, the opprobrium which followed it: a prose writer; and a poet: one, whose language, *two* or three times, during his life, *was* inspiration: a part of his works are collected—chiefly orations; poems; and songs. We think very well of his genius, but humbly, of his understanding. The song, "Adams and Liberty," was written by him.—We know of no other tolerable song—except one by Dr Percival—that ever was written by an American.

PARSONS — THEOPHILUS — a melancholy proof that great men will degenerate, in America. His father was a giant, he is hardly a dwarf. He wrote one or two articles for the North American Review, some years ago; on the strength of which, he has lately presumed—with a platoon of helpers, to conduct a literary paper, in Boston, which is really—so far as the paper, printing, &c. are concerned—honour-

able to the country.—The editorial work is very dull—foolish—of a temper, that one cannot well describe—not bad enough to make people sick; nor good enough to be remembered, from one paragraph, to another.—Parsons wrote also, for the CLUB ROOM; a paper of some twenty pages; the joint production of a Club; which got along, if we are not mistaken, to the fourth or fifth number.—In short—he is a blockhead.

PAULDING—good prose writer, with audacity enough, some years ago, to publish a volume of poetry, which others have had impudence enough to praise: a Yankee—born, we believe, in Connecticut. His works are—1. JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN; a small book, (1 vol. 18mo,) giving some account, in the style of Scripture, as we see it, in the Chronicles, of our squabbles with America.—We have not seen it, for many years; have no safe recollection of it; and shall, therefore, pass it over:—2. PAPERS IN SALAMAGUNDI (see IRVING, p. 61.) most of which are capital; but ill-tempered. No two writers could be more thoroughly opposed, in everything—disposition—habit—style—than were Irving and Paulding. The former was cheerful; pleasant; given to laughing at whatever he saw—not peevishly—satirically or spitefully—but in real good humour: the latter—even while he *laughed*—as Byron says of Lara—*sneered*. Irving would make us love human nature—wish it well—or pity it: Paulding would make us ashamed of it; or angry with it. One looks for what is good—in everything; the other, for what is bad: 3. LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH, (one vol. 12mo,) a well-written book—not very malicious—nor very able; giving some account, but a very imperfect one, of the *southern* habits; and *western* habits of his countrymen: 4. THE BACKWOODSMAN—NATURE and ART—&c. &c.: one vol. 12mo,—purporting to be poetry—absolute prose, nevertheless; a little in the style of Goldsmith:—5. A new SERIES OF SALAMAGUNDI, altogether by himself: quite equal to the first; but,—such is the miserable caprice of popular opinion—altogether neglected. Only a few numbers—five or six, if we are not mistaken—were published:—6. Mr P. is charged with having written the Letters on “OLD ENGLAND, by A

NEW ENGLANDMAN;” a mischievous, wicked, foolish book: with little or no plain truth in it: a few downright lies—a multitude of misrepresentations. We do not say that Paulding *is* the author of this book—in fact, we have *some* reason to believe that he is not—but he is universally charged as the author, passes, thus far, for the author: and will, of course, be treated as the author, *so far*. He is a man of good, strong talent; a hearty republican: a sincere lover of his country—a cordial hater of ours—with little or no true knowledge concerning us, or it: of a most unhappy disposition; sarcastic humour; and—we are afraid—not a very good heart.—His caricatures are too serious for pleasantry. There is nothing like fun or frolic in his misrepresentations:—He *is* the author, too, of a novel, the name of which we forget, published, we believe, about one year ago, by the Whitakers. It was a satirical affair—of course; cuts up the city of Washington speculators in good style; with no pathos; no passion—but is full of meaning.

PHILLIPS—WILLARD: a Yankee—another self-educated man: formerly (before DANA) editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: a good writer; and a sound, excellent lawyer. His work upon the LAW OF INSURANCE, cannot be too highly praised. (See DEC. 1824, p. 636.)

PITKIN. A Connecticut man; formerly member of Congress. A STATISTICAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES, by him, is a work of great value and authority. It is loaded with official evidence, clearly arranged.

PERCIVAL, Dr: Among poets, very much what GEOFFREY CRAYON is among prose writers; calm, gentle, steady and beautiful: an imitator of Byron—so successfully too, in his PROMETHEUS, that, stanza after stanza, would pass for Byron's, if they appeared, in a collection of his poetry: The best of Dr P.'s workmanship, however, is to be found in his little pieces; many of which are very beautiful—pure, sweet poetry—without being wonderful, or great. Mr Millar, Bridge Street—has republished a volume or two of Dr P.'s poems. They deserve patronage, and so does Mr M.: for, it was he, who brought out Geoffrey Crayon, to the public.

PENN—WILLIAM—One of the ear-

liest Quakers: the founder of Pennsylvania: a great man—a good one, to speak of whom worthily would require a volume. His writings are well known: they are chiefly controversial,—His ‘No Cross, no Crown,’ is an able, tiresome work.

PICKERING—TIMOTHY: some twenty years ago, a very able man—a Roman, for his truth—a Cato, for his integrity—Of late (we know not if he be alive now)—of late, only a talkative old gentleman. He was a formidable adversary of Jefferson. His writings are political, or official; not collected.

PICKERING—SON of the latter: a man of great erudition; a fine scholar; learned in many languages: author of PICKERING’S VOCABULARY—a work of some value in the United States.

PIERPONT—JOHN—a Connecticut man: first a lawyer; then, a merchant; then—though not professionally—an author—now, a preacher: a man of sound, powerful, talent.—As a lawyer, he would have been greatly distinguished: as a merchant, he was good for nothing: as a poet—he might have been—he *is* in the rank of Beattie, Campbell, and all that class. The PORTRAIT—a poem, by him, was a political squib. THE AIRS OF PALESTINE, another poem, was written for a charitable purpose—while he, himself, was perishing, for lack of that very charity which he showed: It is tame, badly arranged, incomplete—and worse than all—afflicted with plagiarism, imitation, and alliteration. Yet, is it, nevertheless, full of beauty—with a few eloquent—a few good—and a few great passages in it.—His account of the rattle-snake, from Chateaubriand, is capital. We have no room for it, however. The whole poem has been republished here, with a miserable selection of American poetry.—Two or three of Mr Pierpont’s little pieces: with a few of his hymns, after all, are worth a dozen of his long poems.—He is a fine pulpit orator; writes bravely; reasons, with remarkable force; and should publish a volume of his chief sermons. He will be forgotten else.

PINKNEY—WILLIAM. One of the greatest lawyers, not only of the age—this age—but of any age.—The little that he has written is not worthy of him.—He was formerly minister to this court; and, up to the hour of his death, held the foremost rank among

those who are called ORATORS.—We do not, however, think much of his eloquence. It was noisy, clamorous, artificial. But of his mind—his powers of reasoning, we entertain the most exalted opinion.

PORTER—DAVID—a brave, desperate fellow; a naval captain; of the United States: ‘PORTER’S NARRATIVE’ is by him. It is a foolish, pompous, ridiculous—*true* book—wherein he gives an account of his adventures in the South Seas; among the South-Sea islanders—while he was cruising for the protection of his enterprising countrymen, through every nook and corner of the Pacific.

PROUD—wrote a HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA; and a HISTORY OF NEW YORK: both of which are insupportably tiresome.

RAMSAY—DR: an amiable, good man: a warm, eloquent writer. The LIFE OF WASHINGTON, by him, is a delightful book; but not so carefully—so severely true, as it should have been: HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—very much the same—not such authority, as one of a scrupulous temper would have; but such authority as the multitude are content with: HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA—a very interesting, faithful work. Let him, who would know the truth concerning whole nations of the red men, look into this work.—It will make his blood run cold—casually mentioned as they are.

RAYMOND—DANIEL: A Yankee; from Connecticut—New England: A counsellor-at-law: Author of a work on POLITICAL ECONOMY (2 vols. 8vo,)—where a multitude of problems; phenomena, etc. etc. are explained, with a simplicity, quite startling—nay, quite provoking—to those who have been wasting years upon the science. We look upon it, as a work of extraordinary value.—It should have been republished here—or, at least, reviewed. A friend of ours (Neal) brought a copy “out”—and exerted himself not a little, in trying to get some notice taken of it, by somebody equal to the job.—Twice he was promised, without qualification, that it should be done. Twice he was disappointed. He then gave up the point.

RUSH—DR BENJAMIN—A medical writer; remarkable for the eloquent fervour of his theories—the comprehensiveness of his philosophy: one of

the greatest physicians of the age—the first among his countrymen. His works are in 4 vols. 8vo. He was an early, and zealous advocate of the Blacks. Mr Rush, the American minister, is a son of his.*

SANSOM—A Philadelphian, we suspect: Author of a foolish book about Canada—called a *Tour*, by him: (No—"SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA.")

SANDERSON—A respectable, tedious writer—*living* in Philadelphia, at any rate: Author, we are afraid, of some parts, in DELAPLAINE'S REPOSITORY. (See DELAPLAINE, Nov. 1824: p. 566:) Author, we know, of a work, purporting to be the BIOGRAPHIES of those, who *signed*, the Declaration of Independence: a work much wanted; but not from such a workman.—Mr S. loves to make too much of everything. There is no sort of proportion between the language, and the subject; the words and the thought of his BIOGRAPHIES. The style is always the same; always a kind of grave, pompous eulogy—as if he were under a contract, for his bread, with all the families of those, about whom he presumes to write.

SENGWICK—MISS. A very good female writer; simple, chaste, and very sensible; without pretension—that is—if she be the authoress of "THE NEW ENGLAND TALE"—and of another novel, recently published by Millar (the name of which, we forget)—by the authoress of *that*.

SILLIMAN—PROFESSOR. The JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, by Mr S., we look upon, as a work of great value. His LETTERS FROM ENGLAND; or SILLIMAN'S TOUR, a book published in America, after his return from a tour through ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,

WALES, and HOLLAND, is highly creditable to his temper, heart, and good sense. It is a very fair picture of what he saw, here; and a work, which deserves to be, as it is, popular, in his country.—His TOUR IN CANADA is contemptible; a piece of egregious book-making.—We think very highly of Professor Silliman, as a writer; as a mineralogist; as a geologist; and as a chemist; but very humbly, as a book-maker.

SLOANE—A Baltimorean: author of RAMBLES IN ITALY—a very agreeable book—written with a sort of gentlemanly air, which would make anything popular.

SMITH—Wrote a HISTORY OF NEW YORK: A dull, heavy, circumstantial affair.

SOMERVILLE—Author, many years ago, of some poetry, which his friends—nay, his very enemies, have long since forgotten. He has lately brought forth an octavo, about France. It is a remarkable book—appears to have been produced by two different people; a boy and a man: a politician—or something better, and a gossip.—Speaking of these LETTERS though—they remind us of a criticism concerning them, in the last North American Review—we say concerning them; not upon them—because no sort of opinion, one way or the other, is given of the work, in this long review of it. One would be ready to believe that some one had written the article—by the job—under the eyes of the author; who wanted boldness to praise himself—and courage, to cut his own throat.—Mr S. may become a very good writer: he is a man of talent—such as it is.

SPARKS—JARED. Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Former-

* The observations of Dr R. concerning the multitude of diseases, which proceed from decayed teeth, have been fully confirmed, of late, by Dr KOECKER (a German dentist—probably without an equal in the world, as a dentist)—Dr Rush saw cases of epilepsy; rheumatism in the hip, etc. etc. cured by the extraction of teeth.—Dr Koecker is now in London—(5, CHARLES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.)—While in America, he was at the head of his profession there, which is no light praise; for, in America, the diseases of the teeth are more frequent, more wasting, and better understood, than they are anywhere else, on earth. Dr K. cures many diseases, that have always been regarded as incurable, even to the time of our celebrated Mr Fox, who looks upon the *devastation* of the gums, and alviolar processes, in that light: Nearly three persons out of four, above the age of forty, in Great Britain, who have occasion for a dentist, are suffering by this terrible disease.—We think it worth our while, therefore, to give Dr K. a puff.—His treatment of *denuded* nerves and plugging, or *stopping*, are peculiar to himself; and altogether unrivalled. He has written ably upon these very subjects.

ly pastor of the **FIRST INDEPENDENT CHURCH**, at Baltimore, (a taking title for **UNITARIANISM**): Author of a large volume 8vo—upon the doctrine, ordinances, &c. of the **EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—a powerful, clear, cool, impudent book: a very able theologian—a good scholar—and a strong, plain writer, with a disposition to be a fine writer, which plays the devil with him, occasionally.—He was also editor of the **UNITARIAN MISCELLANY**—i. e. the *author*—and is yet a large contributor. The **U. M.** is a clever thing—done up in good style—sent all over the country—and sold for a song. Mr S. was chaplain to Congress for a time (See Dec. 1824, p. 426); but, much to the credit of his good sense, after two or three years of trial, has given up the pulpit—a place, for which he was not well qualified, (as a speaker, we should say,) and has betaken himself to writing; a business for which he is qualified—save when he forgets himself—and presumes to be rhetorical, warm, or generous.

SPRAGUE—CHARLES. A young man of Boston, Massachusetts—a merchant's clerk, we believe, who obtained prize after prize, among the poets of his country, for his **ADDRESS** on the opening of sundry theatres. There is not much poetry in these papers, thus written; but—after all—they are about as good, and about as poetical, as the best of ours, by Johnson, Pope, Garrick, Byron, etc.

SMITH.—We have confounded several persons, (each of whom has written a **HISTORY OF VIRGINIA**,) with one another, in our recollection.—That, by **SMITH**, however, if we do not mistake, is a very good account of the state.—**SMITH** is not an American writer—if he were, we should like to spend a little time upon his heroic achievement, from the time of his adventures among the Moors, until he went, in the same spirit of chivalry, among the North American savages.

STEWART—Professor: An able writer on theology: the champion of **ANDOVER**, a place where Calvinistic theology is taught—(the College of the **PRESBYTERIANS**): The **CATHOLICS**, by the way, have their Colleges in **MARYLAND**: The **EPISCOPALIANS** theirs at **PRINCETON**, New Jersey: the **UNITARIANS** theirs at **Harvard University**—**Cambridge**—**MASSACHUSETTS**.

TUDOR—A New England man: Author of **LETTERS** on the **EASTERN STATES** (the land of the Yankees) and of a book recently brought forth—called the **LIFE OF JAMES OTIS**. We have read neither of these works: we have only seen a few extracts. *They*, however, gave us a high opinion of the author. **OTIS** was a man, whose biography would be interesting here: He was a very able, devout republican; a chief mover in the "rebellion" of the Colonies.

TUCKER—JUDGE.—A Virginian: a profound lawyer. His **BLACKSTONE**—that is, *our* Blackstone, with **CHRISTIAN'S** notes—republished by him, with *comparative* notes, which amount, in truth, to a steady, lawyer-like parallel, between the laws of England: and the laws of America—is a work of great value.

TRUMBULL.—Author of a **HISTORY** of the **UNITED STATES**: a solid, faithful, tedious book. (See **HISTORY**, Vol. XVI. p. 57.)

TRUMBULL.—Author of **THE FINGAL**; a Hudibrastic poem of great merit—for doggerel—rich, bold, and happy.

VERPLANK.—A sound, beautiful writer. We know but little of him, or his writings, which are only a few papers: one of the **SALAMAGUNDI** people, we are told: A **DISCOURSE** of his, before the New York Historical Society, about 1818—is a fair specimen of his power.

WALTER—WM. B.—A young man, of Boston, Massachusetts; educated at Harvard University, for the business of preaching Unitarianism: But, having anticipated his time; preached before he had got a "licence"—gone about, rather too freely, giving unto others, what had been rather too freely *given* unto him;—having, to say the truth, done some very foolish, incoherent, brilliant, queer things (for a preacher) in the way of poetry, lectures, &c. &c.—he was never able to obtain a preaching "licence."—He wrote **SUKEY** (an imitation of Don Juan)—with a few other **POEMS**, published afterwards.—They are a compound of strange, beautiful poetry; audacious plagiarism; and absolute, vulgar nonsense.—Logan, *therefore*, was laid at his door. But Neal, who, undoubtedly knows the truth, declares that Walter is entirely innocent of Logan: that he never saw a line of that;

or of the other crazy books, that followed by the same author, while they were in MS.

WARREN—MARY. Wrote a very agreeable HISTORY of the American Revolutionary War. She was the widow, if we do not mistake, of Gen. Warren, who fell at Bunker's Hill.—Her means of information were excellent—her powers respectable—her candour exemplary.

WEBSTER—NOAH: a very learned man—whose Dictionary of the American Language, we take to be one of the most curious things in the history of literature: He is making another, now, which we are told is to supersede our DR JOHNSON.

WEBSTER—DANIEL. A lawyer of Boston—a man of great powers: a good scholar: and a senator in Congress.—His ADDRESS, delivered on the "return" of the two hundredth year, since the New England Fathers landed at Plymouth, is no great affair, though it is looked upon as miraculous. He has written much better for the North American Review.

WALSH, ROBERT, JR.—AUTHOR of a small book on the aspect of AFFAIRS IN FRANCE, which was handsomely puffed in the Edinburgh—(quite enough that, we suppose, to show its value:) EDITOR of a quarterly journal, in America, for which he has fifty times more credit than he deserved: Of the AMERICAN REGISTER, (if we do not mistake the name,) a large compilation, with some original matter of *his*, under the head of "ELEGANT LITERATURE:" Of the APPEAL, from the judgments of those (among others) who had been puffing him here:—And of the NATIONAL GAZETTE, Philadelphia.

The first book is well written—with a little over-doing: the JOURNAL was clever, solid, and useless: The review of the FEDERALIST in it is quite ridiculous, though it is talked about, as a commentary thereon. The REGISTER was badly contrived: So was the APPEAL, which, by the way, "clumsy" as it was, must not be looked upon, as the work of "ROBERT WALSH, JUNIOR, Esquire;" but, in truth, as the work of a great multitude, who had been diligently employed, for a long time before, in collecting material—which, whatever else we may say of it, is authentic. The

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whole, taken together, is a bad, mischievous, provoking, unavailable piece of work. It might have been made, with half the talent of Mr Walsh, a popular, and useful book.—It might have done much, to allay the prejudices of our countrymen; the foolish apprehension—the blind, absurd, perpetual deference of his.—Nobody reads it, now: nobody ever will read it, here.

Mr Walsh is a man of highly respectable talent; a pretty good scholar; and a well-trained, serious, heavy writer. But he has no strong originality—none at all. His writings are like those of any other plain, sensible man, who knows how to express himself clearly: that is, when, like Mr Sparks, he is content with doing what is possible for him to do.—He has been rash enough to venture into the hot, glorious atmosphere of Burke once or twice; to imitate him—with a show of eloquent, bold indignation, excessively ridiculous in Mr W.: to steal some of his ideas, which he could no more handle or hide in his own work—than he could so many red-hot thunderbolts, in a snow bank.

His NATIONAL GAZETTE is one of the very best papers, that we know of.

WATERHOUSE, DR. A medical writer of great notoriety, in Boston, Mass: a good man—a very useful one—a pretty good writer—nevertheless.

WATKINS, DR TOBIAS. A man of good, sober talent: a fine reasoner—a classical writer: Editor of the PORTICO—a so-so sort of a journal, taken altogether; but, for a wonder, in America, entirely original: the reputed Editor of the NATIONAL JOURNAL, (Washington, district of Columbia)—a weekly, or semi-weekly paper, which is authority, in political, and literary matters.—Watkins brought Neal out.

WEAMS, DR:—a D. D. perhaps: Rector of MOUNT VERNON—the seat of George Washington, whom he knew from his boyhood: author of A WASHINGTON'S LIFE—not one word of which we believe. It is full of ridiculous exaggeration.

WILSON—JUDGE—Author of some Lectures on the Law, which are beautifully written: the Editor, we believe, (but we may be mistaken,) of the AMERICAN edition of BACON'S ABRIDGEMENT, which contains all the American authorities: a work of inestimable value, in America. He was a

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judge of Pennsylvania: or *president* rather of some court.

WILSON.—The ORNITHOLOGY of this naturalist, we look upon as quite a magnificent affair for America. The plates are good: colouring fine: typography capital: editorial matter excellent.

WILKINSON — GENERAL JAMES — An officer of the American revolutionary war: (See IRVING, KNICKERBOCKER, p. 62,) a general in the last: His LIFE, by himself, in three or four large American 8vos; equal to as many English 4tos, *will* be valuable, though it *is* not *now*.—It is well written: crowded with historical facts, of which he was an eye-witness: with good military and political criticisms—for which he will have credit hereafter. His open attack, upon some other American generals; Mr President Madison; John Randolph, and some others, will be pleasant reading, some half a century from this time.

WILLIAMS.—The HISTORY OF VERMONT, by this Mr W., is a good, substantial book. The information is particular, without being tiresome; the style quite good enough, we think, for the subject.

WIRT—Attorney-General of the United States: a Marylander. The works of this man are, THE BRITISH SPY—a beautiful duodecimo, with some fine writing in it: THE OLD BACHELOR—a parcel of Essays, not worth reading; and Life of PATRICK HENRY, (one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived:) a piece of extravagant eulogy, wherein the biographer has overlooked everything but himself, in his passion for rhetorical ornament.—Mr Wirt is, nevertheless, a good, and beautiful writer; but he has never yet written a book worthy of himself. See vol. XVI. p. 644.

WOODWORTH—a poet—a novelist—a critic—an editor. We know little or nothing of him, in either capacity. A few of his little songs are tolerable; his novel, the CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM, is intolerable; his talent, as a critic, and editor, somewhere between the two—neither tolerable, nor intolerable.

WYATT—Rev. Mr, pastor of an "Episcopalian church" at Baltimore; author of a book upon the Rites, Usages, and Authorities of the Pro-

TESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH; a controversial work of no great merit: One of the best men that ever breathed.

Enough. Our undertaking is now over; our labour done; our end, for a time, accomplished. Now, therefore, are we willing to put our whole character; our character, not only for plain dealing; but for truth and soberness; wisdom and humanity, upon the issue. We knew well what we were about. We had no common purpose to serve; no idle, sneaking, dastardly spirit of any kind—either of hatred, envy, or uncharitableness: no unworthy motive; no mischievous inclination to gratify.—We had only that within us, which will do the great cause of English literature—that literature, which is put forth in the English language, we should say, on both sides of the water—more good, fifty times over, than gentleness, or daintiness:—we had only a feeling of stern impartiality in the matter; a bold and courageous determination—we believe a wise one—to say whatever might be of use; and, whatever we said at all, to say *truly*, come what would of it.

This we have done. Many mistakes; a few omissions, a very few, may lie at our door, perhaps; but nothing worse; not a single word of wilful misrepresentation. We have been doing that which was never attempted before—we have been giving a *critical history of the literature of a whole people, without having a book to refer to, (except in two or three cases lately,) —without having a note, or a memorandum of any sort—altogether from recollection.* There must be some errors, therefore; it cannot be otherwise.

We undertook this; we have done it. Our work is *complete*. The adventure was a serious one; worthy of any man's power; no lazy pastime, for a warm, summer afternoon. It has been seriously done—however it may appear:—conscientiously done.—Whatever may now be thought of our disposition or purpose—abroad, or at home—in Great Britain; or in America,—we dare to say that our motive is honourable, fair, and open; that our good wishes toward America—and so it will prove—are sincere: that our feeling of brotherhood for the people of America; and for those, in particular, who are addicted, after any fa-

shion, to literature, is hearty : and what is more—that our very language, inconsiderate, or intemperate—or unworthy—as it may *seem* ; bitter and cruel, as it may *be*—low as it undoubtedly *is*, now and then, is nevertheless the language of truth ; and *always* that which it *deserved*.

It is never the language of habit—mere habit ; nor of levity, however it may appear. We never use words of course, are never taken by surprise (in these matters)—wherefore, we *do* hope to have the credit of choosing our words with a full knowledge of their power, in every case. Is our language low ?—we *stoop*, only that we may heave the greater load : we draw back, only that we may run forward, with more power. We bend *lower* than other people, only that we may spring higher—go nearer to the earth, sometimes, only that we may bound further *from* it.

We have continued, as we began—using *low* words, unless they were wholly beneath us ; whenever the *subject* required it ; whenever they were more suitable, expressive or vigorous, than *high* words : whenever—for *that* is the only criterion of propriety in language, after all—whenever they were the natural, instantaneous coinage of our thought—whenever they were the mother-tongue, as it were, of our ideas.—We never much liked raising our voice ; or talking beautifully—anywhere—at any time.—We had always rather lower it, even for emphasis.—We had rather be understood—felt—remembered, for a little time, with censure ; than be praised—read—and forgotten, as people of high breeding or soft, pretty words, generally are, before the sun had gone down.—Of all emasculation, that of a man's thought—his own language—his own offspring, for fashion-sake—is most abominable. We would have our children go un mutilated ; and we, ourselves, would rather talk English, than sing Italian.

Our *object*, after all, was nothing but what is now obvious to everybody. We would bring about, so far as in us lies ; by every means in our power, without flattery or falsehood, a speedy reconciliation between two great empires—the people of which have been foolishly, wickedly warring together, openly or otherwise, for nearly fifty

years :—we would promote, by our steadiness ; our honesty ; our impartiality, a good understanding between, perhaps, twenty-five millions of human creatures—children of the same fathers—members of the same family—who, in the division of their inheritance, have been scattered all over the world : we would set a fashion between the literary men of Great Britain, and those of America—(knowing well, that it is *they*, who set what fashion they please, in the two countries)—the fashion of plain dealing—cordial—manly—and worth attending to—sparing nobody—neither ourselves, nor our brethren, if they come in the way of our enterprize.

To do all this effectually, in a way that would be permanently useful—conclusive—and, as we hope, leave nothing for future explanation, we have undertaken, among other serious matters, to do that for our brethren, over the seas, which no journal of their own, will, or can do for them—with anything like the same beneficial effect ;—we have undertaken, while furnishing *our* countrymen, with amusement, we hope ; with solid information, which they may depend upon—which they could not get in *any other way*, and which will be more valuable twenty years hence, than it is now, we are *certain* ; while doing this, we have undertaken to show the people of America what has already been accomplished among themselves, by themselves—and what may yet be accomplished, if they will go about it worthily, *among themselves*—for the world of literature.

We do not say this, lightly—arrogantly—or without caring what we say. It is true—perfectly true—and we know it. Our journals here, have done the literary people of America, nothing but mischief. Their own have done them little or no good. We, ourselves, in our small way, severely as we have spoken throughout, of their faults, have positively done more for their *encouragement*, fifty times over, than all their own journals together ; and all of ours—except our *own*.

The Quarterly ; the Edinburgh,—nay, even the Westminster, which would be, if it were not for great zeal, without knowledge, the friend of all their other institutions, on “*the other side*,”—good or bad—have so abounded in error—blundering self-contradiction—

diction—or absurd, miserable, self-destroying falsehood—one way or the other, about America—now *for*—now *against* her;—one day, with a ponderous gravity; another, perhaps, like a fellow, who goes about breaking heads, or spitting in people's faces, for the fun o' the thing—that *now*, they are never taken up, in America, but for the purpose of proving from their pages, that, while they are all quarrelling with one another, they all agree in abusing America.

They—our brethren over the Atlantick—have journals of their own, courageous enough: with temper and ability enough, to do that work, which we have now done for them.—The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—so called, we hardly know why—is anything but a review of *North American Literature*. It is made up chiefly of prize essays upon the learning or policy of Europe—under the name, perhaps, of reviews upon some foreign books.—And why?—Because, if they handle the same questions *there*, in that Review, which are handled *here*, by our reviews, they will be better understood, *here*—and obtain a reputation sooner *here*, than if they confine themselves to American affairs; of which, by the way, our chief men, *here*, in the literary world, know just nothing at all.—The reputation of every American journal, *in America*, depends chiefly, upon its reputation *here*.

Not one book, perhaps, out of every two hundred, actually written by native Americans, at home, is ever mentioned at all, in the North American Review: not more than a tenth part of the whole in the 'quarterly list' of new publications: nor one author, out of every dozen or twenty, who really deserve it. Besides, when they do undertake an American writer, it is in such a pitiful way—to be sure. They go shuffling and wriggling about him like young puppies about a strange animal—undetermined whether to yelp or fawn—run away—or bite.

They dare not praise heartily, lest we should laugh at them: They dare not condemn heartily, lest, peradven-

ture, their own countrymen should pull them over the coals. They *dare* not play the devil with anything—as we do—however willing, or able they may be—or however fine the opportunity.—They are 'quarterly' people, forsooth; and, whatever may be their duty—whatever may be the temptation—they *must* keep up what such cattle are *pleased*—we dare say—to call their—*dignity*.

We pity them for it.—*We*—thanks be to Him, that made us—and filled us, we hope, with blood of another temperature—we have no such bugbear in our way.—Dignity!—A curse on such a word, where it interferes with justice! It is—though *but* a word—a place of refuge—one of the old sanctuaries, to which the manslayer might fly, with his plunder about him.—We would abolish them, utterly.—We give no quarter—we take none.—Our *periodical attacks*, whatever else they may be—thank Heaven—are not like theirs—the people of dignity. They would sooner let a great criminal escape, than give judgment upon him—without a wig—a gown—or a long quarterly speech. But *we*—if need be—like Haaron Alraschid himself, will see the bastinado given, before we leave the spot, in our *knighly* perambulations: tuck up our gowns: away with our wigs, into the kennel: do execution upon him, with our own hands—or cut him up, for all eternity—if the ends of justice require it.

In short—we can get along without stilts or trumpets; aye, and in our generation, of a single month, drive more vagabonds, more fools, more banditti from the Temple of Literature, than all the quarterly people, together, for a twelvemonth: put more bold, impudent ruffians to open shame, while they are chousing the public—the pilgrim—or wayfaring man—twenty times over, than *all* of those dignified, awful personages—who—if they use their pocket-handkerchief, give due notice thereof; and blow their noses.

X. Y. Z.

P. S. We hear of a pleasant "awakening" over the "other side" among the Yankee people. They have just given WASHINGTON ALSTON (see 1824, Aug. p. 183; Nov. p. 560) 10,000 dollars (L. 3000) for his *BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST*—a price unheard of in America.—We take some credit for this affair to our-

selves. The American painters have only been waiting for the criticism of this country. They will do better now; they will be more encouraged. May it be so among their men of literature.—We know not if this report be true; because the picture, we *know*, was not finished a few weeks ago. But we have it, on pretty good authority. The Philadelphians, too, are wide awake. They have employed Sully to paint a *full-length* of LA FAYETTE. But for *what*? Why for 300 dollars (60 guineas—by subscription, of 100 persons, at 3 dollars per head (13s. 6d.)—which money *he* is to collect; and *out* of which, (*before* he gets it) he is to disburse the expenses of a visit to—a residence in—Washington city, where the picture is to be painted.—So much for ATHENS! So much for the ATHENIANS!

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

WE trust that the contents of the present paper will not be deemed irrelevant, if by means of them we are enabled the better to explain the nature of the evidence on which Political Economy must rest. To this topic, and the causes that have rendered the science so obscure and unsatisfactory, one more preliminary Essay will be devoted; and then we shall be fully prepared to raise, on a clear and unoccupied foundation, a structure, solid, and permanent, and symmetrical in all its parts.

Essay III.—Part III.

On the sources of human knowledge, and the nature of the evidence on which it rests; with a particular reference to Political Economy.

Homo, naturæ minister, et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum, de naturæ ordine, re vel mente observaverit: nec amplius scit aut potest.—NOVUM ORGANUM, aphorism.—I.

As the object and contents of this division of the third Essay may appear not necessarily and immediately connected with Political Economy, it may be proper to premise a few observations tending to prove that they are connected, and thus justify the line of investigation we are about to pursue. From whatever sources and causes, error, and difference of opinion, which implies error, may arise, there can be no doubt that one of the most fertile sources, and most powerful and general causes, must be sought in our misapprehension of the peculiar nature of the different branches of human knowledge, and of the particular kind of evidence of which each is susceptible, and on which, if solid and permanent, it must rest.

Perhaps no higher or more valuable gift could be bestowed on the intellect, and, through it, on the mental and moral improvement and the happiness of man, than a system of logic:

not such a system as is usually taught, which scarcely ever penetrates through mere words, so as to reach to facts on which we may reason, or to the faculties by which we must reason; but a system which should be confined to an explanation of the nature and degree of evidence of which each branch of human knowledge is susceptible, and of the best mode of applying the human faculties, so as to attain that evidence.

We have not the vanity to imagine that we could supply such a desideratum; as it would be a most valuable gift to man, so it would require a most vigorous, clear, and comprehensive intellect, that had long and deeply studied the subject. But there are a few hints that we can suggest—scattered and unconnected, we are sensible, but which we shall not hesitate to offer, both on account of the importance of the subject, and because these hints, few and imperfect as they are,

will serve to guide us to the real nature of Political Economy, and of the evidence of which alone it is susceptible, and on which it must rest, before it can be rendered a clear, solid, and permanent science.

There are two circumstances essentially and indispensably necessary to the acquisition of knowledge, and even the continuance of the human race; if both, or either of these circumstances were annihilated, or were constituted differently from what they are, we could know nothing, and mankind would speedily become extinct. One is the permanence or stability of the appearances and operations of nature: the other is, that fundamental law of the human mind, on which rests the association of our ideas.

Let us imagine, for an instant, that the permanence of the appearances and operations of nature were destroyed; that the food which when first eaten pleased our palates, and supplied a wholesome and nutritious aliment, the next time we used it, was bitter and disagreeable, and afforded no nourishment, or absolutely proved poisonous; let us extend this supposition to every other thing surrounding us, which we observed, or did, or used, on which we acted, or which acted upon us;—and whence could our knowledge be derived, or how could we continue to exist? So far as regards our knowledge—the point to which at present we must exclusively direct our attention—the experience or observation of this moment would be contradicted by the experience or observation of the next: and it is too evident to require illustration or proof, that in such a state of things, we could anticipate nothing—we could know nothing, we could believe nothing, but what would deceive us.

The other circumstance, not being so obvious and direct, may not appear at first sight so absolutely necessary to the acquisition of knowledge, or an indispensable and essential instrument even to the obtaining of its simplest rudiments. But let us suppose, that the fundamental law of the mind, by which our ideas are associated, were annihilated: that the course of nature in her appearances and operations continued, as it is, permanent and stable;—that the sun continued to rise, and set, and give heat, and fertility, and light; that the earth yielded its pro-

duce to human labour and skill; and that that produce continued to afford an agreeable and wholesome nutriment to man: all these things remain exactly in every respect as they were. The constitution of the human mind alone undergoes an essential change; all things that surround us—indeed, all that we see, and do, or by which we are acted upon, remain as formerly; our senses perform their functions as usual; but the association of our ideas is destroyed. What would be the result? as we are constituted, the sun and the idea of warmth are so indissolubly connected in our mind, that the appearance of the one, immediately, without an effort of the mind, or process of reasoning, calls up the expectation of the other; and on this expectation, we act and calculate. Suppose our ideas no longer to be associated, that every impression in our mind was single and insulated: the sun, though it warmed us the first time we felt its rays play upon us, would raise no expectation of future warmth. In short, if our ideas were not associated, we could have no knowledge of any kind; for if we attend to what passes in our own minds, we shall be convinced that knowledge is nothing else but the association of ideas, by whatever means this association takes place, whether from what we are taught and accustomed to do, or from our own observation and experience. If our ideas were no longer subject to the law of association, we could no longer be taught anything: habits could no longer be formed: and nature would in vain exhibit a permanence and stability in her appearances and operations.

But this very law of association on which depends the whole fabric of human intellect, happiness, and even existence, is itself the source of our prejudices, errors, and misery. No appearance manifests itself, no operation or event takes place in the three departments of the universe in which we have an opportunity of seeing the regular order of nature displayed, viz. the phenomena of inanimate matter, the phenomena of the lower animals, and the phenomena exhibited by the human race, which is not surrounded by a variety of circumstances. It may be that the phenomena depend on one alone of all these circumstances; or on several, or possibly on the whole.

of them; and it may be, that, from some simple circumstance making a strong impression on our senses or feelings at the time the phenomena were witnessed, they become associated in our minds with it, though in no respect its cause. Hence, error in our thoughts, and mistakes in our conduct, arising from the very law of association on which human intellect and happiness essentially depend. But the phenomena of the order of nature, aided by this law of association, correct the error, and remove the mistake which the latter has occasioned. We observe and experiment again and again: at every time, some circumstances preceding, attending, or following the phenomenon, change, and some remain unaltered:—if the one which we at first connected with it, as its cause, disappears while the phenomenon continues, or continues while the phenomenon disappears,—in either case, the association in our minds between them is destroyed, and a new association between those circumstances that uniformly precede, attend, and follow the phenomenon, and the phenomenon itself, is formed. Hence the utility, or rather the absolute necessity, of repeated observations and experiments, if we wish to avoid error or wrong associations, and to attain truth, or an association of ideas in our minds, exactly throughout similar to the regular order displayed in the three departments of the universe, already particularized.

The order of nature, therefore, being permanent and stable, and the association of ideas being a fundamental law of the human intellect, which is the source at once of all our errors and all our knowledge, it becomes a question of infinite importance, how we should proceed, in order to render this law as little injurious, and as highly beneficial, as possible.

There are two grand and paramount objects to which we must direct our attention and researches, if we wish to attain the truth, and to render it, when attained, useful and valuable: we must, in the first place, find out what the general laws of nature are, and, in the next place, learn to apply them with propriety and effect to the extension of our knowledge and regulation of our conduct. By a law of nature is meant a statement of some general fact with respect to the order of na-

ture—a fact which has been found to hold uniformly in our past experience, and on the continuance of which, in future, the constitution of our mind, as exhibited in the association of our ideas, determines us confidently to rely.

But it is evident that the general fact, or permanent principle, on which nature proceeds, cannot be determined, unless after a great number and variety of observations and experiments, so as to enable us to separate those circumstances that are accidental from those that are necessary: by necessary, all that we can really mean or understand, except in the case of mathematics—amounts to this, that with them, the result takes place;—without them, it does not. This separation is indispensable in order to destroy erroneous associations, and to establish those that in all respects correspond with the general laws of nature.

The first object, therefore, is to attend to what is passing around and within us; the next, to separate accidental from necessary circumstances. It must be obvious, that those general facts will be ascertained with the least trouble, and in the shortest time, which are attended with the smallest number and variety of circumstances; as the circumstances increase in either or both these respects, the difficulty of separating the accidental from the necessary proportionally increases, and we are the more exposed to error and prejudice in our opinions, and to hurtful mistakes in our conduct. The general law, which we call gravitation, is one of the simplest and most obvious in nature: the circumstances which seem to suspend or modify it are few, and may be easily ascertained, accounted and allowed for. On the other hand, the law which nature follows in proportioning the births of the sexes, and in regulating the duration of human life, appears, even after long and close attention to the facts from which it must be drawn, so varying and contradictory, that we are disposed to regard it as beyond the limit of human knowledge, or as having no real existence. And yet how wonderfully shall we find the balance between the sexes preserved in the case of a numerous society, and in a long list of persons of the same age, and placed in the same circumstances: we mean, in

ration of life, too, is found to vary within very narrow limits. It is a just remark, that how accidental soever circumstances, and how much soever they may be placed, when individually considered, beyond the reach of our calculations, experience shews that they are, somehow or other, mutually adjusted, so as to produce a certain degree of uniformity in the result; and this uniformity is the more complete, the greater is the number of circumstances combined.

This separating of those circumstances which uniformly precede a result, from those which are accidental and inoperative, as well as from those that prevent the result from taking place, or alter and modify it, is, in fact, the induction which Bacon recommends; and where the mind is not powerfully warped by prejudice, and the necessary observations and experiments are made with care and attention, is a natural consequence of that law of association, to which we have already alluded.

There is only one branch of knowledge which does not require induction or the association of ideas for its attainment, though it may rest on these:—this is Mathematics. There has been much controversy on the nature of mathematical evidence; by most it is represented as something abstract, and entirely independent of experiment, or even of the senses; or, to use the expression of M. Prevost, in his *Philosophical Essays*, Mathematics is a science of pure reasoning. Others, on the contrary, and particularly Dr Beddoes, maintain that mathematical truths, like all other truths, must be drawn entirely and exclusively from observation and experiment; and that so they ought to be taught and communicated. This is an important and interesting topic; but it would lead us far beyond our limits, as well as our special subject, to enter on it here: a few remarks, however, may be made.

The demonstration of all the theorems in the elements of plane geometry, in which different spaces are compared together, when traced back to its first principles, terminates in the fourth proposition of Euclid's first book; and this rests entirely on a supposed application of the one triangle to the other. Indeed, according to D'Alembert, we might go farther; for this author, who certainly is a

competent judge, and cannot be suspected of a wish to bring down Mathematics to the level of an experimental science—expressly states, that the fundamental principles of Geometry may be reduced to two: the measurement of angles by circular arches, and the principle of superposition. Afterwards, however, he maintains, and indeed proves, that the measurement of angles by circular arches, is, itself, dependent on the principle of superposition. On this latter principle, therefore, according to D'Alembert, the whole structure of Geometry rests. The attempt of this author, and, long prior to him, of Barrow, to rescue Mathematics from the character of being an experimental science, we cannot think happy or successful. The superposition, it is contended, not being actual—not the applying of one figure to another, to judge by the eyes if there is really a difference, as a workman applies his foot-measure to a line to measure it;—but an imaginary or ideal superposition, consisting in supposing one figure placed on the other—the evidence is addressed to the understanding alone, and cannot fairly be characterized as nothing but an ultimate appeal to external observation.

But, if the whole structure of Geometry is grounded on the principle of superposition, will not the basis of this structure be more stable and permanent, if that superposition is actually performed, than if it is only supposed or imagined to be so?

Mr Stewart, who coincides with the opinion of D'Alembert, that the whole structure of Geometry rests on this principle; repels the inference that it is a mechanical science. Alluding to the fourth proposition of the first book, he says, that the reasoning employed rests solely on hypotheses and definitions; and therefore possesses the peculiar characteristic which distinguishes mathematical evidence from that of all the other sciences. In the case of this proposition, the hypotheses are, that the sides of two triangles are equal, each to each, and that the angles included between the respectively equal sides, are also equal. The definition to which Mr Stewart alludes, is, in fact, Euclid's eighth axiom, that magnitudes which coincide with each other are equal. But we apprehend, that, with the help of these hypotheses, and this definition, or ax-

iom, the sole inference that can be legitimately drawn is, that the two given sides, and the given angle, which, by the hypothesis, are stated to be equal, are found to be so, by their coinciding on superposition.

A little examination and reflection will, we think, convince us, that in the case of this proposition, the thing proved simply amounts to this:—that where two lines have the same limits, they are equal: for two sides of the triangles, and the included angles, being supposed equal, the limits of the third side, in each triangle, are, by this very supposition, positively fixed; and if we suppose that the remaining sides are not respectively equal, we must, at the same time, suppose that the hypothesis is altered in some one respect. Similar remarks might be made on that part of the theorem which relates to the equality of the remaining angles. If these observations be well founded, it would follow, that all mathematical evidence resolves itself ultimately into the perception of identity. This opinion, we are aware, has been held by some writers, and is strongly opposed by Mr Stewart. He thinks that it is founded on the error of using the terms, identity and equality, as synonymous and convertible terms, and he endeavours to prove that they are not. But, in the only strict and proper meaning which can be attached to them in mathematical reasoning, they undoubtedly are synonymous and convertible. Let us take, for example, the fourth proposition, and confine ourselves to the equality of the third side. Mathematics is conversant alone with magnitude and figure: if, therefore, two lines are equal in length, they are, in a strict mathematical sense, identical. Mathematics know no other identity. In every sense, identity is a metaphysical idea; and Mr Stewart's mistake arises from inferring, that because equality is not the same as metaphysical identity, therefore it is not the same as mathematical identity; but identity is a term which ought not to be admitted into mathematical demonstration.

We have remarked, that the truths of Mathematics may be proved by induction, as well as by demonstration, in whatever that may consist. We are indeed expressly told by Proclus, in his Commentary on Euclid, that the general theorem of the equality of the

three angles of a triangle to two right angles, was the result of a previous discovery of this equality in all the kinds of triangles. And there is good reason to believe, that the celebrated and most important binomial theorem of Newton was entirely the result of induction. "There is no reason to suppose," observes Mr Stewart, "that he ever attempted to prove the theorem in any other way; and yet there cannot be a doubt, that he was as firmly satisfied of its being universally true, as if he had examined all the different demonstrations of it which have since been given." Mr Stewart adds, that considerable use is made of the method of induction, by Dr Wallis, in his *Arithmetica Infinitorum*; and this innovation, in the established forms of mathematical reasoning, gave great offence to some of his contemporaries; in particular to M. de Fermat, one of the most distinguished geometers of the 17th century. The ground of the objection was not any doubt of the conclusions obtained by Dr Wallis, but because Fermat was of opinion, that this truth might have been established by a more legitimate and elegant process.

It is rather singular, that La Place should have given his sanction to inductive reasoning, and that he should have particularly noticed a striking instance of its failure by that very Fermat, who did not object to its employment from any doubt of the truth of the conclusions to which it leads.

We allude to that passage of La Place's *Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*, where he cites, as an example that induction sometimes leads to inaccurate results, the theorem of Fermat on prime numbers. The induction on which he rested his theorem he had carried to a considerable extent; and hence he inferred that the truth of the theorem might be depended upon in all cases, and to whatever extent the induction was pushed. In short, he maintained that his theorem would always lead to a prime number, because, in all cases that he had tried, it had done so. Euler, however, proved that the theorem failed in producing a prime number, when the process was carried to a certain point, and thus exhibited an instance of the failure of induction in mathematics—a failure which it would not be easy to parallel in those sciences to which the

epithets pure and exact cannot be applied.

So far, therefore, as our knowledge relates to magnitude, figure, and number—that is, so far as it is conversant with mathematics, it appears to us that it consists in resolving the evidence on which it rests into identical propositions: the steps by which this is accomplished may be long: the process may be extremely involved and difficult; but the object and end of all, is to establish an identical proposition. “*Le Geometre avance de supposition en supposition. Et retournant sa pensee sous mille formes, c'est en repetant sans cesse, le meme est le meme, qu'il opere tous ses prodiges.*” This character of mathematical evidence cannot be thought to lower its importance or utility, or the talents and acquirements of those who have distinguished themselves in its cause: the truths to which it conducts us, though of the simplest form, when discovered, rather gain than lose in sublimity on that account. Unless all mathematical evidence is reducible into identical proportions, it appears to us, indeed, that it cannot amount to demonstration; and that mathematical truths cannot be regarded as absolutely necessary, in the strictest sense of the term, unless the reverse of them implies a contradiction; and if the denial of any proposition implies a contradiction, that proposition must in reality, and when traced to its simplest form and turns, though it may not in appearance, be identical.

If this view of the nature of mathematical evidence be correct, it follows that this branch of human knowledge does not necessarily depend either on the permanency and stability of the order of nature, or on that fundamental law of the mind from which the association of ideas springs. It is possible, and we can conceive, that the appearances and operations of nature were without order and uniformity, that under exactly the same circumstances, various and opposite events might occur; but we cannot conceive of any proposition, the terms of which are contradictory. If the association of ideas ceased to take place in the mind, our mathematical knowledge, so far as it was the result of mere induction and experiment, would be annihilated; but its peculiar and firmest foundation, that evidence, which is resolvable into identical propositions, would still remain.

There is, however, no other branch of knowledge which does not exclusively rest on that induction which observation and experiment supply. The laws of motion perhaps approach nearest in simplicity and universality of application to mathematical propositions; and these will be found, if carefully examined, to rest entirely and exclusively on observation and experiment. A name of great and deserved celebrity is indeed opposed to this opinion: Professor Robison maintains, that the first two laws of motion are not matters of experience or contingency, depending on the properties which it has pleased that author of nature to bestow upon body; but that they are to us necessary truths. The propositions announcing them do not so much express anything with regard to body, as they do the operations of our mind, when contemplating body. Hence he consistently regards the first and second laws as identical propositions; but, with respect to the third law, he is unwilling to regard it in that light, because, though it is really a law of nature, it is not a law of human thought; it is a discovery. The contrary involves no absurdity or contradiction. It would indeed be contrary to experience; but things might have been otherwise. If, however, we examine the first and second laws, we shall be convinced that they also are the results of observation; but of observation so easy, so universally, and so imperceptibly made, that we are not aware of it, and regard the truths it teaches as innate and self-evident. Both these laws rest on this most general principle, that every effect must have a cause; but this principle is assuredly gathered from what we observe and experience.

After, however, the laws of motion and the other laws of matter are established from an induction of facts; they come within the scope and application of mathematics, and consequently so far lead to certain and necessary conclusions. Experiment, for instance, having established this as an undoubted and unvarying fact, that the power of gravity is directly as the masses, and inversely as the square of the distance; all the possible and actual consequences of gravity may be calculated with mathematical certainty, provided the masses and distances are known. Still, however, that portion of human knowledge, which is included in the term phy-

sical philosophy, is inferior, in respect to certainty, to that which we derive from mathematical investigations ; or, perhaps, to define the distinction between them more accurately, mathematical truths are necessary ; they could not possibly be otherwise : so long as magnitude and figure exist, or can be conceived to exist, they must be truths. There are no extraneous circumstances which can alter or modify them ; they are in fact an enumeration of the properties that belong to magnitude and figure. In the circle, for example, we begin with the radius as the most simple, and deduce all the other properties of it ; but we might begin with any other, and thence deduce the equality of the radii. In the most simple truths of physical science, we depend entirely on observation and experiment ; in the most sublime and astonishing application of these truths, entirely on observation ; but unless we observe accurately, and observe all that can modify the result, the law, or general fact we deduce, must be erroneous ; and the application of that law, even when assisted by the most profound and accurate mathematical reasoning, leads to error.

To attain physical truth, therefore, two things are indispensably requisite ; that our knowledge of facts be accurate, and that our mathematical reasoning be without mistake. To confine ourselves to the law of gravity : In the history of this branch of physical science, there are two facts strikingly illustrative of the remarks we have just made. Newton might have been in error regarding the laws of gravity, or, they being well founded, he might have been in error with respect to facts, when he wished to apply them ; or, these facts also being correct, he might commit mistakes in the process of his mathematical reasoning. He was naturally very anxious to ascertain whether the laws of gravity extended to the heavenly bodies, in the hope that thus he might account for their motions, and perhaps because gravity, as displayed by their mutual actions, would necessarily be free from these extraneous circumstances which interfered with its operation near the surface of the earth.

Accordingly he endeavoured to compute the force of gravity at the moon, of course proceeding on the supposition that it operated by the same laws there as near the earth—that is,

directly as the masses, and inversely as the square of the distance. His assumption of these laws was correct ; his calculations were correct ; but his computation did not agree with the phenomena. This arose from his ignorance of the real magnitude of the earth : some years afterwards this was ascertained by Picard ; and Newton “ had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding that his calculation agreed exactly with what it ought to be, if the opinion he had formed was correct. He therefore concluded, that his conjecture was correct, and that the moon was really kept in her orbit by the force of gravity,” acting exactly on the same laws as near the surface of the earth.

This is an instance of an error in physical researches arising from a mistake with regard to a fact. Newton’s law of gravity was true in both its particulars ; his observations on the effect of gravity at the moon were also correct ; but this effect did not agree with what his calculations, grounded on a mistaken notion of the earth’s magnitude, led him to expect.

In the history of astronomy we have also an instance of error proceeding from the other cause to which we alluded. Euler, D’Alembert, and Clairault, resolved the celebrated problem of the three bodies, in order to investigate all the lunar inequalities to which gravity could give rise : the result was, that they agreed in finding, by the theory of gravitation, the motion of the lunar perigee only half as great as it appears to be from observation ; it seemed, therefore, that gravity did not diminish in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. And Clairault concluded, “ that the law of attraction was not quite so simple as had been imagined ; he supposed it to consist of two parts, one varying inversely as the square of the distance, and sensible only at the great distance of the planets from the sun ; and the other increasing in a greater ratio, sensible at the distance of the moon from the earth.” Clairault first detected the error which he and the other two mathematicians had committed, in having neglected some small quantities in the approximation of the series which represented the motion of the apogee—rectified it, reconciled observation and the theory of gravity, and thus added a new proof to the universality of this law of nature.

Perhaps in no branch of science have

systematic theory, aided by mathematical investigations and observations, mutually illustrated and confirmed each other so much as in astronomy. Sometimes the former has pointed out the fact long before observation and experiment have detected it; but more frequently what has long been observed, but unaccounted for, has been proved to be the legitimate and necessary result of the laws of nature, by mathematical investigations. Of the former case, the conclusion to which Newton was led by theory and calculation alone, regarding the figure of the earth, is a striking and most happy instance at the time, "1686, when he computed the ratio of the polar and equatorial diameters, no evidence from actual admeasurement existed; but he lived till it was ascertained by observation, that the ratio of the polar and equatorial diameters of Jupiter was *nearly* such as his theory gave on the hypothesis of an uniform density. He also lived till the results of actual admeasurement, made in France, appeared entirely inconsistent with the form which he had assigned. Subsequent measurements, made soon after Newton's death, fully established that the equatorial exceeded the polar diameter." (Brinkley's Astronomy, p. 251.)

The periodical inequalities of the moon had long puzzled astronomers: these were all reconciled to the theory of gravity by the labours of La Place, &c. But in no instance have the investigations of this celebrated philosopher been more successful, or tended more to illustrate the application of profound mathematical knowledge to account for embarrassing facts, and reconcile them to the laws of nature, than in his labours regarding the secular equation of the moon. "What exquisite delight," observes Mr Stewart, "must La Place have felt, when, by deducing from the theory of gravitation, the cause of the acceleration of the moon's mean motion—an acceleration which proceeds at the rate of little more than 11" in a century, he accounted, with such mathematical precision, for all the recorded observations of her place from the infancy of astronomical science! It is from the length and abstruseness, however, of the reason-

ing process, and from the powerful effect produced on the imagination, by a calculus which brings into immediate contrast with the immensity of time, such evanescent elements as the fractional parts of a second, that the coincidence between the computation and the event appears in this instance so peculiarly striking."

When we reflect that the perfection to which astronomical instruments are now brought—the effect of which is, in reality, to render our observations more accurate, and to extend them to objects and motions that they could not reach before—and that the application of mathematical investigations to such observations so made, have enabled the moderns to compute the weights and densities of most of the planets—to ascertain their respective sizes and distances from the sun, and their mutual actions, and the result of these actions on their orbits and motions;—that no motion is now known to exist in the system that cannot be demonstrated to be conformable to the laws of universal gravitation, and the result of it;—that the mean motions and the mean distances of all the planets are to be considered invariable, and the effects of their mutual actions are all periodical;—that the celebrated dispute between Leibnitz and Newton, regarding the permanency of the system of the universe, is thus settled;*—we shall not hesitate to acknowledge that this branch of physical science, resting on the observation and experience of those properties of matter, which are the most simple and universal, and which are the least liable to be counteracted or suspended by extraneous and inappreciable circumstances, and on the application of mathematical investigations to these laws, is, next to pure mathematics, the most certain kind of human knowledge.

After this full explanation of the nature of the evidence on which our acquaintance with this most sublime, interesting, and important division of mechanical philosophy depends, the manner in which this evidence is obtained, and the most comprehensive views of the universe to which, by its union of observation and mathematical investigations, it has already con-

* In the Edinburgh Review, vol. XIV. p. 80, see some excellent remarks on the opposite opinions of these two great men.

ducted us, it is unnecessary to go into detail with respect to the other divisions of mechanical philosophy. Optics, Acoustics, Hydronymics, &c. are all similar to Astronomy in the nature of their evidence, and in the certainty of the doctrines and facts about which they are conversant. They all relate to the sensible motions of matter, which can be measured; consequently, so far as these motions are accurately ascertained, and in proportion as they are least liable to be counteracted or modified by accidental and extraneous circumstances, so will the particular conclusions and general principles to which mathematical investigations applied to them conduct us, be conformable to fact, and our sure guides in predicting what will occur, and in guiding our operations. As we have already remarked, so far as mathematical investigations are concerned, we tread on sure ground;—but if our data are inaccurate, or, though accurate in themselves, we do not allow for particular circumstances, our mathematical investigations, proceeding on wrong principles, must lead to error; or, even when proceeding on a sound general principle, must equally lead to error, when the particular circumstances which take the case out of the range of this principle are not specially noticed and allowed for.

We come next to another great division of human knowledge, quite distinct in the nature of the evidence on which it rests, as well as in the nature of the truths about which it is conversant, from mechanical philosophy: we mean Chemistry. The motions that take place in nature, which are the objects of Astronomy, are sensible, can be measured, and do not affect the properties of bodies, or occur in their integrant and constituent parts. Chemistry, on the other hand, is that science, “the object of which is to discover and explain the changes of composition that occur among the integrant and constituent parts of different bodies.”

Probably, long before it was either ascertained or suspected that bodies, which to all appearance are simple and uncompound, were in reality constituted of various elements, it had been found that the union of two or more bodies, as they exist in nature, in some cases did not merely increase their bulk, but also altered their pro-

perties. Alchemy, afterwards, the offspring of ignorance, avarice, and superstition, conducted its votaries to some of the first experimental truths of Chemistry. Then its own wonders, acting on the mind of the philosopher, and the advantages it held out to those arts of life that are connected with our health, comforts, and luxuries, tended to enlarge the boundaries of this science, till it arrived at its present state. It is, however, entirely a science of observation and experiment, almost entirely of experiment—except, so far as the recent doctrine of equivalents and the atomic theory may place it on the basis of mathematics. Astronomy is a science of observation; the other branches of mechanical philosophy, of observation and experiment; but Chemistry allows experiment a much wider range than any of these.

To it alone are analysis and synthesis applicable; and hence, by their means, though it is conversant with the integrant parts of bodies, and with the most minute and rapid operations of nature, and, from these causes, liable to frequent sources of mistake and error, that cannot, without much difficulty and care, be either detected or accounted for,—yet the great and peculiar advantage it derives from analytical, as well as synthetical experiments, bestows on it a degree of certainty, which, without the union of these modes of proof, it could not possibly have attained.

We are well aware that some of the truths of Chemistry rest only on analytical proof, and that in some cases analysis, as where it is applied to mineral waters and vegetable and animal substances, it teaches us only the integrant parts of the compound, and can give us little certainty with respect to the particular combinations of them in these bodies; it brings out oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, azoti, &c.; it enables us to ascertain their respective quantities, but it not unfrequently fails to shew us how and in what proportions they were combined in the body subjected to analysis. But we are here regarding Chemistry generally, and therefore our remarks on the nature of the evidence on which it rests are sufficiently applicable and correct.

We are also aware that the terms analysis and synthesis are used to denote modes of proof, of which other sciences are susceptible. That they

cannot be applied, with any propriety, to metaphysical or moral investigations, though sometimes loosely so done, so very little reflection on the nature of the process which the terms respectively imply, will convince any one, who will employ it, that we deem it unnecessary to prove their total inapplicability to those branches of knowledge.

Nor, in our opinion, can synthesis and analysis be deemed processes by which we attain any kind of mathematical truth, either as respects their strict and etymological meaning, or as they are employed in explaining those facts that relate to the composition and decomposition of bodies. In Chemistry, bodies formed of different elements are the subject of our observation and experiment; our object is to decompose them if we can, or, in other words, to analyse them so as to ascertain the elements of which they are formed; and, in order to put the accuracy of our analysis to the test, we take the elements which it exhibits, and by synthesis, or putting them together, reproduce a compound; if, when this is done, the same compound is formed, we conclude that our analysis has been accurate, and conducted us, not only to the simple elements, but also to the proportions in which they existed in the compound. Both these modes of proof are not applicable to all chemical researches; and in the same manner, as agents must be used in our analysis, so agents must be used to re-unite, by synthesis, the elements into the same compound. But our remarks are sufficiently accurate and accordant with chemical investigations, to illustrate the nature of analysis and synthesis, when employed in this science.

The geometrical analysis is very different from this. Assuming the truth of the proposition, its object is to prove, that it leads either to another problem previously known to be true, or to a theorem previously demonstrated, or to one which involves an operation known to be impracticable, or a theorem which involves a contradiction, or is known to be false. Synthetic demonstration reverses this, by setting out from the more simple problem or theorem, and by means of them arriving at the proof of the more complicated proposition. But if our remarks on the nature of mathemati-

cal truth are well founded, the whole difference between these two modes of proof will amount to this: That in the case of analysis we assume the more complicated property, and thence deduce the more simple; whereas, in synthesis, we deduce the more complicated from the more simple. Thus, from the equality of the radii of a circle, we may deduce all the other properties of it, which are not so apparent and simple; or taking one of these latter complicated properties for granted, we may prove that it must be such as the proposition lays down, by its involving and necessarily supposing the equality of the radii. The evidence, by whatever steps it proceeds, ultimately resolves itself into the perception of identity. In the case of analysis, as it is called, the steps lead us from what is more to what is less complicated, till we reach the most simple; in synthesis, as it is called, the steps lead us from the most simple truths, gradually to the more complicated; but the result is the same—the perception of identity. We are apt to be led astray from the real nature of mathematical evidence, by denominating one proposition the consequence of another; whereas, as all the truths in pure mathematics are co-existent in point of time, this can justly be predicated of them, only with a reference to our established arrangements, by which we proceed from the more simple to the more complex properties of figure and magnitude.

The algebraical analysis may also be shewn to be essentially different from that employed in Chemistry—not to be consonant to the spirit and etymological meaning of the term, and in reality to conduct us only to an identical proposition. To take a plain and simple case, which, however, will explain the real nature of algebraical analysis in its most complex form. The resolution of an equation amounts to this, the proof of the identity of the two sides of it: Before it is resolved, one side contains a known quantity; the other side two or more quantities, all of which except one is known; and these, when certain operations are performed upon them, of addition, subtraction, &c. are held, by the proposition, to be equal to the quantity on the other side of the equation. It will be admitted that $6=6$ is an identical

proportion ; it will also be admitted, that $8-2=6$ is also an identical proportion, though not stated in such plain and obvious terms. Now, in the equation $x-2=6$, the object is to find the value of x ; by the terms, it is stated to be equal to 6, when 2 are taken from it ; consequently, the question simply is,—what number is greater than 6 by 2 ; and whether we answer $6+2=8=x$; or $x=8=6+2$, the proportion is identical : the terms may vary ; in one case be more simple and familiar than in another ; the process by which the identity is made manifest, may in one case be short and plain, and in another long, laborious, and complicated, but the result is the same. The equation $12=12$ is in words, as well as in fact, so obviously identical, that no person, notwithstanding the terms, can hesitate about it. The equation $8-6 \times 4 + 4=12$, is also identical, though, from the terms not being identical, and a process being required of subtracting, adding, and multiplying, the identity is not so soon made out and perceived.

Algebraical analysis, then, conducts us to truth, by enabling us to ascertain the value of an unknown quantity, which, together with certain known quantities, makes up a given quantity ; if none of the quantities are known, the given quantity cannot be ascertained. Whereas in chemical analysis, it is not necessary that any of the component parts should be previously known, in order to determine the constitution of a body.

The phenomena of organized matter, whether vegetable or animal, must be ascertained and accounted for, in the same manner as those of all other branches of science, except mathematics ; by a careful and repeated attention to them ; by the abstraction of every circumstance that is adventitious and incidental, as well as of those which disturb or modify the more general and regular appearances and results. Chemistry affords its aid ; but it is apt to lead astray, as, both in the vegetable and animal world, there are agents in existence which either prevent the laws of chemistry from exerting their influence, or produce results for which these laws cannot account. Here there is a source of error ; chemistry can decompose the vegetable and animal frame into its component parts ; these are few and simple, ex-

actly such as we meet in unorganized matter, but chemistry is utterly incapable of reforming what she has decomposed, or even of accounting for the appearances and properties which these elements, as united by the hand of nature, exhibit. The laws of vegetable and animal life must therefore be drawn from their own facts, though chemistry may assist us in explaining a few of the subordinate phenomena, or guide us in some of our investigations.

But though our explanation of the phenomena of vegetable and animal life cannot be much advanced, and may be retarded by chemistry, and in this respect our knowledge of them and of their causes must rest on their own peculiar grounds ; yet, on the other hand, they present a path unknown in the study of unorganized matter, which, if pursued with attention and with sufficient knowledge, will frequently lead to the truth. From what we do ourselves, and what we observe in others, we are convinced that wherever there is a conformation of parts, these parts must have some function to perform ; there must have been some end and use in view. When we perceive the conformation of plants and animals, the association of our ideas leads us to reason on this principle ; we conclude, without hesitation, that every organ must have had its appropriate destination and use ; hence we endeavour to ascertain its use ; and this advances our knowledge in two modes ; in the first place directly, by bringing us acquainted with its use ; and, secondly, indirectly, by leading us to examine into the construction of other organs, which may be either necessary towards the use we have ascertained, or which, from perceiving that use accomplished, we infer must exist, in order to bring about a higher and more general end. The circumstances and conjectures which led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as stated by Mr Boyle, (*Works*, vol. IV. p. 539,) are strongly and beautifully illustrative of the sources of truth, which are open, in the study of organized matter, to those who proceed with due knowledge and caution, on the idea that every organ and system of organs must have not only their peculiar use, but co-operate, in all their objects, towards one great object—the preserva-

tion and reproduction of the vegetable and animal in which they are found.*

If we ascend from mere life to the actions of living beings, we still find the path to real and useful knowledge the same. At first sight it seems impossible to discover any common principles among the almost infinite variety of animated beings with which the world abounds; but we afterwards perceive that in some respects they all agree; these points, of course, impress us more strongly and deeply, as presenting themselves much more frequently, than the points in which they differ; and on these the most general principles, which in reality are only the most general and simple parts, are founded. Abstracting them, we trace another class of resemblances, which do not extend to so many as the former; and this serves as the foundation of another set of principles; these principles, or general facts, to which we thus reduce our knowledge, we term the laws of nature, in all its departments except mathematics. We thus proceed gradually, disengaging the points of resemblance, till at last our facts relate peculiarly and exclusively to individuals.

The process, therefore, which we pursue, in order to gain such a knowledge of man, is exactly that which the botanist or natural historian pursues in acquiring and arranging his knowledge of plants and animals. Our conclusions will be the more general, and the more certainly and uniformly applicable to future contingencies, in proportion as we extend our views from particulars to generals, and from individuals to communities.

In no part of our investigations and endeavours to gain knowledge, do we find more difficulties and obstructions in our path, than in what relates to human character; we are often apt, in the midst of our perplexities and mistakes, to question whether the law of nature, that like causes will always produce like effects, and like effects always flow from like causes, applies to it; or in other words, whether nature is permanent and stable here, as in all the other divisions of her empire. Hence we are too apt to suppose or admit the possibility or actual existence

of circumstances and actions in particular cases, that are totally at variance with the general principles of human nature. The lessons of experience, on the great concerns of human life, which we may draw from attending to the history of our own species, it is well observed, "require an uncommon degree of acuteness and good sense to collect them, and a still more uncommon degree of caution, to apply them to practice; not only because it is difficult to find cases in which the combinations of circumstances are exactly the same, but because the peculiarities of individual character are infinite, and the real springs of action in our fellow-creatures, are objects only of vague and doubtful conjecture." But on the other hand, the application of general principles, which, of course, are drawn from what is common to the human character in all times and places, must prove correct and useful, when it is made to large masses, or to the final and permanent result of a steady and continued operation of causes:—and principles less general, drawn, for instance, from a thorough knowledge of national character, and from the circumstances of all kinds, physical, political, moral, religious, &c. by which it is surrounded and acted upon, must be instructive and useful, in enabling us to conjecture respecting the future events and condition of that nation from which they are drawn, and the consequences that will result to it, from any particular measure or line of conduct.

We must, however, guard against the error of applying principles or general maxims to different combinations of circumstances from those on which they are founded; if we apply such as are drawn from any particular nation to mankind in general, we must be led to error; because in this case we apply principles that are drawn from circumstances peculiar to that nation—to mankind at large; the general principles really applicable to whom, are, of course, drawn from circumstances not national, but common to all mankind. And we shall also fall into error, if we apply the principles drawn from our knowledge of one nation, to the character and events

* See some excellent remarks on the doctrine of final causes, as it is improperly called, in Mr Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. II. pp. 453.—4th edition; and in the Preface to the Edition of Derham's *Physico-Theology*, published at Edinburgh in 1798.

of another; for that would, in fact, be expecting that the same events should flow from a different combination of causes.

On the other hand, we are perfectly safe and justified in applying those principles which are common to human nature, to any particular nation, or individual; we are not quite so safe, however, in applying the principles which national character supplies, to any one individual of that nation, though, in proportion as we apply them to a greater number of individuals, so will be the probability that the application will be appropriate and fitting.

If this sketch of the nature and sources of human knowledge be correct, it may be divided into two grand branches; the first is conversant about those properties which are not only common to all things, but which seem essential to matter, and without which we cannot even conceive matter to exist: figure, extension, magnitude, and number, each of these properties of matter have certain relations, which are as necessary and essential as the properties themselves; and to assert that they do not exist, or that they are different from what they are found to be, is to maintain a contradiction as real though not so manifest, as to assert that matter could exist without those properties, among which these relations subsist. That branch of human knowledge which is employed in investigating these relations, is mathematics; and as those properties of matter about which it is conversant are obvious and simple, neither obscured nor acted upon by circumstances, no doubts or difficulties can arise from those sources which mainly create them in the other grand branch of human knowledge. The process by which a mathematical proportion is proved, may be long, prolix, and abstruse, requiring close and continued attention, and great skill and preparatory information, but its result, if accurate, must lead to a certain and necessary truth, an identical proportion, the reverse of which involves a real and absolute contradiction.

The other grand branch of human knowledge, though consisting of several subordinate parts, all of which may again be divided into parts still more subordinate, relates to properties of matter or mind which do not seem essential—properties which we can conceive either not to exist at all, or to

exist in different relations from those which they actually possess. Our knowledge of these properties depends entirely on the permanency and stability of the order of nature, and on that constitution of the human mind by which our ideas are associated; the permanency of the order of nature implies that every preceding circumstance being the same, every following circumstance will be the same; and that where any of the preceding circumstances are different, some of the following circumstances will be different also; or, that a difference in the effect must have been preceded and occasioned by some difference in the cause. Our object in endeavouring to attain physical, moral, and intellectual, or political truth, must be to find out what previous circumstances belong peculiarly to each effect or result: by associating these and these only in our mind with the event or result, we gain that knowledge which will not only enable us to account for what happens, but to predict what will happen, and in many cases to produce what will benefit us, or to avert what would prove injurious.

To account for a thing, or to explain how it happens, is in reality only to apply a general truth to a particular case; this general truth or fact may again be explained by one still more simple and general, till at last we arrive at a fact which we cannot explain. As knowledge, however, increases, we shall be enabled to go still farther back; but probably we shall never be able to perceive as necessary a connexion between the physical properties of matter, as we do in its mathematical properties. We can conceive gravity not tending to the centre—we can conceive it causing bodies to fall at a greater or less rate than 16 1-12th feet in a second; but so long as gravity tends to the centre, it must follow the law of decreasing as the squares of the distances increase.

Political Economy being conversant about the conduct of mankind, and the circumstances that influence their condition, and tend to advance or retard their progress in civilization and wealth—requires for its legitimate and successful study; a careful attention to those facts that are peculiar, accidental, or temporary, so as to separate them from those which are more permanent and general, before we draw our general conclusions; and it also requires great care in applying those

general conclusions, so as to allow for the operation of particular causes. The order of nature is as stable and permanent in what relates to man in all his relations and actions, as it is in what relates to matter; but it is much more difficult to trace this order, and to separate what is universally true from what is only generally so, and what is more generally true from what is so in various diminishing degrees. Till this is done, our associations must be erroneous; in our belief and expectation, things will be united as cause and effect, which are not united in nature; hence our belief will be erroneous—our expectations disappointed—our predictions will prove false, and our conduct will be at variance with our substantial good.

The real nature of the evidence on

which Political Economy rests, and the sources from which that evidence ought to be drawn, next require our consideration; and we trust that the contents of the present paper will not be deemed irrelevant or useless, if by means of them we are the better able to define and explain the nature of the evidence on which Political Economy must rest—to unfold the sources from which that evidence must be derived, and thence to prove, that, containing within itself principles drawn from numerous and well-established facts, and which, therefore, while the order of nature is stable and permanent, must be guides for our conjectures, expectations, advice, and conduct in future, it deserves the name and rank of a science.*

* In treating the subject of this paper, we have purposely omitted all consideration of the influence of language on knowledge. We are by no means disposed to regard it as an instrument of thought, except perhaps to the extent, in the instance, and in similar instances to that stated by Hobbes: (*Treatise on Human Nature*, ch. v. § 4.) numeral and universal arithmetic certainly could not be carried to any extent, even by a solitary individual, without some marks for number. The influence of language on the reception and communication of knowledge, is quite a distinct subject. We have already referred to Locke on the use and abuse of words. Voltaire, who sometimes condenses into a short and epigrammatic sentence much solid truth, more perhaps than he was himself aware of, remarks, in rather too sweeping and unqualified a manner, however—“*L'Alphabet fut l'origine de toutes les connoissances de l'homme, et de toutes ses sottises.*” We shall afterwards see grounds to assent to the latter part of this sentence, in reference to Political Economy.

The metaphysics of human knowledge, of which this paper treats, though necessarily in a very summary and imperfect manner, involve much that is extremely curious and instructive, but they are also beset with much obscurity and difficulty. D'Alembert well remarks, “*A proprement parler il n'y a point de science qui n'ai sa metaphysique. si on entend par ce mot les principes generaux sur lesquelles une science est appuyee, et qui sont comme le germe des verites de detail qu' elle renferme et qu' elle expose; principes d' on il faut partir pour decouvrir de nouvelles verites, ou auxquels il est necessaire de remonter pour mettre au creuset les verites qu' on croit decouvrir.*” (*Elements de Philosophie; Eclaircissement 15 sur l'usage et sur l'abus de la Metaphysique en Geometrie, et en general dans les Sciences Mathematiques.*) There are some very profound observations on the respective provinces of physics and metaphysics in the theory of motion, by Berkley, in his *Tract de Motu*, first published in 1721, and incorporated in a miscellany, containing several tracts on various subjects, by the Bishop of Cloyne, Dublin, 1752.

D'Alembert remarks, in the *Eclaircissement* already referred to, that the use and abuse of metaphysics is particularly perceptible in its application to the infinitesimal calculus. The real metaphysics of this highest branch of mathematics is still a desideratum, notwithstanding the tracts that were published in reply to Berkley's *Analyst*, particularly those by Dr Pemberton, and Mr Robins, and an anonymous one, entitled “*An Introduction to the Doctrine of Fluxions,*” London, 1736—the disquisitions of D'Alembert himself in the work referred to; and the express treatise of Carnot on the subject, entitled “*Reflexions sur la Metaphysique du Calcul Infinitesimal.*”

The metaphysics of a more confined branch of Mathematics is still more obscure; indeed it is entirely hidden, notwithstanding the endeavours of D'Alembert, Euler, Bernouille, Maclaurin, Playfair, Buce, and a writer (Playfair?) in the *Edinburgh Review*, July 1808, to bring it to light; we allude to the theory of imaginary or impossible quantities. Mr C. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, well observes, “*Perhaps the reasoning on impossible quantities, and exterminating them by algebraic operations, till the impossible symbols disappear, and an equation of real quantities is produced, is the highest and most delightful effort of the human understanding.*” And yet the nature of this powerful instrument, and the principle and means by which it operates, so as to produce such important results, some of which cannot be attained by any other method, and few, if any, by a method so concise and of such easy application, baffle the most profound mathematicians.

NEW SERIES OF SAYINGS AND DOINGS.*

WE are by no means certain that we shall much entertain our readers in general by anything we have to say in regard to these gay and lively volumes. The world have decided (*nem. con.*) that they are Theodore Hook's, and nothing even suspected to be his can run the smallest risk of being neglected. The former series formed the chief table-talk of London for considerably more than nine days last season, and has subsequently enjoyed no trivial share of popularity, even in the remotest of our provinces. The volumes now before us are at least equal to their predecessors in merit of all kinds, with only the necessary and unavoidable exception of novelty in style; and we have no sort of doubt they are destined to have quite an equal measure of success.

The novelty of Theodore's style, as applied to this species of composition, formed, without doubt, the principal attraction of his first series, unless even that must yield the *pas* to the universal suspicion which forthwith got abroad, that the author had drawn his materials, not from human nature in general, as studied in the comparative characters and actions of many individuals, but from particular and precise *bits* of human nature, as embodied in the doings and sayings of particular individuals. This suspicion was, we cannot doubt, in some degree just, in regard to the Tale of *Danvers*, but we are not aware that anything of the sort has been established, or even shewn to be probable, in regard to any others of that series. As to the present series, we are certainly inclined to put entire faith in the prefatory denial of "Portrait-Painting." We have no notion that any one of these tales is merely a caricature of the history of one particular individual. As little, however, can we doubt that innumerable subordinate sketches after individual life will be forthwith recognized; and so far all is well. Such was assuredly the practice of all the old novelists. Witness a tolerably competent judge, Sir Walter Scott, who, in one of his excellent prefaces to Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, has

distinctly expressed his belief, that "EVERY COMIC WRITER OF FICTION DRAWS, AND MUST DRAW, LARGELY FROM HIS OWN CIRCLE." The question, then, is one merely as to degree. Mr Hook may have drawn more largely from his own circle than other writers of the same class; he has at least invented for himself no new *species* of licence. The truth seems to be, that his habits of life and course of destiny having thrown him almost exclusively among persons possessed of some notoriety, it is no wonder that his *esquisses* should have been traced more immediately, and with far greater interest, to their originals, than those perhaps quite as faithfully faithful of scribes moving in quieter circles of society.

Histories, then, came before the public with two decided claims to popularity. Their materials were drawn in no trifling measure, and were supposed to be entirely drawn, from what he himself had actually witnessed among some of the most-talked-about circles of London life; and they were written in a style distinguished by several most attractive qualities. There are plenty of people who can, even in these plotless days, invent far better plots for stories than Theodore Hook. There are plenty who can command passions and feelings higher, far higher, in class, than those he wishes to meddle with: There are several, certainly, who can lead us to look much deeper into character, and, indeed, who have much wider and more philosophical notions of what constitutes *character*, than he appears to have. But who is he that has touched with equal skill the actual living, reigning follies of the existing society of England, or rather, say we, of London? Who is he that glances over the absurdities of the actual everyday surface-life of our own day with so sharp and quizzical a pen? And who, finally, contrives, by general lightness of touch, facility of transition, careless recklessness of allusion, and perpetual interspersions of really masterly paragraphs of humorous description, to make all the world forget the absurdities of plots, which are not

* Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life; a New Series. London: printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1825.

even, in many instances, very new,—the uninteresting characters of a hero and heroine,—the farcical extravagance of a thousand of his incidents,—and, we must add, the highly reprehensible tone in which he treats throughout many matters of no ordinary importance? All the world answers—*None*. Here stands the great Theodoro, and here standeth he alone.

We assuredly have no hesitation in pronouncing yesterday evening, which we spent in the perusal of these three volumes, to have been out of sight the most delightful one we have spent (out of Ambrose's) for these three months past and gone. But let us be candid to the public of Europe, as well as complimentary to Mr Theodore Hook. Yesterday evening was also the first on which the New Oil Gas Company diffused their splendid light throughout the penetralia of this our dear Rus-in-Urbe. We, Timothy Tickler, Esquire, had just decanted with our own careful hand our usual "Young Man's Friend, and Old Man's Comfort." Two candles, one placed on the table, at our right, to be out of the draft of the chimney—and the other on the chimney-piece, on our left, to be out of the draft of the window—were assisting us, by their tremulous, uncertain, flickering beams, to spell over (for the twentieth time) Mr Canning's speech upon Brougham's *The Thunderer*. The fire was bright—the cushion was comfortably pinned behind our neck—the footstool was well set—our new French nightcap was on.—Sam was at our lips at every "hear! hear!"—and, upon the whole, it might be said, that, considering our time of life, and the late decision of the Chief Justice in regard to the Equitable Loan Company, we were snug. But when our little handmaiden had announced, and when our eyes were actually visited by, the gas—when the candlesticks were removed for ever, and the snuffers hung up in that closet to the right, in the very centre of a group of old dirks, and other antediluvian instruments of amputation; when, instead of our spelling the speech, the speech was quite adequate to the task of speaking itself to even our half-shut eye; when that glorious sun of lightousness hung serene and steadfast in the centre of that small square firmament of stucco—it was then that

we drained three bumpers at one pull to the united brilliancy of Gas and Canning—it was then that we were truly happy—and, gaily touching our new patent wireless bell with our sinister elbow, whispered to our bath-kolpian attendant, that we conceived there must soon be occasion for another edition of "*The Library Companion*." Jenny obeys;—and, at that very nick of time, behold Bob with two new Cobbetts, and the second series of Hook. This was really almost too much. We tossed Cobbett into the *Register Office*, and were at work upon Theodore in a twinkling, with that inimitable ivory carving-knife which was presented to us upon our seventy-second birth-day, (27th September 1824) by our esteemed friend Mr Peter Hill, junior, bookseller in Athens.

When we dedicate a solitary evening to unsphering the spirit of Plato or Hook, or any other philosopher, it is not our custom to have any regular supper. No—we avoid the interruptions inseparable from such a course of procedure. We merely desire our lass to have one coal-skuttle filled to the brim—to place the kettle (ours is not a *tea*-kettle) by the fireside—and to deposit upon the small side-table, under the print of General Wolfe's Death, a small napkin-covered traylet, containing a cold sheep's head, the cruets, a bottle of Giles', and a French roll. As for the spirits, sugar, glasses, gingerbread, &c., of these articles we have always a small private supply in the closet, to which some allusion has already been made. In that closet we also keep our Hume, our Dubois, our set of the Waverley Novels, our Don Juan, our Swift, our Warburton, our Burke, our Boxiana, our Rundell, our Robertson, our Delphin Classics, our 1745 tracts, our Rabelais, our Musket and Bayonet of the *ci-devant* first regiment, our Magazine, our Cremona, and our Parnesian for the time being. Thus are we always prepared to do our duty as a Contributor in every possible shape. We sit down in this way, with a firm sense that nothing can come amiss to us—and it is almost a dead certainty that the dishes are empty, and somebody dished in *eternum*, ere we quench our burners;—(only see how soon the Gas Vocabulary comes into play.)

Mr Hook, in this book of his, says that he utterly disapproves of gas in

the interior of dwelling-houses. If he means the coal-gas, we entirely agree with him; but, as to the oil-gas, his opinion is diametrically opposed to ours. We have only 20 shares in the Edinburgh Oil-Gas Company, 50 in the Continental, 50 in the Colonial, and five in the Glasgow; so that we are sure no one will suspect us of speaking from interested motives on this occasion. The fact is, that, ever since it was brought into the house, we have never used our spectacles, except in reading parliamentary debates; and as for the notion of there being any unpleasant odour from the use of oil-gas in a room, the public may depend upon it there cannot be a grosser delusion. It is impossible that anybody should have a finer nose than ours—in fact, we have sustained more misery from the High-street than almost any individual now living; and we now solemnly declare, that we can perceive no smell whatever about this gas. This statement we are willing, if called upon, to verify upon oath—and we shall think meanly indeed of Mr Hook, if he hesitates to expunge from the second, or, if we be too late for that, from the third edition of the work we are now reviewing, a sarcasm which, if persisted in, may essentially injure, for a time, the progress of a great and beautiful invention, but which, in after ages, can only have the effect of giving the world (then all over gas) a humbler idea than we would wish it to have of the author of Sayings and Doings, as an intellectual character. Men of his class should always be in advance of their age—not behind it. They ought, in justice to themselves, to take sherry with their cheese long before port is exploded among the species at large, and burn gas at their bed-sides, while it scarcely blazes with suspected brilliancy over the very brass knockers of their next-door neighbours. *Verb. sap.*

The fact is, that we are angry with Hook; for he, of all burning and shining lights of our day, is the last that ought to have picked a quarrel with the gas. The Author of Waverley may, no doubt, claim kindred with the universal sun, his beams coming down equally and impartially upon art and nature, the evil and the good, the grand and the beautiful, the picturesque and the absurd. In like manner, no doubt, may he of the Lights and Shadows liken himself,

or be likened, unto the soft moon, whose dim and yellow radiance gleams only upon that which is obscure, and gleams upon nothing which it does not render lovely. So also may Caleb Williams, Esq., the Reverend Adam Blair, Dr Faustus, Baron Manfred, Mr Matthew Wald, and the rest of that set, compare themselves with the red strong flame of the volcano, the illumination and the cause of misery. So also may Geoffrey Crayon and Major Ravelin pair off with your wax taper, the slimmest, genteelst, and sweetest of all snuff-takers;—Sir Andrew Wylie, honest man, with your honest tallow candle;—and Hogg, dear Hogg, with the doup thereof. But Theodore Hook is of the town, townly. He has no existence where there are not new streets, Macadam roads, extinguisher steeples, and gas-lights. If he dresses out two men for your amusement, you may safely guess that the one of them has stays; and if he sets about painting a woman, you may be almost quite sure he will not forget her cheeks: We defy this author to ride in anything less modern than a cabriolet. We bet fifty shillings to fivepence he has not worn a white neckcloth before dinner these five years, or after dinner these two years. We give any odds that he sports a platina chain. We are decidedly of opinion that he has no breast-pin, and that his sleeve-buttons have demanded the rape of four locks. We know, from the very style of his composition, that he patronizes Bramah's pens, the Diorama, and St Peray. And yet here is he sporting the unsophisticate, forsooth, and turning up his nose at our dear gas—dear for itself surely, but scarcely less dear as being the very type and most express image of his own genius, both as to the novelty of its character, the brilliancy of its display, and the subject-matter of its illumination. Some poet has sung,

This lamp here, I'm thinking,
Is Lecturer Hazlitt,
Sparkling and stinking
As if 'twere with gas lit.

But this was in the days of the coal-gas. We now, in the era of eternally gloriously oil, say,

If no lover of Hook's,
You're a goslin or asslet;
For I've shares—and his books
Are all over with gas lit.

So now, once more, to our critique,

A review may be written for three different purposes—the benefit of the publisher, who has the copyright of the work reviewed—the benefit of the author of the work, in so far as that is separate from the interest of the publisher aforesaid—and the benefit of the reading public. Were we writing for any other periodical but this, we should add a *fourthly*, viz. the benefit of the periodical wherein the review cometh forth. But such considerations are base and contemptible,

and (need we add?) have no place in the Blackwood. We purpose to make the present article more than usually comprehensive, and therefore to include within it three several entire Reviews, adapted severally for the three different sets of purposes of which we have just been attempting to give a tabular idea. First, then, here goes a bookseller's Review of Sayings and Doings! Tiptoes, if you please, Master Colburn—*nunc tua res agitur*, little man. *3*

Review for the Publisher's Benefit.

WE have seldom enjoyed a more exquisite treat than in the perusing, or rather, to speak correctly, the devouring of these fascinating volumes. The author, if we may believe the *on dit* of the highest circles of fashion and literature, is a gentleman of no ordinary rank in the world of politics, as well as in that of letters. Supreme tact and knowledge of life in its most varied walks, united with the most engaging elegance and sparkling refreshingness of style, exquisite novelty of plan and execution, and an inexhaustible fund of interest and wit, conspire to render these volumes the most delightful gift the world has for many years received, and to leave no regret upon the candid reader's mind, except that genius, talent, and acquirement, of the first order, should be contaminated by the admixture of high-flown ultra feelings in politics, and, indeed, a disdainful aversion for liberal opinions. The success of the work has been unparalleled, and, however widely dissenting from the prejudices of the author as to certain subjects, we cannot so far compromise our own feelings, as to insinuate, in the shape of literary criticism, that this success has been undeserved. The run continues unabated.

Clap “a distinguished contemporary observes,” before that, Mr Colbourn; and please to remark, that if the *Chronicle* gets ten guineas for putting it in without “[Advertisement,]”

you cannot, in conscience, send Mr Tickler less than a large-paper copy of “ENGLAND, BY COUNT TIMS,” for writing it.—N. B. Attend to this.

II.

Review for the Author's Benefit.

alias

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XX.

TO THEODORE E. HOOK, ESQ.

CARE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
BAGSHOT.

Private and confidential.

DEAR HOOK,

Many thanks to you for your charming New Series; and since you bid me speak my honest mind on the subject, rely upon it I shall do so most cheerfully. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that this series is, as a series, better than the former, but that there is no one tale in it quite so good as your *Danvers*. “The Sutherlands” is the first of the new series—and, as a story, the best—Moreover, it is more likely to be of *use* than any of the others. The “Man

of many Friends" is very cleverly done up, though I think the hero is even more uninteresting than the common run of moderns bearing that designation. Nothing can be better than Noel, Dyson, Wilson, and, above all, Monsieur Roussole. These things, be assured, will live. The children-after-dinner scene is inimitable, and ought to be got upon the stage. Tip old Elliston a hint.

The "Passion and Principle" is the most improbable story you have done, always excepting that of our twice-hanged friend in the older series. Yet in this you have contrived to paint by far the best picture of one species of human life that has ever appeared—I mean the life of boy-boarding-schools. At which establishment were you educated yourself, by the way?—Tickle's, or Rodney's?—Your M. de Ronfleur is really a first-rate thing, quite as humorously pathetic as Matthews's poor devil with the letter in his 'Transatlantic Budget. Welsted, as usual, is an ass. I was quite in love with the two Ladies Rutherford, until Maria fancied the dominie; since then, I have concentrated all my regards upon the sister—But this *entre nous*.

But there are two things upon which I must offer you my very highest and warmest congratulations—First, the decidedly moral and religious tone you have so admirably preserved throughout a work abounding in so many most graphic and complete delineations of all the mysteries of wickedness.

You have, indeed, managed this matter with the most consummate tact. How different from the vile, sneering, dissipated, blackguard tone of Don Juan! Byron could not paint the *roué*, without betraying the *roué* in himself, and therefore his works are deservedly excluded from the young, the fair, the fickle, the fanciful, and the inexperienced, and indeed read by none except persons of that gravity of character, that no descriptions, however warm, can be supposed to raise the smallest tingle in their veins—read, in short, merely by literary men, for some little merits of style, and so forth; and by studious divines, who wish to have the means of addressing their congregations upon subjects of a certain cast, in a more knowing, and therefore a more efficiently edifying manner, than they could do if they relied merely on their own happily limited experience, and innocent ignorance of the world as it is. But you, sir, have achieved a very different sort of triumph. In point of fact, you put me more in mind of a respectable divine describing merely for the purpose of denouncing, than of any other character. I wish only our divines in general could catch your happy art of writing, so as to render the most useful of all species of admonition, the most agreeable also of all possible species of recreation. *Exegisti monumentum ære perennius!* Did you never think of taking orders?

The other matter on which I have to say something particularly, is also, though not of sacred, of most serious importance. I allude to your method—your broad, bold, original, and unanswerable method, of shewing the utter absurdity of those new-fangled Jacobin, levelling scoundrels, who wish to set up the lower orders, forsooth, and depreciate, in every possible way, the character of "the aristocracy of our country." Former advocates of our side of the question used to be contented with asserting that the higher classes have their virtues quite as much as the lower; in fact, that virtue and happiness are possessions divided, after all, in pretty equal proportions among all the different orders of society. Upon this head you have certainly taken much bolder ground. You have asserted in precept, and proved by practical narratives, that high virtue is much more frequently to be found in union with the possession of high rank, than under any other circumstances. Your baronets are always worthy men; your barons are good fellows; but your earls are perfect angels in blue ribbons. This is right. This is the true tone. Nothing like meeting a false view of things with a fair one, in a decided way. I think the House of Lords should vote you a piece of plate of considerable value.

* But this is not all. You, dear sir, have attacked the lower orders in a still more direct, and perhaps even a still more annihilatory style than the above. The old wits used to ridicule the *affectations* of humble persons aping elevation; they used to shew up in high fun the absurdities of your tailor on horseback, your Abigail playing my lady in the stage-coach; your butler doing the captain, &c. &c. &c. But this was not going to the real root of the matter. It was reserved for you to do the job thoroughly—it was reserved for you to shew that a tailor, even when he has no thoughts of mounting on horseback, but is

quite contented with his board by day, and his bed by night, is *per se* and *in se* a worthless and contemptible animal—the most legitimate object of ridicule—and why? Why, simply, because he is not a gentleman. Hang the scoundrel! He absolutely eats bread and cold bacon for his luncheon. The monster swills porter—yea, even swipes. How can a man, whose gums have been adequately saturated with the blood of bourdeaux, think of such beings with sufficient indignation! The thing is impossible. My God! only think of it!—The daughters of a schoolmaster at Highgate eat with two-pronged steel forks—with “hay-makers,” as you properly call them! One of these girls actually calls for “a glass of ale”!!! during dinner! Another of them eats cold roast-beef and pickled cabbage at supper! Another of them mixes gin, water, and sugar, for her base father’s use, in a tumbler. The degraded little animal actually goes this length! These, my friend, are the facts which you may justly be said to have shewn up, for the first time, in the true and proper light. They only required to be generally known in order to their being visited with that withering sense of public indignation, which at this moment is beginning to make itself felt in every corner of the Britannic empire.

Continue, dear sir, to carry the war in this style into the enemy’s own quarters. Continue, I beseech you, to impress upon the public mind, in every possible shape, and by every possible argument, the necessity of nourishing and maintaining among us all, a proper and thorough contempt for people that eat with steel forks, drink ale and porter, and have no better notions of life and gaiety, than a little dance in a village, and a “walk home” with a sweet-heart. This class of vermin must really be extirpated.

My own opinion is decidedly with yours. No man is really worthy of the name, unless he can shew his evidence in the shape of a *maison montee* in town, and a hospitable and elegant chateau in some of our counties. I consider a descent from a long line of barons—an education at Eton and Oxford—a service of plate—a seat in parliament—and fifteen thousand a-year, at the very least, as *indispensables*. Below this one really should not go. I also perfectly agree with you as to the horror of ripe Cheshire cheese.

Will nobody take up this nuisance of kitchen wines in the House? The thing still exists in too many quarters. Believe me always

Yours affectionately,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

SOUTHSIDE, February 10.

We shall now draw our article to a conclusion with,

III.

Review for the Benefit of the Reading Public.

Public and confidential.

DEAR PUBLIC,—If you have any sense at all, which (pardon the freedom) we doubt, you will never, most assuredly, put credence in anything whatever that enters into the composition of a review, except only the extracts from the book under torture. Be assured, that nothing is more easy than to make a wise book look silly upon such occasions—except, perhaps, to make a silly book look wise. Trust you to nothing but the actual specimens quoted from the victim. By clever quotation has not Jeffrey made Wordsworth pass over all Christendom for an ass? And, by adroit quotations, has not the same personage made some five dozen of the merest whig idiots in the world avoid the imputation for months—nay, in some cases, even for years—of fatuity?—We might shew up the Quarterly in equal style; but “it’s an ill bird that befouls its ain nest,” quoth the adage, and we are dumb. This much is certain, that we never expected anybody to put faith in any part of any review of our inditing, except the extracts; and, therefore, *sans phrase*, we proceed to give you, at least, the power of seeing what sort of person Theodore Hook is.

SPECIMEN THE FIRST.

A dry old colonel in the army having come to town for the express purpose of reclaiming his nephew, who is involved in all the most riotous, expensive,

and really knowing blackguardism of London, dines the first day with his attorney in Gray's Inn Lane. The dinner is decent—the wine tolerable—but what follows?

"The meal was speedily finished, and the dessert put down, and Arden, who, as the reader may imagine, was most anxious to hear tidings of his misguided nephew, commenced a series of enquiries upon the interesting subject, when Mrs Abberly interrupted the conversation by asking her husband 'just to ring the bell.'

"This request having been complied with, a servant appeared, to whom his mistress whispered, 'Tell Dawes to bring the children:—' the man disappeared, and the lady, turning to Louisa, with one of those sweet smiles which ladies about to praise themselves are in the habit of putting on, said, 'We are very old-fashioned folks, Miss Neville. Mr A. and myself make it a rule to have all the children round us every day after dinner—some people don't like it, but I hope and trust we shall never be so fashionable as *that* comes to.'

"Miss Neville was about to rejoin something very laudatory, touching infantine attraction and maternal affection, when a considerable uproar and squalling was heard in the hall, and the parlour door flying open, Dawes made her appearance, attended by seven fine healthy creatures, varying in their height from four feet two, to two feet four, and in their ages from ten to three years. Chairs were ranged round the table for the young fry, who were extremely orderly and well-behaved for a short time, and in the first instance taken to the Colonel to be praised: the old gentleman, who was not particularly fond of nestlings at any time, but whose whole heart and soul were at the present moment occupied in the affairs of his prodigal nephew, kissed one and patted the other, and 'blessed the little heart' of *this* one, and 'pretty deared' *that* one, until the ceremony of inspection and approbation having been fully gone through, the whole party was turned over to Louisa, to undergo a second similar operation; after this, they were placed upon the chairs assigned to them, Dawes retired, and the conversation was resumed.

"'And pray now,' said the Colonel, 'what is your real opinion, Mr Abberly, of the state of poor George's pecuniary affairs?'

"'Sir,' said Abberly, 'I really think, if you wish me to speak candidly—Maria, my dear, look at Georgina,—she is spilling all the sugar over the table.'

"'Georgina,' said Mrs Abberly, emphatically, 'keep still, child; Sophy, help your sister to some sugar.'

"'I really believe,' continued Mr Ab-

berly, 'that Mr George Arden—Sophy, put down that knife—Maria, that child will cut her fingers off, how *can* you let her do so—I wonder at you—upon my word, Sophy, I am quite ashamed of *you*.'

"'Sophy, you naughty girl,' cried her mamma, 'put down that knife, directly, or I'll send you up-stairs.'

"'I was only cutting the cake, ma,' said Sophy.

"'Don't do it again, then, and sit still,' exclaimed the mother; and turning to Louisa, added in an under-tone, 'Pretty dears, it is so difficult to keep them quiet at that age.'

"'Well, sir,' again said the Colonel, 'but let me beg you to tell me seriously what you advise then to be done in the first instance.'

"'Why, there is but one course,' answered the lawyer, who was a man of first-rate talent; 'you know, sir, there are different modes of treating different cases, but in this instance, the course, I think, is clear and evident—Tom, you naughty child, you'll be down; get off the back of Colonel Arden's chair directly.'

"'What a funny pig-tail!' exclaimed somebody, in reference to a minute article of that sort worn by the Colonel. Sophy laughed, and slapped her brother's shoulder.

"'Hush, William,' exclaimed Mrs Abberly, holding up her hand in a menacing posture.

"'And that course,' continued the master of the house, 'if there be a chance yet left of preserving the young man, it will be absolutely necessary to pursue.'

"'Tell me, then, for God's sake,' said the Colonel, deeply interested, and highly agitated, 'what you propose *should* be our first measure.'

"'George, my love,' exclaimed Mrs Abberly to her husband, 'will you be good enough to speak to Robert? he won't leave Sophy alone, and he don't mind *me* the least in the world.'

"'Robert, be quiet,' thundered out his father in an awful tone.

"'She won't give me any cherries, pa,' said Robert.

"'That's a story, now, Robert,' cried the eldest girl, who was nearly ten years old, and was screwed in, and poked out, to look like a woman; with curls, and a necklace, and a dress exactly like her mother's, who was forty.

"'I'm sure you have had more than Sophy—only you are such a rude boy.'

"'Bless my heart!' said the Colonel,

half aside, and warming a little with the events, 'I beg your pardon, what did you say you would advise, Mr Abberly?'

" 'Decidedly this,' said Abberly, 'I—'

" 'My love,' interrupted Mrs Abberly once more, 'is that port or claret, near you? Dr Mango says Maria is to have half a glass of port wine every day after dinner, this hot weather,—half a glass—thank you—there—not more—that will do, dear;—here Mr Abberly had concluded the operation of pouring out. 'Tom,' said mamma, 'go and fetch the wine for your sister, there's a dear love.'

" 'Tom did as he was bid, tripped his toe over the corner of the rug in passing round the corner of the table, and deposited the major part of the port wine in the lap of Miss Louisa Neville, who was habited in an apple-green silk pelisse, (which she had not taken off since her arrival,) that was by no means improved in its appearance by the accidental reception of the contents of Miss Maria's glass.

" 'Good God! Tom,' exclaimed Mrs Abberly, 'what an awkward child you are!—Dear Miss Neville, what shall we do?—ring the bell, Sophy, send for Simmons, or send for Miss Neville's maid—Miss Neville, pray take off your pelisse.'

" 'Oh, I assure you it is not of the slightest consequence,' said Louisa, with one of her sweetest smiles, at the same moment wishing Tom had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before he had given her the benefit of his *gaucherie*; a stain upon a silk dress being, as everybody knows, at all times and seasons a feminine aggravation of the first class.

" 'Tom, anticipating a beating from some quarter, but *which*, he did not stop to calculate, set up a most mellifluous howling; this awakened from its peaceful slumbers a fat poodle, who had been reposing after a hearty dinner beneath the table, and who forthwith commenced a most terrific barking.

" 'Be quiet, Tom,' said Mr Abberly, —'Maria, my angel, do keep the children still.'

" 'Ma,' exclaimed Maria junior, 'I'm not to lose my wine,—am I, pa?'

" 'No, my love, to be sure,' said Abberly; 'Come here and fetch it yourself, my darling.'

" 'She had better drink it *there*, Mr A.,' said the prudent mother.

" 'And accordingly, under the surveillance of his wife, who kept watching him as to the exact quantity, periodically cautioning him with—there, my love—there, my dear—that will do—no more, my love, &c.—Mr A., as she *Bloomsbury*

called him, poured out another half-glass of port wine, as prescribed by Doctor Mango, for his daughter.

" 'Old Arden, whose patience was nearly exhausted, and who thought that Mrs Abberly was, like Lady Cork's chairs upon state occasions, screwed to her place, sought what he considered a favourable 'lull,' as the sailors call it, to endeavour to ascertain what Abberly's plan for the redemption of his nephew actually was, and had just wound himself into an interrogative shape, when Mrs Abberly called his attention by observing, 'that a certain little lady,' looking very archly at Miss Maria, 'wanted very much to let him hear how well she could repeat a little poem without book.'

" 'Mrs Abberly had prepared Louisa for this, by whispering to her, that such exhibitions created emulation in the nursery, and that Dawes was a very superior person, and with Miss Gubbins, (who was quite invaluable,) brought them on delightfully.

" 'I shall be charmed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, heaving a sigh. And accordingly the child stood up at his side, and began that beautiful bit of Barbauldism so extremely popular in the lower forms of preparatory schools, called 'The Beggar's Petition.' Arden could not, however, suppress a significant ejaculation, quite intelligible to his niece, when the dear little Maria, smelling of soap and bread and butter, with her shoulders pushed back, her head stuck up, and her clavicle developed like drum-sticks, squeaked out the opening line—

" 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,'

" 'Ah!'—exclaimed Arden, at the same time pushing back his chair and twirling his thumbs.

" 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,'

continued the sweet innocent,

" 'Whose trembling limbs has bore him to our door,

Whose dace are dwildden'd to is sortest pan,

Oh—

" 'Give relief,'

said Mrs Abberly.

" 'Give a leaf,'

said the child,

" 'And Heaven'—

continued Mrs Abberly.

" 'Give a leaf and Heaven'—

repeated Maria,

" 'And Heaven'—

'Well, what's next?' said Mr Abberly.

" 'Give a leaf and Heaven, well what's next?' said the child.

" 'No, my dear love,' said her papa, patting her little head,—

'Heav'n will bless your store.'

'Why, you said it yesterday, my darling, without missing a single word.'

" 'Heav'n—will bless your store,' said the child.

" 'Now that's all learnt from the book, Colonel,' said Mrs Abberly, 'not by rote!'

" 'Very pretty indeed, ma'am,' said the Colonel, 'very clever!'

" 'Ah! but there are six more verses, sir,' said Sophy; 'she only knows three,—I can say 'em all!'

" 'That you can't,' said Tom; 'I can say 'em better than you; besides, I can say all about 'The Black-beetle's Ball,' and 'The Bull and the Watering-pot.'

" 'Oh, you story-teller, Tom!'

" 'I can,' said Tom; 'you may go and ask Miss Gubbins if I can't.'

" 'I know you can't, Tom, and Miss Gubbins said so only yesterday,' replied Sophy.

" 'Hush, hush, my dears!' said the master of the house; 'never mind who says that; you know you are older than Tom, my love. Pray, Colonel,' said the fond father, turning to the agitated old man, 'do you think Sophy grows like her mother?'

" 'Very like indeed,' said the Colonel; at the same moment, patting Master Robert on the head, who happened to be standing by him, playing with his watch-chain and seals;—the merry-andrew dresses of the younger branches of the family not very distinctly marking the difference in their sexes.

About this period the Colonel, who was on the point of despair, observed,

The brute, however, must needs, after having his other bottle, adjourn to the drawing-room. Mark the sequel. Mrs Abberly having overheard the colonel's concluding speech in the drawing-room, was ordering the children out of the drawing-room the moment she saw the old sinner enter it; but the colonel makes a very handsome apology—indeed, everything is smoothed over, and the coffee cups are filled. Mrs Abberly, in fact, (let us take the novelist's own words wherever we can,)

" 'felt almost pleased with the Colonel, when he called her favourite Tom, (without exception the rudest and stupidest boy in Christendom,) and, placing him paternally at his side, began to question him on sundry topics usually resorted to upon similar occasions. From this promising lad the old gentleman learned that four and four make nine, that William the Conqueror was the last of the Roman Emperors, that gunpowder was invented by Guy Fawkes, and that the first man who went up in an air-balloon was Christopher Columbus. In the extreme accuracy of these answers, he received a satisfactory corroboration of his

that he thought Louisa had better go and change her dress, hoping that a move on her part would induce the mistress of the house to carry off her troop of chickens. Nor was he wrong in his expectations, although the operation was not so speedily effected as he imagined. The ceremonies of re-ringing the bell, re-summoning the servant, re-ordering Dawes, were all to be performed in detail, and were accordingly gone through, with that sort of mechanical precision, which proved beyond a doubt, that it was, as Mrs Abberly had said, 'their constant custom in the afternoon' to parade their promising progeny after dinner.

"The various fidgettings and twistings of the old Arden, whose age and disposition militated considerably against anything like a restraint upon his feelings, and whose manner generally indicated the workings of his mind, had not escaped the observation of Mrs Abberly, who saw with a mother's eye that 'the Colonel was not fond of children.' It was highly complimentary to her perception upon this point, that the old gentleman, whispered in a sort of mingled agony and triumph to Louisa as she passed him, in leaving the dinner-parlour with all the young fry, 'Oh, for the days of good King Herod.' This fatal speech was overheard by Mrs Abberly, and when the exemplary parent was confiding to the trusty Dawes the little community, whose appetites for supper had been sharpened by the fruits, sugars, wines, creams, and sweetcakes, with which they had been crammed after dinner, she observed to that trusty servant, 'that Colonel Arden was next door to a brute.' "

constant remark upon the education of boys at home, under the superintendence of nannies and governesses, and had dismissed his young friend with an approving compliment, when the boy, wishing to shew that he knew more than the old man thought for, looked him in the face, and asked him, who lived next door to him?

" 'Next door to me, my fine fellow,' said the Colonel, 'why, nobody; that is to say, I live in the country far from any other house—my next neighbour is Lord Malephant.'

" 'Ah!' said Tom, 'and is he a brute, sir?'

" 'No, my dear,' answered the Colonel; 'he is an excellent man, and one of my oldest friends.'

" 'Ah, then,' said the boy, 'who lives on the other side of you?'

" 'Why, my neighbour, on the other side,' said the Colonel, surprised at the apparently unnatural inquisitiveness of the child, 'is the rector of my parish.'

" 'Is he a brute, sir?' enquired Master Abberly.

" 'No, my dear,' said the Colonel; 'a pattern for country clergymen—never did there exist a better man.'

" 'Ah!' said Tom, evidently disappointed.

" 'Why do you ask?' said his father.

" 'I don't know,' replied the boy.

" 'You should never ask questions, child, without knowing why,' said papa.

" 'I do know why, only I shan't tell,' said Tom.

" 'I desire you *will*, Tom,' said his parent, anticipating a display of that precocious wit, for which the dunderheaded ass was so celebrated in his own family.

" 'Oh, I'll tell it, if you like! it's only because I wanted to know which of them gentlemen was brutes,' said the boy.

" 'Why, my fine fellow?' said the Colo-

nel, whose curiosity was whetted by the oddity of the questions.

" 'Why,' replied Tom, 'because when mamma was talking to Dawes just now, about you, she said you was next door to a brute, and so I wanted to know who he was.'

" This was the signal for general consternation; Miss Gubbins hemmed loud, and tumbled over the music, which lay on the piano—the eldest girl laughed outright—Mr Abberly threatened to whip his son and heir—Mrs Abberly turned as red as scarlet, and endeavoured to convince Miss Neville of the utter groundlessness of the charge against her, and proclaimed the whole affair to be a new instance of Tom's precocious archness, and a mere application of his own, at the moment, of some story which he had heard some other person tell.

" The Colonel, however, joined so good-humouredly in a laugh with his niece, at the *naïveté* of the boy, and bore the attack with so much kindness, that Mrs Abberly, whatever she might have previously thought or said upon the subject, set the old gentleman down as a 'dear kind creature,' and continued praising him periodically through the evening."

SPECIMEN THE SECOND

Shall be taken from another story—that cycloped "Passion and Principle." What we quote is a mere episode—a sketch, in fact, of some part of the life of Major General Sir Frederick Brashleigh, K.C.B. late Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in Bombay. Suppose the General as yet only a subaltern, and newly landed in India, and then hear how Theodore reports his progress.

"Before nine months had elapsed, he had fought three duels, been once tried by a court-martial, and sent to Coventry by the regiment half a dozen times for churlish conduct; tired therefore of the round of tiffing, dining, and supping, with a set of men by whom he clearly saw he was hated, and for whom he entertained the most sovereign contempt, he availed himself of the removal of the regiment to the city of palaces, (as Calcutta is called in India,) to unite himself to one of those young ladies who are annually sent out to the white flesh market of the East, like unstamped cards, which are made for exportation, the return of which, to England to be played with, incurs a heavy penalty. Of the lady's family, friends, connexions, or circumstances, he of course knew as little as she knew of his; but, nevertheless, she accepted his offer immediately upon its being made, in obedience to the directions of her female friend and *consignée*, who gave her to understand that it was a rule in the carnal bazar of Bengal, for Venture-Misæes to take the first man who proposed; and accordingly Miss Amelia Fosdyko became Mrs Brashleigh in about three

weeks after her first interview with her future husband.

"As I was at no period of their residence there, either in their Bungalow, or indeed, in India itself, it is impossible for me to say how they passed their time. I have heard that he was chiefly addicted to cock-fighting, in which humane diversion, and all its concomitant pleasures of training, feeding, matching, weighing, and heeling, he took great delight, and consumed much of his time; she was amiable, placid, and contented, and became a mother during the first year of her marriage, and, occupied with her Ayah and baby, went on pretty well, until, as the novelty of matrimony wore off, and her laudable determination to be pleased with India and her husband a little abated, she began to discover, as all his acquaintances had discovered long before, that there never existed upon earth a more uncivilized-disagreeable animal in human shape than her 'dear Frederick Brashleigh.'

"It so happened, and such things will happen, that Mrs Brashleigh, who was extremely pretty, and graceful beyond the general average of exportation girls, was at a public entertainment at Calcutta,

and most particularly attracted the notice of his Excellency the then Commander of the forces:—who his Excellency was, I shall keep religiously secret, for more reasons than one: no matter, he saw, and admired her, discovered her name, inquired of his aid-de-camp the regiment, and rank of her husband,—whether a King's officer? or Company's? to all of which, he received (as generals do, when they ask such questions of their staff) answers clear and succinct, which appeared extremely satisfactory; the character of the lieutenant was sketchily given, and upon reference to a gay lady of a certain time of life, high in favour at the Presidency, his Excellency was satisfied that the plaintive expression which Mrs Brashleigh's features occasionally wore during the evening, resulted from some secret sorrow, some silent grief connected with domestic events, and, in short, that she was what is colloquially called 'not happy with her husband.'

"His Excellency the commander of the forces caused himself forthwith to be introduced to the fair mourner; and although no places in the world are so ridiculously ceremonious as our oriental settlements of tea-dealers and cotton-pickers, his Excellency waved all the usual forms which are so jealously adhered to, in order to give the money-making exiles who reside there something like importance in their banishment, and made the unlabile during the evening most charmingly and successfully.

"Poor Mrs Brashleigh, who had been long enough married to value her charms and attractions by the way in which her husband seemed to appreciate them, held them in no great estimation, and never dreamt that she had that evening captivated the gay and gallant general who ruled and reigned over his Majesty's forces and those of John Company with undivided power and control.

"Poor unsuspecting thing! she was doomed very soon to be undeceived upon this important point. Early the next day, she and her loving spouse, who had just returned from cock-feeding, were seated at tiffin in their Bungalow, (some fish and rice, a tureen of Mulica-tauny, and a bottle of Hodson's pale ale, on the clothless table,) when to their surprise and amazement one of the aids-du-camp of his Excellency the commander-in-chief made his unexpected appearance. The glittering visitor was received by the lady with her usual goodnature and kindness, and by her husband with a sort of sullen impatience not unmingled with mortification, that one of his Excel-

lency's staff should have detected the irregularity with which the repast had been put down.

" 'I hope,' said the aid-du-camp, 'you caught no cold last night, Mrs Brashleigh?'

" 'I don't *think* I have,' said Mrs Brashleigh; for she was afraid to state distinctly whether she had or had not, until her husband had signified his will and pleasure whether she should disclaim or admit the apprehended indisposition.

" 'Not *she*,' said Brashleigh; 'she is as hard as iron, Walford, and takes more killing than a badger. I'm afraid you won't like our tiffin, Walford, coming from head-quarters; but I can't help it. I have no regular cook, and as for Amelia, she can't manage anything in our way.'

" 'I *have* tiffed,' said Walford, 'and have not a moment to spare—I have called on business.'

" 'Oh,' said Brashleigh, 'about that infernal fellow, Magann, I suppose—another court of inquiry?'

" 'No,' said the aid-du-camp, 'I really don't know exactly what the business is; but I am directed by his Excellency to beg you will call on his military secretary to-morrow as early as you conveniently can, after morning parade.'

" 'Not regimental business then?' said Brashleigh, who had just involved himself in a serious quarrel with a brother-officer, who happened unfortunately to be decidedly in the right.

" 'I fancy not,' said Walford, who appeared during the conversation to treat Mrs Brashleigh with the most marked deference and respect, 'but I know nothing more than I am bid to know.'

" 'That's the case with you *grandeecs*,' said Brashleigh: 'thank God I'm independent of everybody. I do my duty, and don't care three cowries either for the general or my own commanding officer; and how you *can* live the life of an aid-du-camp, always bowing and cringing, and smirking and smiling, and carrying hats and messages, and carving at dinner, and playing at cards, and trying horses, and riding backwards in coaches, I don't in the least comprehend: for my part I'd starve first.'

" 'Your satire upon dependants falls harmless to-day, Brashleigh, as far as I am concerned,' said Walford; 'for I join my regiment, which is ordered on service, and quit his Excellency's staff to-morrow.'

" 'You are right, Walford, you are right,' said the animated subaltern; 'free and easy, bread and cheese and liberty, is

my motto; how happy you'll feel when once you are out of harness!"

" 'I have had every reason to be grateful to the general,' said Walford; 'he has been kindest of the kind to me, and has never exacted half the duties which he had a right to claim.'

" 'His Excellency seems an extremely pleasant man,' said Mrs Brashleigh.

" 'His Excellency,' said Walford, 'would be extremely well pleased to hear that you think so, Mrs Brashleigh.'

" 'She!' said Brashleigh; 'how should she know anything about generals?—why her father was a hatter in the Poultry, or some such place. She'd call anything gentlemanly and pleasant that was a cut above the counter.'

" 'Well, my dear,' said Amelia, 'I only observed—'

" 'Keep your observations to yourself, then, ma'am,' said Brashleigh, 'and go and nurse your little child—I hear it squalling again. There never was so peevish a brat in Bengal as your pet lamb. Come go, ma'am, and make them keep it still.'

" The tears stood in the poor young creature's eyes, and casting a glance at Walford, she pushed her plate away from her, hastily rose, and left the room.

" 'Now that's what she calls fine: she'd have made a capital actress,' said her husband. 'She thinks you'll pity her, and set me down for a brute and a tyrant—that's just her way.'

" 'Well,' said Walford, anxious to get away, 'I will not intrude any longer; you will call on Mansel to-morrow as soon as you can?'

" 'Can?—must you mean,' said Brashleigh. 'I must go full fig, I suppose, to the military secretary: no multi—no white jacket—no being comfortable.'

" 'I think you had better be dressed,' said Walford, 'for I rather believe—I don't know, that his Excellency wishes to speak to you himself.'

" 'Oh, then,' said Brashleigh, 'I'd bet fifty rupees I know what he is after.'

" 'The deuce you do,' thought Walford.

" 'Great men always want something when they are so devilish civil to little ones,' said Brashleigh.

" Walford was startled by this observation, and somewhat apprehensive that his friend might suspect the real object of his Excellency's desire to see him, inasmuch as there are but few things in the world which a commander of the forces can possibly want from a lieutenant.

" 'Indeed,' said Walford, 'I can't assist you in your surmises.'

" 'He's going to ask me to give him some of my Malay cocks,' said Brashleigh—'that's it, you may depend upon it; he wants to mend the breed.'

" An irresistible smile played over Walford's countenance at this announcement of the lieutenant's suspicions; and, after again assuring him that he really did not know what his Excellency's object was, the gallant aid-du-camp mounted his little Arabian, and, followed by his sice at full speed, galloped away to headquarters to report progress.

" When he departed, Brashleigh returned to the room where tiffin was still on the table, and having regaled himself with all the different degrees of the then favourite Indian beverage, in as many distinct tumblers, from Sangaree the first, to Sangrurum the last, proceeded, half asleep and half stupid, with the aid of his servant, to buckle on his accoutrements, and betake himself to afternoon parade.

" His poor wife remained with her hapless child until his return, which occurred at a late hour, just in time to announce that he should dine at the mess,—a measure he often adopted, not because he liked the society of his brother officers, or received the smallest gratification from visiting them, but because he knew they were always happier and more comfortable when he was absent. This, and the desire to show that he had a right (for he had a great notion of his rights) to be there, generally led him into their company about twice or three times in each week, upon which occasions he generally involved himself in some new scrape, and excited some new disgust.

" On the particular occasion under discussion, he signalized himself by the display of his independent indignation at the conduct of the commander of the forces, whom he denounced in terms hardly decent, and not quite safe, even at a mess-table, for having tyrannized over some poor fellow of his acquaintance, and stopped his promotion, to favour a protégé of his own; and swore, that if he were Jackson, he would do *this*, and he would say *that*, and he would write home to the Horse Guards, and he would never submit to be made a fool of, nor a tool of; he would have justice, the birthright of a British soldier; and thus the conversation was engrossed, and the evening's harmony destroyed, by one of Lieutenant Brashleigh's edifying exhibitions of military independence, good taste, and good sense.

" The morning came, and with it, parade—Halt, left wheel—front—dress, as

usual ; then breakfast, and more quarrelling with poor Mrs Brashleigh, to whom, for the fifty-third time, he mentioned how bitterly he repented having married her, upbraided her with low birth, swore that he had been tricked and deceived, and wished himself dead, which, being calmly interpreted by his better half, was translated into a wish that *she* were dead, and he rid of her.

" After parade, however, Lieutenant Brashleigh betook himself to the office of Major Mansel, the Military Secretary, where he remained for upwards of an hour. When he returned home, he appeared to be in an extraordinary humour ; he seemed nearly good-tempered, spoke almost kindly to his poor wife, whose beautiful eyes were actually reddened and swollen with tears : something very strange had evidently occurred ; he was an altered man, and she an astonished woman ; he dined, however, at the mess, and there, when reminded of what he had said the night before, seemed particularly anxious to bury all recollection of his former conduct and conversation in oblivion. His brother officers wondered at the subdued and softened tone of the boisterous lieutenant, and were marvel-ling at the strange alteration so suddenly effected in his manner, and the tone of his observations upon his superiors, heretofore the constant objects of his vituperation, when the orderly-book was brought to one of the captains at table by his serjeant. He opened it, and the exclamation which escaped him as he read the order of the day, excited a sudden feeling of surprise in all around him.

" ' I wish you joy, Brashleigh,' said Captain Osborne, returning the book to the serjeant. ' Why, this is a surprise.'

" ' What—promotion?' exclaimed the president.

" ' Read—read !' was the general cry.

" Osborne took back the orderly-book and read with an audible voice,—

*' Head-Quarters, Fort William,
February 8, 1786. '*

G. O.—His Excellency the Commander in Chief has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant Brashleigh, of the — Regiment, to be his Excellency's Aid-du-Camp, vice Walford, who joins his regiment.

(Signed) W. MANSEL, *Mil. Sec.*

" A thunder-bolt—an apparition—Old Nick himself, had he made his appearance, in the full uniform of the corps, could not have more completely surpri-

sed the assembled party than this announcement ; indeed, in Brashleigh's presence, it was almost impossible to do justice to their astonishment ! That so accomplished a person, and distinguished an officer, as the Commander-in-Chief, should have selected from amongst all his Majesty's regiments then at Fort William, a man hardly two removes from downright boorishness for one of his personal staff, seemed like a miracle, or a proof of sudden and violent insanity : they looked, and winked, and stared, but finally drank the health of the new aid-du-camp by unanimous consent, consoling themselves, in the midst of their contending feelings upon the subject, with the reflection, that, let what might happen, at all events *they* should get rid of him.

" As I do not profess to detail the history of Mr Brashleigh's early life, and as our concerns with him are of much more recent date, I shall merely observe, that in the course of the following week, the new aid-du-camp shifted his quarters to the general's house, where, with the urbanity and consideration which always marked his Excellency's conduct, his Excellency caused rooms to be fitted up for Mrs Brashleigh and her *dear* infant :—that, after nine or ten months had elapsed, Lieutenant Brashleigh became the most abject sycophant that ever crawled, devoted his days to tattling, and his evenings to eaves-dropping, to collect anecdotes, scandal, or even more serious matter of information for his Excellency :—that he was the warmest advocate of all his Excellency's military measures, and the constant eulogist of his Excellency's domestic virtues :—that Mrs Brashleigh, shortly after the appointment, recovered her health and good looks surprisingly :—that whenever she took her airings, it was in the lofty phaeton of his Excellency, (at that time the fashionable carriage :)—that whenever she went to parties, his Excellency's palanquin attended her :—that her control over her husband, and her sovereign contempt for him, were as evident to all beholders as her influence over, and her high consideration for, the General :—and that at the end of some ten months, she presented Lieutenant Brashleigh with a fine boy, which, though pronounced by the lady's female friends to be ' the very image of his father,' did not in the smallest degree resemble her former child, who was, at the time it was born, declared, by the same competent authorities, to be the Lieutenant's counterpart."

This, we think, is quite excellent—and so buy the book, good people all. It is a most amusing one to read now, and most assuredly it will be a very curious one to read two hundred years hence or so.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Aaron Arrowsmith will shortly publish *Outlines of the World*, exemplified in Forty fine Engravings of the various Countries, on which their Post-roads and Statistical Divisions, as well as their physical features, will be clearly described.

Mrs Taylor of Ongar will shortly go to press with a work entitled *The Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness*; addressed to those who are performing the same Journey.

The second volume of Mr Wiffen's *Translation of Tasso* will appear in April or May.

Mr Pennington's *Former Scenes Renewed*; or, *Notes, Classical and Historical*, taken in a Journey into France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Flanders, and Holland, in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821, will soon appear.

A Third Part of Whiter's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, in 4to, is now in the press.

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Dr P. M. Latham has in the press an account of the disease lately prevalent in the General Penitentiary.

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In a few days, Odes and Addresses to Great People, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" Matthews' Trips.

A book is in the press, entitled "The Present State of the Mines in Mexico, Chili, Peru, and Brazil, represented from practical knowledge, and further illustrated by Extracts from popular writers, with notes and general remarks on the operation of mining."

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Home melted, ...	42	—	—	—	—	—	43 0	45
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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M. 22 A. 29	28.830 .818	M. 35 A. 33	NW.	Frosty, snow on ground.	Dec. 17	M. 31 A. 36	29.574 .825	M. 38 A. 37	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
2	M. 25 A. 32	.991 .994	M. 37 A. 35	NW.	Ditto, with sunshine.	18	M. 27 A. 37	.564 .375	M. 37 A. 39	Cble.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.
3	M. 21 A. 28	29.998 .364	M. 32 A. 35	W.	Ditto.	19	M. 28 A. 49	.375 .124	M. 48 A. 45	W.	Dull, slight ram at night.
4	M. 25 A. 30	.518 .318	M. 32 A. 33	NW.	Keen frost, dull.	20	M. 21 A. 33	28.901 .975	M. 40 A. 38	Cble.	Snow foren. dull aftern.
5	M. 15 A. 25	.392 .185	M. 28 A. 34	Cble.	Ditto.	21	M. 26 A. 34	.805 .805	M. 37 A. 38	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
6	M. 30 A. 12	28.866 .866	M. 39 A. 36	Cble.	Heavy rain, and sleet.	22	M. 28 A. 34	.668 .868	M. 36 A. 35		Heavy rain, and sleet.
7	M. 29 A. 34	.882 29.231	M. 36 A. 36	NW.	Keen frost, snow on grd.	23	M. 22 A. 28	29.542 .225	M. 34 A. 36	W.	Keen frost, with sunsh.
8	M. 30 A. 37	.275 .234	M. 36 A. 39	Cble.	Shrs. of rain and sleet.	24	M. 25 A. 37	.8.965 29.192	M. 37 A. 39	W.	Fresh, sunsh. sn. on hills.
9	M. 30 A. 34	.144 .367	M. 36 A. 31	SW.	Morn. ditto, day fair.	25	M. 32 A. 50	28.655 .822	M. 45 A. 40		Heavy rain, and sleet.
10	M. 29 A. 34	.575 .560	M. 34 A. 37	Cble.	Keen frost, snow on hills.	26	M. 28 A. 34	.999 29.544	M. 37 A. 38		Snow, with sunshine.
11	M. 36 A. 44	.585 .690	M. 42 A. 43	W.	Rain morn. and even.	27	M. 28 A. 46	28.850 .999	M. 42 A. 40		Rain, sleet, during day.
12	M. 41 A. 46	.725 .769	M. 46 A. 49	NW.	Sunsh. foren. aftern. dull.	28	M. 34 A. 37	29.244 .535	M. 40 A. 38		Fair, sunsh. cold.
13	M. 41 A. 49	.769 .104	M. 49 A. 47	W.	Fair, but dull.	29	M. 29 A. 35	.635 .363	M. 38 A. 40	SW.	Frost, snow on hills.
14	M. 40 A. 17	.925 .872	M. 47 A. 48	W.	Morn. rain, day fair.	30	M. 35 A. 36	.505 .596	M. 38 A. 40	SW.	Cold, with showers hail.
15	M. 42 A. 48	.350 .350	M. 48 A. 44	W.	Dull, slight showers rain.	31	M. 32 A. 49	.150 .384	M. 45 A. 45		Fresh, with showers hail.
16	M. 39 A. 36	.505 .505	M. 40 A. 39	W.	Fair, dull and cold.						

Average of rain, 2.796-

January.

						Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.						
Jan. 1	M. 31 A. 41	29.384 28.999	M. 45 A. 44	SW.	Morn. sleet, day fair.	Jan. 17	A. 30 M. 36	29.420 .226	M. 40 A. 40	SW.	Morn. snow, day fair.				
2	M. 30 A. 39	.872 29.696	M. 41 A. 38	W.	Dull, shrs. of rain.	18	A. 34 M. 41	28.490 .680	M. 42 A. 38		Morn. rain, day fair.				
3	M. 30 A. 38	.642 .246	M. 39 A. 36	SW.	Morn. frost, day rain.	19	A. 27 M. 37	.840 .899	M. 38 A. 38		Dull, but fair, cold.				
4	M. 29 A. 33	.750 30.252	M. 36 A. 35	N.	Morn. sleet, day frost.	20	A. 32 M. 38	.9.292 .616	M. 39 A. 38	N.	Morn. frost, dull day.				
5	M. 21 A. 26	.516 .306	M. 32 A. 32	W.	Keen frost, with sunsh.	21	A. 32 M. 37	.715 .792	M. 38 A. 37	NE.	Frosty, after. sunshine.				
6	M. 24 A. 38	.165 .163	M. 35 A. 40	W.	Fresh, fair, and cold.	22	A. 29 M. 35	.880 .9.0	M. 36 A. 37	Cble.	Morn. frost, day mild.				
7	M. 59 A. 45	29.909 30.220	M. 43 A. 42	W.	Dull, but fair, mild.	23	A. 27 M. 3	.975 .905	M. 30 A. 37	W.	Frosty, rather dull.				
8	M. 31 A. 40	.182 .482	M. 42 A. 41	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	24	A. 29 M. 35	.604 .225	M. 39 A. 38	SW.	Frost morn. night sleet.				
9	M. 32 A. 36	.690 .728	M. 39 A. 38	W.	Ditto.	25	A. 26 M. 32	.350 .541	M. 40 A. 35	W.	Frost morn. day sunsh.				
10	M. 26 A. 36	.510 .510	M. 36 A. 39	W.	Morn. frost, day dull.	26	A. 26 M. 37	.360 .225	M. 37 A. 41	S.	Rain & sleet most of day.				
11	M. 35 A. 40	.420 .396	M. 40 A. 40	W.	Fresh, fair, but cold.	27	A. 32 M. 50	.250 A. 42	M. 50 A. 42	W.	Rain foren. aftern. sleet.				
12	M. 32 A. 39	.311 .280	M. 40 A. 40	S.	Morn. frosty, d. dull, cold.	28	A. 29 M. 37	30.194 .335	M. 41 A. 40	Cble.	Frost, sunsh. very cold.				
13	M. 32 A. 39	29.993 .692	M. 40 A. 41	W.	Fair, mild, with sunsh.	29	A. 36 M. 40	.146 29.896	M. 43 A. 44	Cble.	Aftern. rain and sleet.				
14	M. 36 A. 40	.859 .680	M. 41 A. 44	SW.	Dull, but fair.	30	A. 38 M. 17	.694 .964	M. 46 A. 45	W.	Dull, with shwrs. rain.				
15	M. 30 A. 44	.525 .502	M. 44 A. 44	SW.	Dull, flying shwrs. rain.	31	A. 34 M. 40	.998 .692	M. 41 A. 41	SW.	Day fair, night hail.				
16	M. 29 A. 45	28.999 29.115	M. 46 A. 42	SW.	Ditto.										

Average of rain, 1.282.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th November, 1824, and 20th January, 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Adams, J. Moorfields, cabinet-maker.
 Antrobus, J. Manchester, provision-dealer.
 Arcangelo, C. Bethnal-green, feather-merchant.
 Archer, J. Gun-street, Spitalfields, factor.
 Arnsby, M. Walworth-road, baker.
 Arrowsmith, S. Salford, Lancaster, iron-keeper.
 Aubrey, H. H. Praed-street, Edgeware-road, wine-merchant.
 Badham, J. Clifton, Gloucester, cabinet-maker.
 Bailey, J. Ipswich, ship-builder.
 Ball, P. Mevagisey, Cornwall, merchant.
 Ball, T. St Stephen in Bramwell, Cornwall, dealer.
 Banks, J. and W. Garrod, of Deccles, Suffolk, linen-draper.
 Barnard, S. Camberwell, jeweller.
 Barren, H. Thavie's-inn, jeweller.
 Beck, J. Derby, tea-dealer.
 Bennallack, J. F. Truro, scrivener.
 Benson, G. Kennington, builder.
 Biden, Cheapside, button-merchant.
 Biggs, H. and J. Blandford Forum, mercers.
 Bloor, J. L. Hackney.
 Bond, C. Gravesend, victualler.
 Boulton, T. W. Spencer-street.
 Bowen, P. Bungay, linen-draper.
 Brandon, W. sen. Camberwell, builder.
 Brunwell, G. Stockport, chemist.
 Britten, D. jun. Basinghall-street, callenderer.
 Brown, J. Exeter, coachmaker.
 Brotherton, J. Liverpool, tailor.
 Bryan, A. Richmond, haberdasher.
 Burslem, T. Abchurch-lane, wine-merchant.
 Burslem, T. and P. Cella, Abchurch-lane, wine-merchants.
 Dym, R. J. and J. Saddleworth, York, woollen manufacturers.
 Cachard, G. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, watch-maker.
 Campbell, T. B. Brick-lane, Spitalfields, grocer.
 Chambers, L. Newcastle upon-Tyne, spirit-merchant.
 Chick, M. Newgate-street, hosier.
 Clarke, R. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, coal-merchant.
 Clarke, T. Rotherhithe, lighterman.
 Coates, W. Kidderminster, draper.
 Cooke, T. and J. Cheltenham, upholsterers.
 Cooke, T. W. Stratford, brewer.
 Cooper, B. Falcon-square, coal-merchant.
 Cooke, G. Manchester, grocer.
 Coppard, J. son, of Lower Mitcham, drug-grinder.
 Couchman, S. Throgmorton-street, printer.
 Craddock, , woollen-
 Garner, W. Margate, bookseller.
 Gerrish, J. sen. and J. Gerrish, jun. Frome-Selwood, clothiers.
 Giblett, J. Frome, Selwood, clothier.
 Giles, H. London-road, butcher.
 Giles, J. and G. Dennis, Bow Street, Covent-garden, victuallers.
 Gledhill, J. Halifax, merchant.
 Good, W. sen. and W. Good, jun. Hythe, Southampton, ship-builders.
 Grayburn, W. Nottingham, draper.
 Greetham, R. J. Liverpool, ship-chandlers.
 Gregory, S. Manchester, calico-printer.
 Grimble, J. Norwich, tailor.
 Grimwood, R. Rochester, draper.
 Gritton, P. R. Doncaster, dealer.
 Guth, J. Shad, Thames, corn-factor.
 Gwynne, W. Benton, Sussex, dealer.
 Hall, J. Newington-butts, tea-dealer.
 Hammond, T. Manchester, victualler.
 Handy, S. Goswell-street, brass-founder.
 Hart, A. Manchester, dealer.
 Hopkins, W. D. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, ship-broker.
 Houghton, J. and S. P. Skinner-street, leather-sellers.
 Howell, J. Piccadilly, linen-draper.
 Hudson, T. Whitehaven, mercer.
 Hufam, C. Garford-street, Limchouse, ship-chandler.
 Hughes, W. Tewkesbury, glass-dealer.
 Hulme, J. Lancaster, victualler.
 Humphreys, J. Vauxhall Bridge-road, carpenter.
 Jackson, C. Barbican, hatter.
 Jackson, H. W. and W. W. Beaumont, Great Eastcheap, cutlers.
 James, H. J. Cannon-street, stationer.
 Jay, G. and T. Ward, Burlington-gardens, artificial florists.
 Jenkins, W. Christchurch, Southampton, plumber.
 Johnson, W. Redfordbury, draper.
 Jones, J. Hillingdon, linen-draper.
 Jones, W. Bermondsey-street, fishmonger.
 Kite, J. and B. Best, Macclesfield-wharf, Shoreditch, coal-merchants.
 Lamb, G. Blackwall, merchant.
 Lander, J. Strand, hardware-man.
 Larkin, J. Canon-street-road, shopkeeper.
 Latten, J. Woolwich, baker.
 Lawson, J. B. and G. Nottingham, hosiers.
 Lawson, J. Nottingham, hosier.
 Lee, J. Bocking, innkeeper.
 Le Cointe, J. R. St Helen's-place, merchant.
 Leonard, C. V. Taunton, linen-draper.
 Levy, J. Goodman's-fields, feather-merchant.
 Lewin, R. Mansell-street, coal-merchant.
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 radford, York, grocer and draper.
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 Niven, J. Peterborough, draper.
 O'Hare, J. Chapstow, Monmouth, grocer.
 Palmer, J. Lambeth, tailor.
 Parker, W. Hampstead-road, builder.
 Perry, J. Houndsditch, linen-draper.
 Phone, W. jun. Fleet-street, confectioner.
 Phillips, J. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, money-scrivener.
 Phillips, W. St Martin's-lane, Canon-street, dry-salter.
 Pickman, J. Shoreditch, grocer.
 Platt, J. Platt-lane, Saddleworth, York, woollen manufacturer.
 Pocock, W. Layton, Essex, cabinet-maker.
 Portch, W. Bradford, Wilts, clothier.
 Powell, W. Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-lane-road, plumber.

Prodders, E. Ludlow, Shropshire, banker.
 Prodders, G. E. and J. Ludlow, Shropshire, bankers.
 Radford, S. Chiswell-street, victualler.
 Rice, C. Bennett circus, tailor.
 Richards, J. Wolverhampton, miller.
 Richards, S. Bristol, boot and shoemaker.
 Rimmer, J. and J. Liverpool, flour and provision-dealers.
 Rishton, E. Preston, money-scrivener.
 Roberts, J. High Holborn, corn-dealer.
 Roffe, C. St Martha on the Hill, Guildford, paper manufacturer.
 Rogers, W. Upton, victualler.
 Rolles, W. G. Fenchurch-street, broker.
 Ryall, T. R. Sutton Veny, Wilts, dealer.
 Sargent, W. late of Sheffield, and afterwards of Fleetmarket, spirit-dealer.
 Seward, J. G. Blandford Forum, Dorset, cooper.
 Shaw, T. Southampton, wine-merchant.
 Shawcross, J. Manchester, innholder.
 Sidford, G. sen. Bath, linendraper.
 Sims, C. Crown-court, Broad-street, merchant.
 Sims, S. Southampton, stationer.
 Slade, J. Mevagissey, Cornwall, mercer.
 Smith, P. Mevagissey, Cornwall, grocer.
 Smith, T. Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, tanner.
 Smith, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, and J. Yates, New-mills, Derby, brass and iron-founders.
 Starkey, W. Lower-road, Deptford, butcher.

Stephens, W. Alphington and Heavitree, Devon, builder.
 Sugden, J. Huddersfield, York, cloth merchant.
 Taylor, W. Woolwich, coal merchant.
 Temple, W. R. Sowerby, York, wine-merchant.
 Thompson, J. Rotherhithe, tea-dealer.
 Thomas, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Thomas, J. Piccadilly, draper.
 Thompson, G. F. Wood-street, Cheap-side, silk-manufacturer.
 Townend, J. R. Minories, hat-manufacturer.
 Truman, T. Waterloo-terrace, printseller.
 Unsworth, R. H. Lambeth, coal merchant.
 Wagstaff, T. Bristol, wharfinger.
 Walker, J. Bishopsgate-street, hardware-man.
 Weaver, T. Abingdon, Berks, linendraper.
 Welch, J. Prince's-street, Lambeth, leather-seller.
 Wellands, J. Durham, draper.
 White, Mary and J. and J. Great Eastcheap, perfumers.
 Willett, F. Holborn-bridge, druggist.
 Williams, W. W. Norwich, pawnbroker.
 Williams, J. Kentish-town, coachmaker.
 Wills, W. Sol's-row, Hampstead-road, rectifier.
 Wilson, P. Gibson-street, Lambeth-marsh, carpenter.
 Woolcott, H. Paddington, stone mason.
 Woods, G. E. Walton, Surrey, chemist.
 Wragg, T. Islington, brewer.
 Wynne, G. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer.
 Yates, T. J. Warburton, and J. Yates, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of December 1824, and the 30th of January 1825, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bishop, James, cow-feeder and spirit-dealer, Cowgate, Edinburgh.
 Clyne, John, merchant, Leith.
 Gregg, James, junior, writer in Ayr, printer and publisher.
 Hart, Thomas William, draper and merchant in Greenock.
 Kennedy, Duncan, merchant, accountant, and agent, in Glasgow.
 Kirkland, William, surgeon and drysalter, and dealer in oils, in Greenock.
 Lowe, John and James, merchants in Greenock.
 Macgill, Francis, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow.
 MacLauchlan, Dugald, ship owner, dealer in wool, and grazier, residing at Cornnanan, near Fort William.
 Marshal, Peter, and Co. late merchants in Glasgow.
 McKenzie, John, cattle-dealer, Ledbeg, parish of Assynt, Sutherlandshire.
 Milne, James, merchant, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
 Paterson, Mrs Christian, merchant in Mauchlin.
 Robertson, Samuel, spirit-merchant in Leith.
 Rowe, Benjamin, coal-master in Shewalton, and grocer and spirit-dealer in Irvine.
 Richardson, William, brewer in Dumfries.
 Steel, John, coal-agent in Glasgow.
 Stewart, David, junior, oil and colour-man, and spirit-merchant, Edinburgh.
 Taylor, James, bleacher in High Arthurly.
 Turnbull, Robert, seedman Edinburgh.
DIVIDENDS.
 Bell, William, manufacturer, Airderton, Glasgow; a first and final dividend on 10th February.

Burn and Pringle, wood merchants in Fisherrow; a dividend after 16th February.
 Cameron and Bisset, agents in Dunkeld; a dividend on 23d February.
 Carnewell, William and James, wrights and builders in Glasgow; a first and final dividend after 20th January.
 Fyfe, James, joiner and cabinet-maker in Leith; a second dividend after 28th February.
 Gibbs and Company, late nursery and seedsmen in Inverness; a dividend after 11th January, to the creditors of Gibbs and Company; no dividend to the creditors of the individual partners.
 M'Caal, James, and Company, contractors for the Public Buildings at Ayr, and masons and builders there; a dividend on 2d February.
 Macmath, Donald, merchant in Inverary; a 2d dividend on 17th January.
 Paterson, Walker, and Co. merchants and general commission agents, Leith; a first and final dividend after 2d March.
 Rae, John, candlemaker, Edinburgh; a 2d dividend after 31st January.
 Robertson, John, and Company, merchants in Glasgow; a dividend after 15th January.
 Sutherland, Charles, merchant in Golspie; a dividend on 15th February.
 Wilson, George, late spirit dealer, High Street, Edinburgh; a dividend after 14th February.
 Wilson, Robert, the deceased, merchant in Leith; a dividend 25th March.
 Wyllie, R. and M., manufacturers in Glasgow; a dividend on 9th January, to the creditors of Matthew Wyllie; no dividend from the Company estate.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

December.

2 Life Gds. Lt. Reid, Capt. by purch. vice Chichester, from. 11 Nov. 1824.
 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Smith, Lt. do.
 J. Davidson, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
 R. Horsfield, Esq. Lord Dorchester, from h. p. 8 F. Cor. vice H. Wellesley, ret. 2 Dec.
 7 Dr. Gds. Acting Adj. Hely, Cor. without pay 25 Nov.

1 Dr. Cor. Sir L. P. Glyn, Bt. Lt. by purch. vice Wathen, 15 Dr. 4 do.
 J. B. Petro, Cor. do.
 2 Bt. Maj. Mills, Maj. by purch. vice Spooner, ret. 25 do.
 Lt. Heyman, Capt. do.
 Cor. Wyndham, Lt. do.
 1 ——— Richardson, do. vice Anderson, dead 2 May.

	Cor. Agnew, do. vice Carroll, dead	38		Lt. Magill, Capt. vice Perry, dead	13 April.
	Ena. Ramsbottom, from 99 F. Cor.	9 Dec.		Ena. Torrens, Lt.	do.
	by purch.	18 Nov.		— M'Leath, do. vice Kerr, killed	17 May.
	J. A. Henderson, do. by purch.	9 Dec.		D. Campbell, Ena.	25 Nov.
8	Surg. Badenach, from 15 F. Surg.	2 do.		J. Bullen, do.	26 do.
9	Hon. W. E. Fitzmaurice, Cor. by	30		Lt. Bowen, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice	18 do.
	purch. vice Fuc. Kirkwall, ret.	18 Nov.		Burns, h. p. 8 F.	2 W.
11	Lt. Browne, Capt. vice Smith, dead	43		I. R.	10 Dec.
	Cor. Wymer, Lt.	do		Gent. Cadet W. Egerton, from R.	do.
	W. Handley, Cor.	18 Nov.		Mil. Coll. Ena. by purch. vice	4 Nov.
15	Lt. Wathen, from 1 Dr. Lt. vice Bay-	4 do.		Lord Chichester, 7 F.	9 Dec.
	ard, ret.	11 do.		Lt. Fraser, Capt. by purch. vice Ker-	do.
Gren. Gds.	Bn. Surg. Watson, Surg. Maj. vice	46		steman, ret.	do.
	Nixon, ret.	do		Ena. Estcourt, Lt.	do.
	As. Surg. Armstrong, Surg.	do		Lt. Graham, from h. p. 23 F. Lt.	11 Nov.
	Lt. Greenwood, Lt. and Capt. by	do		vice Hutchinson, 76 F.	23 April.
	purch. vice Sir L. Dukinfield, Bt.	18 do.		Ena. Gleeson, Lt. vice Skelton, dead	25 Nov.
	ret.	do		F. Ingram, Ena.	19 March.
1 F.	Sir F. H. Bathurst, Bt. Ena. and Lt.	47		Bt. Lt.-Col. Donoghue, Maj. vice	do.
	Lt. Dobbin, Capt. vice Gell, dead.	20 Feb.		Warren, dead	do.
	Ena. J. M'Gregor, Lt.	25 Nov.		Lt. Clarke, Capt.	do.
	A. B. Montgomerie, Ena.	do		Ena. Snow, Lt.	do.
	H. H. Williamson, do. vice Gordon,	54		H. H. F. Clarke, Ena.	25 Nov.
	6 F.	20 Dec.		As. Surg. French, from 67 F. Surg.	9 Dec.
1	Lt. Bowlby, Capt. vice Fletcher, dead	25 Oct.		vice MacLachlan, dead	24 May.
	Ena. Shea, Lt.	do		Lt. Evanson, Capt. vice Coots, dead	13 Dec. 1822.
	A. T. Faunce, Ena.	16 Dec.		Ena. Kelly, Lt. vice Dowdall, dead	10 Aug. 1823.
5	Ena. Copsou, Lt. by purch. vice Hat-	18 Nov.		— Pattoun, do. vice Holt, dead	24 May, 1824.
	ton, ret.	do		Fenton, do. vice Evanson	10 Aug. 1823.
6	H. B. Baring, Ena.	do		G. Holt, Ena.	24 May, 1824.
	Bt. Lt.-Col. Gardiner, Lt.-Col.	18 Dec.		J. F. Dodd, do.	10 Aug. 1823.
	Bt. Maj. Taylor, Maj.	do		Lt. Clark, Adj. vice Dowdall, dead	24 May, 1824.
	Lt. Meredith, Capt.	do	57	Lt. Ovens, from 20 F. Lt. vice Dou-	13 Dec. 1822.
	Capt. Bonamy, from h. p. do.	19 do.		glas, h. p. 9 F.	16 Dec. 1824.
	Lt. Clarke, from 77 F. do.	do	58	R. A. Mackenzie, Ena. vice Wilson, 6	20 do.
	Ena. Stuart, Lt.	18 do.		F.	do.
	— Martin, do.	do	60	Paym. MacLaurin, from 77 F. Paym.	11 Nov.
	— Richardson, do.	do		vice Read, h. p.	19 Aug.
	Lt. Ratcliff, from h. p. 61 F. do.	19 do.		Ena. Liddele, Adj. vice Wulff, res.	18 Nov.
	— Minton, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.	do		Adj. only	do
	do.	do		Lt. Spong, Capt. by purch. vice De	18 Nov.
	2 Lt. Smith, from 60 F. do.	20 do.		Damas, ret.	do
	— Kelly, from 60 F. do.	do		2d Lt. Robinson, Lt.	do
	— Morden, from 23 F. do.	do		I. T. Evans, 2d Lt.	do
	Ena. Hammond, from 10 F.	do		I. S. Wilford, do. vice L. B. Wilford,	19 do.
	— Wilson, from 58 F. do.	do		ret.	do
	— Bowlby, from 14 F. do.	do		Lt. Campbell, from 2 W. I. R. Lt.	9 Dec.
	— Gordon, from 1 F. do.	do		vice Altonstein, h. p. 6 W. I. R.	20 do.
	B. T. F. Bowes, Ena.	18 do.		F.	do
	J. Crofton, do.	do		F. Mariton, do. vice Kelly, 6 F. do.	do
	J. Dumaresq, do.	do	62	Lt. Mair, from 47 F. Lt. vice Stew-	11 Nov.
	A. Connor, do.	do		art, h. p. 47 F.	do
	W. Greene, do.	do		Lt. and Adj. Parker, Capt. vice Hart-	18 do.
	As. Surg. Trigge, from 14 F. Surg.	9 do.		ley, Afr. Col. Corps	do
7	Ena. Lord S. A. Chichester, from 43	4 Nov.		Serj. Maj. Buehan, from 71 F. Adj.	9 Dec.
	F. Lt. by purch. vice Greaves, 54	do		and Ena. vice Parker	do
10	— Thomas, from 31 F. Ena. vice	20 Dec.	76	Lt. Hutchison, from 46 F. Lt. vice	11 Nov.
	Hammond, 6 F.	do		Wood, h. p. 23 F.	do
14	Gent. Cadet, C. J. Otter, from R.	do	77	Capt. Girling, from h. p. 5 F. Paym.	25 do.
	Mil. Coll. Ena. vice Bowlby, 6 F.	do		vice MacLaurin, 60 F.	do
15	Surg. Punshon, from h. p. 52 F. Surg.	2 do.		Ena. Clark, Lt. vice Clark, 6 F. 19 do.	do
	vice Badenach, 8 Dr.	do	81	Gent. Cadet, H. Fenwick, from R.	do
20	Lt. Butler, from h. p. 9 F. Lt. vice	16 Dec.		Mil. Coll. Ena.	do
	Ovens, 57 F.	do		Ena. Hamilton, Lt. vice Marsh, dead	16 do.
21	Bt. Lieut.-Col. Thomas, from 27 F.	do	87	— Hope, from 45 F. Ena.	do
	Maj. by purch. vice Champion,	do		Lt. Kerr, from h. p. Glengarry Fen.	do
	dead	do	83	Lt. vice M'Dunay, cancelled	2 do.
23	R. H. Ottley, 2d Lt. vice Morden, 6	20 do.	90	Lt. Bell, Capt. vice Sheehy, dead	25 Nov.
27	F.	do		Bt. Maj. Dixon, Maj. vice Wright,	20 Sept.
	Lt. Shea, Capt. vice Duhigg, dead	0 do.		dead	do
	Ena. Neynoe, Lt.	do		Lt. Cox, Capt.	do
	R. E. S. Hutchinson, Ena.	do		Ena. Popham, Lt.	do
	Lt. Vandeleur, Capt. by purch. vice	do	92	R. Norman, Ena.	25 Nov.
	Thomas, 21 F.	16 do.		R. H. J. B. M'Cumming, do. by	do
	Ena. Johnstone, Lt.	do		purch. vice Wilton, removed from	16 Dec.
31	Ena. Tait, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ena. vice	20 do.	93	Lt. Gunn, from h. p. Bourbon, R.	do
	Thomas, 10 F.	do		Qua. Mas. vice Dallas, h. p. 18 Nov.	do
35	Ena. Dickens, Adj. vice Breary, res.	2 do.	97	Capt. Orr, from 5. p. W. I. R. Paym.	9 Dec.
	Adj. only	do			do

98 Ena. Eyre, from h. p. 73 F. Ena. vice
Graham, Afr. Col. Corps 10 do.
H. Vernon, do. vice Nicolls, 2 W. I.
R. 11 do.
As. Surg. Tedlie, from 1 Dr. Surg.
vice Vassall, h. p. 9 do.
99 Ena. Last, Lt. by purch. vice Beau-
clerk, prom. 20 do.
J. Nicholson, Ens. do.
R. Gibbons, do. by purch. vice Rama-
bottom, 4 Dr. 18 Nov.
Rifle Brig. 2d Lt. Falconar, Adj. vice Webb, res.
Adj. only 16 Dec.
W. I. R. Capt. Workman, from 3 W. I. R.
Capt. vice Bt. Major Jack, h. p. 3
W. I. R. 25 Nov.
Lt. Stewart, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Lt.
vice Campbell, 60 F. 9 Dec.
Ens. Manby, from 39 F. do. vice
Henry, dead 10 do.
— Nicolls, from 98 F. do. 11 do.
Capt. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F.
Capt. vice Findlay, Afr. Col. Corps, 16 do.
Staff. As. Surg. M'Lachlan, Surg. vice O'-
beirne, dead 14 do.
Ceylon R. 2d Lt. Warburton, 1st Lt. vice Mal-
colm, prom. 11 Nov.
F. N. Toole, 2d Lt. do.
2d Lt. Stewart, 1st Lt. vice Warbur-
ton, cancelled do.
R. A. Col. C. G. A. Nott, Paym. 24 Oct.
Capt. Hartley, from 62 F. Maj. vice
Chisholm, prom. 18 Nov.
Ens. Graham, from 98 F. Lt. vice
Cartwright, dead 10 Dec.
Capt. Findlay, from 2 W. I. R. Capt.
vice Dowson, h. p. 28 F. 16 do.
1 R. Vet. Bn. Ens. Elliot, from h. p. 30 F. Ens. vice
Tait, 31 F. 20 do.
2 Lt. E. Griffiths, from h. p. R. Art.
Div. Lt. vice Griesbach, h. p. 11 Nov.
3 Lt. Sidley, from h. p. 8 F. Lt. (repay-
ing diff.) vice Bowen, 30 F. 18 do.
1 Vet. Comp. Lt. Warner, from h. p. York Lt. Inf.
Vol. Lt. vice Pike, ret. list do.

Unattached.

Lt. Beauclerk, from 99 F. Capt. of a
Comp. by purch. vice W. Payne,
R. Eng. ret. 20 Dec. 1824.

Garrisons.

Lt. Schwartz, h. p. Nova Scotia Fen.
Town Adj. at Cape Breton, vice
Weeks, dead 25 June, 1824.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Eng. Capt. Dixon, from h. p. Capt. vice
Payne, ret. 30th Nov. 1824.
Lt. Col. Sir H. Elphinstone, Bt. Col.
vice M. Gen. Rowley, dead 2 Dec.
Bt. Maj. By, Lt. Col. do.
Capt. Cheyne, from h. p. Capt. do.
1st Lt. Fenwick, 2d Capt. do.
— Wolff, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
2d Lt. Gordon, 1st Lt. do.

Medical Department.

As. Surg. Gen. and Dep. Insp. Ro-
berts, from h. p. Surg. and
vice Jameson, ret. full pay
17 Nov. 1824.

Staff.

Maj. Read, Perm. As. Qua. Mast.
Gen. in E. Indies, with rank of Lt.
Col. vice Marlay, dead
2 Dec. 1824.
Bt. Lt. Forrest, from h. p. 54 F. Per.
As. Qua. Mast. Gen. vice Read, Do.

Hospital Staff.

Surg. Maj. Nixon, of Gren. Gds. to
have the rank of Insp. of Hospitals,
without additional pay
10 Nov. 1824.
Dep. Insp. Gunning, from h. p. Dep.
Insp. of Hospitals 17 do.

Dep. Insp. Gunning, Insp. of Hosp.
for the Service of the W. Indies,
only 18 do.
Bt. Dep. Insp. Inglis, from h. p. Surg.
1 Dec.
— Sir A. West, on h. p.
Dep. Insp. of Hospitals 18 Nov.
— Inglis, Dep. Insp. vice
Schetky, dead 2 Dec.
As. Surg. Pilkington, from h. p. 73
F. As. Surg. vice Macleod, super-
seded 18 Nov.
— Wahab, from h. p. 98 F. do.
vice Murray, 2 W. I. R. 25 do.
— Mitchell, from h. p. 48 F.
do. 9 Dec.
— M'Donogh, from h. p. 14 F.
do. vice Pargeter, res. 18 Nov.
Hosp. As. Kinnis, As. Surg. vice M'
Lachlan, prom. 14 Dec.
Hosp. Mate J. Portelli, Hosp. As.
2 do.
— H. J. Williamson, Hosp.
As. vice Kinnis 14 do.

Exchanges.

Major Gordon, 10 F. with Brev. Lt. Col. King,
h. p. 98 F.
Capt. Serjeantson, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with
Capt. Hon. W. T. Graves, h. p.
— Kirkman, from 94 F. with Kirwan, h. p.
6 F.
Lieut. Ramsay, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt.
Harvey, h. p. 60 F.
— Macdonald, from 59 F. with Lieut. Leslie,
97 F.
— White, from Afr. Col. Corps, with Lieut.
Laye, h. p. York Chas.
Ensign Kelly, from 46 F. with Ensign Johnston,
69 F.
— Wolff, from 60 F. with Ensign Wilford,
h. p. 11 F.
Qua. Mast. Campbell, from 73 F. with Ensign
Hickson, h. p. 12 F.
Surg. Callow, from 51 F. with Surg. White, 84 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Spooner, 2 Dr.
Capt. Sir L. Dukinfield, Bt. Gren. Gds.
— Kerateman, 43 F.
— De Damas, 60 F.
— Payne, R. Eng.
Lieut. Baynard, 15 Dr.
— Hatton, 5 F.
2d Lieut. L. B. Wilford, 60 F.
Cornet H. Weilealey, R. Horse Gds.
— Viseo Kirkwall, 9 Dr.
Staff As. Surg. J. R. Palmer.
Hosp. As. Thornton.
— M'Christie.
— Pargeter.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Mildmay, 87 F.
— Warburton, Ceylon Reg.
Staff As. Surg. Clifford.

Superseded.

Staff As. Surg. Macleod.

Removed from the Service.

Ensign Wilton. 92 F.

Deaths.

Gen. Hon. J. Leslie Cumming, late of Gren. Gds.
Edinburgh 22 Nov. 1824.
Lieut. Gen. Williams, late of R. Mar. 18 Jan.
Maj. Gen. Rowley, R. Eng. Dep. Inspec. Gen. of
Fortifications, Essex 1 Dec.
— Thomas, E. India Company's Service.
Col. Desbarres, late of 60 F.
Lieut. Col. Enes, 5 F. Dominica.
— Deschambault, h. p. 109 F. Montreal,
Canada 24 July, 1824.
— Scott, E. India Company's Service.
— Kerin, do.
— Macmorine, do.
— Mackintosh, do.
— Frith, do.
— Paton, do.
Major Fletcher, 5 F. Barbadoes, 24 Oct. 1824.

Major Champion, 21 F. shot by a sentinel of the regiment at Fort Charlotte, St Vincent 13 do.
 ———— Pierce, R. Art. Jamaica 23 Sep.
 ———— Guildford, late of R. Mar. 14 Feb.
 ———— Adlam, h. p. R. Mar. Apr.
 ———— Finmore, do.
 ———— Butter, E. India Company's Service.
 ———— Owen, do.
 ———— Ferris, do.
 Capt. Barlow, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay, 30 June 1824.
 ———— Sale, 4 Dr. do. 25 do.
 ———— Duhigg, 27 F. lost at sea on passage from Gibraltar Nov. do.
 ———— Lett, h. p. 26 F. Canada 6 July.
 ———— Chapman, Inval. Art. 11 Dec. 1823.
 ———— J. Grant, h. p. R. Art. Jersey, 1 Apr. 1824.
 ———— Defferd, R. Mar. do.
 ———— Reding, h. p. do.
 ———— Pring, Adjut. 2d Warwickshire Local Militia 19 Nov.
 Lieut. Hamilton, 77 F. Hamilton, N. B. 20 Dec.
 ———— Marsh, 81 F.
 ———— Duraud, h. p. 95 F. Islington, Middlesex, Sept. 24.
 ———— Watson, Ceylon Regt. Kandy, Ceylon 17 June.
 ———— Murray, h. p. 101 F. Norham, Durham 15 May.
 ———— Foster, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. 6 Nov.
 ———— Fiske, late Art. Driv. 6 Sept.
 ———— D'Autume, h. p. Foreign Art. 27 Mar.
 ———— Pollock, R. Mar. drowned June.
 ———— J. James, R. Mar. Art. 8 Apr.
 ———— Lewis, do. 11 Nov.
 ———— Paxton, h. p. R. Mar.
 ———— W. Thompson, do. 15 Jan.
 ———— Blagrove, do.

Lieut. D. Robertson, do. 25 Oct. 1823.
 2d Lieut. Wilson, Inv. Art. 12 July, 1824.
 ———— Mitchell, R. Mar. 10 Sept.
 ———— Getty, h. p. R. Mar. Nov. 1823.
 ———— R. Smith, do. 9 May, 1824.
 ———— Woore, do. 24 Apr.
 Ens. Heurmann, h. p. Rifle Brigade, Minden, Prussia 2 Aug. 1823.
 ———— Parker, So. Lincoln Mil. 6 Dec.
 ———— Beeby, Dublin Co. Mil.
 Quart. Mas. Allan, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 20 June, 1824.
 ———— Walsh, late 10 Vet. Bn. Chelsea, 7 Dec.
 ———— Henery, h. p. 15 Dr. Cork 10 Oct.
 ———— Whettley, h. p. 28 Dr. 27 Nov.

Veterinary Surg.

Bird, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 12 July.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. Thomson, h. p. 25 Jan.
 ———— Freeman, h. p. 5 Sept. 1823.
 ———— M'Kenzie, h. p. 14 Nov. 1824.
 As. Com. Gen. Bowie, h. p. 26 Jan.
 Dep. As. Com. Gen. Bodley
 ———— Thornton, h. p.

Medical Department.

Surg. Dr. Harrison, 6 F. Cape of Good Hope 28 Sept. 1824.
 ———— Dent, 21 F. lost on passage from West Indies Mar.
 ———— M'Lauchlan, 49 F. Cape of Good Hope 11 Sept.
 ———— O'Beirne, 2 W. I. R. 8 Dec.
 Hosp. As. Mawry, Kandy, Ceylon 7 June.

January.

Brevet. Capt. Laing, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Local Rank of Maj. in Africa, only 23 Dec. 1824.
 5 Dr. G. Troop Serj. Maj. Henley, from 10 Dr. Cor. (without pay,) being Riding Master 6 Jan. 1825.
 9 Dr. Cor. Fullerton, Lt. by purch. vice Montgomery, ret. 30 Dec. do.
 ———— R. Rumley, Cor. do.
 10 Capt. Hon. J. Jones, Maj. by purch. vice Taylor, prom. 16 do.
 ———— Lt. Wallington, Capt. by purch. do.
 ———— Cor. Dent, Lt. by purch. do.
 ———— R. Giffard, Cor. by purch. 30 do.
 14 Lt. Gooch, Capt. by purch. vice Ormsby, prom. do.
 ———— Cor. Gilpin, Lt. do.
 16 W. V. Gillad, Cor. by purch. vice Stewart, ret. 6 Jan. do.
 Gren.Gds. J. D. Wright, As. Surg. vice Armstrong, prom. 11 Nov. 1824.
 2 F. Br. Lt. Col. De Burgh, Lt. Col. 24 Jan. 1825.
 ———— Capt. Johnstone, Maj. do.
 ———— Lt. Girdlestone, Capt. do.
 ———— Jackson, do. do.
 ———— Bt. Capt. Mitchell, from 97 F. Capt. 25 do.
 ———— Ens. Robinson, Lt. 24 do.
 ———— King, do. do.
 2 F. Lieut. Robertson, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. 25 Jan. 1825.
 ———— Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Mackenzie, from h. p. 14 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Hunt, from h. p. 85 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Keith, from 89 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Robinson, from 67 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Lyster, from h. p. 2 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Ens. Belford, from 94 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Leighton, from 56 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Carruthers, from 26 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Knox, from 20 F. Lt. do.
 ———— Fisher, from h. p. 49 F. Ens. 24 do.
 ———— W. S. Torrens, Ens. 25 do.
 ———— W. N. Ralph do. 26 do.
 ———— L. S. Dickson do. 27 do.
 15 Bt. Maj. Simcoe, Maj. vice Ennes, dead 30 Dec. 1824.

Lt. Belton, Capt. do.
 Ens. Wood, Lt. do.
 A. L'Estrange, Ens. do.
 Lt. Walsh, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Wyatt, h. p. 3 W. I. R. 6 Jan. 1825.
 6 As. Surg. Hood from h. p. 86 F. As. Surg. 25 Dec. 1824.
 ———— Lt. Col. Sullivan, from Ceylon Reg. Lt. Col. vice Gardiner, h. p. 1 F. 6 Jan. 1825.
 7 Capt. Matr, Maj. by purch. vice Wyllly, prom. 30 Dec. 1824.
 ———— Lt. Gage, Capt. 8 Jan. 1825.
 ———— Ens. Vicer. Falkland, from 71 F. Lt. do.
 14 Hosp. As. Evers, As. Surg. vice Triggs, 6 F. 23 Dec. 1824.
 20 Ens. Stokes, from 49 F. Lt. vice Young, 65 F. 25 Jan. 1825.
 ———— S. Berdmore, Ens. vice Knox, 2 F. do.
 21 Lt. Deare, Capt. by purch. vice Van Batenburgh, ret. 30 Dec. 1824.
 ———— 2d Lt. Bayly, 1st Lt. do.
 ———— L. A. Spearman, 2d Lt. do.
 ———— As. Surg. Barelay, from 35 F. Surg. vice Dent, dead 23 do.
 26 G. Lord Ramsay, Ens. vice Carruthers, 2 F. 25 Jan. 1825.
 27 Hon. R. Howard, Ens. by purch. vice Johnstone, prom. 16 Dec. 1824.
 31 Lt. Col. Cassidy, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Lt. Col. 24 Jan. 1825.
 ———— Lt. Hutton Capt. do.
 ———— Ens. and Qua. Mast. Astier, Lt. do.
 ———— Hayman, do. do.
 ———— Ruxton, do. do.
 ———— Lieut. Harding, from 89 F. do. 25 do.
 ———— O'Leary, h. p. 24 F. do. do.
 ———— M'Ghee, from 2 W. I. R. do. do.
 ———— Booth, from 65 F. do. do.
 ———— Lillie, from 43 F. do. do.
 ———— Douglas, from 59 E. do. do.
 ———— Campbell, from 54 F. do. do.
 ———— Ranks, from h. p. 58 F. do. do.
 ———— 2d Lt. O'Gorman, from 60 F. do. do.
 ———— Ens. Campbell, from 74 F. do. do.
 ———— Shaw, from 2 R. Vet. Bn. Ens. 34 do.
 ———— Primrose, from 73 F. Ens. 25 do.
 ———— Gent. Cadet Evans, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. 26 do.

G. F. White, Ens. 27 do.
 Qua. Mast. Serj. Waters, Qua. Mast.
 vice Astier, Lt. 24 do.
 35 Hosp. Assist. M'Gibbon, As. Surg. vice
 Barclay, 21 F. 22 Dec. 1824.
 57 Cornet Grant, from h. p. 19 Dr. Ens.
 vice Gardiner, 48 F. 25 Jan. 1825.
 43 Gent. Cadet Hon. W.S. Clements, from
 R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Eatcourt, prom.
 9 Dec. 1824.
 45 E. W. Lascelles, Ens. vice Hope, 81 F.
 25 do.
 47 Lt. Siborn, from h. p. 2 F. Lt. vice
 Mair, 62 F. 14 Nov.
 48 Ens. Gardiner, from 37 F. do vice Lil-
 lie, 31 F. 25 Jan. 1825.
 49 R. T. Sparks, Ens. vice Stokes, 20 F. do.
 54 Ens. Fothergill, from 64 F. Lt. vice
 Campbell, 31 F. do.
 56 J. P. Hunt, Ens. vice Leighton, 2 F. do.
 60 Lt. Chichester, Capt. by purch. vice
 Barrington, ret. 23 Dec. 1824.
 2d Lt. Dickson, 1st Lt. do.
 D. Fitzgerald, 2d Lt. do.
 Ens. Archer, from h. p. 14 F. 2d Lt.
 vice Brockman, 85 F. 6 Jan. 1825
 — Gibbons, from 99 F. do. vice O'-
 Gorman, 31 F. 25 do.
 64 J. B. Blake, Ens. vice Fothergill, 54 F.
 do.
 65 Lt. Young, from 20 F. Lt. vice Booth,
 31 F. do.
 67 Hosp. Assist. Cumming, As. Surg. vice
 French, 42 F. 23 Dec. 1824.
 71 E. W. Whyte, Ens. by purch. vice Vic.
 Falkland, 7 F. 6 Jan. 1825.
 73 A. L. Widdrington, Ens. vice Prim-
 rose, 31 F. 25 do.
 77 Ens. Elliott, Lt. vice Hamilton, dead,
 6 do.
 A. H. Irvine, Ens. do.
 80 J. West, Ens. vice Thomas, 89 F. 25 do.
 85 2d Lt. Brockman, from 60 F. Ens. vice
 Stephens, h. p. 14 F. 6 do.
 89 Lt. Phibbs, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice
 Keith, 2 F. 25 do.
 Ens. Thomas, from 80 F. do. vice Hard-
 ing, 31 F. do.
 90 F. Eld, Ens. by purch. vice Eyles, prom.
 23 Dec. 1824.
 92 Ens. Deane, Adj. vice Macdonald, res.
 Adj. only, 6 Jan. 1825.
 94 Serj. Maj. Spiller, from 43 F. Adj. and
 Ens. vice Coward, from the service,
 25 Nov. 1824.
 Gent. Cadet J. W. Randolph, from R.
 Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Belford, 2 F.
 25 Jan. 1825.
 97 Ens. Prier, Lt. vice Mitchell, 2 F. do.
 J. M'Caskey, Ens. do.
 99 J. Murray, do. vice Gibbons, 60 F. do.
 2 W.I.R. Ens. Kettlewell, Lt. vice M'Ghee, 31 F.
 do.
 Gent. Cadet Grier, from R. Mil. Coll.
 Ens. do.
 Ceyl. Reg. Lt. Col. Muller, from h. p. 1 F. Lt. Col.
 vice Sullivan, 6 F. 26 do.
 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. Cochrane, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.
 Lt. vice Walsh, 5 F. do.
 2 — Arnold, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn.
 do. vice Phibbs, 89 F. 25 do.
 Ens. Kearnes, from h. p. 71 F. Ens. vice
 Shawe, 31 F. do.

Unattached.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Taylor, from 10 Dr. Lieut.
 Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen.
 Sir E. G. Butler, ret. 9 Dec. 1824.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Wyllly, from 7 F. do. vice
 Lt. Col. Landman, R. Eng. ret. 30 do.
 Maj. Williams, from 2 F. do. vice M.
 Gen. Gifford ret. do.
 Capt. Sir T. Ormsby, Bt. from 14 Dr.
 Maj. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. W.
 Armstrong, ret. do.
 Lt. Cornwall, from Coldstream Gds.
 Capt. of a company, by purch. vice
 Maj. Dalzell, R. Mar. ret. 6 Nov.
Ordnance Department.
Royal Artillery.
 2d Capt. Rains, from h. p. 2d Capt.
 vice Atchison, dismissed,
 15 Nov. 1824.

1st Lt. Swabey, do. 15 Nov. 1824.
 — Kaye, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
 2d Lt. Glasgow, do. do.
 Gent. Cadet G. Rogers, 2d Lt. do.
 1st Lt. Rogers, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice
 Dawson, dismissed, do.
 2d Lt. Motley, do. do.
 Gent. Cadet J. Turner, 2d Lt. do.
 2d Cap. Scott, Capt. vice Pierce, dead,
 26 do.
 — Whitty, from h. p. 2d Capt.
 1st Lt. Andrews, do. do.
 — Robe, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
 2d Lt. Basset, do. do.
 Gent. Cadet R. D. French, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lt. Dyson, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice
 Onslow, h. p. 9 Dec.
 — Runnacles, from h. p. do. vice
 Weatherall, dead, 10 do.
 2d Lieut. D'Arley, do. do.
 Gent. Cadet, A. A. Shuttleworth, 2d
 Lieut.

Royal Engineers.

Bt. Maj. Henderson, Lt. Col. vice
 Landmann, res. 30 Dec.
 Capt. Calder, from h. p. Capt. do.

Medical Department.

Brevet. Inspec. of Hosp. Burke, from
 h. p. Dep. Insp. 23 Dec. 1824.
 Dep. Insp. Brown, from h. p. do.
 — Strachan, from h. p. do.
 Assist. Surg. Milne, h. p. 1 F. Assist.
 Surg. vice Hosp. As. Brown, 85 F. do.
 — Macgrath, from h. p. York
 Chas. As. Surg. vice Palmer, 25 do.
 J. Hawkey, Hosp. As. vice M'Gibbon,
 21 F. 25 do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Serjeantson, from Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with
 Capt. Cornwall, h. p. Unatt.
 Capt. Correvont, from 33 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
 Schaw, h. p. 37 F.
 Cap. Sherer, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ni-
 colls, h. p. Unatt.
 Capt. Steele, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Smith,
 h. p. 34 F.
 Lieut. Green, from 42 F. with Lieut. Munro, h. p.
 78 F.
 Lieut. Griffiths, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Jes-
 sop, h. p. York Chas.
 Cornet Stephens, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Ensign R.
 B. Martin, 85 F.
 Ensign Forlong, from 55 F. with 2d Lieut. Siev-
 wright, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 Assist. Surg. Martin, from 5 F. with Assist. Surg.
 Johnston, h. p. 9 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major General Gifford, from 43 F.
 — W. Armstrong, from 2 Gar. Bn.
 — Sir E. G. Butler, from 87 F.
 Lieut. Col. Landman, R. Eng.
 Capt. Van Batenburg, 21 F.
 — Barrington, 60 F.
 Lieut. Montgomery, 9 Dr.
 Cornet Stewart, 16 Dr.
 Assist. Surg. Cleland, h. p. 33 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Hon. W. T. Graves, h. p. Unatt.
Superseded.

Paym. Tallon, 10 Dr.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Lalande, East Ind. Comp. Serv. Ma-
 dras.
 Major General Lord Muskerrey, late of 38 F. Caen,
 France.
 Lieut. Col. Chisholm, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Cape
 Coast Castle.
 — Dixon, R. Art. Tours, France
 25 Dec. 1824.
 — Haldane, R. Inv. Eng. Dunkirk
 11 Jan. 1825.
 — Macpell, 18th 6 Vet. Bn. Campbell
 Town, N. B. 28 Sept. 1824.
 — Briscoe, h. p. 63 F.
 — Ensor, Armagh Mil. 15 Jan. 1825.
 Major Fawcett, h. p. 99 F. Rathmines, Ireland,
 26 Dec. 1824.
 Capt. Blake, h. p. R. Irish Art. Dublin, 29 Nov. do.
 — Billing, h. p. 1 F. Dublin, 10 D.
 — Pollock, late of 5 F. Chatham, 17 Jan. 1825,

— Girolami, h. p. R. Cors. Itang Corsica, 29 Oct. 1823.
 — Duff, h. p. 98 F. Bath, 27 Nov. 1824.
 Lieutenant M'Kenzie, 15 Dr. Cape of Good Hope, 4 June, do.
 — Munro, 67 F. Fort George, N. B. 14 Jan. 1825.
 — O'Brien, 85 F. Colombo, 4 Aug. 1821.
 — Burton, Royal Afr. Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle.
 — Weatherall, R. Art. at sea, on passage from the Mauritius, 12 Sept.
 — Creagh, R. Art. Malta, 7 Nov.
 — Kearney, h. p. 24 F. Dec.
 — Parker, h. p. 28 F. Barrackmaster at Drogheda, Drogheda, 30 May.
 — Fraser, h. p. 50 F. 15 Apr.
 — Woodmeston, h. p. Roy. Mar. London, 22 Jan. 1825.
 — Siebold, h. p. 4 Line Ger. Leg. Hanover, 25 Dec. 1824.

Cornet Hoste, h. p. 21 Dr.
 — Bleakley, h. p. Staff Cor. Cav. Inniskilling, Dec. 24.
 2d Lieutenant H. Braban, Ceylon Regt. Colonel, 22 July, 1824.
 Ensign Ellis, 1 W. I. R.
 — Handyside, late 1 Vet. Bn. Hulsea, 20 Nov.
 — Thrimble, h. p. 103 F. Nov.
 — Baron von Poser, h. p. Chass. Briant, 14 do.
 Pay-master Dillon, h. p. 3 Vet. Bn. Plym.
 Quarter-master Clare, 15 F. Cork, 15 Dec. 1824.
Medical Department.
 Surg. Ripking, h. p. 3. Huss. Ger. Leg. Hanover, 21 Oct. do.
 — Mingay, W. Suffolk Mil. 30 May.
 Assist. Surg. Dr. Greig, h. p. 22 Dr. India.
 — Gleson, h. p. 1 F. Dumfries, 2 Jan. 1825.
 Hosp. Assist. Carolan, h. p. Catham, 18 do.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 3, 1824. At Canonnore, the lady of Capt. Fulton, Judge Advocate-General of Trichinopoly, of a daughter.
 July 7. At Bancoot, Presidency of Bombay, Mrs. Alexander Crawford, of a daughter.
 Aug. 12. At St Thome, Madras, the lady of Lieutenant Colonel Commandant Robert M'Dowd, 7th regiment, native infantry, of a son.
 28. At St Croix, West Indies, Mrs Dr Ruan, of a daughter.
 Nov. 29. At Glasgow, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Wildman, of the Carabineers, of a daughter.
 Dec. 2. Mrs Robertson, 75, Great King Street, of a son.
 5. At Greenock, the lady of George Noble, Esq. Royal Navy, of a son.
 — At 57, George Street, the lady of Dr Adolphus Ross, M. D. of a son.
 4. At Newbattle Manse, Mrs Thomson, of a son.
 5. At Greenhead, the lady of William Stavert, Esq. of a son.
 6. At Abbotrule, Mrs Henderson, of a daughter.
 7. In Walker Street, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, the lady of George Govan, Esq. M. D. Bengal Establishment, of a daughter.
 — At Rotterdam, the lady of James Henry Turing, Esq. of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, the lady of William Francis Hunter, of Barjarg, of a still-born child.
 8. At Poyntzfield House, the lady of Major Munro, of Poyntzfield, of a daughter.
 — At Northcliffe, the lady of Captain M'Konnochie, Royal Navy, of a daughter.
 — In Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs Combe, of a son.
 10. In Grosvenor Place, London, the lady of Sir Robert Graham, Bart. of a daughter.
 — At Paris, the Countess of Wicklow, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Paterson, 47, Albany Street of a daughter.
 11. In Great King Street, Mrs Graham, of a son.
 — At Great Malvern, near Worcester, the lady of Kenneth Bruce Stuart, Esq. of Annat, Perthshire, of a daughter.
 12. At Edinburgh, Mrs R. Clerk Rattray of a daughter.
 13. At No. 8, Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a son.
 — At No. 11, Archibald Place, Mrs George Brown, of a daughter.
 14. In Bryanstone Square, London, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.
 — At Powder Hall, Mrs Harrower, of a daughter.
 15. In South Frederick Street, the lady of Captain Wyndowe, Royal Dragoons, of a daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, the lady of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. of a daughter.
 — At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton of Sundrum, of a daughter.

21. At 58, Charlotte Square, Mrs John Leamonth, of a daughter.
 — At Gosford, the Right Hon. Lady Elcho, of a daughter.
 22. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Birthwhistle, Esq. of Barharlow, of a daughter.
 24. At Pockington, the Countess of Aylesford, of a son and heir.
 — At 56, George Street, Mrs Pollock, of a daughter.
 27. Mrs Drysdale, No. 8, Royal Circus, of a son.
 28. At Bath, the lady of Walter Long, Esq. of Baynton House, Wilts, of a daughter.
 30. At the Mount, Harrow, Middlesex, the lady of Archibald Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.
 31. At his house, in Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Landsay, grenadier guards, of a daughter.
 Jan. 1, 1825. At Edinburgh, Mrs Sprot, of Garnkirk, of a daughter.
 — At No. 47, Queen Street, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.
 6. At Elgin, Lady Dunbar, of Northfield, of a son.
 7. At Stackpole Court, the Right Hon. the lady Cawdor, of a daughter.
 9. At Inches House, Mrs Robertson, of Inches, of a son and heir.
 10. At London, the lady of D. Charles Guthrie, Esq. of a son.
 — At Stirling, Mrs Dr Dewar, of a daughter.
 11. At Walton Hall, the lady of John C. Hopkins, Esq. of a daughter.
 — The Lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford Square, of a son.
 — At 22, Castle Street, Mrs M'Farlan, of a son.
 12. At Sandwich, the lady of Captain Edward Harvey, R. N. of a son.
 14. At Glengarry House, Mrs Ranaldson Macdonell, of Clanronald and Glengarry, of a daughter.
 — At 7, Royal Circus, Mrs Carlyle Bell, of a son.
 15. At Nelson Street, Mrs Dalrymple, of a son.
 17. At Moncreiffe House, lady Moncreiffe, of a son.
 — At Holmes House, the lady of James Fairlie, Esq. of Holmes, of a daughter.
 18. Mrs C. Terrot, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Wright Williamson, Kinross, of a son.
 — At Altrive Lake, Mrs Hogg, of a daughter.
 19. At 64, Northumberland Street, the lady of Captain Wemyss, of the Scots Greys, of a daughter.
 20. At Stirling, Mrs William Galbraith, of a son.
 — Mrs Hindmarsh, 33, Howe Street, of a daughter.
 23. At 40, George's Square, Mrs Touch, Maderly, of a daughter.
 — At Cassylands, the lady of Roger Kirkpatrick, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At Gravesend, the lady of Major M^cGregor, of the 31st regiment, of a son.

— At No. 3, Cireus Place, West, Mrs Finlay, of a son.

26. At Castle Craig, the Hon. Lady Gibson Carmichael, of a daughter.

27. At Redcoll, Mrs Ainsley, of a son.

— At 10, South Castle Street, Mrs Shortt, of a son.

28. At Juniper Green, Colinton, the widow of Lieutenant Henry Rymer, R. N. of a son.

Lately. At Desert, county of Kilkenny, the Countess of Desert, wife of R. L. Price, Esq. 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 5, 1824. In Sydney, New South Wales, Alexander Dick, Esq. Captain of the 2d battalion, 31st regiment, Bengal Infantry, to Louisa, second daughter of Simon Lord, Esq. Sydney.

July 27. At Nagpore, Captain D. Bruce, Assistant Commissary-General, to Margaret, fourth daughter to the Rev. Dr Duncan, Ratho.

29. At Nagpore, John Wylie, M. D. Madras army, surgeon in the service of his Highness the Rajah of Nagpore, to Susan, sixth daughter of the Rev. Dr Duncan, Ratho.

30. At the manse of Kincardine O'Neil, the Rev. James Gordon Garioch, minister of Strachan, to Helen, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Rodger, minister of Kincardine O'Neil.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Russel, accountant, London Street, to Christian, second daughter of George Young, Esq. accountant of Excise.

2. At Edinburgh, James Eckford, Esq. Captain 6th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, to Mary, third daughter of James Alexander Haldane, Esq. George Street.

3. At Addinstone, Mr John Taylor, Crookston, to Janet, daughter of Mr John Dickson, Addinstone.

4. At the British Ambassador's Chapel, in Paris, William Timothy Curtis, Esq. (now by letters patent Baron Aumont,) nephew of Sir William Curtis, Bart. to Mademoiselle Elizabeth Sophia Aumont, of Paris.

5. At London, Mr James Maule Rose, of Darnaway, near Forres, to Emma Sophia Jane Matilda Ashfield, of Ely Place, Exeter.

7. At Edinburgh, David Aytone Lindsay, Esq. son of the late Patrick Lindsay, Esq. of Wormiston, to John Emilia, daughter of the late John Aytone, Esq. of Kippo.

— At Stockport, Cheshire, Alex. M^cGibbon, Esq. of Crawhill, town-clerk of Queensferry, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Alex. Lang, Esq. Linlithgow.

8. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, William Styles Rac, Esq. Hull, to Mary Anne, only daughter of James Baonder, Esq. Park Street.

10. At Mary-le-bonne Church, London, the Hon. George Cathcart, of the 7th Hussars, third son of the Earl of Cathcart, to the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Greville, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Robert F. Greville, and Louisa (in her own right) Countess of Mansfield, his wife.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Sinclair, merchant, Leith, to Miss Ann Grant, eldest daughter of Mr George Meir, chemist, Edinburgh.

13. At Kilmarnock-house, James Galloway Smith, Esq. Dundas Street, Edinburgh, to Mary M^cLea, daughter of Mr Jamieson.

— At St James's Chapel, London, Mr Henry Mapleson, son of Thomas Mapleson, Esq. Golden Square, London, to Mrs Barbara Murray, second daughter of Mr Charles Oman, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh.

14. At Bath, Major Gogge, of his Majesty's 24th regiment, to Maria, youngest daughter of Lieut.-General Cameron, of Nea House, Glants.

— Mr John Nairne, master of the Grammar School, Dunse, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr Guthrie, of that place.

16. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Pate, minister of Innerleithen, to Jean, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Potts, Jedburgh.

— At Paris, Robert Buchanan, Esq. younger of Drumpeller, to Sarah Maria C. Hoare, eldest daughter of Sir Joseph Wallis Hoare, Bart.

20. At Gosford, the Right Hon. George Harry, Lord Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and

Warrington, to Lady Katherine Charteris, third daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

21. At Spott House, William Copeland, Esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

— At Inverkeithing, Robert Hill, Esq. writer, Stirling, to Janet, second daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, Inverkeithing.

25. At Leith Walk, the Rev. S. M^cGregor, to Mary, second daughter of James Leslie, Esq.

27. At Ayr, Lachlin Mackintosh, Esq. Solicitor Supreme Courts, Edinburgh, to Isabella, third daughter of Andrew Gemmell, Esq. of Langlands. Jan. 6, 1825. At St Margaret's, Westminster, Captain Patrick Campbell, C. B. of his Majesty's ship Ganges, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marischal, in the county of Edinburgh.

8. At Wooten, Surrey, Lieutenant-Colonel Ogilvie, of his Majesty's 46th regiment, to Janet Rebecca, eldest daughter of John Alex. Ogilvie, Esq. of Tanhurst, in that county.

— At Douglas, Isle of Man, Samuel Hibbert, Esq. M. D. of Edinburgh, to the Hon. Mrs Scott, daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray, and niece to his Grace the Duke of Atholl.

10. At Distillery Park, Haddington, Thomas Spears, junior, Esq. distiller, Kirkcaldy, to Mary Macqueen, eldest daughter of Archibald Dunlop, Esq.

13. In great King Street, Mr Alexander Hall, bookseller, South Bridge, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr John Paton, builder.

15. At Drumsheugh House, Sir David Hunter Blair, of Brownhill, Bart. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir John Hay, Bart.

17. In George Square, Edward Binny Glass, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, to Catherine, second daughter of John C. Scott, of Sinton, Esq.

18. At Glasgow, the Rev. Alexander Lochore, minister of Drymen, to Miss Elizabeth Price.

— At London, the Rev. James Boyd, minister of Auehinleck, to Jane, only sister of A. K. Hutchison, Esq. solicitor, London.

20. At London, Colonel Sir John Sinclair, of Dunbeath, Bart. to Miss Sarah Charlotte Carter.

— At Friends' Meeting House, Edinburgh, Thomas Rickman, of Birmingham, architect, to Elizabeth, third daughter of George Miller, of Hope Park.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Stirling Edmondstone, Esq. of Cambuswallace, to Helen, second daughter of the late Andrew Wood, Esq. surgeon in Edinburgh.

25. At Edmonston, John Lawson, Esq. of Cairnair, W. S. to Janet, second daughter of the late James Brown, Esq. of Edmonston.

31. Adara Messer, Esq. surgeon, Lauriston Place, to Miss Cockburn, St Andrew's Street, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

June 8, 1824. At Rangoon, East Indies, Lieutenant Alexander Trotter Lyndesay, of the 22d Native Infantry.

24. At Bangalore, Captain Henry Thomas Rudyerd, of the Madras Artillery.

30. At Rangoon, Captain Alexander Cumming, Assistant Commissary-General on the military establishment of Fort St George.

July 20. At Penang, Commodore Charles Grant.

28. At Negapatam, William Hardy, Esq. of Charlesfield, Captain, Native Infantry, Hon. East India Company's service, Madras.

Sept. At Madras, Charles Fullerton, Judge at Chingleput.

14. At Sierra Leone, Africa, Mr John Symes Laing, only son of the late Mr James Laing, merchant, London.

Oct. 14. At the Cape of Good Hope, Lieutenant John Liddell, Bombay Artillery, fourth son of James Liddell, Esq. Auchtertool.

28. At St Lucia, in the 26th year of his age, Robert Fletcher, Esq.

Nov. 2. At Grenada, Mr John M^cArthur, surgeon.

— At Dominica, Lieut.-Col. Emmes, of the 5th foot.

6. At Portsmouth, Alex. Watson, M. D. Royal Navy.

6. Near Salisbury, Captain Kenneth M'Kenzie, R. N. only surviving son of the late James M'Kenzie, Esq. of Forro.
10. At Farbes, South of France, Mrs Hodgson, wife of Captain Hodgson, Royal Navy.
11. At Annan, Mrs Irvine, relict of Robert Irvine, Esq. of Woodhall.
20. At Scravendule, in Holland, after his arrival from Surinam, James Campbell, Esq.
- At Vienna, Matthew Von Collin, one of the most celebrated Austrian literati, in his 46th year.
- At Cupar, Mrs Catherine Buist, wife of John Inglis, Esq. of Colluthie.
- At Melville Place, Stirling, Mrs Mary Dorothea Ross, relict of Parr Ross, Esq. formerly treasurer and one of his Majesty's Council of New Providence.
25. At Cupar Fife, the Rev. George Campbell, D.D.
27. At Dumfries, Robert Whettley, Esq. late of the Berwickshire militia.
28. At Musselburgh, Mr Stewart, surgeon there.
29. At Methven, Mr Charles Miller, merchant, in the 58th year of his age.
- Dec. 1. At Netherwood Mains, Mrs Janet Brown, relict of John Brown, Esq. of Netherwood.
2. At 12, Hart Street, Edinburgh, Dr Robert Groat, of Newhall.
- At Edinburgh, Jane, second daughter of the Rev. William Grierson, late minister of Glencairn, Dumfries-shire.
3. At Oban, Ann, daughter of the late Arch. Campbell, Esq. of Lerags.
5. At Leith, Mrs Duncan, wife of Mr James Duncan, master of the Trinity House.
- Dr Alexander P. Buchan, late of Percy Street, Westminster, son of the author of the Domestic Medicine, and late senior physician to the Westminster Hospital.
6. At her house, Castle Street, Miss Cunningham of Bonnington.
- At Boyndlie, John Forbes, Esq. aged 66.
7. At 55 Dublin Street, Mrs Jane M'Naughtan, wife of Mr Archibald Fullarton, bookseller, Edinburgh.
- At Carrick-on-Suir, Mary Banks, in her 107th year.
- At Traquair Manse, Margaret, daughter of the late Matthew Corrie, jun. Esq. Leith.
8. At Hermitage Cottage, Leith, Thomas Thomson, youngest son of Lieut. Charles Smith, Royal Navy.
10. At Edinburgh, Miss Christina Tytler, daughter of the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.
11. At Dunbar, Charles Lorimer, Esq. late collector of his Majesty's customs there, in the 78th year of his age.
- At No. 4, St James's Square Mrs Helen Richardson, wife of Alexander Kidd, Esq. aged 75.
- At Lanark, Miss Jean Young, in the 92d year of her age.
- In Brighton Street, Mrs Catharine Mearns, wife of Mr James Smith of the Excise.
12. Alexander Gordon, Esq. of Newton, Aberdeenshire, in the 70th year of his age.
- At Leith, Robert Pool, master of the Smeaton stone lighter, at the erection of the Bell Rock Light House. From his active services at that work the Commissioners of the Northern Light Houses had latterly allowed him a small pension.
- At Edinburgh, Mr William Clark, in his 78th year.
- At Annsbrae, Scotland, John Mouat, Esq. of Garth, aged 73.
13. At Kilbryde Castle, Sir Alexander Campbell, of Aberuchl, Bart.
- At Whitelaw, in East Lothian, Mr Francis Walker, much and justly regretted by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance. As a farmer, he ranked with the first in that profession. He was a kind and affectionate father, and a warm and sincere friend. He was followed to the grave by a number of friends, and most of the eminent farmers in East Lothian.
- At Drumsheugh, Mrs Jane Duncombe, relict of Captain Duncombe, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Katharine Baird, relict of James Baird, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.
14. At Wellington Place, Stirling, Miss Agnes Deas.
- At his house, Torryburn, in the county of Fife, in the 81st year of his age, Captain James Primrose, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
- At Drygrange House, Roxburghshire, Eliza Mary, eldest daughter of the late Arch. Tod, Esq. of Drygrange.
16. At his house, 11, Abercromby Place, Frederick Fotheringham, Esq. late Commissioner of Excise for Scotland.
- At Patrickholm, Mr William Stuart, in the 89th year of his age.
17. At St Germain's, Mrs Anderson, wife of David Anderson, Esq. of St Germain's.
- Mr Robert Dickson, merchant, Musselburgh.
- At Grove House, near Edinburgh, in her 16th year, the Hon. Helen Anne Murray, daughter of the late Lord Elibank.
18. Mr James Thomas, of Lochie Bank, aged 67 years.
- At Elie, Mrs Mary Bruce, relict of James Bruce Carstairs, Esq. of Tillicoultry.
19. Andrew Johnston, Esq. of Castlehill.
- At his brother's house, in Couper Street, Leith, at the advanced age of 75, Charles Smith, Esq. portrait painter in London.
20. At Leith, Alex. Vertus, youngest son of the late Charles Vertus, Esq. Alloa.
- At No. 2, Leopold Place, Mr Walter Wight, coachmaker, Edinburgh.
- At Ballantrae House, the Hon. Henry Augustus Murray, sixth son of Lord Elibank.
- At the Manse of Johnstone, Robert eldest son of the Rev. Dr Colvin.
- At Leith, Mr Adolphus Secales, sen.
21. At her house, in Arundel Street, Strand, London, Mrs Young, mother of Mrs Fauntleroy.
- At Pittendreich, near Elgin, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Mr Macdonnell of Forres.
22. At Cardon, Mrs Mary Tweedie, relict of Mr Alex. Welsh.
23. In Queen Street, Mrs Thomasina Gulland, relict of John Grieve, Esq. civil engineer.
- At Edinburgh, Susan, Lady Hay Dalrymple of Park.
- At Perth, Mr George Brown, bookseller.
21. At Poplar, London, Robert Simpson, late of the East India Company's Service.
25. At Brighton, in his 80th year, the Right Hon. Lord Eardley.
- At Leith, Mr John Crauford, merchant.
- At Kirkcaldy, Mr James Edington, sen. of East Wemyss.
25. At Aberdeen, John Robert Smith, of Concrraig.
- At Biggar, Mr John Paterson, late of Ogcastle, aged 84.
- At Edinburgh, Mr William Calder, student of divinity, aged 26.
- At Glasgow, Margaret, daughter of John Buchanan of Ardoch, Esq. M. P.
- James Auchinleck, infant son of Mr J. A. Cheyne, writer to the signet.
- At Edinburgh, Claudius Charles, Esq. Lieutenant in the British Navy, and Post Captain in that of South America.
- At Dumfries, Henry Duncan, youngest son of John M'Diarmid, Esq.
- At his house, Upper Seymour Street, London, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Dallas, Knt.
- At Whiteside, parish of Kirkgunzeon, William Anderson, Esq. of Whiteside.
- At Secford, Sussex, Mrs Carnegie, widow of Colonel John Carnegie.
26. At Nice, Lord Mount Charles, eldest son of the Marquis and Marchioness Conyngham.
28. At Naples, Mr David Henderson, merchant, South Bridge, Edinburgh.
- At Kirkcaldy, Mrs Dr Black.
- At Clapham Surrey, Catherine, daughter of Archibald Constable, Esq. Edinburgh.
30. At Liverpool, Alexander Hamilton, Esq. F.A.S. a celebrated Oriental scholar, and late Professor of Sanscrit and Hindoo Literature at the East India College, Haylebury.
- At Lunithgow, Catharine, second daughter of Alexander Napier, Esq.
31. At Torquay, Devonshire, Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. of Gask.

Jan. 2. At Granton Farm, Mrs Catharine Dudgeon, spouse of Mr Alexander Dods.

— In Bellevue Crescent, Robert, the infant son of Mr Rattray, writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, James, eldest son of Henry Bourhill, Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General.

— At Alloa, John Drummond, Esq. late writer there, and Procurator-Fiscal for the county of Clackmannan.

— At his house, 9, Roxburgh Place, Mr David White, builder.

— At Swinton, Lieutenant Adam Murray.

3. At Portobello, Miss Margaret Broughton, daughter of the late Edward Broughton, Esq. Accountant-General of Excise.

— At London, Jean, daughter of the late John Callander, Esq. of Craigforth.

— At Bellevue, Mrs Hoggan, relict of Major George Hoggan, of Waterside.

— At Laurieston Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Fearon.

— At Chistelhurst, the Right Hon. Lady Bayning.

4. Mr John Ghisholm, Ordnance Department, Edinburgh Castle.

5. At Smyllum Park, Sir William Honyman, Bart. of Grimsay.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Dr Small, one of the ministers of that town.

— In her 73d year, Mrs Mounteney.

6. At New Garden, Robert Ramage Liston, Esq.

— In George's Square, Isabella, the infant daughter of Mr Mitchell of Parsonsgreen.

7. At Chatham, Lieut. Alexander David Beatson, East India Company's Engineers.

10. At Falkland, Michael Lundin, Esq. of Drums.

11. At Dunfermline, Mr John Couston, tenant in Keirsbeath.

— At her house, North Nelson Street, aged 84, Mrs Isobel Edmonston, relict of Mr William Aytoun, writer to the signet.

15. At Leith, Mr William Morrison, sen. spirit dealer.

— At Arbroath, Isabella, daughter of the Rev. William Bell, late minister of that place.

— At Grove House, near Edinburgh, the Hon. Clara Melville Murray, daughter of the late Lord Elibank.

— At 19, Union Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Shaw, sen.

14. In Upper Gower Street, London, George Dance, Esq. R. A. and F. A. S.

— At 3, Meadow Place, Miss Helen Brunton.

— In Walker Street, Jane Lockhart Bertram, daughter of the late Wm. Bertram, Esq. of Nesbit.

— At Fort George, Lieut. George Gun Monro, 67th Regiment.

16. At Walton Manse, the Rev. Mr Mollison.

— At Turvey, Bedfordshire, T. H. Wilberforce, second son of the Rev. Leigh Richmond.

— At Banff, Bathia, wife of George Robinson, Esq. late Provost of Banff, aged 80.

17. At Fort Pitt, Chatham, Captain John Collock, 5th Regiment.

17. At the British Hotel, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Anne Dorothea, daughter of the late Wilbraham Bootle, Esq. of Latham House, Lancashire, and relict of Sir Peter Arden, Master of the Rolls, and afterwards Lord Alvanley.

— At Jerviston, William Drysdale, Esq. of Pitteuchar.

— In Union Street, Edinburgh, Alex. Scott, Esq. of Stockbriggs, Lanarkshire.

18. At Queensferry, aged 85 years, Mrs Margaret Douglas, relict of Archibald Stewart, Esq.

19. At Rotterdam, Georgina Elizabeth Huntly, youngest daughter of Alexander Ferrier, Esq.

— At his house in Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, in his 71st year, William Farlie, Esq.

20. At his house in Upper Norton Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Herbert Windsor Stuart, son of the late, and uncle of the present, Marquis of Bute.

— At Edinburgh, John Leven, Esq. sen. late of Burntisland, in his 76th year.

— At North Leith, Mrs Ross, wife of Mr Alex. Ross, master of the grammar school there.

22. At Monkton Mause, Mrs Oughterson, wife of the Rev. John Oughterson, minister of Monkton.

— In Portland Place, London, Dame Belinda Colebrooke, wife of Sir Charles Joshua Smith of Suttons, Bart.

24. At his house in Bernard Street, Leith, Mr George Brown, baker.

25. At Edinburgh, James Campbell, Esq. sometime Captain in the Edinburgh Regiment of Militia.

— Mrs M. Gray Russell, 10, South Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

26. At Edinburgh, Mr John L. Virtue, merchant.

— At his house, Pentonville, Mr Alexander Tulloch, long proprietor and conductor of the London Star, evening paper.

— At Melrose, Mr Charles Erskine, writer.

— At his house, York Place, Edinburgh, David Greig, Esq. writer to the signet.

27. At Milton, Mr Thomas Hare, merchant, Leith.

28. At her house, Buccleugh Street, at an advanced age, Miss Margaret Grierson, daughter of the late James Grierson, Esq. wine merchant, Edinburgh.

30. At his house, Merchant Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Ormiston, solicitor-at-law.

— At his house, Bank Street, Mr John Scott, stationer.

Lately. At Horse Shoe Plantation, South Carolina, John Hunter, Esq. third son of the late Charles Hunter, Esq. of Burnside.

— At Fours, on Christmas day, after two days' illness, Lieut.-Colonel Dixon, lately Commandant of the Royal Artillery, in the garrison of Portsmouth.

— At the house of Baron Roebuck, in Ireland, the Hon. Valentine Lawless, eldest son of Lord Cloncurry.

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No. XCVIII.

MARCH, 1825.

VOL. XVII.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF IRELAND.

THE Roman Catholic Church has been famous for ages for its matchless skill in the management of its worldly interests. Human art never contrived anything so consummately perfect as its system for making the human race its abject slaves, and its clergy have hitherto seemed to be incapable of taking a single step touching their own benefit, which could be called a foolish one. The conduct which the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have lately been pleased to display, has therefore greatly astonished us. We suspect that O'Connell's drunken craziness is contagious, and that it has infected, in an especial manner, his spiritual co-adjutors; for these reverend people in rending the veil at this critical moment, which party idiocy and profligacy had cast over the horrible impurities of their religion, have acted as some persons rarely act, however small may be their share of reason. Whatever this conduct may yield to themselves and their champions, we think it will yield to the empire at large some signal benefits. They have, for the present, effectually prevented O'Connell from becoming a party leader in the House of Commons, or his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, and this is no light matter to Great Britain. They have rendered themselves and their religion the objects of the searching examina-

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tion of the British people, and this can scarcely fail of producing much public good. We anticipate that the government, and the nation at large, will now investigate more thoroughly the principles of religious toleration, and religious liberty, than they have ever yet done, and this, we opine, will ultimately prove highly beneficial to both Great Britain and Ireland.

We think such an investigation is, at the present moment, imperiously called for; and we place this paper before our country, from the wish to contribute our mite towards its commencement. In offering some observations on the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland, we shall speak merely as politicians. We are laymen, and confess our incompetency for discussing matters purely theological. If we occasionally glance at doctrines, it will be merely to trace their political bearings and operation. We have selected a subject that abounds marvellously in intricacies and subtleties, that is encumbered with all the misrepresentations and falsehoods which human ingenuity and guilt could heap upon it, and therefore we shall begin by citing sundry aged and self-evident truisms, to serve as the basis of our reasoning. On such truisms, please Heaven, we will ever build; common people cannot safely use any other foundation; it is only the architects of "Liberality" who can raise towering

2 I.

fabrics on the bogs and quicksands of falsehood. We are, moreover, prohibited from wandering from such ground. In violation of the laws of discussion, we, who take the antiquated and bigotted side of things, have the *onus probandi* cast upon us, and are expected to verify every line by fact and argument; while nothing more is looked for from the men of "Liberality," the advocates of new and untried things, than assumption and assertion.

Your free and glorious empire has two distinct governments. The first, which we will call the moral one, consists of good opinions, feelings, and habits; and the second, which we will call the physical one, comprehends what is commonly implied by the words, taken in their largest sense—the government. In looking at these separately, we will begin with the moral one, as beyond all measure the first in rank and value—as the exalted superior to which the other is but the menial.

We invite you, in the first place, to look at man in a state of nature, and then to look at him in his highest point of civilization—to place on one hand the savage, and on the other, the profound statesman, the chivalrous hero, the accomplished philosopher, the spotless religionist, and the finished gentleman. Put intellect out of sight, and examine opinions, feelings, and conduct. Look at the patriot sacrificing his fortune, and shedding his blood for his country—the man of honour parting with life to avoid disgrace—the martyr dying in the flames to obey his God—the man of honesty casting away opulence and rank, and embracing calamity and ruin for the sake of principle—the man of benevolence scattering around him his thousands for the benefit of his species;—and then turn to the appetites and deeds of the barbarian, to whom, though still a man, the brute is a superior.

Now, examine women in the same manner. Look at the enslaved, degraded, scorned, polluted, and loathsome female savage, and then turn to your lovely countrywomen. Contrast this wretched savage with the bewitching and spotless creature whom you compare, in respect of charms and virtues, with the inhabitant of Heaven—whom you worship, and for whom you die—who fills your dwell-

ing with happiness—and whose influence, directly or indirectly, reaches every interest of society, to promote and adorn it.

In the next place, examine the sources of those amazing and miraculous differences.

The issue will shew that your constitution, laws, and public functionaries, are but subordinate, and, comparatively, unimportant parts of the mighty system which governs you. You have in fact, though not in name, another Constitution, another set of laws, and another body of public functionaries, which existed before them, which created them, which give them motion, which use them as instruments, and on which their value and vitality depend. Your three Estates are but the agents of the three Estates of Religion, Morality, and Honour.—Your Parliament for transacting public business, would be worthless without that virtual Parliament which creates proper opinion and feeling; your statutes to govern the body, can only be executed by means of the laws that govern the soul; and your public functionaries can do nothing without those functionaries who belong to the Moral Government.

The Moral Government has its own separate laws and legal functionaries. These forbid and punish idleness, debauchery, extravagance, lying, cowardice, covetousness, and numberless other pernicious vices and feelings, which generate the worst crimes, and which cannot be reached by the laws and legal functionaries of the physical government. The parent, the master, and the superior, act as the spies and administrators of the laws, of the Moral Government, against the child, the servant, and the inferior. Class enforces these laws against class, and the community in general enforces them against every offending member. The child is flogged, the servant is deprived of bread, the man or woman is branded with infamy, and banished from society; these punishments are hourly inflicted throughout the whole community, by the laws and agents of the Moral Government, without the intervention of the physical one. The Moral Government created the physical one, not to serve as its deputy, but to act as its servant and protector; to obey its commands, and to do only such necessary things as it might itself be unable to do. The former

should govern the nation as far as possible, and the latter should only begin to govern when the former ceases. The power of the physical government must expand or contract, in proportion as that of the moral one is narrowed or widened. When the power of the latter shall reach its greatest height, you will obtain the maximum of liberty, greatness, wealth, prosperity, and happiness; these will diminish as it may diminish; its destruction must inevitably destroy them and your present physical government, and place you under a tyranny.

We are in these days stunned with clamour for liberty. How do those who raise this clamour seek to establish liberty? By utterly destroying the Moral Government, in the first place, and then by contracting the power of the physical one to the lowest point, in the second! They might just as well labour to erect cities and palaces upon the billows of the ocean; and yet these people call themselves philosophers!

The philosophers of old acted differently. They first established severe morals, and then limited governments; they insisted that the latter could not exist without the former. Their wisdom is now matter of fact, and not of opinion. Whenever their moral governments fell, their physical ones instantly resolved themselves into despotisms.

The inhabitants of a country have as much to fear from the tyranny of each other, as from that of their rulers. They may be, as in Ireland, perfectly protected from the tyranny of kings and ministers, and yet they may groan under the more comprehensive and insupportable one of demagogues, robbers, incendiaries, and assassins. Nothing can protect them from the latter but the Moral Government; the physical one must resolve itself into a tyranny to reach it, and then it will be unable to afford the protection. Who can look at Ireland without exclaiming with the moralist—Wretched is that country which is only governed by laws!

Your physical government cannot stand if it do not possess power commensurate with the immorality and guilt of the people. It is compelled to extend its power as the people extend their immorality and guilt; it is compelled to become despotic, when the

majority of all classes become immoral and guilty. A very few years since a large portion of the community became licentious and turbulent—eternal shame to those who rendered them so! What was the consequence? The power of your executive was increased, and your liberty was diminished to the precise amount of the licentiousness and turbulence. Do what you please, you cannot govern Ireland in any other character than as despots. If you establish liberty on one day, you must pass the Insurrection Act on the next, and then you can barely keep down rebellion; but you cannot reach the horrible tyranny of the incendiaries and assassins. The reason is, the people have, practically, no Moral Government. The parent rather compels the child to break, than to obey, the laws of this government; the servant has no master who will duly enforce these laws; the superior abandons the inferior; class will not govern class; the people at large reward, instead of punishing, those by whom these laws are violated.

If your labourer be idle and dissolute, he will not work; no one will employ him; and he is a constant burden to his parish. If your tradesman be knavish and licentious, he ruins himself and his creditors. If your noble be profligate and unprincipled, he robs his tradesmen, and reduces his tenants and their servants to want. If your naval or military officer be vicious and depraved, he fights your battles to be defeated, or he turns his sword against you. If your man of talents be immoral, he destroys his talents by intemperance, or he employs them to injure the state. Your immoral elector votes for an immoral representative; your immoral jurymen returns an unjust verdict; and your licentious and debauched member of Parliament, or minister of state, reduces himself to beggary, loses his reverence for the good opinions of society, becomes corrupt, betrays his trust, and sells his country to retrieve his broken fortunes, or obtain the means of gratifying his depraved appetites. If you reason from the individual to the whole of every class, you will not then have to be told, that the Moral Government forms the grand source of your national wealth, greatness, prosperity, and happiness; and that these must ever fluctuate with its authority.

Your constitution and laws may be as perfect as human power can make them, and still they will be unable to protect you from many of the ills which continually visit society; they will be unable to create many of the things which are indispensable for the well-being of communities; and they will be unable to keep those things in existence, if they be created by other means. The Moral Government alone can give them proper operation, and it must be continually at work to supply their deficiencies. Your magnificent charitable institutions, which daily take such a mass of evil and misery from amidst the people—the spirit of philanthropy and benevolence, which eternally walks the land, to expel penury, avert the blast of famine, replace what the elements destroy, and do whatever the constitution and laws leave undone, flow from the Moral Government. Nothing in your whole system is of more vital importance—nothing contributes more in every way to public benefit, than the existence of a respectable and opulent yeomanry; yet the Constitution and laws can neither create nor keep alive such a yeomanry. It is constantly at the mercy of the landholders; in proof, look at Ireland. For your respectable and opulent yeomanry you are indebted to the princely pride and liberality of your landholders; and these feelings flow from the Moral Government. The members of your aristocracy pay double the wages that others pay to their servants; and they pay double, treble, and in some cases even tenfold, the prices that others pay to their tradesmen. They thus scatter around them fortunes, or the seeds of fortunes, at every step. That would be a curious and instructive calculation, which should shew how many people of large and moderate fortune such a man as the Duke of Northumberland creates, in the course of his life, amidst his tenants and tradesmen. This noble and splendid generosity flows from the Moral Government.

By your form of government, your more important public functionaries are elective in person or conduct; everything in your system is daily subject to change and destruction. Your people form the House of Commons; this House virtually forms the ministry; and conjointly they give conduct to the Crown and the Peers.

Your people form your juries, and they select, by election or recommendation, many of the other inferior members of the general government. Of course, as the people change in sentiment and conduct, your public functionaries will change in person, or in sentiment and conduct, and your Constitution and laws will change in form or operation. In proportion as the authority of the Moral Government increases over the people, in the same proportion will your ministers, members of Parliament, jurors, &c., be rendered better men; in the same proportion will your Constitution and laws be rendered more perfect in their shape or their working; and the contrary. In the same degree in which the people are tainted with pernicious principles, in the same degree will your legislature, &c., be so tainted; and only a very small number of your legislators, &c., be this, they will have, during their term of office, the most baleful influence in corrupting and misleading the sound part of the people. A glance at late years will amply verify this. You cannot have a good king, good ministers, members of Parliament, jurors, &c., without a good people. To make those what they ought to be who are chosen and appointed, you must make those what they ought to be who choose and appoint. Your laws, juries, and Parliaments, in a bad state of morals, have perpetrated atrocities which no absolute tyrants durst have perpetrated.

Your Constitution and laws, as we have already in substance said, were formed by, to be the servants of, the Moral Government. They speak its language, they draw their whole power of action from it, they cannot possibly outlive it. As soon as any portion of your people renounce good opinions and feelings, they array themselves against a part, or the whole, of the Constitution and laws. Proofs surround you in profusion. The people can at any time, in their capacity of jurors, reduce the laws to a dead letter. How often have they not suspended the operation of the laws against sedition and blasphemy, as well as that of various other laws? If your laws cannot be enforced, what is your Constitution? Your Constitution and laws stand upon the good morals of your people, and they must inevitably perish together.

If your laws could be preserved, notwithstanding the destruction of public morals, what would be their effects and value? You have laws in Ireland against incendiaries and murderers; you have ministers, judges, and even juries, anxious to enforce them; yet they are little better than a dead letter. The people will not co-operate with you, therefore the incendiaries and murderers cannot be reached by your laws. If you by chance catch and hang one of the criminals, it has no effect upon his surviving brethren and the people at large. What would your laws be if your witnesses disregarded truth, sported with oaths, and were willing to swear anything? Your laws can punish crime, but alone they can neither cut off its sources, nor prevent its commission; they cannot touch your Fauntleroy's and Thurtells until they become forgers and murderers. The rake is one of the greatest pests of society; in the course of his life he brings hundreds of women into the streets; and perhaps these women bring hundreds of men to ruin, the hulks, and the gallows; yet your laws can never effectually reach the rake, although he is thus almost daily creating prostitutes and felons. Very many vices inflict more extensive injuries on society than crimes, yet they are practically or otherwise above the laws. If the people do not form the eyes and hands of the laws, the latter will be but things to laugh at; and if the people do not punish and keep down idleness, lewdness, drunkenness, extravagance, &c., the laws may slaughter their hundreds per day, and your peace and happiness, property and life, will never be in security.

If your ministers and senators be men of splendid virtues and commanding talents, men anxious to do their utmost for their country, they will be able to accomplish nothing without the aid of the Moral Government. In vain may they plan and legislate—in vain may they levy taxes, form armies, and build fleets, if their appeals cannot find the flame of patriotism, chivalry, generosity, and the long train of public and private virtues, in the hearts of the people.

We need not be told that these are stale truisms; we know it already, and we know too, that they are truisms which ought to be repeated in

these times every day, every hour, and every moment. The system of "Liberality" which is now so actively at work, seeks to destroy every constituent part of the Moral Government. To be *liberal*, you must place religion and irreligion, virtue and profligacy, on the same level—you may attack actual crime, but you must on no account attack the vices that produce it—you must destroy those feelings and laws of society which contribute ten thousand times more towards keeping your people in order and happiness, than all the laws in your statute book—you must suffer the most licentious books to circulate; keep every law in inactivity that bears in favour of public morals, and bestow the most important public trusts on the most abandoned profligates.

If you examine those portions of your Constitution, laws, and general system, which the Whigs and Benthamites so assiduously labour to annihilate, or to bring into contempt, you will find that they are precisely those on which the Moral Government depends for support. Your Church establishment and Clergy are eternally attacked—the practice of your religion is eternally assailed—your laws for enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, preventing the sale of vicious books, maintaining the relations between master and servant, inferior and superior, and keeping down general immorality, are eternally derided—if your judges denounce any of the most prolific sources of vice and guilt, they are held up to public derision—your charitable institutions that bear any reference to religion and morals are ridiculed—the titled as well as other orators of mob meetings, are defended in uttering the most barefaced falsehoods and slanders—the love of country and the heroic virtues are rendered objects of mockery—and the change in the Constitution of the House of Commons which is so anxiously contended for, has for its avowed object, the filling of this House, as far as possible, with such men as are the bitter enemies of the Moral Government.

Do you suppose that this conduct in so vast a portion of your press and public men; has no effects? Do you think that your people are by nature so moral and religious, that no tuition,

no examples, no seductions, can make them the contrary? If so, listen to the lamentations which are to be heard on every side, on the injuries which public morals are sustaining.

Forty years since an illegitimate child was scarcely ever born amidst your village population; now the parish officers declare that illegitimate children abound everywhere. What has caused this deplorable difference—any change in your Constitution and laws? No! a change in morals—a change in the laws of society. Forty years since the male, as well as the female, part of the country people, held a seducer in scorn; he was banished from all decent society; but now it is even thought an honour to be a seducer. If your men generally become seducers, rely upon it your women will become strumpets. Forty years since, if a girl happened to be with child, she durst not shew herself for months after it was discovered; the public tongue scourged her until it scarcely left her life; but now the community has *liberally* remitted the punishment, therefore the offence prevails. Forty years since, your country labourers would not accept relief from the parish, if they could escape starving by any other means; in their quarrels, the most biting sarcasm that they could use was—you are, or you have been, beholden to the parish; the parent concluded his most serious admonition to the child with—If you disobey, you will come to the parish. This salutary feeling has vanished, as the *liberal system* has extended its baleful influence. Look at the lies and swindling which are daily exhibited on the Stock Exchange—at the late frauds of your corn merchants—at the adulterations and cheatings of your retail tradesmen, at the spirit of your various associations of labourers—at the display which Thurtell's affair made of the villainy of “the Kipper”—at the atrocious gambling of many of your legislators—and at the sickening exhibition which a late Doncaster meeting made of the filthy roguery of your gentlemen, your men of rank and title. Are these matters of no public moment, and are their sources things of mystery and controversy?

Ireland at this moment has no Moral Government, and this is its chief,

almost its sole want. It wants not statutes, and public functionaries, for these it has in profusion; it wants good opinions, feelings, and habits, it wants the laws of society. Its landholders want to be rendered patriotic, generous, and humane; and its peasantry want to be rendered honest, industrious, thrifty, peaceable, compassionate, moral, and loyal. Its parents, masters, and superior classes, want to be rendered reverencers and enforcers of the moral laws. Well, what are you to do, say the men of *Liberality*—the philosophers? You are to employ a set of illiterate country-schoolmasters to teach the children reading, writing, and arithmetic—they must on no account teach morality and religion—and this, forsooth, is to give Ireland a Moral Government! You are to do nothing more. Your clergy are not to be permitted to extend the knowledge of your religion; if you cannot make the people listen to your words, you are on no account to put into their hands the printed precepts of Christianity—the printed rules of good feeling and conduct. In a word, you are to be prohibited from using the only instruments that could enable you to form a Moral Government in Ireland. Philosophers! the sooty, bare-legged, barbarous urchin, who has this morning been wandering through our chimneys, is a better philosopher than any of them. He knows that stones will not appease hunger, and snow will not yield flame, and this is more than they know.

Having laid our foundation on ground that nothing can shake, we proceed with our superstructure.

If you once more examine the differences between the savage and the civilized mortal, you will perceive that all the better distinguishing characteristics of the latter are of artificial existence, and that the passions and propensities of human nature are their eternal enemies. Man is by nature selfish, vicious, sensual, idle, improvident and cruel. The holy flame of patriotism—the glorious spirit of chivalry—the pure feeling of charity—the sacred impulse of humanity—female modesty and chastity—brotherly and friendly affection—industry, frugality, truth, continence, honesty, independence, and all the ennobling virtues that men and women can boast

of, are brought into being by art, and the never-ceasing efforts of art must keep them in being.—These are the triumphs of the Moral Government. What a lovely and glorious creation do they form, and yet there are people who treat the precepts and laws which have produced it as fable and romance—as sources of evil and injury! Who would not weep over its destruction, if it possessed no value beyond its beauty—what then are we to think of the wretches who seek to destroy it, when it yields all that we possess worth possessing?

It will be seen that the hand of authority cannot render man this artificial creature. The Irish savage laughs alike at the command of the law and the sword. The wonderful transformation must be chiefly accomplished by your ministers of religion and good literature; without them your Ministers of State can do nothing. They must operate upon man not merely in his infancy and boyhood, but through his whole existence—not merely in the school, but everywhere. He is thus changed in spite of his own nature; his nature in conjunction with things that he meets at every step is constantly labouring to destroy the change, and therefore they must be at his side every moment from the cradle to the grave. You speak of your schools as though they taught you everything, while in truth they teach you comparatively nothing. They teach you, perhaps, that by which you may earn bread; perhaps they make you acquainted with the alphabet of principle and conduct, but they do nothing more. The fire-side—the drawing-room—the streets—general society—the world at large, form the grand finishing school which gives you opinion and action—which gives you character as men and citizens. Of this grand school your ministers of religion and good literature must be the indefatigable tutors; under their constant tuition you must be in it, or, in spite of all that you may have been taught at any other, you will differ from the savage only in non-essentials.

If you examine attentively the vast and magnificent creation of good opinions, feelings, and habits, which Great Britain exhibits, you will see, that although many of them are but remotely connected with religion, still it is the source and life of the whole. Although

every class of society possesses many which it does not teach, still they must be bottomed upon those which it implants, or have no permanent existence. Your people must receive those principles of integrity, truth, and virtue which religion alone can fix, before you can safely confide to them public trusts, before you can teach them their various political duties—before you can fill them with public spirit, chivalrous honour, and such of the nobler acquirements of man as religion does not profess to bestow. Although many of your most valuable opinions, feelings, and habits, are not taught by religion, and must have other than religious teachers to plant, nurture, and protect them, still they stand upon it, and cannot outlive it. Look at the Liberals, the men who profess to have emancipated themselves from the control of religion. Look not at the rabble, but at the heads—at the officers, the gentlemen—the nobles. Mark their patriotism—their chivalry—their honour—their truth—their integrity—their public and private virtues generally. The sight is sickening—you see only a tribe of well-dressed, polite barbarians.—What a revolting figure do these people cut, when contrasted with the sterling English gentleman of the old school. A vast portion of your population is constantly striving to annul the laws of the Moral Government; these laws only stand and operate, because, in the balance of opinion, they have the preponderance, and religion is the main instrument of preserving their preponderance. The laws of morality are indebted to religion for rendering them binding—for rendering the breach of them penal; and the laws of honour, as the present times abundantly prove, can be made to sanction everything base and dishonourable, save cowardice. If religion be destroyed, the Moral Government, so far as regards the nation at large, must fall with it.

It is necessary that we should now say what we mean by the term *religion*. We mean the Christian religion—that religion which is contained in the Scriptures. Everything which Protestant or Catholic may call religion, which cannot be found in the Holy volume, on a fair and rational construction of the text, we reject; we include nothing that the guilt or

folly of man may have endeavoured to add to the words of Heaven. We mean the religion of the Church of England. We mean by the term, not a set of words to affect nothing but our belief, but a body of laws to govern our actions in all the duties and relations of life. We call such as George the Third, Burke, &c. religious men;—and we think such as O'Connell, Bishop Doyle, &c. are not religious men. We need not here speak of the divine origin of the Christian religion, we may surrender the name, we may call it moral philosophy, or anything else, and then we may maintain, that it is the most invaluable body of precepts that could be devised for the benefit of man on earth. In proportion as individuals and communities are governed by these precepts, in the same proportion they are prosperous and happy. No one can gainsay this; it is proved by all that sage or philosopher ever wrote,—by the whole of history, and by the whole of daily experience. There are men so amazingly idiotic, that they can look at the wonders of the earth, and the wonders of the heavens, and still deny the existence of a Creator of these; or, they can commit the intolerable blunder of believing, that such a Creator exists, and still takes no interest in the fate of what he has created. That people who can thus beat their heads against the most powerful physical evidence, the very essence of philosophy, and the plainest dictates of common sense, should be unable to comprehend that the Maker of man should give man rules of conduct; and should labour to destroy the Christian religion at the very moment when they admit the practice of it to be essential for man's happiness, is not wonderful: but that they should be able to make proselytes in the nation—in the very House of Commons—is surpassingly wonderful. We are yet, alas! very far from being a nation of philosophers. This religion forms the foundation of your constitution and laws—They breathe its spirit—they adopt its language—what it forbids, they forbid—what it commands, they command—they are indivisible, and must stand or fall together. In proportion as your people despise and violate the precepts of this religion, in the same proportion must they be the enemies of your constitution and laws. Look around you, and

you will be "overwhelmed with evidence."

As your constitution and laws, your greatness, wealth, power, prosperity, and happiness, as a nation, depend upon, and could not outlive, the good opinions, feelings, and habits, of your people—as many of these opinions, feelings, and habits, flow solely from religion, and as the remainder can only be engrafted upon such as it implants—it must follow, that your first care, the care which should take precedence of everything else, should be to insure a proper share of religious instruction to every individual of your population.

As your Ministers and Legislators, your laws and those who administer them, cannot of themselves impart any but the most inadequate portion of such instruction—as only the most trifling share of it can be given at schools—as the practice of it is the most necessary in the adult—and as man, from his nature, and the circumstances which surround him, cannot be kept under the control of the laws of religion, if he do not constantly receive such instruction throughout his whole life—it must follow that the people should be plentifully supplied with teachers of religion.

It must follow, that ministers of religion are, of all public functionaries, the most necessary and important.

The philosophers are now constrained to admit with Burke, that "man is a religious animal." The conviction that there is a Supreme Being whom he ought to obey and worship, forms a part of his nature, and the philosophers cannot eradicate it. In spite of all their efforts to chain him to the dust, to destroy the most valuable of all his natural endowments, to take from him that quality, without which he could neither be civilized nor governed, and to level him with the brutes, he still clings to the hope of Heaven. He will not be thus humbled, degraded, robbed, and distressed. Unfortunately, however, he derives from nature no correct knowledge of the precepts of religion, and no ability to practise them intuitively. These he must gain from instruction, and he may more easily be taught a false religion than the true one. He may be led to embrace opinions as religious ones, which are hostile to genuine religion, ruinous to himself, and injurious in the highest degree to the com-

munity to which he belongs. While his nature leads him to believe, that there is a God whom he ought to obey and worship, it incessantly tempts him to violate every precept of genuine religion, and, therefore, he may be, at the same time, an outrageous fanatic in respect of opinion, and a very fiend in respect of practice. Proofs lie around you in profusion.

You must therefore not only supply your people plentifully with religious teachers, but you must supply them with such as teach the true religion—the religion of the Bible—the religion which forms the basis of your laws and institutions—the religion which insists on practice as well as belief, and which fills men with the domestic and social virtues.

The philosophers maintain that there ought to be no National Church, and that all religions ought to be put on an equality. It is worthy of them and their blundering philosophy. Your people are to pick up any religion they can; if self-appointed teachers will start up to instruct them—well—if not, they must do without religion. Granting that in such case they would generally belong to some religion or other, do religions differ in nothing save mere speculative religious opinion? Do all religions insist alike on good morals, and are all calculated alike to produce good morals? Are all religions alike separated from politics, and alike friendly to your Constitution and laws—your privileges and liberty? Is it a matter of no consequence whether the majority of your people belong to the Popish Church, or such a one as the Church of England, when your political system must at all times receive any change that the majority of the people may please to give it? We need not answer the questions.

Your Constitution is not such a blind, lame, one-handed one as these shallow persons would fabricate. Philosophers of a different stamp were its parents. It is religious as well as civil, because the needs of the people are religious as well as civil; it provides not for a part, but for the whole, of the nation's necessities. Its grand object is to give to the individual the utmost degree of liberty; it therefore labours to govern him as little as possible by law, and as much as possible by his own conscience, and of course

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it secures to him the best religion and the best religious teacher in its power. It provides Ministers of Religion as well as Ministers of State, because it knows the latter must be tyrants without the former; and it takes especial care to maintain perfect harmony between itself and the laws, and the doctrines and discipline of its religion.

The philosophers very naturally conceive the most glaring defects and blots of the American Constitution to be its most brilliant beauties; and of course, its making no provision for teaching religion to the people is regarded by them as an irrefragable proof, that it is immeasurably superior to the British Constitution. Now what is the naked fact—the real, substantial truth—putting away names and prejudices?

Your Constitution divides the people into small portions, and amidst every portion it settles a well-educated, respectable individual to discharge the following duties:—He must assemble the people around him on every Sabbath, to worship their Maker. On these occasions, he must deliver to them a lecture, explaining their various duties, as husbands, wives, parents, children, masters, servants, and members of society; and exhorting them to discharge these duties. He must admonish them to be honest, true, just, benevolent, industrious, &c. If any individual of his parish be dissolute and wicked, he is to go to his dwelling to instruct and reform him; if any one be sick or in misery, he is to attend to comfort him; if any one be in distress he is to relieve him. He is to act as a source of good morals—a preservative against vice and crime—a nurturer of virtue and benevolence—an assuager of sorrow—and a protector from penury and want. The constitution binds this individual as to what he is to teach and do, so that he cannot promulgate any pernicious principles, or establish any pernicious bondage. His labours and what he gives in charity do not cost the people anything.

Now, putting out of sight sucking babes, idiots, and the philosophers, where is the mortal who cannot see that this is essential for the well-being of society—that it is one of the most precious of the possessions that we derive from our invaluable Constitution? Yet, because the American

Constitution makes no such provision for the people, it is far better than the British one!

Notwithstanding this, the philosophers are the men who are eternally clamouring for the education of the people! What does the word education mean? In the name of common reason, why is the sense of this ill-starred term kept for ever in darkness? Does it mean nothing more than a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, in children; and a worthless, incongruous smattering of science in adults? Have religion and morals nothing to do with education; or if they have, do you opine that your country schoolmasters can give your children such a fund of them between the ages of four and twelve, as will serve their whole lives? We, in our simplicity, thought that morals entered largely into the more exalted portions of philosophy; we thought that one of the first objects of philosophy was to teach morals in the more comprehensive sense of the word. Your philosophers think differently; they exclude morals from their philosophical system; they laud Dr Birkbeck to the skies for lecturing on science, and they execrate the Clergy for lecturing on morals. They rail against the founders of religious sects for their pernicious doctrines and discipline, and then they labour to put into their hands the whole population. Most admirable philosophers!

You have arrived at a glorious pitch of improvement, when you can only improve farther by destroying the very best parts of your Constitution.

Your constitution, unlike the wretched misshapen ones that the philosophers form, treats you as rational beings in regard to religion. It places before you a religion against which no man living can say anything, save those who have an interest in being its enemies; it provides a bountiful supply of the teachers of this religion, but it resorts not to compulsion. Profoundly skilled in the nature of liberty, and anxious to give the utmost degree to the lowest as well as the highest, it knows that there can be no civil, without religious, liberty—that to tyrannize over the conscience, is in reality to enslave the body—therefore it grants religious liberty. It suffers you to follow any religion whatever. The Constitution which does this is neces-

sarily vilified in every way by those surprising sages, who declare that the defunct Spanish and Italian Constitutions which COMPELLED, and the living South American ones which COMPEL, the people to swallow the monstrous absurdities, and wear the grinding chains, of Catholicism, display the very essence of liberty.

This brings us to the pith of our subject. Your Constitution grants religious liberty, that is, liberty to every man to worship God in his own way. This liberty is to be enjoyed by all men—by followers as well as teachers, by laymen as well as priests. On a matter so momentous, it is your sacred, constitutional duty, to attend strictly to the following points:—You must prevent, not only your own rulers and clergy, but all other men, and all other ministers of religion, from establishing in the land religious tyranny; you must carefully prevent, not only your own clergy, but the ministers of all religions whatever, from forming laws of their own to destroy the religious liberty of the laity;—you must restrain dissenting teachers of all persuasions, from obtaining privileges and authority not enjoyed by your own clergy;—you must prevent all religious teachers whatever, from monopolizing or interfering with the press on religious matters;—and you must secure to all religious principles, and more especially to the Scriptures, the source of all religious principles, full and unimpeded circulation in every corner of your realms;—and you must prevent that from being called the worship of God which demonstrably is not the worship of God, which is the worship of man, which is the law of man, made for his own aggrandizement, and which brings on both religion and the state the most fearful evils. This, we say, is your sacred, constitutional duty, and you neglect it in the most criminal manner. You indeed discharge it towards your own clergy; but you discharge it towards none else. You effectually bind them from tyrannizing over the people, and from interfering with the just liberty of other religious teachers; but you suffer other religious teachers to tyrannize as they please—to destroy, not only the religious liberty of the people, but to a considerable extent that of your own clergy.

We think this is owing to the de-

plorable misunderstanding which prevails, touching the nature of religious liberty.

Religious liberty, is very truly said to be, the liberty for every man to worship God in his own way. This is the religious liberty which your constitution wishes to establish. It is a liberty to be enjoyed not by one man, or a certain number of men, but by all men. Now it must be clear to every one who knows his right hand from his left, that with religious, as with civil liberty—if the liberty of one man, or body of men, can trespass on that of another man, or body of men, the latter cannot enjoy religious liberty. If we suffer from the tyranny of another, it matters not a straw who is the tyrant. To possess liberty, we must be protected from the tyranny, not merely of state functionaries, but of all men. This is the principle of your civil liberty. It shields you as far as possible from the tyranny of every man in the nation, as well as from that of the members of the government. It is likewise the principle of your religious liberty, so far as concerns the religion of the state. The ministers of this religion are as much bound by law from becoming the religious tyrants of their flocks, as the members of the executive are from becoming the civil tyrants of the people at large.

The necessity for this ought to need but little illustration. Every religion has not only its peculiar doctrines, but its peculiar discipline. These are matters perfectly distinct, although religious teachers are generally dishonest enough to make the latter a portion of the former. The discipline is the church, or party system of government of those who believe in the doctrines. It is in reality a body of civil laws, controlling civil conduct, and dispensing penal punishments. It forms those who embrace the doctrines into a corporation—a separate community—having separate rules and laws; of which the teachers are the rulers, and of the laws of which the teachers are the framers and administrators. Religious teachers have generally a mighty personal, as well as party interest, in making their discipline as despotic as possible—in making themselves tyrants, and their followers slaves. This is especially the case with the dissenting teachers, whose daily bread, as well as individual importance, is augmented or di-

minished with the obedience and number of their followers. While religious teachers have such an interest in exalting themselves into tyrants, they possess the most powerful means of doing it, particularly among the ignorant. They can work upon the superstition and fears of their followers—appeal to their party spirit, and even their piety—bend the doctrines to support the discipline—represent the latter to be a portion of the former—render both things of conscience, and make their flocks regard it to be as much a matter of sin—of divine displeasure, to violate the one as the other. In proof, look at the Roman Catholics of both Ireland and England.

If a single drachm of common sense were mingled with their philosophy, your philosophers would know, that if it be necessary to limit the power of Ministers of State to obtain civil liberty, it is equally necessary to limit the power of Ministers of religion to obtain religious liberty. They would know that doctrines and discipline are distinct things, and that restrictions in respect of the latter, are as essential as freedom in respect of the former, for the enjoyment of religious liberty. They would know, that while the laws of the empire ought not to interfere with doctrines, except in extreme cases, they ought to rigidly bind up the hands of religious teachers, from imposing tyrannical laws on the people. Your philosophers are ignorant of all this, and alas! the nation seems to be ignorant of it likewise. In consequence, your religious liberty means neither more nor less than this,—Liberty for the dissenting teachers, to make slaves of as many of the people as they can; practical lawlessness for these teachers, and slavery for all who follow them! The clergy of the Established Church are to have their power strictly limited in both discipline and doctrine, but if any attempt be made to bring the dissenting clergy to a level with them on this point—to place the power of the latter under proper restrictions—and to secure religious liberty to the dissenting layman, it is resisted as an attempt to destroy the religious liberty of the nation! If the land be filled with religious tyrants, and, of course, religious slaves, it enjoys religious liberty, provided the tyrants teach a religion hostile to the national one!

We need not waste time in proving that this is worse than idiotcy. It produces the most incongruous, and gigantic evils, in addition to depriving a large portion of the people of religious liberty.

Every man must at least admit, that the Constitution intends the national religion to possess as much power and privilege of every kind, as any other religion whatever that can be found in the nation. Well, this preposterous notion touching the nature of religious liberty, gives to all other religions the most mighty advantages over the national one—it renders it almost impossible for the latter to maintain its ground when attacked; as for offensive operations, they cannot be thought of.

You have a population in Ireland which is more ignorant and depraved, more vicious and criminal, than any other people in Europe. Every other people in Europe is better acquainted with the distinctions between right and wrong, and the more important precepts of morality, than this population. From its want of morals, you can only govern this population by practical despotism—you cannot place it on an equality with the remainder of your people—you cannot virtually unite Ireland with, or prevent it from being a source of injury and disquiet to, your empire. You have tried the sword, laws, rulers, coercion, conciliation, all to no purpose; and you have discovered at last—what demon has so long hid the truth from your eyes?—that you can only plant morals in the heart of man by instruction—by means of moral teachers.

Well, you have established your national religion in Ireland, as, upon the whole, the best one—as the one which harmonizes more perfectly than any other with your Constitution and laws, your rights and privileges. You have nominally placed the whole of the people of Ireland under the instruction of the clergy of this religion, although the greater portion of them belong to another religion. You have done this, and then, with the most marvellous contempt of common sense, you have left undone almost every thing that could render it other than a barren, nominal, worthless, and mischievous arrangement. To argue the question with the more power, we will lay aside the terms, clergyman

and religion, and look only at a single parish instead of the whole island.

In this parish you have fixed a competent individual to teach morals—to teach the distinctions between right and wrong, the principles of good conduct, &c., to the inhabitants. You have very properly restrained him from resorting to compulsion, from interfering with the rights of his parishioners, and from teaching anything save what he ought to teach. But after doing this, you suffer a tyranny to exist in the parish, which effectually prevents the inhabitants from placing themselves under his tuition. Another teacher dwells in the parish, whose tuition has been the chief means of rendering the people what they are; he teaches doctrines hostile to those of your teacher, and he does his utmost to prejudice the parishioners against the latter and his instructions. This, bad as it is, will perhaps admit of no remedy; but mark what this other teacher does beside. He prohibits every individual of the parish from entering the church or school of your moral schoolmaster—from listening to his instructions—from accepting any of his books; in a word, from receiving a single syllable of that moral knowledge which you establish your moral schoolmaster in the parish to propagate. This prohibition is enforced by a system of espionage which nothing can escape, and by grievous bodily punishments. This you permit. The case, therefore, stands precisely thus with the two teachers and the inhabitants of the parish. Your moral schoolmaster has not the means of obtaining a single pupil—his opponent enjoys despotic authority to prevent the parishioners from listening to any teacher save himself—and the people, whatever may be their wishes, DARE not enter your church; they DARE not listen to what your religion would utter; they DARE not read what your religion would circulate; they even DARE not look into the Scriptures, for, if they do, they are sure of undergoing for it, BODILY DEGRADATION AND PUNISHMENT! This your philosophers—your Whigs—your men who rave so incessantly about freedom—call religious liberty!

Now argue from the part to the whole, and you will find that this is the case with the greater portion of

Ireland, and the greater portion of the people of Ireland.

The imagination of man could conceive nothing more preposterous than this. You create a class of expensive public functionaries to do virtually nothing; you command them to discharge certain most important duties, and you suffer an authority, unknown to the law, to deprive them of all means of discharging these duties. You pretend to give to the people moral instruction, and you suffer them to be withheld from hearing a word that you utter; you profess to give them religious liberty, and you suffer them to be ground to powder by a relentless religious despotism. You call yourselves the source of toleration, and you suffer your national clergy to be denied a hearing, and your national religion to be suppressed.

If we be told that the people can do as they please between the two teachers, we will say that it is false. A law which is more powerful than any that your Government could frame, for the purpose, prevents them. If an individual receive any book from your clergyman, the Popish Priest immediately visits his house and takes it from him; if he be seen at your church, he is not only reprimanded for it, but he is condemned to perform some humiliating penance, which is much the same as being placed in your pillory. Perhaps you will say, he may shut out the Priest, and refuse to perform the penance. But what would follow this? A punishment that would deprive him of character—that if he were a labourer would deprive him of bread—that if he were a tradesman, would strip him of customers, and ruin him—that would expose him to the scorn and derision of his neighbours, and perhaps place his life in continual danger. In Protestant England your population is divided among many religions, and in consequence, a man may refuse to submit to punishment from his minister, and pass from one religion to another, without injury: but in the parts of Ireland in question, the people are almost all of one persuasion, therefore it is impossible. The people from their chains can do nothing individually—they could only obtain their liberty by acting in a body against their priests—no sentiments can reach them to combine

them into such a body—therefore they must, so far as regards their own efforts, continue in their slavery. Evidence in profusion exists to prove, that if they durst, they would enter your churches, they would hear your clergy, they would receive your Bibles, and other religious books, they would make themselves acquainted with your religion; in a word, they would listen to your moral schoolmasters. If their doing this would not gain you a single proselyte, would it not yield incalculable public benefit?

Having looked at the monstrous LIBERTY with which you endow the Popish priest, we will now look at its title. We will now ask you what there is in the Scriptures—your Constitution—your whole system, which authorizes you thus to exalt him into a despot, and make the people his slaves?—thus to suffer national rights to be annihilated, and the weal of the empire to be trampled on? Popery disclaims all connexion with Paganism, and calls itself a Christian religion. Now, you have the source of Christianity before you in writing, and you are as well able to understand it as any Popish priest in Christendom. Look first at those DOCTRINES of Popery which bear upon a man's conduct towards his fellow-subjects and his country. Look at the detestable and mischievous tenet, that, if a Papist embrace the Protestant religion, he must inevitably be doomed to perdition; look at the pernicious doctrines, that it is a sin to enter Protestant places of worship, and to read Protestant books; that the priests can work miracles; that no definition which they give of religious belief and duty shall be questioned by any authority, divine or human; that they hold the keys of the gates of heaven; that they are, in effect, not God's servants, but God's masters; and that whatever they may do, God will sanction, whether opposed to the Scriptures or not. Is this warranted by the New Testament? Does this holy book lead you to believe, that Jesus Christ did not mean His words to be read by any one save those whom the Popish priest might permit?—that his words ought not to be understood to have any meanings save that which this priest may please to give them?—that the apostles meant their writings to be received under the same limitations? Now, look at the

DISCIPLINE of Popery. Does anything in the New Testament sanction the Popish priest in taking by force from the houses of the poor the Scriptures, and good expositions of Christianity?—in preventing the children of the poor from going to schools in which the Scriptures are read?—in inflicting grievous bodily punishments on the people for attending your churches?—in destroying the religious liberty of the people?—in assuming the authority of the civil ruler, and making themselves despots? Our cheeks are dyed blood-red with shame in having to ask questions like these in the nineteenth century.

If you will not answer the questions, the Popish priest will answer them for you. He will tell you, that the worst parts of his doctrines and discipline **CANNOT** be found in the Scriptures. Where, then, are they to be found? In the writings of the fathers; uninspired men, nearly the whole of whom have been charged with grievous errors by Catholic writers—in the decisions of councils; bodies of men acting for their own benefit—in traditions; generally corrupt inventions. For these you are to destroy the authority of, and suppress, the Scriptures. In this sceptical age you are to cast away the New Testament, as no authority in Christian doctrine and discipline, and you are to be governed by traditions!—by the *dicta* of bodies of foreigners, acting for their personal profit!—although in so doing you annihilate the rights and weal of the empire!

As the Popish priest derives no title to the liberty with which you endow him from the Scriptures, does he derive such title from your Constitution? Did your Constitution only establish the national Church to receive the refuse of other religions—only such persons as the dissenting teachers might permit to enter it? Did this Constitution, when it placed the whole of the people under the charge of the national clergy, mean that a power should exist to inflict bodily punishments on the people, for entering the churches, and listening to the instructions of this clergy? Every line and letter of the Constitution furnishes the negative. Your laws punish the people for not entering the church—the Popish priest punishes them for entering it: which is to be obeyed, the laws of the realm,

or the priest? You boast of your toleration: what is the meaning of the term? The giving to dissenting teachers liberty and privileges which you withhold from your own clergy?—the suffering the people to be punished for going to your places of worship, and making themselves acquainted with your religion?—the permitting your churches to be virtually shut up, and your clergy to be incapacitated for discharging their duty, by an authority unknown to the laws and the Constitution?—the suffering some of the best religious and civil rights of the community to be annihilated by the dissenting priesthood? If this be not your toleration, you have none. You are eternally swaggering of your devotion to civil liberty,—is there anything in it which will sanction this liberty in the Popish priest? Nothing, nothing. The liberty of this man continually commits the most abominable outrages on the civil, as well as religious liberty, of the rest of the community.

This pestilential liberty of the Popish priest, therefore, has no foundation in the Scriptures, the Constitution, and religious and civil liberty. The whole of these denounce it in the most unequivocal manner. Before we state the natural inference, we will enumerate a few more of its products.

It is of the very highest importance that your religious bodies should adhere as closely as possible to the fair sense of the New Testament, and that they should practise, as far as possible, its precepts. In proportion as they wander from the one, and disregard the other, their religions become sources of public evil rather than benefit. Religious teachers, who are likewise religious rulers, always endeavour, like civil rulers, to make their dominion over their subjects as perfect as possible. They have the most powerful temptations, the dissenting ones especially, to make their doctrines subservient to their authority; and you have only to look at the Catholic, and some of the Protestant sects, to see what preposterous, pernicious, unscriptural, and even anti-scriptural doctrines, they will propagate, to render themselves tyrants. As your laws do not interfere with doctrines, unless they strike at the root of Christianity, you have no other means of controlling these, than by securing a hearing for

your clergy, and the free and full circulation of the Scriptures, and sound illustrations of them, in every corner of your empire. In England this is secured, and what is the consequence? The influential part of the people compare religion with religion; they apply the Scriptures, as a test, to the words and actions of the religious teacher, and therefore the teachers of the more important bodies are compelled to adhere, in essentials, to the New Testament. In Ireland, you suffer the Popish priest to gag not only your own clergyman, but all Protestant ministers, to suppress the Scriptures, and all religious writings, save his own. And what follows? The people can apply no test to the words of the priest; they can obtain no knowledge of religion, save what he may give them; they are completely at his mercy; they are kept in the darkest ignorance, and their credulity, superstition, love of the marvellous, &c., are necessarily commensurate with their ignorance. They believe anything to be Christianity which the priest tells them is so; the more false his words are, the more greedily are they relished; and therefore he fills them with any doctrines that comport the best with his own interests; with doctrines which are inconsistent with, and hostile to, the New Testament; which render them his abject slaves, and which have the most baleful effects on their conduct as members of society.

In proportion, as you restrain the religious teacher from governing by authority, you compel him to govern by instruction—in proportion, as you give religious liberty to his followers, you purify his doctrines—in proportion, as you prevent him from employing compulsion and punishments, you render him the more industrious, the more scrupulously correct in his own conduct, and the more valuable as a teacher, and an example of good morals.

Religious fanaticism must of course vary in its character and effects with doctrines. A great deal is said in these days of the fanaticism of England; this must refer to those who are called evangelical churchmen, to the Methodists, the Independents, &c.; for the Ranters, the followers of Southcote, &c. are in rank and numbers below notice. Well, what is the alleged fanaticism of England? In so far as it

bears upon conduct, it exalts the Deity, and humbles the priest; it renders a spotless life and unremitting exertion indispensable in the latter. So far from injuring morals, it is an over scrupulosity in respect of them; it forbids not only vice and crime, but even innocent recreations, from the idea that these may lead to them. Looking at it in a political light, after striking a balance between its good and its evil fruits, it renders the State most valuable service. It forms one of the most prolific sources of public morals; it is one of the best protectors and administrators of those moral laws of society, which are of ten thousand times more value and efficacy than all your statutes. Now, what is the fanaticism of Ireland? It deposes God and makes a deity of the priest—it believes that the latter can work miracles, forgive sins, &c. and places him above all check and restraint. It worships images, credits the most pernicious legends, and embraces the most baleful superstitions. It openly sanctions some of the worst vices, and makes morals matters of no moment; those who display the greatest portion of it, are the most immoral people in Europe. In its political fruits it produces nothing to the State but the most appalling evils. It destroys public morals, annuls the moral laws of society, suspends the operation of the laws of the realm, and makes the people everything that they ought not to be, as subjects and members of the community.

We have said, that although religion ought to form the basis of all the good feelings, opinions, and habits of the people, still it does not profess to teach many of them, and therefore these must be implanted by other teachers than religious ones. By giving the Popish priest liberty to make himself a despot, you give him a vital interest in keeping the people in the lowest stage of general ignorance. You make it his interest to silence all teachers, as well as rival religious ones, and you give him the power to do this at the same moment. He not only gags your clergy, but he renders speechless your good writers, he prohibits your landlords and masters from dispensing good instructions, he destroys your press, he prevents the circulation of beneficial public opinion—he closes every source of useful knowledge

Everything that is taught must be taught by himself or have his sanction, and of course it must refer to his own benefit. What is the consequence? Seek among the Irish Catholics, even the higher portion of them, for true patriotism, genuine public spirit, lofty feeling, chivalrous honour, manly independence, sound political knowledge, correct notions of liberty, just conceptions of public duties, &c. &c. and you cannot find a vestige of such things. No assemblage of men in the world ever made a more astounding display of ignorance and imbecility—of childish delusion, and slavish subserviency to false teachers—than the Catholic Association. When we contrast the conduct of this body with that of any association whatever of English or Irish Protestant gentlemen, the difference fills us with amazement. Read the public speeches, and mark the conduct of the English Catholics, even of the London ones, and you will find such deplorable ignorance of the character of public men, political parties, and public matters generally; and such a pitiable lack of wisdom in managing the most simple things, as you would never expect to meet with in educated Englishmen.

Your matchless Constitution confides some most important public trusts to the people. It appoints them to choose the members of the House of Commons, and after what we have already said touching this House, we need not say that every valuable thing which you possess, demands that they should make the best choice possible. It must be clear to all men living, that for enabling them to do this, two things are necessary. They must, in the first place, receive the greatest practicable share of the knowledge requisite for qualifying them to discharge the duty; and in the second, they must, whenever they may lack qualification, act under the counsel of proper advisers.

It will here be glaringly obvious to every one to whom common sense is not denied, that the religious liberty *of the people, not of the priest*, forms the keystone of your civil liberty, and that the latter must perish with the former. If any body of men have the power of compelling the people to vote as it pleases, this body will of course virtually choose the whole, or at least the overwhelming majority, of the House of Commons—it will of course

virtually choose the ministry—it will of course virtually make new laws and repeal old ones at pleasure, govern the ministry, and exercise the sovereign power—it will of course make everything subservient to its own benefit—and it will of course enslave the nation in the highest possible degree, as the only certain means of preserving both its power and existence. If the people revere the priests as superior beings, as beings who can work miracles, who cannot err, whose favour is essential for obtaining entrance into heaven—if the favour of the priests be necessary for escaping severe penances, and for obtaining bread and business—and if the priests can implant any opinions they please, can prevent all other opinions from circulating, and can suppress all knowledge, nothing can prevent them from practically monopolizing the elective franchise, and nominating nearly the whole House of Commons.

If they do this, it is in itself the annihilation of a very large portion of civil liberty, and their next step will assuredly be the destruction of the remainder. Ecclesiastical tyranny and civil liberty are natural and irreconcilable enemies; they cannot exist together without seeking each other's destruction.

Your Constitution knows that civil liberty cannot exist without religious liberty—that religious authority and influence are likewise political authority and influence—therefore it binds your clergy as far as possible from becoming tyrants, or obtaining an unequal portion of political power; and it prevents such of the electors as are religious slaves, from choosing any but Protestant representatives. You are aware of the vast importance of having your House of Commons properly chosen—you are aware that a vast portion of your electors cannot judge for themselves, must of necessity have guides to lead them, and will inevitably be led by those who have the greatest influence over them—you are aware that religious teachers, from their profession, interest, manner of life, &c. are most unfit political guides for the electors, and were never meant to be such guides—and you are aware that the country gentlemen, the mercantile and trading gentry, &c. &c. from their political knowledge, their interest in the public weal, their va-

riety of creeds, &c. are the proper persons to form the guides of those electors who cannot and will not vote without. In consequence you do your utmost to separate religion from politics. After doing all by statute that you can do for the purpose, so far as regards the national clergy, you labour to make it one of the laws of society, a portion of public opinion, that religious teachers have no right to teach or intermeddle with politics—that in so far as they do this, they abuse their powers, neglect their duties, and usurp the rights of others. You indeed suffer them to vote, to have political opinions like other men, but you endeavour, as far as possible, to prevent them from becoming political teachers and leaders.

This you do towards the national Clergy, and then what do you do towards the Popish priest? You suffer him to prevent the electors from obtaining any of the knowledge requisite for enabling them to make a right use of the franchise, and to discharge their public duty properly; you suffer him to destroy moral law, public opinion, and all opinion save his own—to annihilate all creeds but his own—to obtain irresistible political authority over the electors—to place himself above all control and responsibility—and to constitute himself the sole elector. You in effect offer him every imaginable bribe to become a furious politician. The Catholics are now compelled to vote for Protestants; but alter this, place them and the Protestants on a level with regard to the franchise, and, not the Popish nobility and gentry, but the Popish priesthood, will return almost every Irish member. This priesthood will meet with no efficient opposition, it will have no public opinion to act upon it, and it will choose such members only as will act as its humble menials.

Notwithstanding all your exertions, you cannot in England keep your religious teachers out of the political arena. Every religious body is likewise a political body, having peculiar political interests, needing political protectors, wishing for political champions, and lusting after political importance; and therefore all your religious teachers mix more or less in your political wars. But the religious liberty of the people divides them

into distinct religious bodies, which balance each other—their teachers suffer them to read and hear whatever they please—the press can circulate anything—public opinion has the teachers perfectly within its reach and control—and in consequence, these teachers are restrained from following any very reprehensible conduct, and producing much mischief in politics. In Ireland, the preposterous liberty with which you endow the Popish priest, annihilates the religious liberty of the people, and prevents any other teacher from entering the scale against him, any party being formed to balance his own, and anything being created which can serve as a check upon his conduct.

The immense importance of keeping your religious bodies as close as possible to the New Testament, in other words, to genuine Christianity, in doctrine and discipline, must here be evident to all men. In proportion as you do this, you keep them in general harmony with your Constitution and laws—you keep them under the guidance of proper leaders. In proportion as religious teachers adhere to the Scriptures, they keep their followers apart from political faction, and they exercise their mighty political influence conscientiously, and generally beneficially. Religious bodies cannot take doctrines, discipline and conduct, even in part, from any other source, without involving themselves in hostility with the Constitution and laws, the rights and liberties of the community, and those feelings and qualifications of the people which are essential for giving the Constitution and laws due operation. Several of our Protestant sects will afford abundant evidence of this, but we need only refer to the Roman Catholics.

The priest, whom you thus render the political as well as religious tyrant of the people, belongs to a religion which, confessedly, takes a large portion of its doctrines, discipline, and conduct, from other sources than the Scriptures; and this portion, from first to last, is decidedly at variance with your Constitution and laws, the rights and liberties of the community, and those feelings and qualifications of the people, which are essential for giving the Constitution and laws due operation. This Church is, and has for

ages been, more a political than a religious one; it enters the political field, not as an ally, but as a principal. It is not content to hold the sovereign authority behind the curtain, and to act by using kings and ministers as its puppets; but it seizes upon civil office; it makes its priests, wherever it can, ministers of state; it monopolizes, as far as it is able, all civil, as well as all religious authority. Your Popish priest maintains that the regular Clergy ought to be dispossessed of their office and possessions; in other words, that the Established Church ought to be destroyed, for the benefit of himself and his brethren. He maintains, that not only your National Religion, but the religions of all the Protestant sects, are "heresies," which ought to be "extirpated." He maintains that your National Clergy have no spiritual character, that they have no right to call themselves, and act as, teachers of religion; that when they do nothing they are a burden to Ireland, and that when they do their duty they are a nuisance to it. He maintains, that he has a right to punish the people for entering your churches, and reading your Bibles and other publications; that he has a right to enter the houses of the people to take away Bibles, religious tracts, and any publications whatever. He maintains, that neither the Scriptures, nor religious treatises, nor any books that he may disapprove of, ought to be suffered to circulate, and that the members of the Established Church and the Protestant Dissenters ought not to be suffered to hold their School, Missionary, and Bible Meetings. He maintains, that he has a right to preach anything as doctrine, to inculcate anything as religious duty, and to establish anything as discipline, that he may choose; and that, in doing this, neither the Government nor the people have the least right to interfere with him. He maintains that he has a right to prevent the people from qualifying themselves for the discharge of their public duties—that he has a right to prevent them, by punishment, from listening to any teacher but himself—that he has a right to keep from them all opinion save what he may give them—that he has a right to punish them for doing what the Constitution and laws require, and even command, them to do—that he has a right to keep them in the most deplorable bondage, by means

of espionage and bodily punishments—that he has a right virtually to destroy the press and public opinion—and that his Church is perfectly independent of, and above, the Government.

Such is the Popish Religion; and yet there are people who tell you that it contains nothing hostile to the Constitution, laws, and liberty of Britain! Those who profess this religion, call themselves the friends of your Constitution and laws—those who establish, or writhe under, this horrible, civil, and religious tyranny, pretend that they are the champions of civil and religious freedom! Do you believe them? Has this accursed "liberality" of the day smote you stone-blind, and swept away your reason? Do you think, that if the Catholics formed the majority of the nation, they would spare your Church, your Protestant Dissenters, your Missionary, Bible, and other religious associations, your schools, your press,—your laws in favour of toleration and popular liberty? Do you opine that if your lower and middle classes were enslaved like those of Ireland—were yoked to the car of tyranny like those of Ireland—that your Constitution and laws could be protected, could be kept in due operation—could be prevented from producing intolerable evils? Do you believe that your Constitution, laws, and liberty, work themselves,—that they preserve themselves,—that they have nothing to do with the opinions and feelings of the people, and that they could exist for benefit if the people were the passive slaves and instruments of a Priesthood? If you do, woe to you! and woe to every national treasure that you affect to value!

If you are not yet convinced, turn your eyes from the Popish Priest to his slaves, the poor Irish labourers. They cannot have a Bible or any book obnoxious to the priest in their dwellings, but he enters and takes them away—they cannot enter a Protestant place of worship, but he punishes them for it—they cannot change their religion, but he ruins them for it—he prohibits them from sending their children to a school in which the Scriptures are used—he will not suffer them to inquire, to obtain instruction, to emerge from their ignorance and barbarism—he will not permit them to live in amity with their Protestant fellow-subjects—and he restrains them from

qualifying themselves for discharging, and from discharging, their political duties. In all this, his tyranny is maintained by the infliction of bodily punishments. Call you this liberty? Is it the less slavery, because it proceeds from a priest and his laws, instead of the magistrate and laws of the realm? Is it the less slavery, because it is defended by your Cobbetts, Burdetts, and Broughams, and other self-dubbed friends of liberty? Your very brutes are more free than these miserable creatures. What do your Constitution, laws, and liberty, produce in Ireland. They cannot be enjoyed, they cannot work for benefit, they can only yield delusion, convulsion, crime, slavery, and evils of almost every description.

If Catholicism were principally an English or Irish religion, like our Protestant religions, if the priests were at its head, and were subject to no foreign influence and control, or if the laity had any material share in their appointment, they might not, perhaps, abuse their liberty so fearfully. But the Catholicism of Ireland is but a subordinate part of the general Catholicism of Europe: the Priests must obey the Pope, and act in concert with their continental brethren to maintain their power; and neither the laity, nor the government, nor anything else in the empire, is suffered to interfere in their nomination. The effects are these. The Popish priest is denationalized; whatever he may be in birth and blood, he is, in soul and action, a foreigner: he has no country, but Catholicism; he has no countrymen, save the Catholic priesthood of other states. His religion places him in hostility with many parts of the Constitution, the laws, and general liberty, with many of the best rights of the people, and therefore it divests him of loyalty and patriotism. He knows that the miracles which his Church pretends to work are frauds, that its legends are fictions, that its relics are impositions; and this renders him a hypocrite and a juggler; a man false, flinty-hearted, looking upon other men as tools to be used for his own benefit. It leads him to abuse the tremendous liberty, with which you invest him, as much as he possibly can. Country, countrymen, law, liberty,—everything must be sacrificed that his Church may thrive—that he may remain a despot.

Now for the worst consequence which the liberty of the Popish priest has produced! It has, marshalled around him six millions of your people; it has enabled him to form these into a corporation, a body far more political than religious, and having the most perfect organization. This body of six millions avows that it is his slave, it has embraced his doctrines, and of course it is hostile to your religion, to some vital parts of your Constitution, to some of your best laws, to many of your most valuable rights and privileges, to a number of the best opinions and feelings of the nation, to as much of your whole system as would involve your civil and religious liberty in its destruction. You are told by those whose trade it is to delude you, that this body is distinct from its leaders—that it does not think as they think—they might as well tell you that a man's body is distinct from, and obeys not, his head. Look at the conduct of these six millions of your population;—they openly sanction everything that the priest does, every word that he utters. They repeat his words—they scrupulously divest themselves of civil and religious liberty at his bidding—they follow him to destroy, as far as possible, the civil and religious liberty of the Protestants—the rich part of them declare, that the priest ought to be the tyrant he is, and they assist them in the exercise of his tyranny. They suspend the operation of your Constitution and laws, in so far as these support morals and general freedom. They openly make subscriptions to circulate Cobbett's sickening libels on your country, religion, and political system. Even the Catholic nobles of England declare that they can give no security to the Constitution, save such as may be sanctioned by their spiritual superiors.

This corporation, comprehending six millions of your population, thus scrupulously follows a set of leaders, who are appointed by a foreigner inveterately hostile to many of the best parts of your Constitution—who are compelled by their own profit to walk hand in hand with foreigners, actuated by the same hostility—who have each and all a direct and mighty personal interest in the overthrow of your Church, and the destruction of such of your laws as produce civil and religious freedom. This corporation has a Popish priest in every parish, to prevent

the defection of its members, and to obtain new ones. These six millions of your people are disaffected to many vital parts of your system, and still you cannot speak to them, you cannot instruct them, you cannot reach them, to work any alteration in their opinions and feelings. The priests stand between you and them, and keep you as effectually separated as though you inhabited different planets. You pretend to be jealous of corporate bodies—of the Church of England, the East India Company, the Bank, &c.; but what is any of your corporate bodies compared with the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland?—

You have nominally united Ireland to Great Britain, but you can give no reality to the union. You cannot blend and unite the people; you cannot plant British thought and conduct in Ireland. The opinions and feelings of the Irish people are discordant with your Constitution and laws, therefore the latter are a dead letter in respect of benefit. Your system is one of balances. You cannot have a balance of power without a balance of bodies, and you cannot have a balance of bodies without a balance of creeds. If you cannot form a balance of opinions, you must have an unbalanced population. In Ireland you can form no balance of opinions, therefore you can form no balance of bodies; you cannot break up the population into manageable masses of nearly equal weight to govern each other, therefore you cannot lay the foundations of your constitution and laws, and bring them into operation.

You are told that if you admit the members of this corporation into Parliament and the ministry, they will not attempt to injure your Constitution and freedom. Where is the evidence to prove it? Their religious opinions are to you political ones of the most dangerous character—would they change their religious creed on their admission to power? would those who are now hiring men to write down your religion and liberties, spare either on becoming members of Parliament and ministers of state? Would those who believe that your clergy have no right to call themselves ministers of religion—that your Protestant religions are heresies which ought to be extirpated—that your ecclesiastical possessions be-

long in right to their priests—and that their priests ought to fetter the press and enslave the people—refrain from conforming your constitution and laws to their belief, if they became your rulers? Would those who now do their utmost to prevent your constitution and your laws in favour of freedom from operating, act as the guardians of these if they obtained power? Would those who are now the superstitious, fanatical tools of their priests—who will bear the disabilities rather than make a single effort to conform the discipline of their religion to the Constitution—be more independent of their priests when they should owe their seats in Parliament entirely to them? It is preposterous to imagine it, unless it be true that men act in direct opposition to their opinions and wishes, and to the will of those who possess omnipotent influence over them.

The arguments in favour of the Papists, which are drawn from what has been done in other countries, are below contempt. France is lauded for placing the Protestants on an equality with the Catholics—what are the facts? Protestantism is so far from being at variance with the French Constitution, that it harmonizes with it far better than Catholicism. The Protestants are stated to comprehend one-fiftieth of the population, and what could these accomplish, however pernicious their tenets might be, against the rest of the people? If our Catholics only amounted to four or five hundred thousand, and could only return eight or ten members to Parliament, the removal of the disabilities would be a matter of small moment. As to despotic states, in which the people have no constitution, no representative assembly, no press, no discussion, and no liberty; and in which the government can guide religious teachers as it pleases—in them the two religions may be safely placed on an equality. Protestantism can flourish as well under a despotism as under a free form of government; but civil liberty is hostile in the highest degree to Catholicism. As there is no similarity between the two religions, favours shewn to the one form no argument that similar favours should be shewn to the other. As to what is said respecting the United States of America, the Catholics in

them are so weak and so widely scattered, that they are powerless, for political mischief.

We decidedly condemn the placing of the two religions on an equality in Hanover. We do this, not in reference to Hanover, but to Europe generally. We suspect it to be a concession to that system, which is everywhere laboriously at work to strengthen and increase Catholicism, and which we regard as the greatest enemy to liberty next to the Liberals. If your government wish to see rational, genuine, solid, enduring liberty established on the Continent, it must do everything in its power to promote the spread of Protestantism,—in other words, to break the fetters of Catholicism. It is preposterous to speak of establishing freedom—of establishing a government of balances—amidst a people who are the abject slaves of a political hierarchy—a political hierarchy, which has the deepest interest in keeping them at the lowest point of ignorance and bondage. Fallen as Catholicism was in France, when that country received its constitution from foreign armies, every one must see that liberty has no root amidst the French people, and that its existence is at the mercy of the government.

The measure in question has given a new argument to our Liberals, and the fashionable cry of the hour is—“Place all religions on an equality!” The idiots! The established religion, and the religions of the more powerful Protestant sects, harmonize either perfectly, or in most essential points, with your Constitution and laws; but with the latter, as we have shewn, Catholicism is fiercely at variance. Your constitution and laws must be changed, or Catholicism must be changed, or they must still be implacable enemies. If Catholicism became the religion of the State, your liberty would not last an hour. You might retain your Monarch, your House of Peers, and even your House of Commons; but what would these be without your laws in favour of general freedom? What would these be if the elective franchise were monopolized by the Popish priesthood, or if they had to look for opinion and conduct to the Popish hierarchy? Look at your electors—the immense, overwhelming majority of them are to be found

among the lower and middle classes. These are now guided by your country gentlemen, &c. but let your lower and middle classes be enslaved by the Popish priest, and then nothing can prevent him from getting the elective franchise, and, of course, your House of Commons, and whole system, into his hands. We need not repeat what would follow. Your Protestant Dissenters are so widely scattered, that they possess very little power in any one place; they are generally compelled to vote for Whig or Tory churchmen, therefore your legislature and ministry are tolerably unanimous in respect of religious opinions. If the Whigs be the defenders of these Dissenters, they are not of their faith, they even in secret dislike it, and they are nothing more than defenders. If even the Dissenters could return members of their own persuasion, they now differ from the church chiefly on abstract points of doctrine, consequently there is little danger that their Parliamentary party and the church one would engage in pernicious hostilities. But the Papists are concentrated in one point; they would return nearly the whole of the Irish members; they would choose none but men of their own persuasion, and furious fanatics, and their party and the church one could not fail of being engaged in a bitter war, touching, not merely abstract doctrines, but all the vital interests of the empire. Your clergy must, of necessity, become as fierce politicians as the Popish priests; you must of necessity elect no members save zealots for Protestantism; the parliamentary cry will be, Ireland against Britain—Catholicism against Protestantism; and you will have a Parliament that will be a plague, a pestilence, a public curse, but nothing else. None but madmen would ever dream of introducing religious strife into your House of Commons—of composing this house of religious fanatics—when the strife relates, not only to doctrines, but to your laws and constitution.

It is said, that if you place the Papists on a level with the Protestants, you will reconcile the two religions. Do they then differ in nothing save in regard to the disabilities? Would the removal of these disabilities make them one in respect of popular rights and

liberties, of laws and your general system, of everything, save abstract doctrines? If no man, however blind, simple, and profligate he may be, will say—Yes—what becomes of the argument? You have only to look at the opinions which Catholicism openly promulgates respecting Protestantism, and at the diametrically opposite political, as well as religious principles of the two religions, to be convinced that they must detest each other; and you cannot have to be told that the equalizing of power between two deadly enemies can only render their war more furious. A despotic government deprives the two religions of all means of open conflict, but it cannot stifle their mutual hatred; here there would be nothing to restrain them, and they would have all the emoluments and dignities of the empire to contend for.

If you give political power to the Popish religion, you of course add to its character, influence, and authority. You not only give it additional means for preventing its followers from being reached by other religious teachers, but you bind them more firmly to it; you give it new and mighty powers for making proselytes. You render its priests the most powerful political body in the empire, and enable them to dispense irresistible political bribes, at a time when many of your public men seem to rate all religions at the same value, seem to think it a matter of no consequence to what religion they belong, and seem to be willing to embrace any religion that may promise them aggrandisement.

Upon the whole, then, the following are some of the consequences which flow from that liberty which you permit the Popish priest to exercise in Ireland.

A vast portion of the people are more ignorant, immoral, and depraved, than any other people in Europe, and you cannot give them the instruction they need. The churches of the State are virtually shut up, and the clergy of the State are virtually prohibited from opening their lips; the people are prevented by espionage and punishments from entering the one, and hearing the other. The religious press is destroyed, the Scriptures and religious writings are suppressed, the circulation of religious opinions is prevented, and the religious liberty of the people is wholly annihilated. The

priest can represent anything to be religion that he pleases; therefore he teaches a religion which is at variance with the Scriptures, the laws, and the constitution, which plants the most pernicious superstition and fanaticism, which places public morals in the most deplorable condition, and which is merely meant to benefit himself and his church. No other religion can act upon this to purify it by opposition. The people are enslaved politically, as well as religiously; their personal interests are at the mercy of the priest; he gives them what opinions he pleases; he keeps all other opinions from them; he destroys public opinion, and prevents all instruction from reaching them, that may be calculated to injure his authority. The people cannot be qualified for discharging their political duties; they are prevented from following the proper guides in the discharge of these duties; the elective franchise is thrown into the hands of the Popish priesthood; and this priesthood is rendered a fanatical, and almost omnipotent political body. Six millions of the population are bound to one creed; they therefore form one body; they are organized into a corporation of the most finished construction; they are perfectly under the despotism of their priests; they follow any demagogues that these priests support; they destroy the equipoise in your government of balances; and yet you cannot give them a variety of creeds, and break them into a variety of bodies, in order to make the proper distribution of party weight, and bring your constitution and laws into proper operation. These six millions of the population hold opinions decidedly at variance with your constitution and liberties. If you admit them to an equality of power, you involve the State in ruin, and if you deny it, they are disaffected, turbulent, and almost ungovernable. You cannot render the union between Great Britain and Ireland real—the latter island forms a source of injury rather than benefit—your science, knowledge, and all your better opinions, feelings, and habits, are prevented from entering it—your constitution, laws, and liberty, cannot be made to work in it for good—and the sword, or the fear of the sword alone, enables you to keep it in peace, and retain it!

Could anything be imagined more

horrible than this? Our very blood runs cold in glancing at what we have

sketched, and yet we may truly say—
 “Look at the picture—deem it not o’er-charged,
 There is no trait that might not be enlarged.”

That this is produced by the Popish priesthood—that Ireland would present a perfectly different picture if this priesthood did not exist—may be proved, by comparing the North with the remainder of that ill-fated island.

This liberty of the Popish Priest is decidedly condemned by the Scriptures, the Constitution, the spirit of the laws, civil liberty, religious liberty, the public weal, common sense,—in a word, by every imaginable thing that ought to sit in judgment upon it.

Need we say what ought to be done? Bring down the liberty of this Priest to its proper point—equalise it with the liberty of your own Clergy—proportion it to the liberty of the rest of the community. This will enable your Clergy to discharge their duty, and it will give that religious liberty to the people which it is your imperious duty to give them. You cannot produce any conformity of *doctrines*, and you ought not to attempt it; but you can and ought to produce conformity in *discipline* so far as to prevent any other teachers from obtaining more direct authority over the people than your own Clergy. Is it not monstrous that a body unknown to the Constitution and laws should exist in these realms, to prevent the people, by terror and punishments, from entering the National Churches, becoming acquainted with the National religion, hearing the National Clergy, reading the Scriptures, sending their children to schools, and obtaining the instruction necessary to make them good men, and good subjects? Is it not monstrous that such a body should be permitted to issue proclamations to the people, commanding them to give up all their Bibles and religious tracts, and to enforce obedience by pains and penalties? Down, we say, with the detestable tyranny!—call all this no longer the worship of God and religious liberty—give freedom to your own Clergy and the people—until you do this, boast no more of your love for your Constitution, laws, rights, and liberties. You have interfered with the *discipline* of your own church again and again in defiance of the Clergy, you have in-

terfered with the Protestant dissenters,—why then is the discipline of Catholicism to be spared when it is so destructive to religion and the public weal?

It is not for us to say what the government may be disposed to do, or what it may be able to do: but we will say, that it is the sacred duty of the established Clergy of England and Ireland, to petition Parliament forthwith to restrain all other religious teachers from possessing means of controlling the people which are denied to them—and to render it highly penal for any man or body of men to prevent the people by threats and punishments from entering their Church, listening to their instructions, reading the Scriptures, &c. If they will not defend their own rights and liberties, who is to defend them? This will bring the question fully before the British Nation, and it will produce much benefit. It is the more necessary, because the Popish Priests are actually proselytizing in various parts of Great Britain, and no sooner do they make converts, than these are placed under that bondage where no other religion or religious teacher can reach them. Catholicism, in every part of Europe, is at this moment making offensive war on Protestantism—it is everywhere labouring with all its might to make proselytes—it is endeavouring to destroy old laws that tell against it, and to procure new ones of the most hateful description in its favour—it is putting forth all its old destructive principles—and it is in very high favour with nearly all the governments of Europe. We trust that our Clergy have marked this, and that they are aware that they stand at the head of Protestantism, that the battles of this religion must be fought here to be successful, and that if it fall here, it must fall in every other part of Europe.

We cannot conclude without saying a word to the higher portion of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. You call yourselves the friends and lovers of the British constitution,—why then do you hold opinions touching religious supremacy, &c. which this constitution expressly forbids, and which, if

generally entertained, would render it a tyranny? You call yourselves the friends and lovers of British liberty, civil and religious,—why then do you make yourselves the slaves of a priesthood, and deprive millions of your humble brethren of every vestige of such liberty, in spite of all that the constitution and laws can do to prevent you? You come to us in the double character of slaves and tyrants,—you are laden from head to foot with the chains of slavery; you grind millions of your countrymen to powder, by acting as the tools of your despots—and you beseech us to place in your hands our liberties! We shall not be so simple as to consent. Shake off your chains—give freedom to your bondsmen—harmonise your religion with our constitution, laws, rights, and liberties, and we will receive you as brothers,—we will make you our rulers. If you refuse, you shall remain as you are for ever. You shall worship God as you please, but you shall not rule us as you please. You may call the pretended miracles and other nauseous jugglery of your priests—the suppression of the Scriptures—the punishment of the people for entering our churches, and reading our books—the depriving the people of liberty of conscience, &c. &c. the worship of God, but you will not persuade us that it is so. If you really believe all this to be the worship of God, you are too silly; and if you believe the contrary, and still insist that it is so, you are too knavish, to be our governors. As to the doctrine of ab-

stract right, it has been again and again abandoned by your champions; it was, many years since, abandoned by Brougham himself, in the Edinburgh Review. Ireland has no right to fill the legislative and executive of Protestant Britain with Papists. Our constitution stands, from beginning to end, upon the principle of qualification, and if you are not qualified to hold public trusts, you have no right to hold them. We do not ask you to change what can be fairly called the DOCTRINES, but we ask you to change the DISCIPLINE, of your religion; and, in asking this, we only ask you to do what we have ourselves again and again done towards our own religion. The British Protestants wish you to possess all that you ought to possess—they wish you to enjoy all that themselves enjoy—they wish to make you their equals—but until you separate religion from politics, render to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, make your priests your religious teachers only, instead of your religious and political tyrants—give religious freedom to the millions who follow you—cease to war against Protestant freedom—break up the terrible tyranny which you have established in the land—and renounce those principles which are not less at variance with Christianity than with British rights and liberties—until you do all this, you must not expect to be the legislators and ministers of Great Britain.

THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. I.

It is now something more than eleven years ago since the —— regiment of infantry, in which I bore a commission, began to muster one fine May morning, on the parade ground at Hythe. An order had reached us two days before, to prepare for immediate service in the Peninsula; and on the morning to which I allude, we were to commence our march for that purpose. The port of embarkation was Dover, a port only twelve miles distant from our cantonments, where a couple of transports, with a gun brig as convoy, were waiting to receive us.

The short space of time which intervened between the arrival of the rout, and the eventful day which saw its directions carried into effect, was spent by myself, and by my brother officers, in making the best of preparations which circumstances would permit for a campaign. Sundry little pieces of furniture, by the help of which we had contrived to render our barrack-rooms somewhat habitable, were sold for one tenth part of their value; a selection was made from our respective wardrobes, of such articles of apparel, as, being in a state of tolerable preservation, promised to continue for the longest time serviceable; canteens were hastily fitted up, and stored with tea, sugar, and other luxuries; cloaks were purchased by those who possessed them not before, and put in a state of repair by those who did; in a word, everything was done which could be done by men similarly situated, not even forgetting the payment of debts, or the inditing of farewell letters in due form to absent friends and relations. Perhaps the reader may be curious to know with what stock of necessaries the generality of British officers were wont, in the stirring times of war, to be contented. I will tell him how much I myself packed up in two small portmanteaus, so formed as to be an equal balance to each other, when slung across the back of a mule; and as my kit was not remarkable, either for its bulk or its scantiness, he will not greatly err, if he esteem it a sort of medium for those of my comrades.

In one of those portmanteaus, then,
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I deposited a regimental jacket, with all its appendages of wings, lace, &c.; two pair of grey trowsers, sundry waistcoats, white-coloured flannel, do. a few changes of flannel drawers; half a dozen pairs of worsted stockings, and as many of cotton. In the other were placed six shirts, two or three cravats, a dressing-case competently filled, one undress pelisse, three pairs of boots, two pairs of shoes, with night-caps, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. &c. in proportion. Thus, whilst I was not encumbered by any useless quantity of apparel, I carried with me quite enough to load a mule, and to ensure myself against the danger of falling short, for at least a couple of years to come; and after providing these and all other necessary articles, I retained five-and-twenty pounds in my pocket. This sum, indeed, when converted into bullion, dwindled down to L.17, 18s.; for in those days we purchased dollars at the rate of six shillings a piece, and doubloons at five pounds; but even L.17, 18s. was no bad reserve for a subaltern officer in a marching regiment; at least I was contented with it, and that was enough.

It will readily be imagined that I was a great deal too busy, both in body and mind, to devote to sleep many of the hours of the night which preceded the day of our intended departure. My bodily labours, indeed, which had consisted chiefly in packing my baggage, and bidding adieu to the few civilians with whom I had formed an acquaintance, came to a close two hours before midnight; but my body was no sooner at rest, than my mind began to bestir itself. "So," said I, "to-morrow I commence my military career in real earnest. Well, and has not this been my most ardent desire from the first moment that I saw my name in the Gazette? Had it not been the most prominent petition in my daily prayers, for nearly a twelve-month past, not to be kept idling away my youth in the various country-towns of England, but to be sent, as speedily as possible, where I might have an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of the profession which I had embraced? The case is

even so." And without meaning to proclaim myself a fire-cater, I will venture to say, that no individual in the corps experienced greater satisfaction than I did at the prospect before me. But there were other thoughts which obtruded themselves upon me that night, and they savoured a good deal of the melancholy.

I thought of home—of my father, my mother, and my sisters. I thought of the glorious mountains, and the fertile plains, of my native country, and could not help asking myself the question, whether it was probable that I should ever behold them again. The chances were, that I should not; and as my home had always been to me a scene of the purest and most perfect happiness, as I loved my relatives tenderly, and knew that I was tenderly beloved by them in return, it was impossible for me not to experience a pang of extreme bitterness at the idea, that in all human probability I should see their faces no more.

On the other hand, curiosity, if I may call it by so feeble a term, was on full stretch respecting the future. Now at length I was about to learn what war really was; how hostile armies met, and battles were decided; and the resolutions which I consequently formed as to my own proceedings, the eagerness with which I longed for an opportunity to distinguish myself, and the restlessness of my imagination, which persisted in drawing the most ridiculous pictures of events which never were, and never could be realized, created altogether such a fever in my brain, as rendered abortive every attempt to sleep. I went to bed at ten o'clock, for the purpose of securing a good night's rest, and of being fresh and vigorous in the morning; but eleven, twelve, and one, found me tossing about, and wide awake; nor could I have lain in a state of unconsciousness much above an hour, when the sound of the bugle restored me to my senses.

At the first blast I sprang from my bed, and, drawing aside the curtain of my window, I looked out. The day was just beginning to break; the parade ground, into which I gazed, was as yet empty, only two or three figures, those of the trumpeters, who were puffing away with all their might, being discernible upon it; and not a sound could be distinguished, except

that which their puffing produced. The moon was shining brightly overhead—not a breath of air was astir—in short, it was just half past three o'clock, and the time of parade was four. I dropped the curtain again, and addressed myself to my toilette.

Having completed this, I waited for the second summons, when I walked forth. Were I to live a hundred years, I shall never forget that morning. Day had dawned, that is to say, the light of the moon was overpowered by the increasing brilliancy of the twilight; but a thick haze, rising from the low grounds, rendered objects even more indistinct and obscure than they had been half an hour before. When I opened my door, therefore, though a confused hum of voices, a clattering of canteens, the tread of footsteps, and occasionally the clash of arms, struck upon my ear, I could see nothing. This did not, however, last long. The rising sun gradually dispelled the fog, and in a few moments I beheld companies mustering in all forms. Mingling in the ranks, I could likewise distinguish the dress of females; and as the noise of assembling gradually subsided into the stillness of order, the half-suppressed shriek, or the half-stifled sob, became more and more audible.

There are not many scenes in human life more striking, or more harrowing to the feelings of him who regards it for the first time, than the departure of a regiment upon foreign service. By the customs of the army only six women for each company are allowed to follow their husbands, who are chosen by lot out of perhaps twenty or thirty. The casting of lots is usually deferred till, at least, the evening previous to the marching of the corps, probably with the humane design of leaving to each female, as long as it can be left, the enjoyment of that greatest of all earthly blessings, hope. The consequence then is, that, a full sense of her forlorn condition coming all at once upon the wretched creature who is to be abandoned, produces, in many instances, a violence of grief, the display of which, it is impossible to witness with any degree of indifference. Many were the agonizing scenes of the kind which it was my fortune this day to witness; but there was one so peculiarly distressing, so much more affecting in all its points, than the rest,

that I am tempted to give you, Mr North, a detail of it, even at the risk of being thought the writer of a romance. I recollect having read in that amusing work, "*The Hermit in the Country*," an anecdote very similar in many respects, to the one which I am now going to relate. You are not, however, to suppose, that the two stories bore a common origin, namely the imaginations of those by whom they are told. The worthy Hermit's tale probably rests upon no better foundation; but mine is a true story, and its truth will no doubt be attested by several of your readers: that is, supposing you to have any readers in the — regiment of foot.

About three months previous to the day of embarkation, a batch of recruits had joined the regiment from Scotland. Among them was a remarkably fine young Highlander; a native, if I recollect right, of Balquidder, called Duncan Stewart. Duncan was in all respects a good soldier; he was clean, sober, orderly, and well beloved; but he seemed to be of a singularly melancholy temper; never mixing in the sports and amusements of his comrades, nor even speaking except when he was obliged to speak. It so happened that the pay-serjeant of Duncan's company was likewise a Highlander; and Highlanders, being of all description of persons the most national, he very soon began to interest himself about the fate of the young recruit. At first Duncan shrunk back even from his advances, but it is not natural for the human heart, especially during the season of youth, to continue long indifferent to acts of kindness; so Duncan gradually permitted honest M^c-Intyre to insinuate himself into his good graces; and they became, before long, bosom friends.

When they had continued for some weeks on a footing of intimacy, Duncan did not scruple to make his friend the serjeant acquainted with the cause of his dejection. It was simply this:—

Duncan was the son of a Highland farmer, who, like many of his countrymen in that situation, cultivated barley for the purpose of making whisky; in plain language, was a determined smuggler. Not far from the abode of Stewart, dwelt an exciseman of the name of Young, who being extremely active in the discharge of his duty, had on various occasions made seizure

of his neighbours' kegs as they were on their march towards the low-countries. This was an offence which the Highlander of course could not forgive; and there accordingly subsisted between the smuggler and the gauger, a degree of antipathy far surpassing anything of which it is easy for us to form a conception. It must however be confessed, that the feeling of hatred was all on one side. Stewart hated Young for presuming to interfere with his honest calling; and despised him, because he had the misfortune to be born in the shire of Renfrew; whereas Young was disposed to behave civilly to his neighbour, on every occasion except when his whisky casks happened to come in the way.

Gauger Young had an only and a very pretty daughter, a girl of eighteen years of age, with whom, Duncan, as a matter of course, fell in love. The maiden returned his love, at which I am by no means surprised, for a handsomer or more manly-looking youth one would not desire to see; but, alas, old Stewart would not hear of their union; absolutely commanding his son, under penalty of his heaviest malediction, not to think of her again. The authority of parents over their children, even after they have grown up to the age of manhood, is in Scotland very great, and so Duncan would not dispute his father's will; and finding all entreaty to alter it useless, he determined to sacrifice inclination to duty, and to meet his pretty Mary no more.

In this resolution he adhered for several days, but, to use his own words, "gang where I would, and do what I liket, I aye saw her before me. I saw her once, to tell her what my father had said; indeed we were baith gay sure how it would be, before I spak to him ava; in troth the look she gae me, M^c-Intyre, I ne'er forgot it, and I never can forget it. It haunted me like a ghaist baith night and day."

The consequence of constantly beholding such a vision may easily be imagined. Duncan forgot his determination and his duty, and found himself one evening, he scarce knew how, once more walking with Mary by the loch side. This occurred again and again. The meetings were the more sweet because they were secret, and they ended—as such stolen meetings generally end—among persons of their station in life. Duncan was assured

f becoming a father, before he was a husband.

This, however, was not to be permitted; Duncan was too tenderly attached to Mary, to suffer disgrace to fall upon her, even though he should incur the threatened penalty of a father's curse by marrying; so he resolved, at all hazards, to make her his wife. The reader is no doubt aware, that marriages are much more easily contracted in Scotland, than on the south side of the Tweed. An exchange of lines, as it is called, that is to say, a mutual agreement to live as man and wife, drawn up and signed by a young man and a young woman, constitutes as indisputable a union in North Britain, as if the marriage ceremony had been read or uttered by a clergyman; and to this method of uniting their destinies Duncan and Mary had recourse. They addressed a letter, the one to the other, in which he acknowledged her to be his wife, and she acknowledged him to be her husband; and, having made an exchange of them, they became to all intents and purposes a married couple.

Having thus gone in direct opposition to the will of his father, Duncan was by no means easy in his own mind. He well knew the unforgiving temper of the man with whom he had to deal; he knew likewise that his disobedience could not be long kept a secret, and the nearer the period approached which would compel a disclosure, the more anxious and uncomfortable he became. At length the time arrived when he must either acknowledge his marriage, or leave Mary to infamy. It was the season of Doun fair, and Duncan was entrusted with the care of a drove of sheep which were to be disposed of at that market. Having bid farewell to his wife, he set out, still carrying his secret with him, but determined to disclose it by letter, as soon as he should reach Doun. His object in acting thus was, partly, to escape the first burst of his father's anger, and partly with the hope, that, having escaped it, he might be received at his return with forgiveness; but then the poor fellow had no opportunity of ascertaining the success of his scheme.

When he reached Doun, Duncan felt himself far too unhappy to attend to business. He accordingly entrusted the sale of his sheep to a neighbour; and sitting down in one of the public

houses, wrote that letter which had been the subject of his meditations ever since he left Balquidder. Having completed this, Duncan bravely determined to forget his sorrows for a while, for which purpose he swallowed a dose of whisky, and entered into conversation with the company about him, among whom were several soldiers, fine, merry, hearty fellows, who, with their corporal, were on the lookout for recruits. The leader of the party was a skilful man in his vocation; he admired the fine proportions of the youth before him, and determined to enlist him if he could. For this purpose more whisky was ordered,—funny histories were told by him and his companions—Duncan was plied with dram after dram, till at length he became completely inebriated, and the shilling was put into his hand. No time was given him to recover from his surprise; for, long ere the effects of intoxication had evaporated, Duncan was on his way to Edinburgh. Here he was instantly embarked with a number of young men similarly situated; and he actually reached head-quarters without having had an opportunity so much as to inform his relations of his fate.

The sequel of Duncan's story is soon told. Having obtained permission from the commanding officer, he wrote to Scotland for his wife, who joyfully hastened to join him. Her father did what he could, indeed, to prevent this step; not from any hatred towards his daughter, to whom he had behaved with great kindness in her distress, but because he knew how uncomfortable was the sort of life which she must lead as the wife of a private soldier; but Mary resisted every entreaty to remain apart from Duncan; she had been in a state of utter misery during the many weeks in which she was left in ignorance of his situation; and, now that she knew where he was to be found, nothing should hinder her from following him. Though far gone in a state of pregnancy, she set out instantly for the south of England; and having endured with patience, all inconveniences attendant upon her want of experience as a traveller, she succeeded in reaching Hythe, just one week previous to the embarkation of the regiment.

This ill-fated couple were hardly brought together when they were once

more doomed to part. Poor Mary's name came up among the names of those who should remain behind the regiment, and no language of mine can do justice to the scene which took place. I was not present when the women drew their tickets; but I was told by M'Intyre, that when Mary unrolled the slip of paper, and read upon it the fatal words, "To be left," she looked as if Heaven itself were incapable of adding one additional pang to her misery. Holding it with both hands, at the full stretch of her arms from her face, she gazed upon it for some minutes without speaking a word, though the natural succession of colour and deadly paleness upon her cheeks, told how severe was the struggle which was going on within; till at length, completely overpowered by her own sensations, she crushed it between her palms, and fell senseless into the arms of a female who stood near.

That night was spent by Duncan and his wife exactly as it was to be supposed that it would be spent. They did not so much as lie down; but the moments sped on in spite of their watchfulness,—and at last the bugle sounded. When I came upon the ground, I saw Duncan standing in his place, but Mary was not near him. The wives of the few soldiers who were left behind to form a depot, having kindly detained her in the barrack-room. But, just before the column began to move, she rushed forth; and the scream which she uttered, as she flew toward Duncan, was heard throughout the whole of the ranks.—"Duncan, Duncan," the poor thing cried, as she clung wildly round his neck: "Oh, Duncan, Duncan Stewart, ye're no gawn to leave me again, and me sae near being a mother! O, Sergeant M'Intyre, dinna tak' him awa'! if ye hae ony pity, dinna, dinna tak' him!—O, sir, ye'll let me gang wi' him?" she added, turning to one of the officers who stood by; "for the love of Heaven, if ye hae ony pity in ye, dinna separate us!"

Poor Duncan stood all this while in silence, leaning his forehead upon the muzzle of his firelock, and supporting his wretched wife upon his arm. He shed no tears—which is more than I can say for myself, or indeed for almost any private or officer upon the parade—his grief was evidently be-

yond them. "Ye may come as far as Dover, at least," he at length said, in a sort of murmur; and the poor creature absolutely shrieked with delight at the reprieve.

The band now struck up, and the column began to move, the men shouting, partly to drown the cries of the women, and partly to express their own willingness to meet the enemy. Mary walked by the side of her husband; but she looked more like a moving corpse than a living creature.—She was evidently suffering acutely, not only in mind but in body; indeed, we had not proceeded above three miles on our journey, before she was seized with the pains of labour. It would have been the height of barbarity to have hindered her unfortunate husband, under these circumstances, from halting to take care of her; so having received his promise to join the regiment again before dark, we permitted him to fall out of the ranks. Fortunately a cottage stood at no great distance from the road side, into which he and his friend M'Intyre removed her; and while there, I have reason to believe, she was received with great humanity, and treated with kindness; indeed, the inhabitants of the cottage must have been devoid of everything human except the form, had they treated a young woman so situated, otherwise than kindly.

A four hours' march brought the regiment in high spirits, and in good order, into Dover. As a matter of course, the inhabitants filled their windows, and thronged the streets, to witness the embarkation of a body of their countrymen, of whom it was more than probable that few would return; nor have I any cause to doubt the sincerity of the good wishes which they expressed, for our success and safety. It is only during the dull times of peace, or, which amounts to the same thing, when troops are lying idly in a garrison town, that feelings of mutual jealousy arise between the inhabitants and the soldiers.

As the men came in fresh, and, which by no means invariably follows, sober, little more than half an hour was spent in embarking. The transports, fortunately, lay along-side the pier; consequently, there was no need to employ boats for the removal of the troops and baggage; but boards being placed as bridges from the pier to

the deck, the companies filed easily and regularly into their respective ships. We were not, however, to sail till the following morning, the remainder of that day being allowed for laying in sea-stock ; and hence, as soon as they had seen the men comfortably housed, the officers adjourned to the various inns in the place.

Like my companions, I returned again to shore as soon as I had attended to the comforts of my division ; but my mind was too full of the image of poor Mary, to permit my entering with gusto into the various amusements of my friends. I preferred walking back in the direction of Hythe, with the hope of meeting M'Intyre, and ascertaining how the poor creature did: I walked, however, for some time, before any traveller made his appearance. At length, when the interest which I had felt in the fate of the young couple was beginning in some degree to moderate, and I was meditating a return to the inn, I saw two soldiers moving towards me. As they approached, I readily discovered that they were Duncan and his friend ; so I waited for them. "Duncan Stewart," said I, "how is your wife?"—

The poor fellow did not answer, but, touching his cap, passed on. "How is his wife, M'Intyre?" said I to the serjeant, who stood still. The honest Scotchman burst into tears ; and as soon as he could command himself, he laconically answered, "She is at rest, sir." From this I guessed that she was dead ; and on more minute inquiry, I learned it was even so ;—she died a few minutes after they removed her into the cottage, without having brought her child into the world. An attempt was made to save the infant, by performing the Cæsarcan operation, but without effect ; it hardly breathed at all.

Though the officer who commanded the depot was sent for, and offered to take the responsibility upon himself, if Duncan wished to remain behind for the purpose of burying his wife, the poor fellow would not avail himself of the offer. All that he desired was a solemn assurance from the officer that he would see his dear Mary decently interred ; and as soon as the promise was given, the young widower hastened to join his regiment. He scarcely spoke after ; and he was one of the first who fell after the regiment landed in Spain.

CHAP. II.

I HAVE seldom witnessed a more beautiful summer's day than that on which our ships cast loose from their moorings, and put to sea. It was past noon before the tide arose, consequently the whole town of Dover was afoot to watch our departure. Crowds of well-dressed people stood upon the pier, bidding us farewell with hearty cheers, and waving of their hats and handkerchiefs—salutes which we cordially answered, by shouting and waving ours in return. But the wind was fair, and the tide in our favour. Objects on shore became gradually more and more indistinct ; the shouts grew fainter and fainter, and at length were heard no more. All the sail was set which our frail masts were capable of carrying ; and long before dark, nothing could be distinguished of Dover, or its magnificent cliffs, except a faint and vapouring outline.

The favourable breeze which carried us so rapidly beyond the straits of Dover, did not, however, last long. We had just caught sight of the low-lying point of Dungeness, when it

suddenly chopped round, and blew a perfect hurricane in our teeth. It was, indeed, with the utmost difficulty that we succeeded in getting so near the head-land, as to obtain some shelter from the rolling sea which came up Channel ; and here we had the misery to remain, consuming our sea stock for no purpose, and growling over the incoustantcy of the windy element for a space of time considerably exceeding a week. I have spent many disagreeable weeks—that is, many weeks which might have been more profitably and more pleasantly spent ; but one more utterly insipid than this—more galling to the spirits, or more trying to the temper, I cannot recollect. Even now, at the distance of eleven long years, I remember it, and the very name of Dungeness, as an abomination in mine ears.

At length the gale moderated, and we once more put to sea ; but only to be driven hither and thither by the most provokingly adverse weather to which men thirsting for military glory were ever exposed. Hastings, East-

bourne, Brighton, Worthing, all made their appearance in succession, and all remained so long in sight that we cordially wished them engulfed in the ocean. At the same tedious rate we moved onwards till Plymouth harbour lay before us; into which we were necessitated to put, for the purpose of renewing our fresh provisions and water.

In this place nearly another precious week was wasted; consequently July was far advanced ere we could be said to have commenced our voyage in earnest, nor was it till the 13th day of August, 1813, that the bold outline of the Spanish coast became discernible. In crossing the Bay of Biscay we had been baffled by continual calms, and tossed about by the swell which always prevails there; our sails were, for the most part, perfectly useless, flapping indolently upon the masts; and though we did our best to keep up a good heart, we were all, both officers and men, beginning to wish ourselves anywhere rather than cooped up in a transport, when a cry of land, from the mast-head, attracted our attention.

We had kept our direct course so well, notwithstanding the frequent calms and adverse breezes to which we had been exposed, that the only coast we made, after losing sight of the Scilly Isles, was that of Biscay. The province of Biscay is in general rugged and mountainous, the Pyrenees extending, in some places, to the water's edge—and hence the voyager who beholds that coast for the first time is apt to imagine himself near the conclusion of his voyage long before the situation of the vessel authorises him so to do. Such was precisely the case with us on the present occasion. Turning our eyes in the direction to which the lookout seaman pointed, and beholding a line of coast so bold, as that almost all its features were clearly distinguishable, we fondly flattered ourselves that this evening, or the next morning at latest, would see us on shore; but hour after hour passed by without bringing us in any sensible degree nearer to the object of our gaze. The wind, too, which had hitherto blown against us, was now in our favour; yet day-light departed, and we could not so much as tell whether we had gained upon the land, or otherwise. Next morning, when I ascended the deck, I was delighted to perceive that we were not

more than three or four miles from shore, and that we were moving steadily along at the rate of five miles and a half in the hour. Soon after, a merchant vessel hailed us, by which we were informed of the issue of the battles of the Pyrenees, and of the investiture of St Sebastian's; and I had the farther gratification of beholding the gun-brig, under whose convoy we sailed, make prize of a tight-built American privateer schooner; but I could see nothing as yet of the harbour of Passages, towards which we were bound, and this day, accordingly, passed on as the other had done, under the galling pressure of hope deferred.

On the 17th of August, the first decisive indication of our approach to the seat of war was discovered, in the sound of a heavy cannonade, heard at first indistinctly, but becoming every hour more and more audible. This, we had little doubt, proceeded from the town of St Sebastian's, and from the batteries of its besiegers; but it was in vain that we turned our glasses in the direction of the sound, with the hope of ascertaining whether or not our supposition was correct. Though we strained our eyes with the utmost anxiety as long as day-light lasted, nothing could be descried which we desired to behold, and we were once more compelled to contemplate with resignation the prospect of spending another night in the extreme confinement of a cabin. The dawn of the following day, however, excited new and livelier feelings within us, when we found ourselves within a few hours sail of the landing-place, in a situation perhaps as interesting as can well be imagined to the mind of a soldier.

On ascending the deck of our ship at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 18th, I perceived that we were lying, under the influence of a dead calm, within range of the guns of the Castle of St Sebastian's, and at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, or two miles, from shore. This fortress is built upon the summit of a perpendicular rock, of the height of perhaps two or three hundred feet, the foot of which is washed on three sides by the sea, and when viewed, as we then viewed it, from the water, presents as formidable an appearance as any fortified place need to present. Its works, owing to the great height, are placed completely beyond the reach of mo-

lestation from a hostile squadron; whilst powerful batteries, rising tier above tier, wherever any platform in the rock has permitted them to be erected, threaten with inevitable destruction any vessel which may rashly venture within reach of their fire.

On the right of the castle is a small bay, which forms an extremely commodious harbour, and which is sheltered from the weather by a little island or mole, so placed, as that only one ship at a time can pass between it and the fort; whilst on the left, again, the river Gurumea, passing close under the walls of the town, joins the sea at the base of the castle rock. At a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, or two miles, several high hills enclose the place on every side, between which and the ramparts the country is flat, and the soil sandy and unfruitful.

The reader has not, I dare say, forgotten, that after the battle of Vittoria, Sir Thomas Graham, at the head of the 5th division of the British army, achieved a succession of petty victories over detached bodies of the enemy, and finally sat down before the town of St Sebastian's. On the 17th of July, the convent of St Bertholome, which is built upon one of the heights just alluded to, and which the French had fortified with great diligence and care, was taken by assault, and on the same night the ground for the trenches was broken. As the troops worked for their lives, blue lights being thrown out from the city, and a smart fire kept up upon them all the while, they laboured with such assiduity, as to effect a pretty secure cover for themselves before morning, and the sandy soil of the place being highly favourable to such operations, the first parallel was drawn within a moderate space of time. The trenches, indeed, were completed, and breaching batteries erected by the 21st, on the morning of which day upwards of forty pieces of ordnance opened their fire upon the place; and so incessant and so effectual was their practice, that, on the evening of the 24th a breach was effected.

As the breach seemed practicable, and as Sir Thomas was aware that the advance of the whole army was delayed only till this important place should fall, he determined to lose no time in bringing matters to the is-

sue of a storm, and orders were accordingly given that the troops should form in the trenches after dark, and be ready to commence the assault as soon as the state of the tide would permit the river to be forded. This occurred about two o'clock in the morning of the 25th, when the storming party advanced with great gallantry to the attack; but whether it was that the breach was not sufficiently assailable, or that some panic seized the leading divisions, the attack entirely failed. A sudden cry of "Retreat, retreat!" arose just as the first company had gained the summit of the rampart; it spread with extraordinary rapidity through the column, and some houses, which were close to the wall of the town, taking fire at the instant, all became confusion and dismay. Those who were already on the breach, turned round, and rushed against those who were ascending; of these many missed their footing, and fell; and the enemy, keeping up a tremendous fire of grape, musketry, and grenades all the while, the whole column speedily lost its order and tractability. A retreat, or rather a flight, accordingly began in real earnest; and happy was he who first made his way once more across the Gurumea, and found himself sheltered from destruction by the trenches. The loss in this affair amounted on our part to nearly a thousand men, of whom many, who had been only wounded, and had fallen within high-water mark, were carried off by the returning tide, and drowned.

From the period of this failure till some days after our arrival in the country, no farther attempts were made upon St Sebastian's, and the besieged were consequently enabled to repair, in a great degree, the devastation which had been committed upon their fortifications. The causes of this inactivity on the part of the besiegers were, first, the want of ammunition, of which a supply had been long expected from England, but which adverse winds had detained; and, secondly, sundry demonstrations on the part of the French army, of renewing offensive operations, and raising the siege. Whilst these were making, it was deemed unwise to land any fresh stores; indeed, most of those already landed, were removed, and hence, when we passed under the

walls of the fort, the tri-coloured flag was displayed upon their battlements.

On the high grounds which begirt the town, the white tents of the besiegers were, however, discernible, and to the left the Portuguese standard was unfurled. But all was quietness there. The trenches were empty, except of the ordinary guards; the batteries were unprovided with artillery, and some even in ruins; the only mark of hostility, indeed, which was exhibited on either side, came from the town, from which, ever and anon, a single shot was fired, as the allied pickets or sentinels relieved one another, or a group of officers, more curious than wise, exposed themselves unnecessarily to observation. Nevertheless, the whole formed a spectacle in the highest degree interesting and grand, especially to my eyes, to whom such spectacles were new.

I was gazing with much earnestness upon the scene before me, when a shot from the castle drew my attention to ourselves, and I found that the enemy were determined not to lose the opportunity which the calm afforded, of doing as much damage as possible to the ships which lay nearest to them. The ball passed over our deck, and fell harmless into the water. The next, however, struck only a few feet from our bow, and the third would have been perhaps still better directed, had not a light breeze fortunately sprung up, and carried us on our own course. By the help of it we contrived in a few minutes to get beyond range; and the enemy, perceiving his balls falling short, soon ceased to waste them.

By this time we had approached within a short distance of Passages; and at eight o'clock that wished-for harbour came in view. Perhaps there are few ports in the world more striking in every respect than that of Passages. As you draw near to it, you run along a bold rocky shore, in which no opening appears to exist, nor is it till he has reached the very mouth of the creek, that a stranger is inclined to suspect that a harbour is there. The creek itself cannot be more than fifty yards wide; it runs directly up between overhanging cliffs, and presents altogether the appearance rather of an artificial cut, than of a cut of nature's forming. From the bare faces of these cliffs different kinds of dwarf trees and

shrubs grow out in rich luxuriance, whilst their summits are crowned with groves of lime and cork trees.

Passing through the creek, we arrived in a spacious basin or harbour, on the left of which is built the little town of Passages. Here the scene became highly picturesque and beautiful. The houses, though none of the whitest or most clean in external appearance, were striking from the peculiarity of their structure; having balconies projecting from the upper stories, and wooden stair-cases which lead to them from without. The absence of glass, too, from most of the windows, which were furnished only with wooden lattices, powerfully impressed upon my mind, that I was no longer in happy England. Nor did the general dress and appearance of both men and women fail to interest one, who beheld them now for the first time. The men, with their broad hats, swarthy visages, mustachoeed lips, red, blue or yellow sleeved waistcoats; their brown breeches, stockings, and shoes with coloured ties; their scarlet sashes tied round the waist, and brown jacket slung over one shoulder, formed a remarkable contrast with the smock-frocked peasantry whom I had left behind. With the dress of the women, again, I was not so much struck, because I had seen dresses not dissimilar in Scotland. They wear, for the most part, brown or scarlet petticoats, with a handkerchief tied round the neck and bosom, so as to form a sort of stomacher. Their waists are long, and the head and feet bare; their hair being permitted sometimes to hang over their back in ringlets; whilst sometimes it is gathered up into a knot. But the expressive countenances of these females, their fine dark laughing eye, their white teeth, and brunette complexion, are extremely pleasing.

To complete the picture, the background behind Passages is on all hands beautifully romantic. Hills rise, one above another, to a very considerable height, all of them covered with rich herbage, and the most ample foliage; whilst far away in the distance are seen the tops of those stupendous mountains which form a barrier, and no imaginary barrier, between France and Spain.

Though we entered the harbour as early as nine o'clock in the morning,

and were ready for disembarkation in ten minutes after, that event, so ardently desired and so long deferred, occurred not till a late hour in the evening. Soldiers are, as every person knows, mere machines; they cannot think for themselves or act for themselves in any point of duty; and as no orders had been left here respecting us, no movement could be made, till intelligence had been sent to the General commanding the nearest division, of our arrival. This having been effected, we were forthwith commanded to come on shore; and all the boats in the harbour, as well those belonging to the vessels lying there, as to the native fishermen, were put in requisition to transport us. In spite of every exertion, however, darkness had set in ere the last division reached the land; and hence we were unable to do more than march to a little wooded eminence about a couple of miles from the town, where we bivouacked.

This was the first night of my life which I had ever spent in so warlike a fashion; and I perfectly recollect, to this hour, the impression which it made upon me. It was one of the most exquisite delight. The season chanced to be uncommonly mild; not a breath of air was stirring; everything around me smelt sweet and refreshing after a long imprisonment on board of ship; above all, I felt that soldiering was no longer an amusement. Not that there was any peril attending our situation, for we were at least ten miles from the garrison of St Sebastian's, and perhaps twenty from the army of Marshal Soult; but the very circumstance of being called upon to sleep under the canopy of heaven, the wrapping myself up in my cloak, with my sabre hanging on the branch of a tree over my head, and my dog couching down at my heels,—these things alone were sufficient to assure me, that my military career had actually begun.

When I looked around me again, I saw arms piled up, and glittering in the light of twenty fires, which were speedily kindled, and cast a bright glare through the overhanging foliage. I saw men, enveloped in their great-coats, stretched or sitting around these fires in wild groups; I heard their merry chat, their hearty and careless laughter now and then a song or a catch

chaunted by one or two,—all these things, I recollect, were delightfully exciting. I leant my head against a tree, and putting my pipe in my mouth, I puffed away in a state of feeling, which any monarch might envy, and which, in truth, I have never experienced since.

When regiments are employed upon actual service, everything like a general mess is laid aside. The officers then divide themselves into small coteries of two, three or four, according as they happen to form mutual friendships, or find the arrangement attended with convenience. I was fortunate enough to have contracted an intimacy with one of my comrades, whose memory I have never ceased to cherish with the fondest affection, and whose good qualities deserve that his memory should be cherished with affection, as long as the power of thinking and reflecting remains by me. He is now at peace, and lies beside two others of his companions in arms, at the bottom of a garden. But let that pass for the present. My friend was an old campaigner. He had served during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and was therefore perfectly acquainted with the course which soldiers ought to pursue, if they desire to keep their health, and to do their duty effectually. At his suggestion I had brought with me a fowling-piece; he too brought his; between us we mustered a couple of greyhounds, a pointer and a spaniel; and we were indifferently furnished with fishing rods, and tackle. By the help of these we calculated on being able, at times, to add something to the fare allowed us in the way of rations; and the event proved that our calculations had not been formed upon mistaken grounds.

With him I spent the greater part of this night in chatting, sometimes of days gone by, and sometimes of the probabilities of the future. Though several years older than myself, Graham had lost none of the enthusiasm of the boy, and he was a perfect enthusiast in his profession. He described to me other scenes in which he had taken part, other bivouacks in which he had shared; and effectually hindered me from losing any portion of that military excitement with which I first sat down. But, at length, our eyelids began to grow heavy in spite of all the whispers of romance, and

every one around us was fast asleep. We accordingly trimmed our fire to keep it burning till after daybreak; and, having drank our allowance of grog to the health of our friends and

relations at home, we wrapped our cloaks about us, and lay down. In ten minutes I was in the land of forgetfulness.

CHAP. III.

DAY had fully dawned, when the general stir of the troops around me put an end to my repose. I opened my eyes, and remained for half a minute perfectly at a loss to conceive where I was, so new and so splendid was the prospect which met them. We had bivouacked upon a well-wooded eminence, standing, as it were, in the very centre of an amphitheatre of mountains. Behind us lay the beautiful little Bay of Passages, tranquil and almost motionless, under the influence of a calm morning, though rendered more than usually gay by the ships and boats which covered its surface. In front, and to the right and left, rose, at some little distance off, hill above hill, not rugged and barren, like those among which we afterwards took up our abode, but shaggy, with the richest and most luxuriant groves of plane, birch, and mountain-ash. Immediately beneath was a small glen, covered partly with the stubble of last year's barley, and still loaded with an abundant crop of unrcaped Indian corn; whilst a little to the rear from the spot where I had slept, stood a neat farm-house, having its walls hidden by the spreading branches of vines, and studded with clusters of grapes approaching rapidly to perfection. In a word, it was a scene to which the pencil might perhaps do justice, but which defies all the powers of language adequately to describe.

I arose in the same enthusiastic tone of mind with which I had gone to sleep, and assigned myself willingly to the task of erecting huts for our own accommodation and that of the men, no tents having, as yet, been issued out to us. This was speedily effected; large bow-stakes were fitted and driven into the earth, between which were twisted thinner and more leafy branches, by way of walls, and these being covered with twigs so closely wedged as to prove impervious to any passing shower, formed a species of domicile not perhaps very commodi-

ous, but extremely habitable. Such was our occupation during the hours of light, and at night the corps lay down comfortably sheltered against dews and damps.

The following day was spent chiefly in purchasing horses and mules, which were brought in great abundance by the country people to the camp. For these, we of course paid considerably more than their full value; but it was essentially necessary to procure them without delay, as we were in hourly expectation of a move. Nearly a week elapsed, however, and we still remained in the same situation; nor was it till the evening of the 27th that the long-expected route arrived.

In the meanwhile, I had not been idle, nor had I confined myself with any strictness within the bounds of the camp. Much of my time was spent in seeking for game of various kinds among the stupendous cliffs around, a quest in which I was not always unsuccessful. On other occasions, I mounted my newly-purchased horse, and rode about to different points which promised to afford the most extensive prospect of the glorious scenery of the Lower Pyrenees; nor was the camp before St Sebastian's neglected; to it I paid repeated visits, and perhaps I cannot do better, in this stage of my narrative, than give some account of the state in which I found it.

In a former Chapter I stated that St Sebastian's occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on a third by the River Guronca. This stream, though insufficient in respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place. But the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications, than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river to the bay, is erected a chain of

stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well-sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and seems to hold the town, and everything in it, entirely at its mercy.

The scenery around St Sebastian's is, in the highest degree, interesting and fine. As has been already mentioned, the ground, beginning to rise on all sides about a mile and a half from the glacis, is soon broken into hill and valley, mountain and ravine. Numerous orchards are, moreover, planted upon the lowest of these heights, with here and there a vineyard, a chateau, and a farm-house; whilst far off, in the back-ground, one sees the rugged tops of the Quatracrone, and the other gigantic mountains which overhang the Bidaossa, and divide Spain from France.

The tents of the besiegers were placed upon the lower range of hills, about two miles and a half distant from the town. Of course, they were so pitched as that they should be, as far as possible, hidden from the enemy, and for this purpose the uneven nature of the country happily sufficed. They stood, for the most part, among the orchards just alluded to, and in the valleys and ravines with which the place abounded. Leading from them to the first parallel, were cut various covered ways, that is, roads sunk in the ground so far as that troops might march along without exposing themselves to the fire of the enemy; and the parallel itself was drawn almost upon the brow of the ridge. Here, or rather in the ruined Convent of St Bartholome, was established the principal magazine of powder, shot, working-tools, and other necessities for the siege, and here, as a matter of course, the reserve, or main body of the piquet-guard, was stationed.

The first parallel extended some way beyond the town, on both sides, and was connected with the second, as that again was with the third, by other covered ways, cut in an oblique direction towards the enemy's works, but no sap had been attempted. The third parallel, therefore, completed the works of the besiegers, and it was carried within a few hundred yards of the foot of the rampart. In each of

these batteries were built, as well as on the brows of all the surrounding heights, but as yet they were masked by slight screens of sand and turf, though the guns were placed once more in many of them, and the rest were rapidly filling.

There is no species of duty in which a soldier is liable to be employed so galling, or so disagreeable, as a siege; not that it is deficient in causes of excitement, which, on the contrary, are in hourly operation; but it ties him so completely down to one spot, and breaks in so repeatedly upon his hours of rest, and exposes him so constantly to danger, and that too at times and in places where no honour is to be gained, that we cannot greatly wonder at the feelings of absolute hatred which generally prevail, among the privates, at least of a besieging army, against the garrison which does its duty to its country, by holding out to the last extremity. On the present occasion, I found much of that tone of mind among the various brigades which lay before St Sebastian's. They could not forgive the French garrison, which had now kept them during six weeks at bay, and they burned with anxiety to wipe off the disgrace of a former repulse; there was, therefore, little mention made of *quarter*, whenever the approaching assault chanced to be alluded to.

The governor of St Sebastian's was evidently a man of great energy of mind, and of very considerable military talent. Everything which could be done to retard the progress of the siege, he had attempted; the breach which had been effected previous to the first assault, was now almost entirely filled up, whilst many new works were erected, and what was not, perhaps, in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare—they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows labouring at their task in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labour on, without a single gun being turned against them. Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—night after night, petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design than to disturb the repose, and to harass the spirits, of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance farther than the first pa-

rallel, and it was uniformly beaten back by the piquets and reserve.

During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of artillery, some of them sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen-pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different calibre prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bid fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins.

These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbour, and in some degree enfiladed the trenches. For this service a detachment, consisting of an hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who, filing from the camp soon after night-fall, embarked in the boats of the cruisers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer, and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes, the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison, surrendered, or rather were taken possession of by the assailants.

So trifling, indeed, was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th, accordingly, passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned, affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after daybreak, a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo, indeed, was one of the finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillerymen, lay-

ing their guns by such observations as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges, nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid, indeed, were the gunners in their movements, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning till night, during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th, that by sun-set on the latter day, not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated condition, but a new, and a far more promising breach was effected.

In the meantime, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavours to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns. They had, indeed, exercised their artillery with so much good will, that most of the cannon found in the place, after its capture, were unserviceable; being melted at the touch-holes, or otherwise damaged from too frequent use. But they fought, on the present occasion, under every imaginable disadvantage; for, not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more and more intermitted, till, long before mid-day, on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

I have said, that, by sun-set on the 29th, the outer breach was reduced to its former dilapidated state, and a new and a more promising one effected. It will be necessary to describe, with greater accuracy than I have yet done, the situation and actual state of these breaches.

The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river. Here there was no ditch, nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless, and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet

above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shots of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who have never beheld it. It seemed, indeed, as if it were formed of one solid rock, and hence, the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without, appeared at once capacious and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all. The rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments, such as might afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column, almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's-throw apart, the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to carry the place by assault.

That this attempt would be made, and that it certainly would be made on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon; and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack, and the question, therefore, was, who by the morrow's noon would be alive, and who would not. Whilst this surmise very naturally occupied the minds of the troops in general, a few more daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these was Major Snodgrass, an officer belonging to the 82d British regiment, but who commanded on the present occasion, a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, only one ford, and that at some little distance from both breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream, as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, and from a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea, that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those who should cross by it at once to the foot of the smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first

quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 29th to a personal trial of the river; and he found it, as he expected to find it, fordable at low water, immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above his waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels I know not; but that he did elude them, and that he performed the gallant act which I have just recorded, is familiarly known to all who were at the siege of St Sebastian's.

So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills, before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual, under arms—and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c. behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at day-break on the 30th of August, and these orders, all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lower-

ing and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle besides, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention.

The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine, who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something, not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, prying with deep attention into our arrangements.

Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Flet-

cher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, cannister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choaked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the land-

ing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannons and the rattle of musketry; our front-ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach; where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies; for this was not the case. There was an high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men

stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder, placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned, anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprung over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain, that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St Sebastian's, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day, little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses, being lofty like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to

extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered, was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

The spectacle which then presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations; which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

Of these various noises, the greater number now began to subside, as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army,—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.

CHAP. IV.

IN order not to interrupt the connection of my narrative, I have detailed, in the preceding chapter, the events attendant upon the assault and capture of St Sebastian's, instead of drawing the reader's attention to the movements of the particular corps to which I chanced to be attached. These, however, are soon related. On the evening of the 26th, an order arrived, by which we were directed to march on the following morning, and to join that division of the army which occupied the pass of Irun. This order was promptly obeyed; and, after an agreeable journey of four hours, we took up our abode in a barren valley, surrounded on every side by steep and rugged mountains; where we found huts already erected for our accommodation.

We remained here in a state of quiet till the morning of the 30th, when, at three o'clock, an aide-camp arrived in the camp, with directions for us instantly to retrace our steps, and to join the army before St Sebastian's. We were perfectly aware that the town was to be stormed on the following day, and, of course, were not reluctant to obey a command, which led us to the assistance of our comrades. The ranks were immediately formed, and by seven o'clock we had reached our ground.

It was the design of Sir Thomas Graham to embark a body of troops in the boats of the fleet, who should assault the castle at the moment when the main body moved from the trenches. The corps to which I belonged was selected for this purpose. But, on reconnoitering the face of the cliff, it was at once perceived, that, to make any attempt of the kind, would only devote to certain destruction the luckless detachment which should be so employed. This part of the plan was accordingly abandoned, and a few boats only being manned, for the purpose of making a feint, and for, if possible, causing a diversion, the remainder, with the exception of such as were chosen to accompany the storming party, returned, by the morrow's dawn, to the front.

I have already stated, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, and that just as the besiegers had begun to fill the trenches, a storm

burst forth. This went on increasing every minute; so that, at the moment when our leading files emerged from their cover, one of the most fearful thunder storms to which I ever listened had attained its height. Nor was this the only circumstance which added to the terrors of that eventful day. Marshal Soult, aware of the importance of St Sebastian's, and full of that confidence which a late appointment to command generally bestows, made, on the 31st, a desperate effort to raise the siege. At the head of a column of fifteen thousand infantry, he crossed the Bidaossa near Irun, and attacked, with great spirit, the heights of St Marcial. These were defended only by Spanish troops, which gave way almost immediately, and were driven to the tops of the hills; but here, being joined by one or two brigades of British soldiers, they rallied, and maintained their ground with considerable resolution. By this means, it so happened, that whilst one division of the army was hotly engaged in the assault of St Sebastian's, the divisions in front were in desperate strife with the troops of Marshal Soult, whilst the heavens thundered in an awful manner, and the rain fell in torrents. In one word, it was a day never to be forgotten by those who witnessed its occurrence; it was a day which I, at least, shall never forget.

It is impossible to describe, with any degree of fidelity, the appearance which St Sebastian's presented, when the dawn of the 1st of September rendered objects visible. The streets, which had lately been covered with the living as well as the dead, were now left to the occupation of the latter; and these were so numerous, that it puzzled the beholder to guess where so many sleeping men could have found room to lie. The troops, however, returned not, with the return of light, to their accustomed state of discipline. Their strength being recruited by sleep, and their senses restored, they applied themselves, with greater diligence than ever, to the business of plunder. Of the houses, few now remained, except in a state of ruin; but even the ruins were explored with the most rapacious eagerness, not so much for jewels and other valuables,

as for wine and spirits. Unfortunately, many cellars were this day discovered, which, in the hurry and confusion of last night, had escaped detection, and the consequence was, that, in the space of a very few hours, intoxication prevailed throughout the army. Then, too, such buildings as had escaped the flames of yesterday, were wantonly set on fire; and every species of enormity, which circumstances could admit of, was perpetrated.

Of St Sebastian's, and the proceedings within it; I can say no more from personal observation, my post being now with the advance of the army; but I may as well add, that the castle still held out, and continued to hold out, till the 3d of September. It was, however, as we afterwards discovered, wholly unprovided with shelter against the shells which were unintermittingly thrown into it; and hence, after suffering every possible misery during three whole days, the governor was at last obliged to surrender. About nine hundred men, the remains of a garrison of four thousand, became, by this measure, prisoners of war; and such British prisoners as had escaped the horror of the siege, were recaptured; but the place itself was utterly valueless, being in a state of the most complete dilapidation.

The whole of the 1st of September was spent under arms, and in a state of deep anxiety, by the troops which occupied the pass of Irun, inasmuch as various movements in the French lines appeared to indicate a renewal of hostilities. Many bullock-cars, loaded with wounded Spaniards, passed, in the meanwhile, through our encampment; and the groans and shrieks of these poor fellows, as the jolting of their uneasy vehicles shook their wounds open afresh, by no means tended to elevate the spirits or add to the courage of those who heard them. Not that there was any reluctance on our part to engage. I believe a reluctance to fight was never felt by Britons, when the enemy were in sight. But a view of the real effects of war, contemplated in a moment of coolness and inaction, seldom has the effect of adding fuel to the valorous fire which is supposed, at all moments, to burn in the breast of a soldier. And, in truth, this was a piteous sight.

Of all the classes of men with

whom I ever had intercourse, the Spanish surgeons are, I think, the most ignorant and the most prejudiced. Among the many amputations which, during the war, they were called upon to perform, about one-half, or more than half, proved fatal. Their mode of dressing other wounds was, moreover, at once clumsy and inefficient; and hence the mangled wretches who passed us this morning, were not only suffering acutely, from the natural effect of their hurts, but were put to more than ordinary torture, on account of the clumsy and rude manner in which their hurts had been looked to.

Though I have no intention of writing a regular memoir of the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, it is necessary, for the purpose of rendering my journal intelligible, to give, in this stage of it, some account of the relative situations of the British and French armies.

The two kingdoms of France and Spain are divided, towards the shores of the Bay of Biscay, by the river Bidaossa; an inconsiderable stream, which, rising about the centre of the Peninsula, follows the winding course of one of those many valleys with which the Pyrenees abound, and falls into the sea near the ancient town of Font-Aravia. The Bidaossa is perfectly fordable in almost all places, at the distance of ten miles from its mouth; whilst immediately opposite to Font-Aravia itself, there is one part, where, at low tide, a passage may be effected, the water reaching only to the chest of him who crosses. About two or three miles from Irun, which is distant something less than a league from Font-Aravia, is another ford, across which a bridge had been built, but which, at the period of my narrative, was in ruins; consequently there were two separate fords, leading to the pass of Irun, by both or either of which an army might advance with safety.

On either side of this little stream, the mountains, except at the passes of Irun, Roncesvalles, &c. rise so abruptly, as to form an almost impassable barrier between the one kingdom and the other. The scenery of the Bidaossa is, in consequence, romantic and striking in no ordinary degree; for not only are the faces of the hills steep and rugged, but they are clothed, here and there, with the most luxu-

riant herbage ; whilst frequent streams pour down from the summits, forming, especially after rain, cascades exceedingly picturesque, and in some instances almost sublime. The river itself is clear, and rapid in its course ; winding, as all mountain streams wind, where rocks ever and anon interpose to impede its progress ; and it is not deficient in excellent trout, as I and my friend Graham found, to our frequent comfort and amusement.

At the period of which I am now speaking, the armies of Lord Wellington and Marshal Soult occupied the opposite banks of this little stream. Our piquets were stationed on the rise of the Spanish hills ; those of the French on the faces of their own mountains ; whilst the advanced sentinels were divided only by the river, which measured in many places not more than thirty yards across. But the French, whatever their faults may be, are a noble enemy. The most perfect understanding, consequently, prevailed between them and us, by which, not only the sentries were free from danger, but the piquets themselves were safe from wanton surprise ; no attack upon an outpost being under any other circumstances thought of, unless it was meant to be followed up by a general engagement.

For myself, my situation was, as I have already stated, in a bleak valley, distant nearly three miles from the river, and surrounded on every side by bold and barren precipices. In such a place, there was little either to interest or amuse, for of the French army we could see nothing ; and of game, in quest of which I regularly proceeded, there was a woful scarcity. There, however, we remained, till the morning of the 5th, without any event occurring worthy of notice, unless a fortunate purchase of two excellent milch goats, which I effected, from a Spanish peasant, be deemed such. But in that day our position was changed ; and the glorious scenery to which the march introduced us, far more than compensated for the fatigues occasioned by it.

It is by no means the least pleasing circumstance in the life of a soldier upon active service, that he never knows, when he awakes in the morning, where he is to sleep at night. Once set in motion, and, like any other machine, he moves, till the power which

regulates his movements calls a halt ; and wherever that halt may occur, there, for the present, is his home. Such a man has not upon his mind the shadow of a care ; for the worst bed which he can meet with is the turf ; and he seldom enjoys a better than his cloak or blanket. Give him but a tent—and with tents the commander of the forces had lately supplied us—and he is in luxury—at least as long as summer lasts, or the weather continues moderate ; nor had we, as yet, experienced any, against which our tents furnished not a sufficient shelter.

The sun was just rising on the morning of the 5th of September, when our tents were struck, the line of march formed, and we advanced towards the base of one of the highest hills, which hemmed us in on every side. Alongst the face of this mountain was cut a narrow winding path, for the accommodation, in all probability, of goatherds, or muleteers, who continue to transport articles of luxury and clothing into the wildest districts, where human inhabitants are to be found. It was, however, so rough and so precipitous, as effectually to hinder our men from preserving any thing like order in their ranks, and thus caused a battalion, of little more than six hundred bayonets, to cover an extent of ground, measuring, from front to rear, not less than three-quarters of a mile. Of course, the fatigue of climbing, loaded, as we were, with arms, ammunition, and necessaries, was very great ; and, as the heat of the day increased, it became almost intolerable. But we toiled on in good spirits, hoping that each vale or level at which we arrived would prove the place of our rest ; and not a little delighted with the romantic prospects, which every turning in the road placed before us.

We had continued this arduous journey during five hours, when, on reaching the summit of an isolated green hill, at the back of the ridge already described, four mounted officers crossed us, one of them riding a little ahead of the rest, who, on the contrary, kept together. He who rode in front was a thin, well-made man, apparently of the middle stature, and just passed the prime of life. His dress was a plain grey frock, buttoned close to the chin ; a cocked hat, covered with oilskin ; grey pantaloons,

with boots, buckled at the side, and a steel-mounted light sabre. Though I knew not who he was, there was a brightness in his eye, which bespoke him something more than an aide-camp, or a general of brigade; nor was I long left in doubt. There were in the ranks many veterans, who had served in the Peninsula during some of the earlier campaigns; these instantly recognised their old leader; and the cry of "Duro, Duro!" the familiar title given by the soldiers to the Duke of Wellington, was raised. This was followed by reiterated shouts, to which he replied by taking off his hat and bowing; when, after commending the appearance of the corps, and chatting for a moment with the commanding officer, he advised that a halt should take place where we were, and rode on.

As I had never seen the great Captain of the day before, it will readily be imagined that I looked at him on the present occasion with a degree of admiration and respect, such as a soldier of seventeen years of age, who doats upon his profession, is likely to feel for the man whom he regards as its brightest ornament. There was in his general aspect nothing indicative of a life spent in hardships and fatigues; nor any expression of care or anxiety in his countenance. On the

contrary, his cheek, though bronzed with frequent exposure to the sun, had on it the ruddy hue of health, whilst a smile of satisfaction played about his mouth, and told, far more plainly than words could have spoken, how perfectly he felt himself at his ease. How different is his appearance now! Of course I felt, as I gazed upon him, that an army under his command could not be beaten; and I had frequent opportunities afterwards of perceiving, how far such a feeling goes towards preventing a defeat. Let troops only place perfect confidence in him who leads them, and the sight of him, at the most trying moment, is worth a fresh brigade.

In compliance with the recommendation of Lord Wellington, the corps halted on the beautiful green hill which it had attained; but two full hours elapsed ere the baggage came up. In the meantime, by far the greater number amongst us, myself included, threw ourselves down upon the grass, and fell fast asleep; from which we were not aroused till the arrival of the tents summoned us to the very agreeable occupation of boiling our kettles and preparing breakfast. This was quickly commenced; and having satisfied the cravings of hunger, we dispelled every source of annoyance to which we were subject.

HÖRÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XX.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL.

WILHELM TELL is one of the later and favourite tragedies of the celebrated Schiller, known in this country chiefly as the author of the *ROBBER*, a drama which, in Germany, is now considered, as it was by himself before his death, as one of the venial errors of his youth. In maturer years, Schiller speculated deeply upon the nature of the tragic art, and adopted opinions very different from those which appear to have governed the composition of his earlier works. These opinions it were needless, and probably tedious, here to investigate; but it was requisite to mention the change of our author's views, by way of preface to a piece very unlike either the *ROBBER*

or *CABAL AND LOVE*. Schiller wrote several tragedies, constructed, it should seem, according to various theories, successively conceived in the progress of his inquiries. Of these, WILHELM TELL has been deemed the best calculated to be introduced to the knowledge of our readers, as one of the best, as most consonant with British taste and feelings, as national in its subject, and as a decided favourite upon every German theatre, even upon those of the most arbitrary states. The surprise which this last circumstance is calculated to excite, may perhaps be diminished by recollecting that the Swiss champions of liberty commemorated in this play, sought only to maintain

old established rights and privileges, and to resist unlawful innovations ; more especially the attempt then making by the reigning Emperor, Albert of Austria, to transfer the allegiance of the Cantons from the empire, of which they formed a part, to his own house ; an attempt which, had it succeeded, would have degraded the Swiss provinces from the condition of free imperial states, to that of mere subordinate vassal dependencies. A love of liberty, so modified, seems to be considered as innocuous, even by despotic governments ; although we must confess that some rumours have lately reached us, of sundry corrections and improvements, which have been judged needful to render this sample of Swiss patriotism quite harmless.

WILHELM TELL appears, like WALTENSTEIN, to have been modelled in a great measure after the fashion of our historic play ; and the imitation of Shakespeare is occasionally too obvious to escape the most careless reader. In truth, it is sometimes so close, that not all the fervour of our devotion to

"Nature's darling," can prevent our wishing that the German bard, however much "Nature and Shakespeare were, he found, the same," had rather imitated his prototype in studying the "mighty mother" herself, than confined his ambition to copying her portraits by the English master.

But our readers would judge for themselves ; and we will no longer detain them with preliminary reflections.

The tragedy opens with a sort of emblematical representation of the various modes of life in Switzerland, which being very German, and certainly not at all Shakespearean, we will give in full, together with the more important scene it leads to. The scene is upon the Lake of Lucern, and combines rocks, glaciers, green fields, and all the varieties of Alpine landscape. The national air, the *Ranz des vaches*, is played whilst the curtain rises, and Jenni, a young fisherman, who is discovered in his boat upon the lake, sings to it.

The lake's dimpled waters to bathing invite ;
On its shore sleeps a youth lapt in dreams of delight,
Whilst he hears a soft murmur
Like flutes in the air,
Like voices of angels in Paradise fair.

But when he awakes from his soothing repose,
High over his bosom the cool water flows ;
And from under the billow
Resounds, "Thou art mine !
I lure the fond shepherd
Where suns never shine."

(KUONI the Herdsman appears upon the hill and sings—Air,
variation of the "*Ranz des Vaches*."

Farewell, sunny fields
Where my cattle have fed—
The herdsman departs
When the summer has fled ;
We haste to the vale ! We return to the mountain
When cuckoos call gaily, and birds warble sweet,
When May, genial May, shall dissolve the charni'd fountain,
And earth yield new flowers to the wanderer's feet.
Farewell, sunny fields
Where my cattle have fed—
The herdsman departs
When the summer had fled.

(WERNI the Hunter appears upon the rock, and sings—Air,
Second variation of the "*Ranz des Vaches*.")

The lofty crags thunder, and totters the way
Along which the hunter must follow his prey.
Undaunted he ventures
O'er heap'd ice and snow,
Where Spring is a stranger,
Where flowers never blow.

Underneath mountain mists spread, a sea without shore,
 And the cities of men are distinguish'd no more.
 Only through cloudly openings
 The world can he spy,
 Where under their waters
 The green meadows lie.

(N.B.—The metre of the original songs has been strictly followed.)

The distant scene is darkened. A loud sound is heard from the Icebergs. The shadows of clouds pass over the scenery. RUODI comes out of his hut ; WERNI descends from the rocks, and KUONI from the hills, carrying a milk-pail, and followed by SEPPI.

Ruodi. Haste, Jenni ; draw the boat ashore ; dispatch !
 The dark Lord of the Valley comes ; hoarse roar
 The distant ice-peaks—Mytenstein* puts on
 His night-cap ; and from out the Wetterloch*
 The gust blows chill. The storm will be upon us
 Ere we can make us ready.

Kuoni. Fisherman,
 'Twill rain. My sheep feed keenly, and my dog,
 Watchman, tears up the ground.

Werni. The fish are playing—
 The water-hen dives deep ; it will be stormy.

Kuoni. Seppi, look out ; is all the herd collected ?

Seppi. Brown Liesel's there ; I know her by her bell.

Kuoni. Then all are safe ; she ever strays the farthest.

Ruodi. Herdsman, your bells sound sweetly.

Werni. And your cattle
 Are handsome. Are they yours, good countryman ?

Kuoni. I'm not so wealthy ;—they're my noble lord's,
 The Baron Attinghausen's. I'm his herdsman.

Ruodi. How well the ribbon decks that stately cow !

Kuoni. Ay, and she knows it too. She leads the herd.
 Should I deprive her of her ornaments,
 She would not feed.

Ruodi. That is impossible !
 How should an animal, devoid of reason

Werni. That's quickly said, but we bold *Chamois* hunters,
 We know that beasts have reasoning faculties.

The *Chamois*, ever when they go to feed,
 Station a sentinel, who pricks his ears,
 And when the hunter comes in sight, gives notice
 With his shrill cry.

Ruodi. Go you now homewards ?

Kuoni. Yes.
 The Alpine pastures are exhausted quite.

Werni. Happily, herdsman, may you reach your home !

Kuoni. I give you back that wish ; from your excursions
 Return is more uncertain.

Ruodi. Who comes here,
 Running with breathless speed ?

Werni. I know him well—

CONRAD BAUMGARTON *rushes in.*

Baum. For Heaven's sake, fisherman, your boat !

Ruodi. So, so ;
 Whence all this hurry ?

* Names of different mountains.

Baum. Launch it from the shore.
 Carry me over ; you will save my life !
Kuoni. Friend, what alarms you ?
Werni. Who pursues your steps ?
Baum. to Ruodi. O hasten, hasten ! They are close upon me.
 The horsemen are close upon me,
 And, should they overtake me, I am lost.
Ruodi. Why do the soldiers follow you ?
Baum. First save,
 And after question me.
Werni. You're stain'd with blood.
Baum. Th' Imperial Governor of Rossberg.
Kuoni. Fly you
 From Wolfenchiessen ?
Baum. He will harm no more.
 I've slain him.
All starting. Mercy, Heaven ! What have you done ?
Baum. What every freeman in my place had done !
 I have but exercised a husband's right
 'Gainst him who wrong'd my honour and my wife.
Kuoni. How ?—Had the Governor injured your honour ?
Baum. God and my trusty hatchet intercepted
 The perpetration of his foul design.
Werni. Did you then, with your hatchet, cleave his head ?
Kuoni. Oh tell us all ! You will have ample leisure
 Whilst he unmoors his vessel from the shore.
Baum. As I was felling timber in the woods,
 My wife, in death-like agonies, came running ;
 She said the Governor was in our house,
 Had first required she should prepare a bath,
 Then more, and unbecoming a chaste wife.
 She had escaped, and fled to me for help—
 I, even as I was, I hurried home,
 And slew him with my hatchet in the bath.
Werni. You acted rightly—none can blame the deed.
Kuoni. The tyrant !—He has now the just reward,
 Long merited, at Unterwalden's hands.
Baum. The fact was noised abroad ; I was pursued—
 Good God !—even whilst we speak—we're losing time !
(Thunder and lightning.)
Kuoni. Come, boatman, hasten ; bear this worthy man
 Across the lake to safety.
Ruodi. 'Tis impossible !
 A fearful tempest now is gathering,
 And you must wait.
Baum. Great God ! I cannot wait !
 Each instant of delay seems with destruction.
Kuoni. In God's name venture ! All are bound to aid
 Th' unfortunate, and all may prove like need.
(Thunder, lightning, and wind.)
Ruodi. The tempest rages, and the lake swells high ;—
 I cannot steer against the winds and waves.
Baum. *(Clasping his knees.)* May God so aid you as you pity me !
Werni. Boatman, be merciful !—his life's at stake.
Kuoni. Consider, he's a husband and a father !
Ruodi. And have not I, like him, a life to lose ?
 And am not I a husband and a father ?
 Look at the breakers, at the eddying waves ;—
 See how the waters boil up from th' abyss !
 Gladly would I preserve the worthy man,
 But 'tis impossible—you see't yourselves.

Baum. (*Still kneeling.*) Then must I fall a victim to my foes,
E'en whilst I gaze upon the shore of safety!
'Tis there—my eyes can reach it, and my voice
Re-echoes from the coast.—There is the boat
That might convey me over, and I here
Must lie, despairing, helpless!

Kuoni. Who comes now?
Look out!

Werni. 'Tis William Tell of Burglen comes.

WILLIAM TELL comes in with his crossbow.

Tell. Who is it cries so piteously for help?

Kuoni. A man of Alzcell, who, in the defence
Of his wife's honour, has slain Wolfenschicssen,
The King's deputed Governor, at Rossberg.
The Royal horsemen chase him close, and he
Entreats to be convey'd across the lake.—
The boatman fears the storm, and will not venture.

Ruodi. Let William Tell, an able helmsman, say,
If this be weather to attempt the passage?

(*Violent thunder; the waves swell high, and break frightfully.*)

Shall I plunge headlong in the jaws of hell?—
None in their sober senses would put off.

Tell. The brave man thinks but little of himself;—
Confide in God, and save the persecuted.

Ruodi. For those within the port, 'tis easy talking.—
There is the vessel, there the lake before you;—
Venture yourself.

Tell. The billows may have mercy—
The Governor has none.—Attempt it, boatman.

Kuoni and Werni. Oh save him! Prithee save him!

Ruodi. Though he were
My brother, or the offspring of my loins,
It were impossible! 'To-day's the feast
Of Simon and of Jude, when still the lake
Rages, and claims its wonted sacrifice.

Tell. There is no profit here in idle words;
Time presses, and the man must be assisted.
Say, boatman, will you venture?

Ruodi. No, I cannot.

Tell. In God's name be it, then! Give me the boat:
I will attempt it, with what skill I have.

Kuoni. Excellent Tell!

Werni. See there, the gallant hunter!

Baum. You're my preserver—my good angel, Tell!

Tell. I may preserve you from the Governor,
The tempest's perils ask a different arm;
Yet are you safer in the hands of God
Than those of men. (*To Kuoni.*) Good fellow-countryman,
Should I here meet the fate to man allotted,
Comfort my wife; tell her I did but that,
I could not leave undone. (*Springs into the boat.*)

Kuoni. You, who're accounted
A master-steersman, dare not undertake
What Tell has ventured.

Ruodi. Better men than I
Rival not Tell; there is not in the range
Of the whole mountain region such another.

Werni, (*who has climbed upon the rocks.*) Now he puts off—God be
thy aid, bold sailor!

See how the vessel tosses on the waves!

Kuoni, (*On the shore.*) The flood swells over it—I sec't no longer!—
Yet stay, 'tis there again! How powerfully

The brave heart holds his course, and stems the breakers!

Seppi. Here, at full gallop, come the royal horsemen !

Kuoni. 'Tis they !—This of a truth was help at need.

(*A troop of Landenberg's horsemen come on.*)

First Horseman. Deliver up the murderer we seek !

Second Horseman. This way he came—in vain would you conceal him.

Kuoni and Ruodi. Whom mean you, soldiers ?

First Horseman. (*Perceiving the boat.*) Hell !—What is't I see ?

Werni. Is't him there in the boat you seek ?—Ride on—

Lay in your spurs ; you yet may overtake him.

Second Horseman. Curse on't, he has escaped us !

First Horseman. (*To Kuoni and Ruodi.*) Ay, but you, Who have assisted him, shall pay for it !

Fall on their herds ! 'Tear down their cottages !

Put all to fire and sword !

(*They go out hastily.*)

Seppi. Oh, my poor lambs !

(*Runs out after them.*)

Kuoni. Can I not save my herds ?

(*Follows.*)

Werni. The Savages !

Ruodi. (*Wringing his hands.*) Father of justice and of mercy, when, When wilt thou send us a deliverer !

(*They follow.*)

The next scene transports us to the canton of Schwytz, where a long conversation upon the state of the country takes place between Werner, Stauffacher, and his wife Gertrude. Present evils and future dangers are amply discussed ; and occasion is taken to display the happy and independent condition of the wealthy peasant-proprietors, who hold their estates in fief directly of the Emperor,

Even so,

As hold their lands the princes of the empire.

The husband, however, seems to think it better to endure everything, than to incur the hazards of war. The wife takes the more spirited side of the argument, and enforces it so powerfully, that, in the end, Stauffacher determines to visit the Canton of Uri, and there consult with Walter Furst, and the Baron of Attinghausen,

Who, though of noble family,

Yet loves the people, honouring antique customs,

upon what can be done under existing circumstances. As they are withdrawing to prepare for his journey, William Tell arrives with his *protegé*, whom he delivers over to Stauffacher's hospitality.

We now return to Uri, where, in the village of Altdorf, we find a fortress building, to command the country, of which William Tell remarks,

What hands have built, hands can destroy ; the house

Of liberty stands there, (*pointing to the mountains*) founded by God !

In this scene we have a representation of the miseries and cruelties belonging to the services of villeinage, somewhat analogous to a slave-driving exhibition. The well-known hat is then introduced, and the Governor Gessler's proclamation, commanding every one to approach it with bent knee, and head uncovered, is read. In the midst of all this come Tell and Stauffacher, and, as Schiller seems to have laboured earnestly to show his hero's perfect freedom from revolutionary principles, we will give their dialogue.

Tell. You have your answer, so farewell, good Werner.

Stauff. Where go you ? Do not hasten from me thus.

Tell. My house requires the presence of the father.

Stauff. My heart is heavy, I would talk with you.

Tell. A heavy heart cannot by words be lightened.

Stauff. But words conduct to deeds.

Tell. The only deed

Suited the times, is silence and endurance.

Stauff. Shall we endure what is intolerable?

Tell. These haughty rulers never govern long.
When from the dark abyss the tempest bursts,
His fire the sailor quenches, and his ship
Steers towards the haven, whilst the mighty spirit
Stalks harmless, well nigh trackless, o'er the earth.
Let every one live stilly in his home ;—
Power gladly leaves the peaceful man at peace.

Stauff. Believe you that?

Tell. The very serpent stings not,
If unprovoked.—The tyrants will grow weary
Of persecution, if the land be quiet.

Stauff. We might do much, if we but held together.

Tell. In shipwreck, singly, each man best escapes.

Stauff. Desert you coldly thus the common cause?

Tell. 'Tis best that each rely upon himself.

Stauff. When they're united, even the weak prove mighty.

Tell. Ay, but the strong is mightiest alone.

Stauff. Then if the country, in despair, should arm
For her defence, she must not count on you?

Tell. Tell rescues the fall'n lamb from the abyss,
And think you he can e'er forsake his friends?

In your deliberations leave me out ;

'Tis not for me to ponder, muse, and doubt.

But, when my country calls, and points the deed,

Tell shall not fail her in her hour of need.

Tell and Stauffacher then separate, and the scene concludes by a workman's falling off the roof of the fortress that is in progress ; by the running in of the Lady Bertha of Brunneck, a Swiss heiress, under the guardianship of Gessler ; by her offering money to save the fallen man's life ; and lastly, by a violent philippic against Austrians, nobles, and gold, from the stone-masons employed in building.

The fourth and last scene of the first act, contains the proposed consultation upon the condition of public affairs between Werner, Stauffacher, and Walter Furst. A third interlocutor takes part in the discussion. This person, a young man of Unterwalden, named Melchthal, having fled from his home to avoid the severe punishment inflicted by the governor,

upon a slight fault, had sought refuge in Furst's house. From his concealment he overhears Stauffacher inform his friendly host—in the course of a detail of the cruelties exercised by the Imperial vicegerents—that the Governor Landenberg had summoned his, Melchthal's father, to deliver up his offending son to justice, and upon the old man's refusal, had caused his eyes to be put out, and had confiscated his whole property. The agonized son rushes forth from his refuge, to inquire the particulars, and we will insert his first speech of lamentation over his father's misfortune, which possesses, we think, considerable beauty. We shall spare our readers the introductory stage directions, remarking, *en passant*, that German authors appear to entertain a very mean opinion of their actors' intellects.

Oh ! the eye's light, of all the gifts of Heaven
It is the noblest, dearest ! Every being
Lives upon light, ay, every happy creature—
The very plant turns joyful to its rays—
And he must sit in night, groping about
In everlasting darkness ! Never more
Shall he enjoy the meadow's tender green,
The flow'et's melting colours, nor the bright,
The roseate tints of the high mountain-snows.
To die is nothing—But to live deprived
Of sight, is misery indeed !

It can scarcely be necessary to state, that the youth's revengeful ardour stimulates Stauffacher's manly resolution, and finally overbears the caution of age in Furst. The latter proposes to consult the nobles; but Melchthal vehemently objects, and Stauffacher observes that the nobility are not yet as much oppressed as the peasantry, but will doubtless assist when they see the land in arms. It is finally determined that each shall find ten associates in his own canton, and that the whole thirty-three shall assemble at night, in a very retired meadow, named Rutli; and, after a very German clasping of hands, in augury of the union of their Cantons, they separate.

The second Act opens in the baronial mansion of the Lords of Attinghausen; and after a few touches of the patriarchal manners of the Swiss nobles, we are presented with a long dialogue between the Baron, a venerable old man of eighty-five, and his nephew and heir, Ulrick of Rudenz, a youth who appears to have been attracted by the pomps and splendours of royalty. The uncle urges him to break his connexion with the Governor, and devote himself to the defence and protection of his native land; his exhortations to patriotism, and eulogies of Switzerland, despite their proximity, are spirited and poetical. The nephew, in reply, professes a thirst of fame not to be gratified amidst the obscurity of his paternal valleys, and alleges all the specious arguments by

which the weak are induced to submit tamely to a powerful invader. The uncle then asserts that Ulrick is not governed by the motives which he brings forward, but seduced by the charms of Bertha of Bruneck, and warns him that, although the beautiful heiress be held out to him as a lure, she will not, in the end, be bestowed upon his simplicity. The nephew goes off without answering, and the Baron ends the scene, with a fine *tirade* against modern degeneracy.

We now come to the scene of the confederacy at Rutli; and although it be, to borrow an American expression, somewhat lengthy, we shall insert it, inasmuch as to omit it, in a play of the deliverance of Switzerland, would be, if not quite omitting the part of Hamlet, according to the announcement of the country play-bill, at least, omitting the transactions of Runnymede, in a history of King John. Besides, if not strikingly dramatic, according to our ideas, it is interesting, by its fragments of Swiss history and tradition, by its illustrations of the habits of life, induced by the nature of the country, and by its thorough Germanism, if we may be allowed to coin such a word.

The minute description of the scenery we shall omit, and merely inform our readers, that the Unterwalden party are the first to arrive, and Melchthal, before they appear on the stage, speaks. The occasional imitation of the night-scene in Brutus's garden, in JULIUS CÆSAR, we need hardly point out.

Melchthal. The mountain pass now opens; follow me;
I know that rock, and the small cross it bears—
We've reach'd the goal, we are at Rutli.

Winkelried. Listen!

Sewa. 'Tis empty.

Meier. Here we find no countrymen;
We Unterwalders first are at our post.

Melch. How goes the night?

Baumgarten. Upon the Scelisberg.*

(*The Beacon—Watchmen call the second hour. A distant bell is heard.*)

Meier. Peace, hark!

Burkhardt. The mass-bell in the forest chapel
Across the lake from Schwytz how sweet it chimes!

Klaus. The air is clear, that bears the sound so far.

Melch. Let some go gather wood, and light a fire
That may blaze high against our comrades come.

(*Two men go out.*)

Sewa. It is a lovely moonlight night ; the lake
Lies tranquil as a mirror.

Burk. Our Schwytz friends
Will have an easy passage.

Winkel. Ha ! Look there !
Look there ! Do you not see ?

Meier. What should we see ?
Ay, in good truth, a rainbow in the night !

Melch. The moonbeams fashion it.

Klaus. A wondrous sign !
Many now living ne'er saw moonlight rainbow.

Sewa. 'Tis double ; there's a fainter bow above.

Baum. A boat now passes underneath the arch.

Melch. Stauffacher's bark ; ne'er did that worthy man
Weary his friends with waiting.

(Goes with Baumgarten to the shore.)

Meier. They of Uri
Are the most dilatory.

Burk. They must take
A long and tedious mountain path, to cheat
Their Governor's suspicious watchfulness.

*(During this time the two men have lighted a fire in the middle
of the meadow.)*

Melch. (on the shore.) Who goes there ? Give the word !

Stauffacher, (below.) Friends of the country !

(All go to the back of the stage to receive the new comers. STAUFFACHER and ten others land from the boat.)

All. Welcome !

STAUFFACHER and MELCHTHAL come forward, whilst the rest remain greeting
each other at the back of the Stage.

Melch. Oh worthy Stauffacher ! I've seen
Him, who never more can look upon me.
I've laid my hand upon his darken'd eyes,
And have, from those extinguish'd suns, drank in
Burning, insatiable desire of vengeance.

Stauff. Not vengeance—'Tis not to avenge the past,
But future evils to prevent, we meet.

—Now say, what have you for the common cause
In Unterwalden done ? How many gain'd ?
How think the peasantry ? And how did you
Yourself escape the snares of treachery ?

Melch. Across the fearful mountain of Surene,
Across wide-spreading fields of desert ice,
Where sound there's none except the vulture's cry,
I reach'd the Alpine pasture grounds, where meet
The herdsmen from the Engelberg and Uri,
And greeting, let their cattle feed in common.
In the wild foaming torrent that pours down
From the eternal ice, I quench'd my thirst ;
I rested in, now empty, summer shealings,
Landlord and guest, until I reach'd th' abodes
Of living, social men. Ev'n those lone valleys
Already rang with the atrocity—

—The ~~land~~ committed—and my sufferings
Procured me pious reverence in each hut
I visited upon my pilgrimage.
I found these upright souls full of resentment
Against these new oppressions of our rulers :
For even as their Alps from age to age
Have borne the self-same herbs, their rivers flow'd
Along the self-same beds, the very clouds

And winds follow'd unchangeably one course,
 Ev'n so unalter'd have old forms and customs
 Come down from ancestor to late descendant ;
 They'll not endure to see bold innovation
 Intrude on old hereditary usage.
 They gave me their hard hands, down from the walls
 They reach'd their rusty swords, and when I named
 Those names amidst the mountains holiest,
 Your own and Walter Furst's, then in their eyes
 Lighten'd glad consciousness of valour. What
 You should judge right they swore to execute.
 They swore to follow you, ev'n unto death.
 Thus hurrying, safe beneath the sacred shelter
 Of hospitality, from farm to farm,
 I reach'd my native valley, where wide-spread
 My kindred dwell ;—And when I found my father,
 Plunder'd and blind, lying on stranger's straw,
 Living on alms of charitable men—

Stauff. Merciful Heaven !

Melch. No, I did not weep !

I wasted not in helpless tears, the strength
 Of my hot-burning anguish. In my breast
 Deeply I lock'd it as a costly treasure,
 And thought of nothing but of action, action !
 I crept through every mountain cleft and fissure,
 No vale so hidden it escaped my search,
 Ev'n at th' eternal *Gletscher's** ice-clad foot
 I sought and found cabins inhabited,
 And wheresoe'er my venturous foot could reach
 I found abhorrence of this tyranny.
 For even there, upon the utmost verge
 Of living nature, where the stiffening earth
 No longer yields to culture, even there
 Plunders the av'rice of our governors.
 With stinging words I roused the inmost spirit
 Of these plain herdsmen—Heart and soul they're ours !

Stauff. In little time you have achieved great things.

Melch. I have done more—What our bold peasants dread
 Are those two fortresses, Rossberg and Sarnen ;
 Shelter'd behind their battlements, the foe
 Securely sits, and ravages the land.
 Their strength with my own eyes to ascertain
 I went to Sarnen, and explored the castle.

Stauff. Sought you the tiger in his very den ?

Melch. In pilgrim garb disguised, thither I went,
 And at his revels saw the Governor.
 Judge if I know my feelings to control !
 I saw my enemy and slew him not.

Stauff. Your boldness was indeed by Fortune favour'd.

(The other countrymen come forward to them.)

But tell me now what upright friends you bring.
 Let me know all, in perfect confidence
 That afterwards we may unfold our hearts.

Meier. Excellent man ! Through the three provinces
 Who knows not thee ? Meier of Sarnen, I,
 And this my nephew, Struth of Winkelried.

Stauff. You speak no unknown name ; a Winkelried

* The German name for *glacière*, which, there being no corresponding English word, has been preserved, in preference to using another equally foreign expression.

Destroy'd the dragon in the Weiler marsh,
Purchasing victory even with his life.

Winkel. My ancestor, most worthy Stauffacher.

Melch. (*showing two men.*) In vilenage, upon the convent lands
Of Engelberg, these dwell behind the forest,—
You will not scorn them for their servile state,
Because they live not free-men on the land
Like us?—They love their country, and they bear
A good report.

Stauff. (*to both.*) Give me your hands! Let him
Enjoy his happiness who owes not service
To any upon earth; but honesty
In all conditions thrives.

Hunn. Here's Master Reding,
Our former Landamman.

Meier. I know him well;
My adversary who contends with me
For an inheritance. Good Master Reding,
We're foes before our judges,—here we're friends.

(*They shake hands.*)

Stauff. That's frankly spoken.

Winkel. Hark! They come; I hear
The horn of Uri.

(*To the right and left armed men appear, descending the rocks
with lanterns.*)

Hans. See the worthy priest,
The pious minister of God, comes with them.
He shrinks nor from the terrors of the night,
Nor from the arduous way.—A faithful shepherd
Watching his flock.

Baum. Next comes the Sacristan,
And Walter Furst; but William Tell I see not.

WALTER FURST and ten others come down from the Mountains. The whole
thirty-three assemble round the fire.

Furst. So must we, on our own inheritance,
On our paternal soil, like murderers
Steal secretly together, and beneath
The shades of night, whose darksome cloak, or guilt,
Or black conspiracy shunning the light,
Alone should cover, must we cautiously
Seek those just rights, that are as pure and clear
As is the noontide sun's resplendent beam.

Melch. Be satisfied that what dark night has brooded,
Freely and fearlessly shall meet the sun.

Roselman, the Priest. Confederates, hear words that God inspires!
In substitution for a lawful diet
We are assembled, and may represent
The universal nation; let us then,
According to the ancient usages
Practised in happier times, rule our proceedings
What in our meeting is irregular,
Our bitter need must justify—Our God,
Wherever justice is observed, is present;
And here, beneath his Heav'n we stand.

Stauff. Be't so;
According to old usages proceed,
And through night's darkness our good cause shall shine.

Melch. Our numbers are imperfect, but all hearts,
And our best men, are here.

Hunn. Our books are wanting,
But their contents are on our hearts engraved.

Rossel. Then form the ring, and plant the swords of power
Within't.

Hans. First, take the Landamman his post,
And station his associates at his side.

Sacristan. Three provinces are present ; which enjoys
The right to give a chief to this assembly ?

Meier. Uri and Schwytz may for that right contend,
We men of Unterwalden yield it freely.

Melch. We yield it. We are the petitioners
Who call upon our stronger friends for help.

Stauff. Let Uri take the sword then ; Uri's banner
Precedes our own, upon the solemn march
To Rome, for the imperial coronation.

Furst. The honour of the sword belongs to Schwytz,
Since we from Schwytz all boast our origin.

Rossel. This gen'rous controversy let me end ;
Schwytz shall in council lead, Uri in war.

Furst. (*giving the sword to Stauffacher.*) Receive it, then.

Stauff. Not unto me, to age
That honour's due.

George. Ulrick the smith is oldest.

Hans. The man is worthy, but not free by birth ;
No villain can be judge in Schwytz.

Stauff. Is not
Our farmer Landamman amongst us here ?
Seek you a worthier than Irel Reding ?

Furst. Be Reding of our diet president.
You who agree with me, hold up your hands.

(*All hold up their right hands.*)

Reding. (*advancing into the centre.*) I cannot lay my hand upon
our books ;

Therefore, by those eternal stars in heaven,
I swear I will not deviate from strict justice !

(*The two swords are placed before him, a circle is formed round
him ; Schwytz in the middle, Uri on the right, Unterwalden
on the left. He stands leaning upon his battle-sword.*)

Now say, wherefore the mountain-races meet
Here, on the lake's inhospitable shore,
In the dark hour when spirits walk the earth ?
Say, what the purport of the new alliance
We here contract, beneath the starry sky ?

Stauff. (*coming forward.*) 'Tis not a new alliance we contract ;
'Tis an old union, form'd by our forefathers,
We would renew. Observe, confederates !
Although the mountains and the lake divide us,
And each, a separate people, rules itself,
Yet are we but one race, sprung from one blood,
And, from one home, together we came here.

Winkel. Then truly do our ancient legends tell
That we from distant regions wander'd hither ?
Prithee impart what of the tale you know,
Strengthening our new alliance with old ties.

Stauff. Hear, then, what hoary-headed herdsmen tell :
A mighty nation dwelt far north from hence,
And suffer'd from a famine grievously ;
The people, in their need assembling, order'd
That each tenth citizen, by lot, should quit
His country. They obey'd ! A mighty army,
Husbands and wives, lamenting, towards the sun
They went, fighting their way through Germany,
Even to these mountains ; nor, upon their march
They wearied, till, within a savage valley,

Where, amidst meadows, now, the Muotta flows,
 They stood. No traces there of men appear'd ;
 Save that one hut stood lonely on the shore,
 Where sat a ferryman, for passengers
 Patiently waiting. But the lake swell'd high
 Its billows, nor allowed the wanderers passage.
 More closely then they view'd the land, beheld
 The richness of its forests and its fountains,
 And almost deem'd it their loved native country.
 With that they fix'd to settle there : they built
 The good old village Schwytz, and many a day
 Of weary toil endured, ere they subdued
 The strong, wide-spreading roots of the old forest.
 Then, when the soil no more could feed their numbers,
 They traversed the black mountain far as Weissland,
 Where, hid behind th' eternal wall of ice,
 Another nation speaks another tongue.
 They built the village Stanz, beside the Kernwald,
 The village Altdorf, on the Reuss's banks—
 But ever mindful of their origin,
 Amidst the many tribes of foreigners
 Who have, since then, establish'd colonies
 Throughout the land, the men of Schwytz remain
 Distinguish'd. Heart and blood proclaim themselves.

(*Giving his hands to right and left.*)

Haus. Oh yes, yes ! All are of one blood, one heart !

All, (taking hands.) We are one people, and will act in unison !

Stauff. The other nations bear a foreign yoke ;
 They have submitted to the conqueror.
 Nay, on our borders dwell there some, who stoop
 To render villein-services, bequeathing
 Their children slav'ry as their heritage.
 But we, who from the pure and ancient stock
 Of Schwytz are sprung, untainted hold our freedom !
 We never bent the knee to princes, we
 Chose freely the protection of the Emperor.

Rosset. It was the Empire that we freely chose
 Our guard and our protection : 'tis express'd
 Clearly in Emperor Fredric's ancient charter.

Stauff. Without a sovereign not the freest men
 Can live ; there must be a superior judge
 By whose decision strife may be appeased.
 Thence, for their lands recover'd from the waste,
 Our ancestors did honour to the Emperor,
 The Lord of Germany and Italy ;
 And, like the other freemen in his empire,
 They swore to render him the warrior's service.
 For 'tis the single duty of the free
 To guard the empire, that protects themselves.

Melch. All beyond that is slavery.

Stauff. Whene'er
 'The feudal army march'd, our fathers follow'd
 'The Emperor's banner, and his battles fought ;
 In arms they guarded him through Italy,
 To place upon his brow th' Imperial crown ;
 At home, by their old laws and usages,
 Gladly they ruled themselves. The Emperor's right
 Was only to pronounce the doom of such
 As merited to die. For that he named
 Some mighty Count inhabiting our land,

Who, when a crime was wrought, was summon'd hither ;
 Where, in the face of day, in open air,
 Simply and plainly, without fear of men,
 He spoke the sentence of the law. What proof
 Is here of slavery ? If any deem
 My words erroneous, let him better speak.

George. 'Tis as you've said. No arbitrary power
 Was e'er endured amongst us.

Stauff. We refused
 Obedience, even to the Emperor,
 When, favouring the Church, he wrested justice.
 For when the Abbot of Einsiedlen claim'd
 Those Alps, that from the earliest times our herds
 Had pastured—on an old Imperial charter,
 Granting the unown'd waste unto the Abbey,
 He grounded his pretensions—As it seem'd,
 The former Monks conceal'd our name and being—
 We answer'd boldly thus—"That ancient charter
 Was fraudulently gain'd ; no Emperor
 Can grant our property, and if the Empire
 Deny us justice, on our mountains we
 But little need the Empire !"—Thus our fathers
 Spake ; and shall we endure the novel yoke
 Of shame ? Shall we from foreign vassals bear
 What ev'n the mightiest Emperor to us
 Dared not propose ? With our own industry
 This soil we have created,—the old wood,
 That was a dwelling but for bears, have we
 Transform'd into a residence for men.
 The Dragon-brood, that, threatening, venom-swell'd,
 Possess'd our marshes, we've destroy'd. The fogs,
 That darkling hung, over unwholesome swamps,
 We have dispersed ; have burst the hardest rocks,
 And, for the traveller, over the abyss
 Have led a path secure. The land is ours,
 By centuries of possession, and shall now
 The servant of a foreign Lord presume
 To come and forge us fetters, do us shame,
 Upon our own inheritance ? Have we
 Against such tyranny nor help nor hope?

(Agitation amongst the people.)

No, there's a limit to the despot's power.
 When the oppress'd can find nor law nor justice,
 When his hard burthen grows intolerable,—
 Then, in bold confidence, he turns to Heaven,
 From thence down-snatching his eternal rights,
 That there, above, reside, inalienable,
 Uninjurable, as the stars themselves !
 Then does the old, primæval state of nature
 Return, when man stood, unto man opposed.
 Our last reliance, when all others fail,
 The sword, is given us—lawfully may we
 Our chiefest treasures guard from violence ;—
 And here we stand the bulwarks of our country !
 Here stand we to defend our wives, our children !

All, (clashing their swords.) Here stand we to defend our wives,
 our children !

Rossel. Yet ere you draw the sword, reflect maturely.
 Yet may all peaceably be with the Emperor

Concluded. Speak a single word, and straight
The very tyrants who oppress you now,
Will fawn upon you. Do what is required,
Renounce the Empire and acknowledge Austria.

Hans. What says the priest? To Austria do homage!

Burk. Hear him not!

Winkel. 'Tis the counsel of a traitor,
His country's foe!

Reding. Be calm, confederates!

Sewa. After such wrongs, submit to Austria!

Klaus. To violence shall we yield what we refused
To clemency?

Meir. So doing, we were slaves,
And merited our lot!

Hans. Whoever names
Submission to proud Austria shall forfeit
All rights of free-born Swiss.—Landamman, I
Demand that this be the first general law
We here decree.

Melch. Be't so. Who speaks of yielding
To Austria shall all rights, all honour forfeit!
None shall receive him to his social hearth.

All, (*holding up their right hands*.) We will that this be law!

Reding, (*after a pause*.) The law has passed.

Rossel. Now are you free, this law confirms you so.
Never shall Austria wring from us by force
That which her kindly wooing fail'd to win.

Jost-Weiler. Proceed we with the business of the Diet.

Reding. Confederates, have all gentle means been tried?
Is't sure the King knows all? Our injuries
Can never be his will.—One last attempt!
Let us convey our sufferings to his ear,
Before we draw the sword. Ev'n when most just
The cause, still violence is terrible;
And God assists only when man denies.

Stauffacher (*to Hunn*.) 'Tis now your part to speak.

Hunn. I went to Rheinfeld,
Bearing to the Imperial Court, complaints
Of the oppressions of these Governors,
And claiming that fresh Charter of our rights,
Which ev'ry Prince at his accession grants.
I found there messengers from many cities
Of Suabia's States, and of the Rhine's rich banks,
Upon like errands. All received their parchments,
And joyfully turn'd homewards. I, your Envoy,
Was to the Counsellors referr'd, and they
Dismiss'd me with this empty consolation:
The Emperor at present had no leisure,
But at some future time would recollect us.
As I, dejectedly, pass'd through the Halls
Of this right royal Castle, far apart
I saw Duke John of Suabia stand in tears;
With him the Lords of Wart and Tagerfeld.
They call'd me, and thus spoke: Redress yourselves;
Expect no justice from the Emperor.
Does he not rob the son of his own brother,
Detaining from him his inheritance?
The Duke claims his maternal property,
Urging he's of full age, and now in person
Should rule his States and subjects. The reply?
The Emperor placed a garland on his head,
And said that was the ornament for youth!

Hans. You've heard. Expect not from the Emperor
Justice or law ! We must redress ourselves.

Reding. Nought else remains. Now counsel how we best
May happily effect our purpose.

Furst. (*advancing into the ring.*) We
Seek to throw off abhorr'd constraint ; the rights,
Which from our fathers we inherited,
We would maintain ; but cherish no desire
For lawless innovation. To the Emperor
Remain what is the Emperor's due ; and he
Who to a Lord owes fealty, discharge
His vassal duties justly.

Meier. I hold lands
In vassalage of Austria.

Furst. Continue
To render Austria all due services.

Jost-Weiler. I to the Lord of Rappersweil pay toll.

Furst. Continue to discharge his just demands.

Rossel. I am sworn servant to our Lady of Zurich.

Furst. Perform your bounden duty to the cloister.

Stauff. I hold no fief but of the Empire.

Furst. Do

What must be done ; no more. The governors,
With all their instruments, we will expel,
And level with the dust their fortresses.
But, if it be possible, we'll shed no blood.
Prove to the Emperor, that alone constrain'd
By hard necessity, have we refused
The duties of obedience and submission :
And if he sees us steadfastly remain
Within the bounds of justice, haply wisdom
May quell his anger ; since a nation arm'd
That moderates its rage, awakes respect
In every enemy.—

Reding. But how proceed ?
Our foe is arm'd, and will not peaceably
Give way.

Stauff. He will, beholding us in arms ;
We must surprise him ere he be prepared.

Meier. Easily said, but difficult to do.
Two powerful fortresses command the country,
Protect the enemy, and will become
Right dangerous should the Emperor invade us.
Rossberg and Sarnen must be master'd both,
Ere in the provinces a sword be drawn.

Stauff. Delay thus, and the foe will be forewarn'd :
We are too numerous for secrecy.

Meier. There dwells no traitor in the Forest States.

Rossel. Zeal, in its warmth, proves often indiscreet.

Furst. Altdorf's stronghold, if we procrastinate,
Will be completed, and the Governor
Farther secured.

Meier. You think but of yourselves !

Sagristan. You are unjust.

Meier. Are we unjust ? Dares Uri
Thus slander Unterwalden ?

Reding. On your oaths
Preserve the peace !

Meier. Ay, if, with Uri, Schwytz
Be leagued against us, we must needs submit.

Reding. I must reprove you in the Diet's name.

For that your violence disturbs its order.
Do we not all uphold the self-same cause?

Winkel. 'Twere best until the Christmas Festival
Defer our enterprize. 'Tis then the custom,
'That all inhabitants should to the castle
Bear presents for the Governor. So may
Ten or a dozen men within the walls
Assemble unexpectedly, concealing
Sharp blades about them, that may to their staves
Be quickly join'd, since none may enter arm'd
The fortress. Our main strength may ambush'd lie
In the adjoining forest, and so soon
As the first few are masters of the gates,
Burst forth, upon the sounding of a horn,
From their concealments:—So the castle's ours!

Melch. I'll undertake for Rossberg. In that castle
A maiden dwells who loves me; easily
I can persuade her to affix a ladder,
'T' admit my nightly visit. Once above,
I'll introduce my friends.

Reding. Is this delay
The will of all here present?

(*The greater part hold up their hands; Stauffacher counts them.*)

Stauff. It is carried
By twenty against twelve.

Furst. Upon the day
Appointed, if the castles fall, from mountain
To mountain, must the signal fires convey
'Th' intelligence; the people in a body,
Must then, at every province's chief place,
Assemble sudden; and the Governors,
When they behold how seriously we arm,
Believe me, will rejoice to shun the contest,
And, peacefully escorted, to retire
Beyond our frontiers.

Stauff. 'Tis from Gessler only
I dread resistance—Formidably he
With horsemen is surrounded; without blood
He will not quit the field, and, even expell'd,
He will remain a fearful enemy.
'Tis hard, almost 'tis dangerous, to spare him.

Baumgarten. Where desperate is the danger be my post!
To William Tell I owe my rescued life;
And in my country's cause, now that my honour
I have preserved, and satisfied my heart,
Would gladly risk it.

Reding. Patient wait th' occasion;
The proper season brings the proper measure.
Leave something to the hour. But lo! whilst we
Our solemn diet hold by night, the morn
Has ruddied o'er the highest mountain peaks.
Quick let us separate, before the Sun
Betray us with his radiance.

Furst. Do not fear;
Darkness withdraws but slowly from these valleys.

(*All involuntarily take off their hats, and gaze reverently
upon the dawn.*)

Rosset. Here, by this holy light, which first greets us—
Before those nations who, beneath our feet
Residing, hardly draw their painful breath,
Amidst the fearful smoke and fog of cities—
Swear we the oath of this, our new alliance.

—We swear to form a nation all of brothers,
Whom nor distress nor danger shall divide!

(All present repeat his words, holding up their fingers.)

We will be free as our forefathers were,
And swear to die rather than live enslaved!

(All repeat as before.)

We swear to place our confidence in God,
And not to tremble at the power of man!

(All repeat as before, and embrace each other.)

Stauff. Now each take quietly his separate way,
And join his friends, his kindred! Let the herdsman
Winter his herd in peace, and silently
Gain new confederates to our cause. Endure
What, till th' appointed time, must be endured!
Suffer the tyrants to increase their reckoning,
'Till the great day of retribution comes,
Repaying general and private debts.
Let every man restrain his own just rage,
And each revengeful wish sternly control;
For he, whom selfish inj'ries now engage,
Betrays the mighty cause that claims his heart and soul!

(Whilst they separate in three different ways, in serious tranquillity, the Orchestra plays a solemn air. The scene remains open, presenting the spectacle of sunrise upon the Ice Mountains.)

This solemn music and sunrise serve to fill up the *entre-acte*; and the third act opens in William Tell's cottage-garden, where we are introduced to the hero, in his domestic character. His children are at play; his wife is engaged with her needle; and he himself is occupied in repairing his house-door. Having finished his job, he lays aside his tools, with the economical remark, "The axe at home oft spares the carpenter." A conversation, uninterrupted by their respective avocations, takes place between the married couple, concerning the adventurous spirit which Tell, by his style of education, is encouraging in his boys. The wife, Hedwige, remarks, "Not one will live contentedly at home." To which Tell answers

Neither can I,
Wife; nature for a shepherd form'd me not.
I restlessly must chase some flying object,
And only then do I enjoy my life
Right heartily, when daily gain'd anew.

Hedwige. And of the wife's anxiety ne'er think,
Who looks in sickening anguish for her husband.
The tales our servants 'mongst themselves relate,
Of thy advent'rous spirit, fill my soul
With terror. At each parting, my poor heart
'Trembles, lest thou should'st ne'er return. I see thee,
Bewilder'd amidst savage ice-built mountains,
Attempting, o'er the rifted rock's deep chasms,
A failing spring;—see the recoiling *chamois*
Drag thee along, entangled in its fall,
Down the steep precipice;—see the *lawine*,*
Hurled down by tempests, whelm thee in its course—
The treacherous mountain-ice, beneath thy foot,
Give way and swallow thee, buried alive
Within its horrible abyss. Alas!
Death, in a thousand changing forms, besets
The daring Alpine hunter! 'Tis a trade

* The German indigenous name for *Avalanche*, retained for the same reason *Gletscher*.

Unbless'd, leading its followers to the gulf
Of utter desolation.

Tell. He who looks
Around him cheerly, with unclouded eye,
Trusting in God and in his active strength,
Easily rids himself of need and danger.
The mountains daunt not who were born upon them.

After a few more sententious observations, for our readers will have noticed that William Tell is somewhat apophthegmatical in his ordinary conversation, he declares his intention of going to Altdorf, to visit his father-in-law, Walter Furst. Hedwige entreats him to absent himself from Altdorf, until the governor, who especially hates him, shall have left it; or at least, if he will go, not to take his cross-bow with him. He answers—

My right hand's lamed when I'm without my bow;

And farther urges that the governor will let him alone, because—

It is not long ago
That my chase led me through the savage valley
Down which the Schachen pours its torrents, where
No trace of man appears. There, as I trod
My solitary path, along a track,
Whence 'twas impossible to turn aside,—
For steep above me rose a wall of rock,
And underneath fiercely the Schachen roar'd,—
Sudden the Governor appear'd before me.
He was alone, as I was; there we stood,
Man against man, and close beside th' abyss.—
When first the noble gentleman beheld me,
And knew 'twas I, whom, for a trifling fault,
He had so lately mulcted heavily,
And saw me striding, with my good cross-bow,
Hastily tow'rd him, he turn'd pale as death;
His knees denied their service, and I thought
He would have fallen 'gainst the mountain side.
'Then I felt pity for him, and approach'd,
With a respectful air, saying, 'Tis I,
Lord Governor. He could not force a sound
From out his lips, but dumbly, with his hand,
He motion'd me that I should go my ways.
I left him, and dispatch'd his train to help him.

Hedwige. He trembled at thy sight?—Alas! Alas!
Thou saw'st his weakness;—that he'll ne'er forgive.

Notwithstanding this judicious remark of Hedwige, who certainly discovers more knowledge of human nature than her husband, Tell persists in going to Altdorf, and takes, not only his cross-bow, but likewise his eldest son Walter, with him.

The next scene is between Ulrich of Rudeny, and Bertha of Bruneck. He declares his love; the lady scorns his passion, upbraiding him with his degeneracy, in deserting the cause of his country, and wearing the gilt shackles of Austria. He tells Bertha, as his old uncle had previously told him, that it was only in the hope of obtaining her hand that he submitted to Austria; and she answers, equally confirming Baron Attinghausen's conjectures, that her property excites too much cupidity, to allow of her hand being bestowed upon him. The young beauty's exhortations prove more efficacious than the grey-headed nobleman's, and Rudeny becomes an ardent patriot. There is much ability shown in this scene, as indeed there is in everything Schiller has written; but we must acknowledge, that, in a drama of this description, a love affair between persons neither connected with the main business of the

may, the confederation at Rütli, nor, like William Tell, rendered by circumstances the principal instrument of effecting the liberation there plotted, appears to us wholly out of its place, and rather more *à la Française*, than we should have expected from a real German poet.

We now come to the grand, apple-shooting scene. But our extracts from this tragedy have already extended to such a length, and so many passages of superior interest remain behind, that we must reserve Gessler's act of capricious tyranny, and its consequences to the tortured father, for our next number.

ODOHERTY ON IRISH SONGS.

THERE is, I perceive, a disinclination becoming very visible on the part of the English, to believe us Irish people, when we tell them that they know nothing about us. They look upon it as a sort of affront, and yet nothing is more true. And as example is much better than any theory, I shall just beg leave to prove my assertion, by that they put into our mouths when they think fit to write as Irish.

The first book I lay my hand on will do. It is a collection of Irish songs, published in London, without date, printed by Oliver and Boyd. It contains all the popular Irish songs which you hear sung at the theatres, public-houses, Vauxhall, and other such fashionable places of resort. There are ninety of them in all, and I shall patiently examine these specimens of Irish wit—these would-be flowers of the Hibernian Parnassus.

The first song is a great favourite. The Sprig of Shillelah, and it is not much amiss. It contains an immensity of blarney to us, which, of course, is palatable. I suspect the author of never having been in Ireland, nevertheless, from these lines:—

“ Who has e'er had the luck to see
Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there ;”
for I have had the “ luck” to see that fair, and I never could see any glory in it. It is a paltry thing, if compared with Bartholomew fair, or any of the great fairs of London ; and like them is a nuisance which gathers the blackguard men and women of a metropolis, to indulge in all kinds of filth. I should call it the worst specimen of Ireland. Would a Scotchman think his national character would be favourably exhibited by a collection of the cadies and baker-boys, and gutterbloods of Edinburgh, with

their trulls ? And as Dublin is three times the size of Edinburgh, the sweepings of its streets must be three times as disgusting. The squalid misery, too, which is mixed up with the drunken riot of the fairs of Donnybrook, has always been quite revolting to my eyes, and I should rather see the magistracy of Dublin employed in suppressing it, than hear silly song-writers using their rhymes in its panegyric.

The next is Paddy MacShane's Seven ages ; a stupid parody on Shakespeare. A great knowledge of Ireland is shewn here. Mr MacShane, it appears, was a native of Ballyporeen, and fell in love with a lady there—but

“ She asked me just once that to see
her I'd come,
When I found her ten children and
husband at home,
A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen !”

Now Ballyporeen, Heaven bless it, is a dirty village, of about fifty houses, at the foot of the Kilworth mountains, as you enter Tipperary, on the mail-coach road from Cork to Dublin. When I passed through it last, the only decent-looking house I saw there was the inn ; and a poor one enough even that was. I leave it to yourself to judge what a profitable trade that of a chairman would be in such a place as that ; or how probable it is that a woman with a husband and ten children could pass off, incog., as unmarried, upon a native. You would walk from one end to the other of it in three minutes.

Again he tells us that
“ I turned servant, and lived with the
great justice Pat,
A big dealer in p'ratoes at Ballyporeen,
With turtle and venison he lined his inside,
Ate so many fat capons,” &c.

Potatoes are somewhere about the price of three half-pence a-stone in Ballyporeen, and they are cultivated by almost every one in it; so that this excellent justice had a fine merchandize of it. As for turtle, I imagine that the name of it was never heard of in the village; indeed, as Tipperary is quite an inland county, it must be a rarity to every part of it—and capons! I am quite sure the dish is unknown altogether. The bard shews great knowledge of the Irish magistracy, even by the way he mentions his justice—Justice Pat!

We have then,

"There was an Irish lad—Who loved a cloistered nun."

A good song, and perhaps Irish. One verse is like the idiom. When the hero could not get at his mistress,

"He stamped and raved, and sighed and prayed,

And many times he swore,

The devil burn the iron bolts!

The devil burn the door!"

Then follows,

"Mulrooney's my name, I'm a comical boy,

A tight little lad at Shillelah,

St Patrick wid whisky he suckled me,
joy,

Among the sweet bogs of Killalah."

I must protest that I never heard the word "*joy*" so used in Ireland by anybody, and yet it is a standing expression put into our mouths by every writer of Irish characters. Of the existence of Killalah, I am ignorant. We have Killalah in Connaught, but it rhymes to tallow. But apropos of rhymes, listen to those put into Mr Mulrooney's mouth,

"But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory *bequeath,*

How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel *wreath,*

Wid my hand in my mouth, to stand picking my *teeth.*"

I flatter myself that the "comical boy" would say *bequait* and *wraith*, rhyming to *faith*, and never think of screwing up his mouth to squeezing these into *bequeeth* and *wreeth*.

Of Dermot and Sheelah, I shall only quote the chorus,

"Beam, buin, *boodle*, loodle, loodle,

Beam, bum, *boodle*, loodle, loo."

Pretty writing that—and very much on a par, in point of sense and interest, with Barry Cornwall's humbugs to Appollor—rather more musical I own. But is it Irish? *Negatur.* I deny it

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poz! Booodles! why, Booodles is a sort of good ham-drum gentlemen, kept by Cuddington and Fuller, at 31, St James Street; but not particularly Hibernian. A chorus in the same taste concerning them, would run thus,

"Bow, wow, boodle, noodle, doodle,

Bow, wow, boodle, noodle, peoh!"

Close following comes Paddy O'Blarney, a misnomer on the face of it. Blarney is a village and baronial castle. You might as well say, Sawney M'Linlithgow, or Archy O'Goosedubs. The song is a brutal attempt at wit, and mock-Irish, *cc. &c.*

"I found one who larnt grown-up Jolmen to write,

Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney."

Jolmen! what's that? Put for *jantlemen*, I suppose. This fellow had a fresh idea of the tongue. Such a word never was heard among us. By the way, our plebeians generally say, *jintlemen*, though the folks who write for us think otherwise.

Hear the next bard,

"I'm a comical fellow."

En passant, I may remark that I never heard any one say he was a comical fellow, that he did not prove an ass, and the rule holds here,

"I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
And I come from the bogs of Killalee;"
a various reading, I suppose, of the celebrated unknown district, commemorated in another song, by the name of Killalah.

"You see I'm the thing by the cut of my jib,

And they christen'd me Teddy O'Reilly."

Observe the name O'Reilly rhymes plainly to "*highly*." Ask for O'Haly anywhere, and you will not be understood. But the Christian name is equally destructive to its Irish pretensions. Teddy! a Cockney vulgarism for Edward, and that too confined to the raff of Cockaigne. Thady is a common Irish name, which, as you know, is the abbreviation of Thaddeus, the name of one of the apostles, according to Saints Matthew and Mark, but Teddy is unheard of. Yet it occurs in half a dozen songs of this volume.

What part of the world the next song comes from, needs no ghost to tell us. One rhyme will denote it.

"As the board they put out was too narrow to *quarter,*

The first step I took I was in such a *corner.*"

It is, you see, marked with the indelible damned Cockney blot, and, in all probability, proceeds from the pen of Leigh Hunt. An Irishman who sounds the R as fiercely as ever that canine letter rung from human organ, could never have been guilty of it.

Cushlamachree, which succeeds, is, 'tis said, from the pen of Curran, and the first verse is, I think, a good and warm one.

"Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,

An emerald set in the ring of the sea ;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou Queen of the West—the world's Cushlamachree."

We soon come to a strain of another mood in Sheelah's Wedding, which, for magnificent ignorance of the country in which the scene is laid, is just as good as can be conceived. I extract the whole second verso as a sample of various beauties.

"Well, the time being settled, to church they were carried,

With some more lads and lasses, to see the pair married,

Who vowed that too long from the parson they tarried ;

For who should such sweet things be scorning ?

Then at church, arrah, yes, you may fancy them there ;

Sure the priest tied them fast, you may very well swear ;

And when it was done,

Och, what laughing and fun

Took place about something, and throwing the stocking,

While the blythe boys and GIRLS

Talked of ringing the BELLS.

On St Patrick's day in the morning."

The rhyme here marks this brute to be a bestial Cockney. The mixture of the words "parson" and "priest" convicts him of not knowing Irish phraseology, which restricts the latter word to the Roman Catholic clergy, who are not parsons. By the name, Sheelah, the lady is decidedly Catholic—and then how consistently we have the talk about the "church" and the "bells!" Roman Catholic places of worship all through Ireland are called *chapels*, and they have no bells, very few having even one. And the morning marriage! there the ape, if he knew anything of Ireland, must have known that Catholic marriages there are celebrated in the evening. I have been at some hundreds of them.

In the next song, and several others, we have "taef" for "thief," which is enough. The vulgarism inter Hibernos, is "teef." In the next we have the adventures of a certain Mr *Teddy*, of whom I have already disposed. I may pass Mr Grimgruffenhoff, and Bumper Squire Jones, for different reasons. The latter is a capital song indeed, and written by an Irish Baron of Exchequer. The breed of such judges is not extinct, while we have Lord Norbury, whom God preserve.

Mr O'Gallogher falls in love in the next song with a lady named Cicely,—what part of Ireland he found her in is not mentioned. It never was my lot to meet with one of her name—and the same remark I must extend to the heroine of the following chaunt—the celebrated Looney Mactwolter's mistress, Miss Judy *O'Flannikin*,—who is evidently transmuted from O'Flannegan, to rhyme the opening line,

"Oh! whack, Cupid's a *Mannikin*."

Looney itself is a dubious *Christian* name. I have known plebeians of that *surname*, and when they rise in society, if they ever do, they change it always to Loane.

"Murphy O'Casey,"—heads the next—Psha! the name will not pass muster. You might as well say Blackwood O'Jeffrey. Nor can I panegyryze in an another song Father O'Rook, for an Irishman would certainly call him O'Rourke.

I skip a parcel of mere vulgarity to give you

"I'm Larry O'Lashem, was born in Kilarney,"

one of whose adventures is described in the following dialect :

"I amused myself laughing, to see how the HINDER

Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid, [Qu?]

Till a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of the WINDER,

While my head and the pavement at nut-cracking played."

Winder! Poet of Cockneyland! the compliments of the season to you. I disclaim you as a countryman. Nor shall I claim the bard, who, singing of the Siege of Troy, tells you that

"—the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,

Clapt forty fine fellows on one wooden horse."

From the theme of the poem—those old down-looking Greeks—and this rhyme, it is evident that it was written by the late Mr Keats. May I be shot if he was an Irishman!

Molly Astore is a beautiful tune to namby-pamby New-Monthly-looking words, and the parody on it is quite a poor thing. I flatter myself I have made better.

A poet farther on, treats us to the following description of a Kerryman :

"His hair was so red, and his eyes were so bright."

No doubt there are red-haired Kerry-men, but they are not one in fifty. The complexion is dark olive, and the hair black, they being in all probability descended from the Spaniards. The poet was thinking of a Highlander. Now the knights of Kerry wear breeches, and are in a small degree civilized.

Another Irishman from Cockney-shire, sings of

"——Cormac O'Con,

Of the great Con grandsire,
With the son of Combal the Greek sire,
Whose name sounded afar,
As great Ossian's *papa*."

If I met this fellow, who has our Irish names so glib at his fingers' ends, at the top of the highest house of the city, I should kick him down stairs. A Ludgate-Hill pawnbroker could not be more impertinent, if he wrote of the fine arts.

In the same *du haut en bas* fashion should I kick him who informs us that

"I were astonish'd as much as e'er man was,

To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvass."

You hear the barbarian saying canvass—I long to pull his nose.

I apprehend the author of the Irish Wedding (see Jon Bee) is a Scot.

"First, book in hand, came Father Quipes."

What part of the world does that name belong to?—

"——came Father Quipes,

With the bride's dada, the *Bailie*, O."

Bailies we have none in Ireland, and if we had, they should be all Protestants, and thereby out of the pale of Father Quipes.

A piece of politics, in another ditty, is quite diverting to us, who know a thing or two.

"Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote I could pass O——"

and was in consequence, though

"With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,"

obliged to fly. His case was certainly hard in not having a vote, when every farmer or labourer in Ireland may have one if he likes, or rather if his landlord likes. In the county of Cork there are 25,000 voters, in Down about 20,000, and so on; so that this grievance about the want of suffrage is rather singular.

There is no use in bothering the public with any more remarks on such a subject. I hope nobody will think I have any spleen against this collection of songs, which is just as good as any other similar one, but I wished to shew that I had some ground for saying, that we are not quite wrong in accusing our English friends of ignorance of our concerns. Some time or other, perhaps, I may in the same way get through the usual stage characters, in which we figure and prove them equally remote from truth.

It would, perhaps, be a good thing to go over some of the political speculations on Ireland in the same manner, but I never liked Irish politics, and now I particularly detest them. I frequently admire the intrepidity of the heads which John Black spins out for the edification of the Whigamores, whenever he takes us in his hand. Evidently wishing to patronize us, he nevertheless treats us as mere barbarians. I remember reading one morning in the Chronicle, that, except Dublin and Cork, there were no large towns in Ireland, which accounts for its want of civilization, while Scotland was indebted for her superiority over us, to her possessing such eminent cities as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Aberdeen, Dundee, Inverness, and some others which I forget. Now Limerick is larger and more populous than any except the first two; Waterford, Galway, Kilkenny, and Belfast, fall little short of them; and, taking out the first half dozen of Scotch towns, you would seek in vain through Scotland for towns to compare with Drogheda, Sligo, Carlow, Clonmell, Derry, Youghall, and several others. This is but a small sample of his accuracy.

He of the Courier knows, in his

writings, something more, but *personally*, Mudford is quite horror-struck at the notion of us. The Roman Catholic Association, professedly friends of the liberty of the press, have brought an information against him for inserting some remarks of a correspondent on Maynooth College, and availed themselves of an obscure law, to lay the venue against him in Cork. The very wind of the word has frightened my friend Mudford out of his seven senses. Some Cockney blackguard, with that spirit of personality so disgustingly the distinction of the Cockney school, once called him "a pile of fleecy hosiery,"—but that name is every day becoming less and less applicable. He looks on the Corkagians as no better than Ashantees, and, no doubt, anticipates, from the jaws of long John Brixon, mayor of that beef-abounding city, the fate of poor Sir Charles M'Carthy. Let him be comforted. Cork, I can assure him, is well munitioned with victual and drink, and he has but a small chance of being eaten alive there, particularly as he remains but a fortnight. Nor let him dread the hostile countenances of a grand jury, empannelled by Jack Bagnell and Ned Colburn, best of little men—sheriffs of the aforesaid bailiwick. And even if that is improbable, the thing comes to a petit jury, even before them—let him pluck up courage. Men there are to be found on all sides of the banks of

The spreading lee, that like an island
fayre,

Encloseth Corke with its divided flood,
who would devour the boot from the
silk twist that hems its upper-leather,
to the iron horse-shoe which guards
its heel, sooner than give a verdict
against the right. Counsell'd by these
reflections, let him devour turbot, hot
(as the old cookery books have it)
from the bank in the harbour—let
him swallow salmon, creaming in

everlasting curd from the Lee—let
Kinsale feed him with hake, fish of
delicious flavour, unheard of in Au-
gusta Trinobantum—from Cove let
him gulp down oysters capacious as
his well-fleshed hand. Kerry will
supply him mutton to masticate,
small, but lively. Cork itself will
offer its beef and butter, peerless
throughout the land. Pork is, I own,
inferior to the flesh of Anglia pigs;—
but Wicklow can send her turf-dried
hams, easily procurable, that will
scarce veil bonnet to those of Wilt-
shire. He may, no doubt, regret the
crammed poultry of London,—but a
turkey in native flavour, will smoke
upon his board for two tenpennies.
Does he long for dainties more rich
and rare? In a harbour, yawning for
the West Indies, he need not deside-
rate turtle—in a city within easy
march of sporting hills and dales, he
need not be afraid of wanting game
or venison. As for drink, is he fond
of port? Vessels from Oporto will
jostle the boat that brings him to the
quay—if of claret, he must be un-
skilled in bibulous lore, if he knows
not the value set upon the claret of
Ireland. But as his stay is short, I
recommend whisky-punch. *That* he
cannot get for love nor money in Lon-
don. Let him there ingurgitate that
balmy fluid. There's Walker—there's
Wise—there's Calaghan—there's He-
witt—excellent artists all—they will
sell it to him for from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
a-gallon—and a gallon will make six-
ty-four tumblers—I have often calcu-
lated it—and that is three times as
much as he should drink in an even-
ing. So doing, he will be happy, and
fearless of the act of Judge Johnson.

But what is this I am about? di-
gressing from a disquisition on songs,
pseudo-Irish, to the way in which a
stranger, who knows how, could live
in Cork. It can't be helped—I have
lost the thread of my argument. So
I think I had better conclude.

M. OD.

WORKS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE.*

No. I.

LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON, BY DOCTOR AN TOMMARCHI.†

BE who may the Bibliopolic King of Books now-a-days, there can be no question that Mr Henry Colburn is the emperor and autocrat of advertisements. Of late he honoured the public with announcing in that department of literature over which he so worthily and gloriously presides, the fact of his having withdrawn himself entirely from the concern of the Circulating Library in Conduit Street, and concentrated all his energies on the concern in New Burlington Street, where, quoth his Majesty, he "intends to devote his whole attention to the publication of WORKS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE." This is really a communication of the first importance. Turn we over with modest fingers the leaves of these two seemly octavos with which he has just followed up his manifesto—"THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, BY DOCTOR F. AN TOMMARCHI, HIS PHYSICIAN."

We intended that paragraph for the opening of a good-natured quiz of the first importance, but something has disagreed with our stomach this evening, and we find we really have not the heart to go through with the matter in that strain. Let us speak the honest truth, without one single circumbendibus either of puff, banter, advertisement, or bile: This work is the most egregious piece of quackery with which as yet even Mr Colburn has ever had any concern. This beats Las Cases and Medwin all to shivers. This leaves even the translation of Goethe's *Memoirs*, yea, even the private memoirs of Madame Campan, in the Shade. This is beyond even the title-paging of the old version of Benvenuto Cellini. This is unquestionably one of the most impudent of all the insults that have ever been, by any bookseller whatever, offered to the reading public of these free and happy islands.

If this poor devil of a Corsican doctor had published a medical diary of Napoleon's last days, we should have

perhaps acknowledged some small service at his hands—he might have made a pamphlet of twelve pages, readable to the profession. But the miserable animal, incited, no doubt, by the success of Barry O'Meara's grand melange of physic, and politics, and slander, has attempted to manufacture his two octavos also, and a pretty hand, we must say, hath he made thereof. The book is so totally below contempt in every respect whatever—so devoid of anything like novelty as to facts—so baldly and execrably written—and bulked out to fill the desired extent which *such* a mass of extraneous materials of *such kinds*—that we really cannot help having much pity even for Mr Colburn, since we can scarcely suppose it possible that even he should have seen the MS. ere he paid the money. These, however, are not considerations to which the public ought to listen. They ought to unite in a steady manner to put down this new, this totally new audacity of quackery, without asking one question as to the relative shares in which the author and the bookseller have thought fit or found it convenient to divide the said quackery between them. If Antommarchi be the thief, our important friend is assuredly the resetter.

The book is made up, firstly, of Antommarchi's own little details about Napoleon's reluctance to take castor oil; his preference of *enemas* to purgatives—his method of shaving and washing—his admiration of *Soupe à la Reine*—his pulling of ears, and slapping of cheeks—as to all which matters, (except indeed the shaving,) Barry O'Meara had unquestionably given us, at least, as much information as was wanted by anybody: but the shaving, of itself, is a novelty of the First Importance.

2dly, Of Antommarchi's recollections of his own conversations with Buonaparte on Buonaparte's campaigns—of which campaigns Antommarchi frankly tells us, he knew no-

* "Mr Colburn begs to acquaint his friends and the public in general, that having disposed of his interest in the library in Conduit Street, he has now entirely removed to No. 8, New Burlington Street, where he intends to confine himself to the publication and sale of WORKS OF THE HIGHEST INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE."—*New Monthly Magazine*, February 1, 1825.

† The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By Doctor F. Antommarchi, his Physician. 2 vols. 8vo, London. Henry Colburn, 1825.

thing at the time when he joined Buonaparte at Longwood, vice O'Mcara kicked out. In these conversations, Buonaparte's share consists of a few little sentences as old as the hills, and Antommarchi does not reply—no, but he does as the Emperor bids him; that is, he turns to the files of the *Moniteur*, &c. and reads the official dispatches, bulletins, letters, &c. of the various epochs under discussion—(*discussion!*)—and HE PRINTS all these documents of the First Importance in his book, thereby making it a book in two volumes, instead of twelve or twenty pages; and, therefore, a work of the First Importance.

3dly, Of Antommarchi's conversations with Napoleon on the subject of an Italian work on Anatomy, illustrated with plates, of which work Antommarchi has the glory to be editor. This is by far the most novel part of the materials in the work before us, and must be admitted to be of the First Importance.

4thly, Of the report upon Napoleon's dead body, with a full and particular narrative of his lying in state, and interment,—all quite exact, as may be seen by referring to the newspapers of the period,—and all of the First Importance.

5thly, Of Napoleon's will, with all its codicils—here republished for the five hundredth time; but "what for no?" being unquestionably of the First Importance.

6thly, Of a full and particular narrative of Dr Antommarchi's journeys from Italy to St Helena, via London, and back again—together with interesting memoranda of all that was said to him, by everybody he met with going and coming, touching the magnificent character of the anatomical *magnum opus*, above referred to, and of which we sincerely hope Mr Colburn has a translation in the press, there being no possibility of doubting that that would be a work of the First Importance.

We shall give one or two very short extracts, just enough to shew, that we have not been speaking a whit too severely. The only new facts about NAPOLEON, to be gathered from these two new volumes, are all contained in the following two passages.

"The Emperor was walking round Longwood. I observed him looking about,

peeping into the interior of the apartments to see what was going forward there, and visiting, one after the other, every room occupied by his suite. I was going up to him to shew him the letter I had received, when I was stopped by one of the servants,—'You must not go near the Emperor—his Majesty is *incognito*.'—'How *incognito*?'—'Certainly: do you not see that he has not his usual dress on, nor the cocked hat, which he never leaves off, excepting during the short time he is at table? Well, whenever the Emperor is dressed as you now see him,—when he puts on that long green great-coat, and buttons it up to the neck, and takes that large round hat,—he does not wish to be approached by anybody, and even the Grand Marshal himself does not disturb him.'—I thanked the servant for his information, and waited till the Emperor should come in; but he went to pay a visit to Madame Bertrand, and remained there two hours. I was beginning to find the time very long.—'Have a little patience,' said Noveraz*; 'I see movement at the posts; they are going to relieve the sentries: the Emperor does not expose himself to be ellowed by the red-coats; he will soon come in.'—In a short time HE ACTUALLY DID COME IN!"

But now comes the very kernel of the whole book—the gem, the jewel, which alone stamps it as a work of the First Importance.

"14th.—The Emperor had been tolerably well all day yesterday, and part of the night. This morning he was rather dejected; and after having taken a few turns he came into the house again, breakfasted, and went into his apartment.—'I feel uncomfortable,' said he; 'I should wish to sleep, to read, to do—I don't know what. Ring for Marchand; let him bring me some books, and close the windows. I shall go to bed, and see in a little while whether I am better. But here is Racine, Doctor. Now, you are on the stage, and I am listening. *Andromache*!—ah! that is the play for unfortunate fathers.'—'Sire, if it were *Metastasio*!'—'Oh, you are afraid of your accent? The metre of the poetry will conceal your Italian inflexions—Begin.' I hesitated, and he took the book, read a few lines, and let the volume escape from his hands. He had fallen upon this celebrated passage†:—

"*Je passais jusqu'aux lieux où l'on garde mon fils. Puisqu'une fois le jour vous souffrez que je voie Le seul bien qui me reste et d'Hector et de Troie, J'allais, Seigneur, pleurer un moment avec lui. Je ne l'ai point encore embrassé d'aujourd'hui.*"

* One of the servants.

† Act I. Scene IV.

"He was greatly affected, and hid his face.—'Doctor,' said he, 'I am too agitated; leave me alone.' I withdrew. He became more calm, slept a few minutes, and sent for me again. Sleep had dispelled his indisposition, and he was less gloomy and agitated. He was going to shave; and as I had heard that this ceremony was singular, I remained to witness it. He was in his shirt, his head uncovered, and two servants by the side of him; one held the looking-glass and towel, the other the remainder of the apparatus. The Emperor soaped half his face, gave back the brush, wiped his hands and his mouth, took a razor which had been dipped in warm water, and shaved the right side of his face with an uncommon degree of dexterity.—'Is it ready, Novcratz?'—'Yes, Sire.'—'Well! now face about—there, halt!' The light fell upon the left side of his face, which he shaved with the same ceremonies and the same promptitude. The expression of his countenance was full of kindness. He passed his hand over his chin.—'Hold the glass up; am I well shaved? Yes, that is right. Not a hair has escaped, what say you?'—'No, Sire,' said the servant.—'No? I think I see some. Hold the glass up higher—place it in a better light. How is this, rogue—you flatter, you deceive me, here at St Helena! on this rock! and you! you are an accomplice;' and at the same time he gave little blows to both, gently boxed their ears, laughed, made them laugh, and pursued them in the most comical manner. After this he took a tooth-pick, then brushed his teeth, and washed his mouth with a mixture of brandy and cold water, part of which he swallowed. I asked him why he did not reject the whole.—'Because,' said he, 'what does good to the guns, cannot do any harm to the stomach. Is it not odd that I have never been able to use anything but cold water to wash my mouth? Tepid water occasions a convulsive cough, hot water produces vomiting; and I never could gargle without running the risk of choking, or swallowing the gargle, even if it were poisonous.'—And I observed, indeed, that part of the liquid being raised by the epiglottis, fell through the aperture of the glottis into the larynx, and produced the cough, the efforts and the vomiting.

"Whilst I was speaking with the Emperor, Marchand had prepared in the next room his sponge, his wash-hand stand and his clothes. He passed into

it; and washed his face and head, throwing the flannel far from him after he had done. 'You see, Doctor,' said he, 'fine arms, breast plump and rounded, skin white. And my hand, how many amongst the fair sex would be jealous of it!' The servant was washing his skin, and Napoleon was passing in review the charms and the defects of some European ladies, interrupting his description to stimulate his servant, taking it up again, and again discontinuing:—'Madame ——— was lively, animated,...harder, you rascal,... and was very anxious to have a child of the race of heroes...harder, I tell you, as if you were scrubbing an ass...she came one day...but that fellow does not brush me...Doctor, I will relate that to you another time...get out of the way, let me punish this fellow's shoulders for having spared mine as he has done;' and in saying this he gently pulled the servant's ears, and gave him some slight blows. 'Now let us see what the correction has produced—give me the Eau de Cologne.'—Having caused some to be poured on his hands and washed part of his body with it, he put on a flannel waistcoat, silk stockings, breeches of white kersey-mere, shoes with gold buckles, a black stock, a white waistcoat, the riband of the grand cross of the Legion of Honour, which he constantly wore when he was not in an undress, a green coat, and the cocked hat; and his dress was complete. 'Now, Doctor,' said he, 'the remainder of the day is ours; no more working, no more reading! As soon as I am *en costume*, I either receive visits or walk about; I think no more about anything.'

So much for Napoleon's share in these matters: it would be quite unfair, however, to give no specimen of that large department of the work which appears to be more peculiarly devoted to the personal concerns of its illustrious author.

20th.—The Emperor's health in the same state. He was arranging his nails, and brush and scissors succeeded each other rapidly. He examined his hand for some time without saying a word, and suddenly asked me several questions. 'What are the nails? What is the beard, the epidermis?'* How are they formed? What are their functions, their structure? You have not explained that to me very clearly; begin again.'—'Sire, as I told your Majesty, the epidermis is divided into two layers, one exterior and the other interior. One is thin, transparent, un-

alterable by the air; the other is opaque. The first, of a close and firm texture, is composed of small and delicate absorbent vessels, proceeding from the inhalent orifices which cover the surface of that membrane. The second, which is placed underneath, reposes upon the *papillæ*, and extends over the intervals which separate them. It is composed of the same vessels, but they are considerably larger, and contain numerous orifices which line the internal surface. These two layers are united by a multitude of small trunks and lymphatic vessels passing from one to the other, and serving to bind them together. The absorbents, which form the internal layer of the epidermis, are filled with a kind of matter, which is black in some individuals and opaque in others; and produces the difference between the negro and the white man:—such is the epidermis. Its use is as follows: the numerous inhalent orifices of the absorbent vessels, which are heaped together and occupy the whole of the external surface of the membrane, are thin, slender, capillary, and only admit substances in the state of gas; the inhalent orifices of the second layer, which are, as we have already said, stronger and larger, are capable of receiving liquids: and thus the use of the epidermis is to absorb foreign substances, and repair the losses of the human frame," &c.

and so on for five more pages.

But no mention as yet of the plates! we must rectify this.

"13th.—The Emperor had passed a good night, and the hemisrania was gone. Bath. Walk. I accompanied the Emperor into the garden. He was weak; and, having sat down, he looked around him to the right and to the left, and said, with a painful expression, 'Ah, Doctor, where is France and its cheerful climate? If I could but see it once more! If I could but breathe a little air that had passed over that happy country! What a specific is the soil that gave us birth! Antæus renewed his strength by touching the earth; and I feel that this prodigy would be repeated in me, and that I should revive on perceiving our coasts. Our coasts!' Ah! I had forgotten that cowardice has taken victory by surprise; its decisions are without appeal.

"'But do you know, Doctor, that you are a terrible man? You have disturbed all the notions I had acquired; you have upset all the ideas I had formed: I am at a loss what to make of your work.—' The epidermis is an organic mass; veins are only prolongations of the arteries; they form a net, the threads of which

wind back upon themselves, and the two extremities of which are mixed and confused together. . . .—You criticise without mercy everything that has been written on the subject. Your introduction to the works of Mascagni is a revolution in anatomy.'

"'I think so, sire; for it rectifies many results improperly studied.'

"'And does not contain any views too lightly adopted and promulgated?'

"'I believe not.'

"'What will the anatomists say on seeing old and acknowledged theories destroyed?'

"'What men say when they discover their error.'

"'But your doctrine is totally different from that of our schools. Are there not clever anatomists in Paris?'

"'Yes, sire, many.'

"'Well! how, then, does it happen that you do not agree together on the subject?'

"'You cultivate science, sire, and could answer that question better than I can.'

"'Ah! you want me to give the answer myself; you are afraid the faculty may be listening to what we say?'

"'No, sire; but every man takes his own view of a subject. One follows one thing, another pursues another; and very often the man who does not obtain any result, displays more sagacity than the man who makes a discovery.'

"'You fear that I may accuse you of presumption; such is not my intention.'"

Pretty well—but read on, dear readers.

"The Emperor had resumed his habits of early rising, and would frequently go and breathe the fresh air before sunrise. One day, his gums being painful, he entered my room, and addressing himself to me before I had perceived him: 'I suffer, Doctor,' said he: 'my teeth ache. What is to be done; let us see—what says your work?' My anatomical plates were lying open before me, and without allowing me time to answer him, he began to discuss upon the work. He regretted it had not been executed sooner; he would have applied to anatomy. He would know it, and that would be an additional satisfaction to him. He had often tried to study it, but disgust had overcome his wish to learn; he had never been able to conquer the sort of horror with which the sight of a corpse inspired him. These plates rendered dissection, as it were, useless; a single glance enabled one to discover the play and structure of the various organs, to observe their relation one to ano-

ther, to trace their ramifications. The human frame was laid open and published. He was sorry the execution of the plan had been so long delayed. 'Doctor, your plates form a magnificent work; I wish them to be dedicated to me—to appear under my auspices; I am anxious to render this last service to science. I will supply you with the money, and you shall return to Europe and publish them: I feel ambitious to contribute to raise this monument.' The Emperor often returned to this subject, and spoke each time with renewed satisfaction of THE UNDERTAKING!"

One more bit to conclude with—it is indeed a *morceau*.

"17th.—Same state of health. Same prescription.

"THE EMPEROR WAS PRE-OCCUPIED AND THOUGHTFUL, AND I WAS ENDEAVOURING TO DIVINE THE CAUSE OF HIS ANXIETY, WHEN I SAW MY ANATOMICAL WORK HALF OPEN BEFORE HIM!!! THIS CIRCUMSTANCE WAS DECISIVE!!! I HAD GUESSED RIGHTLY!!!"

Ohe, *jam satis*! Good night, Mr Colburn.

Postscript.

We observe that our friend Colburn has been recently attacked in the most good-feeling manner for puffery and quackery, by Messrs Taylor and Hessey of Fleet Street,—the same gentlemen who have commenced the present campaign with WALLADMOR!!!

RETSCH'S OUTLINES TO FRIDOLIN.

Few works of art in our time have attracted or deserved a greater share of admiration, than the illustrations of the Faust, by a German artist of the name of *Retsch*. These engravings were copied and published again in England; but we are constrained to say that the English copies did scanty justice to the originals, which had, no doubt, been executed under the immediate superintendence of *Retsch* himself. Still they were well received; and those who had not seen the German prints, were abundantly pleased with what they had got.

Mr *Retsch* is now, it appears, occupied in illustrating Schiller's ballads—many of which compositions, for pathos, for sublimity, for interest of conception, and for simple grace of versification, rank in the highest class of poetical excellence. He has already published his illustrations of one of these ballads—one of the most charming of them all, in our opinion—*Fridolin*. These have been copied by Mr *Moses* in London, and published with the accompaniment of a translation of the ballad itself, by Mr *Collier*, author of a work which we have never happened to see—"the Poetical Decameron."

This translation is very unequally executed. In the attempt to be very close and literal, the meaning has often been missed—nay, in the very first line, a blunder, which has not even that excuse, stares us in the face. By rendering *knecht* "youth," instead of "page,"—the outset of the story loses

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clearness, and gains no melody. Some of the verses are well; but, on the whole, the translation is feeble. Not so the engravings—we have not seen the originals to be sure, but it appears to us that Mr *Moses* has done his part extremely well.

The subjects do not admit of the display of the whole of those great powers which were called forth by the *Faustus*. But what the story demands the artist gives, and gives with much freedom and boldness, and at the same time with much of the same high and pathetic grace which we had recognized in his former efforts. A great mass of illustrations of the popular poems and romances of our own literature, have recently been given to the public; and no one can question the merit of many of them: But we are free to acknowledge, that we have produced nothing in this way at all equal to this accomplished German artist. There is a depth and purity of feeling about him—a variety and breadth of power—and a noble simplicity of effect in his sketches—which we would fain see studied by our own artists. We have heard a report that Mr *Retsch* is coming to this country; and certainly, if he undertakes to make designs for our *Macbeths*—our *Tempests*—our *Othellos*—our *Ivanhoes*—and our *Childe Harolds*—we shall see things immeasurably beyond what we have as yet been accustomed to bind up with the works of our English classics.

THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH NARRATIVE OF THE DEATH OF BLANCHE OF
BOURBON, WIFE TO PEDRO THE CRUEL, KING OF CASTILLE.

THIS cruel king had conceived for Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, such a mortal aversion, that he put all things in practice to touch her life. The poison of which he made use to rid himself of her, had no effect; for, knowing the design they had to make her die, she took the precautions necessary to preserve herself from being killed by poison. Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro, upon this, put it into the King's mind to remove her altogether from the court, and to give her an establishment in some province, in order that people might no longer see her, and that an absence, without hope of return, might produce the same effects which might have been looked for from her death. Pedro, much enamoured of that concubine, followed her counsel; he confined the Queen in a very distant province; and gave her withal a certain appanage to support a queenly estate, not daring to irritate his people against him, by reducing her all at once to a private condition.

This domain which Blanche received for her portion, procured for her the homage of the vassals who held of that signiory. A rich Jew, it so fell, had lands comprized within the Queen's territory; and he came to her court to acquit himself of his duty as her vassal; and—as at that time it was the custom in Spain that the vassal, in doing his homage, kissed respectfully the cheek of the lord, to shew forth the zeal and affection, which he promised, while life endured, to bear for his service; so this Jew drew near to the Queen Blanche, to salute her as his lady and his mistress. She could not avoid receiving from him this mark of his vassalage; but no sooner had he quitted her chamber than she expressed the horror she had for that absurd ceremonial, bitterly reproaching her servants for their little care, in that they had suffered that vile creature to approach her. She then commanded them to bring her hot water, and washed her mouth and her face diligently, as if to efface the stain which the kiss of the Jew had left upon her. But her indignation stopped not so; for, being sovereign in the place, she wished to inflict the last punishment for that temerity which the Jew had exhibited; and in the first

moment of wrath, she designed to have him hanged. The Jew being informed of that to which the Queen had condemned him, and that they were in search for him, to put him on the gibbet, according to her command, immediately took to flight, and went to make his complaint to the King Pedro concerning the design which Queen Blanche harboured of making him suffer the punishment of a capital offence for a mere duty of ceremony, whereof he had taken the freedom to acquit himself. The King received him under his protection, desiring him to fear nothing, and saying withal, that he saw well the Queen had such hatred for all whom he favoured, that it would be no matter of scruple for her to attempt something against his own life, if she found a fit occasion; that for this cause he must needs get rid of her; but that it would be best to save appearances, and furnish her with no handle against himself.

The Jew, who burned with the desire of revenge, assured the King it would be an easy matter to slay her, without leaving on her body any mark of violence. Peter rejoiced when he heard this said, and declared that great would be his obligation to the man, whosoever he might be, that should pull that thorn out of his foot. He, in fine, permitted the Jew to execute the affair he had projected, without any noise or alarm. And this wretch, who thirsted to be avenged on that Princess, was delighted when he had received the barbarous orders of Peter. He assembled a number of men of his nation, and, marching all the night, came to the apartment of the Queen suddenly with his associates. He penetrated even to her chamber; and knocking at the door, one of the Queen's damsels refused to open it to him, saying, through the key-hole, that this was no hour for talking with her mistress, and asking on what business he had come thither. The Jew, that they might open to him, made answer, that he came with pleasant intelligence for the Queen, since her husband, to show how entirely he was reconciled to her, designed to come immediately and sleep with her in her chamber. The damsel ran in hastily to tell this good news to the Queen;

but she, perceiving surely the peril in which she was, began to weep, knowing that she had but few hours more to live; for she understood well that the Jews, whose whole race hated her, would not have come thither in so great number, and at an hour so unusual, without having some bloody order which they were zealous to execute. The lady of her chamber, upon this entering into the distresses of her mistress, cried out and wept, and said she would never open, unless the Queen herself absolutely commanded her. But the Queen made a sign to her that she must no longer dispute the entrance of the chamber against the Jews, and at the same instant she lifted her eyes up to heaven, to recommend her soul to God for salvation, calling out that it was no pain for her to die in her innocence, and praying God to bless abundantly the Duke of Bourbon her brother, the Queen of France her sister, King Charles the Wise, and all the royal family. She had no sooner made an end of these words, than the Jews entered in a troop. They found that blessed princess lying on her bed, holding in one of her hands a Psalter, and in the other a lighted taper to read her prayers; and turning her eyes on those that entered, she asked what was their business, and who had sent them so late to speak with her. They answered her, that with great sorrow did they find themselves there, to announce to her the order of the King, and that forthwith she must prepare herself, since her last hour was come.

This discourse was interrupted by the cries of her damsels, who tore their hair, and sobbed aloud, saying one to the other, that an unjust death was come on the best lady in the world, and calling on Heaven for vengeance on the authors of this cruelty. The poor Queen commanded them to set bounds to their lamentations, and said, there was no need for so much grief, since she was about to die innocent, and that their sorrow and pity should rather be for Pedro her husband, who committed such barbarity by the malicious counsels of his concubine, who had for a long space thirsted after her blood.

The Jews, fearing lest the cries and tumult of these damsels of the Queen might interrupt the execution of their mistress, and moreover, that they might reveal afterwards the murder, which they so much desired to keep in darkness, took them all by the hand, and dragging them out of the chamber, conveyed them into a cellar, where they strangled them, that so they might the more easily and secretly kill the Queen Blanche. These wretches delayed not the fulfilment of their purpose, for they dispatched her by letting a great beam tumble down upon her belly, that she might be deprived of breath, without any drop of blood appearing on her countenance or her body. When they had finished that accursed undertaking, they withdrew themselves speedily into a castle, situated on a high rock, which the king had pointed out to them as an asylum.—*Memoires de Du GUESCLIN, Collection Universelle, &c. vol. IV. p. 96.*

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

No. II.

MY DEAR S.,

I ENDEAVOURED to give you some idea of the student duels in the German universities; and when I was doing so, I little thought I should have to exemplify one of those fatal results which take place every now and then, in the person of my poor friend L——. You have often found his name in my letters. How could it be otherwise? He had been my constant companion in shower and in sunshine, on foot and on horseback, by water and by land, nearly for 12 months. I was at his side, when, with our knapsacks on our

backs, we toiled through the sands of Mecklenbourg and Prussia; when we wound our way over the rocks, and through the valleys of Switzerland. I was with him when we danced merrily to the sound of "tabor and lute," at the gathering of the vintage, and sung "blessings on the Rhine," as its blue waves were rapidly fulfilling their course beneath our feet—and I was with him when he was laid in his grave.

The first time I saw L—— was at Heidelberg. I had just returned from a ten days' excursion to Cologne, and

was sitting at the window of the inn, when my attention was aroused by a strange-looking figure, coming up the street. He seemed to be in the prime of youth, probably not twenty years of age. His form was singularly well proportioned, so much so, that though as he approached I saw he was six feet in height, he scarcely looked much above the middling size. His costume was ultra-student; his long dark hair had been carefully combed off his forehead, and hung in full curls down his back, so that there was nothing to relieve the palest countenance, and the most regular features I ever saw, except the black mustache which curled upon his upper lip. He wore a velvet cap, after the fashion of the sixteenth century, at the front of which was affixed a small silver crucifix. His neck was bare, and a large Vandyke frill lay on his shoulders. A Polish jacket, loose trowsers, and a sword so fastened as to be brought forward, and placed nearly perpendicularly on his left breast, completed the rest of his outline. I had already seen a little of these students, but was not prepared to meet with anything so strange as this figure. I soon learned, however, that he was from the university of Jena; and this, I was given to understand, was a sufficient cause for all this singularity of appearance. He touched his bonnet slightly as he passed us, according to the courtesy of the country, and I saw nothing more of him till we met, six months after, at Berlin. I then found him much changed. He had shorn his long locks, and had modified his extraordinary costume, to a more citizen-like fashion. His mind, however, had been too deeply imbued with the extravagancies of the Burschin-libsu of Jena, to throw off all those habits of thought which had been acquired at the very outset of his career. He had quitted one of the Gymnasias of Germany at the age of fifteen, and had been placed at this University. He found himself in a world, a world, too, in which unfortunately the imagination was called more into play than the judgment. He was surrounded by youths of his own age, the greater portion, if not the whole of whom, at this particular University, sprung from the middling orders, and therefore hated all that savoured of aristocracy. Picture to yourself a set of boys, placed in one of the most

secluded spots on the face of the earth, mingling in no society, because in Jena there is none; filled with heated notions about liberty and patriotism; always in a state of excitement, eternally duelling or studying; and I think you will not easily find a chain of circumstances more fit for building up a mind such as that of Sandt, or of destroying one like L——'s.

L—— was an only child. His circumstances and his rank of life (for he was not a noble) obliged him to devote himself to the study of theology. His temper was mild and conciliating—he was an expert swordsman and an experienced duellist, because he was a student; but almost all of his duels arose from the quarrels of others. The impulse of his own nature was to be in charity with all men. You probably will smile at the idea of a duellist being of such a disposition; but consider for a moment how exceedingly artificial the society is which brings forth such seeming incongruities, and your wonder will cease. At an age when our feelings are freshest, and most easily moulded, a student is thrown into a world where his conduct is tried by the wildest and most romantic tests. He is taught to consider himself perfectly free, because he is not bound to acknowledge any law, except those of the *Senatus Academicus*, not even those of his country. He is therefore touchy, and impatient of restraint. He comes prepared to form romantic attachments, and his anticipations are realized. Clans are formed among themselves, each member of which swears to support his brother at all risks. Each clan has its particular days of meeting, and all the clans meet together four times in the year, for no other purpose than to foster these high-wrought feelings. Hence you will easily see that duelling among them is nothing but a necessary result of the "*esprit du corps*," and that a mild man and a regular duellist are not incompatible.

As a man, then, L—— possessed all those kindly affections which endeared him to his friends, but, as a student, these feelings had been diverted from a wholesome growth, and had become rank, from their very luxuriance. I am content to be charged with prolixity in the description of his character, because this description will apply to a whole class of students, and

to a class, too, by no means scant among them. L—— had modelled his character upon an ideal of what he conceived to be the *Alt-Deutsch*. To live freely—to be true to his friend, his mistress, and, above all, to his country, was the very soul of such a model. To be sincere in his manner, nay, even to be blunt, to be strictly *chaste*, to avoid all that resembled *French*, was to be a man. In short, I cannot give you a better idea of what the greater portion of the German students strive to be, than to refer you to the character of Götz von Berlichingen, in Goethe's tragedy of that name. It was one of the German poet's earliest productions, and I suspect that Götz himself is not so much an original conception as the concrete of what was conceived to be a perfect *Alt-Deutscher* by the students. L——, though a thorough wanderer over the face of the earth, yet had contrived to obtain a profound acquaintance with the ancient tongues, both classical and the eastern. The study of these was necessary for his theological pursuits. There was a motive, however, for his ardour for acquirement, which arose from a more sacred source than the mere pleasure of study,—a sense of duty, which he owed to an aged mother. His feelings were acute on all subjects, but on this they amounted to devotion. "She has been all to me," I have often heard him say; "she has garnered up all her heart in her son. God grant that one day he may be enabled to shew his gratitude!" So mysterious, however, are the ways of Providence, that it was through that son that her grey hairs were bowed with sorrow to the grave.

We had travelled from Berlin to Heidelberg. You know, I was in the habit of making short excursions to the several capitals in the south of Germany. I had been absent a week on one of these, and had returned very late one night,—when, as I drove through the street in which he lodged, I looked for the light which I expected to find at his window, for his *burschen* habits obliged him to devote his nights to those studies to which he could not attend during the day, but I found that the shutters were closed. I know not how to account for it, but I had a presentiment that he was dead. It was in vain I reasoned on the improbability of the case. In vain I thought

on a thousand causes which might have induced him to have retired earlier than usual,—nothing appeared satisfactory, and I was oppressed with the deepest melancholy. The next day, I went to the leader of the corps to which he belonged, and learned, alas! that my suspicions were but too true: poor L—— had been shot the very evening of my arrival. The affair had arisen from a quarrel which occurred in the great *Commerz*. A drunken *Courlander* had insulted L——; hard words were exchanged, and a duel was to be the consequence. The following morning, L——'s friends were surprised to hear that his antagonist insisted on choosing the pistol and the barrier. The reason assigned was, that he had struck the *Courlander*. It did not appear, however, that any blow had been given or taken by either party, but as this mode of fighting was strongly insisted upon, there remained no other alternative but to adopt it. The spot chosen for this scene of action was a field just out of the town. They met, and at the very first fire his adversary's ball passed through L——'s heart—he sprung into the air, and fell dead without a single groan. The ball had driven in a portion of the little silver crucifix, the gift of his mother, which, since he had changed his mode of dress, he wore in his bosom. The *Courlander* was obliged to leave the territories of Baden, and this he could accomplish in an hour. The punishment against duelling is nominally severe, but really nothing. You may be sentenced to twenty years' confinement at Spandau, or at any other fortress, and you reckon upon being set free in twenty weeks. It is a custom prevalent throughout Germany, in cases of duels, to bury the person on the spot in which he has fallen. A grave was made near two large elms, in the corner of the field in which the duel took place, and here they buried the body of poor L——, and with it all that remained of joy or comfort to his aged and widowed mother. This was the brief outline of the events which had transpired during my absence. The several members of the *Landsmannschaft* to which he belonged were highly incensed. It was not a fair duel, said one. It was not according to the customary student-laws, said a second. The *Courlanders* have been renowned of late. We shall see if this can-

not be stopped, replied a third. It was evident from all this, that a host of duels were in contemplation. L—— had been so much beloved among his own set, and had contributed so much in making that set so well known throughout Germany, by his expertness at the sword, that they were determined to revenge his death. The Courlanders, on the other hand, knew that this would be the probable result, and had come to an equal determination to be ready to take up the slightest insult, or, in other words, to see insult where there could have been none. As both of these clans were numerous and well known, the eyes of the whole university were turned upon them. Groups of youths were seen gathered in corners together. Instead of the loud jollity which attended their usual meeting, silent though menacing looks were observed. Bitter taunts, seemingly addressed to the air, but really to the passer-by, were thrown out on all sides. The whole university seemed to be in a state of restlessness and excitement, which, considering the very inflammable and light materials of which its members were composed, gave no little uneasiness to the burghers. Such was the state of affairs during the whole of the day subsequent to poor L——'s death. It was now that portion of the evening which, succeeding a brilliant sun-set, just precedes the rising of the moon. I was in my own room, ruminating upon the melancholy fate of my friend. His youth, his promising talents, the many pleasant hours we had spent together, all occurred to me, and however varied the tissue of my thoughts might otherwise be, yet he was always interwoven with it. While I was so employed, I thought I heard a murmuring sound, like the "noise of waters running violently at a distance." In a few minutes this became more and more distinct. I almost thought it was a mere imagination, until I observed others looking for its cause as well as myself. "What is the matter?" said I to a man who seemed hurrying away from something, but evidently not knowing which road to take. He looked a moment in my face, and then, without uttering a single word, fairly took to his heels. The noise approached. The deep, sullen, continuous

murmur, now seemed to swell, and again to subside. At once, a burst of human voices broke, as if by magic, upon me, and, starting round, I saw a dense mass rapidly moving up the streets; and now there could be no doubt what this portended; had I had any, the fearful watchword of the students, "Burschen heraus," would at once have informed me that the students were out. Once having heard it, I knew that I, as a student, dared not stay within. I accordingly seized my sword, and ran to join the throng. Peaceable citizens, who, a few moments before, had been walking in perfect security, were now seen running in every direction. The old, the young, all sexes, and all ages, were hurrying from the living avalanche, which seemed as if about to overwhelm them.

"Heraus, Burschen Heraus," was echoed from all sides, and at these words students came pouring out from each street, and lane, and house. Princes, counts, barons, and all the prolific host of titled youths, ran shouting and hallooing, and flourishing their swords or sharpening their Klinge* on the stones as they joined the throng. Nothing was heard but shouts and invocations. "Hurrah! hurrah! Freedom and the student-life for ever!" "Down with the Philistines!" and a thousand such expressions, were mingled with ten thousand heavy German oaths to increase the confusion.

"To the market-place, to the market-place," was now the cry, and away we hurried to this spot. When we had assembled there, and something like silence had been obtained, there was a general call on the leaders of the landsman schafter, to explain the reason of this assemblage. "The peasantry have insulted us," was vociferated from one corner of the square. "Meyer the tailor, who was in 'Verchiss' for not trusting the Prince von Dreck for a coat, has again insulted him grossly," was heard on another side—"No, no," said others, "the Graf von Saufen has been felled by the landlord of the Hécht!" This poor devil of a landlord had made himself obnoxious to the students, and they, after their fashion, put him into "Verchiss," so that none of them could become his customers. He, however, had had a sufficient number of friends among the

* Klinge, the blunt sword with which the students practise.

citizens, to be able to do without their support. No sooner then was the word uttered, that one of the honourable fraternity of Students had been cud-gell'd by the said landlord, than cries were heard on both sides—"To the Hecht, to the Hecht," and away we moved to the devoted house. "A Philistine, a Philistine," cried one of the foremost, as a man and a female were intercepted in their attempt to escape. "Down with him!" cried some, who neither saw nor knew who it was—"Who is he?" cried others, not quite so inconsiderate as the rest. "The landlord of the Golden Fleece, and his daughter."—"Did you not hear, friend, that the Burschen were out, and do you not know, that the mountain stream cannot be restrained in its course?" said a long-haired Quixotic Burshenschaftler.—Poor Hans, upon whom all this poetry seemed quite thrown away, swore most roundly, that he neither had heard nor seen any mountain stream, and that he made it a rule never to oppose any stream, mountain or not. "Let him pass," said the leader of the Westphalians, whose mess was held at the Golden Fleece, "Hans is a good fellow, and Lotta is pretty."—Away then ran Hans and Lotta, and away moved the mass to the Hecht. Every house had been shut up and barricaded; the landlord of the Hecht knowing in what odour he stood, you may be sure was not less remiss in securing his own than his neighbour's. One or two of the leaders tapped at the door and demanded admission. The landlord, no doubt, would not have been at home, had he had the opportunity of denying himself; but long before any answer could be given—crack went the door. I stood on some steps just opposite the entrance to the house, and could observe what took place. The rush was so sudden, that some half dozen of heavy-gaited peasants and shipmen were surprised over their beer. No sooner, however, was the student's cap and glittering sword seen among them, than they disappeared with surprising alacrity. Some tried to force through the crowd, and got well pommelled in the attempt; some flew up stairs and escaped into the next house; two or three made for the window, and without attending to

the impediment of glass or wood, bolted through; not, however, without being materially assisted in their flight by sundry pokes in the most obviously presenting part, sufficiently piquante to make them meditate on their latter end. And now a scene of the greatest tumult and confusion took place. The furniture of the house was broken to pieces, glasses, chairs, stools, and beds, were flung out; and nothing short of the absolute destruction of the building itself, seemed to satisfy the students.—Matters were going on in this way, when a cry of, "Halt, halt," was heard from the end of the street. "The military are here."—"Together, together," cried some of the chiefs, as a troop of Cuirassiers, preceded by the Pro-rector and other Professors, appeared. The students, in the meanwhile, had had time to form a very good front behind the broken furniture and rubbish which had been collected together, and laid across the narrow street.

"What is the cause of this disturbance, gentlemen? You must disperse immediately," said the Pro-rector.

"We have been insulted, most grossly insulted," was heard on every side. "Who has been insulted?" replied the Pro-rector; "only let him come forward, and the matter shall be immediately investigated by the Senatus Academicus." "Graf Von Saufen has been disgraced and beaten by the landlord of the Hecht." The landlord, who had ensconced himself in the upper story of the next house, now put forth his shaggy head, and swore he had never seen Der Herr Graf; and the Count himself corroborated the statement, by declaring he never had been thrashed at all. This unexpected turn of affairs seemed to put the students to a non-plus. It was clear, from the known animosity that existed between them and the military, that not a few cloven skulls would ensue. One party seemed to waver, and the other appeared quite ready to dash and hash. "A knot* told me," said a thin little voice from the thickest of the crowd, "that one of the students had been murdered by the peasantry, and that he had seen the corpse, and I spread the report."—"Surely, gentlemen," said the Pro-rector, "you need not have placed the whole city in alarm for a mere report.

* Knot—*Anglice*, Saob.

Why did you not learn who was missing, and then lay the matter before us? I insist upon your immediately dismissing, or I shall give orders to the military to compel you."—"A free Bursche must not be compelled," cried the leader of the Saxo-Borussians; "we acknowledge no laws but those of the *Senatus*. The military have no business here—let them first depart, and then we will treat with you. But if a single Bursche is hurt, Mr Pro-rector, we will declare the University in *Verchiss* throughout Germany." This oration was received with shouts of approbation, and cries of "Liberty for ever!" resounded on every side. The Professors knew, from sad experience, that it was dangerous to push matters too far. They were aware, that should the University be put into *verchiss*, not only they, but the whole town, would be ruined. They knew that a student was not a student of this or that particular university, subject to its peculiar laws, but that he was emphatically a German student. They knew that the bonds which united them together were so strict, that what was decreed at Hamburg, was confirmed at Tübingen. The experience of the last twelve years convinced them that putting the university into *verchiss* was attended with results so serious, that on one occasion the whole town of Heidelberg went forth with music to invite the students to return from the place where they had encamped previously to their finally, to a man, quitting the university. Many of the Professors too, although obliged to act with decision, were themselves averse to allow any other authority but their own to have weight in the university. A consultation of a few minutes was held, and it was resolved that the military be requested to retire to the outskirts of the town. As long as the tumult had lasted, my mind had been excited, but now that I saw the whole band about to retire peaceably, I turned with feelings of deep disgust from the noisy throng which surrounded me. I was discontented with myself and the whole world. I blamed my own egregious folly in ever joining a set of such wild fanatics, and subjecting myself either to participate in their rash acts or to fight half the university. While I was thus ruminating, I found that instead of reaching my own door, I had insensibly

wandered to the side of a hill which skirts the back of the town. All that fairy scene, which, a few hours before, had been lighted up by the gorgeous rays of a setting sun—the old castle reposing on the hill—the hills themselves, covered as far as rays could reach, with the variegated blossoms of the peach, the almond, and the apple,—the broad waters of the Rhine following in waves of molten gold through the fairest plain and richest vale on the face of the earth,—all this magnificent variety of hues was now blended into one soft tone by the light of the moon; colourless shapes were everywhere around me, and shadows seemed like substances, and substances like shadows. The huge forms of the mountains appeared to arise like evil genii from the midst of the deep shadows which surrounded their base—and night, and solitude, and silence, conspired to throw me into a world of spirits. The fate of poor L——, cut off in the bloom of youth, the grief of his broken-hearted mother, and the ten thousand thoughts with which his image was connected, crossed my mind, and I was lost as in a painful dream. I was recalled to my senses, however, by my dog, which had joined me, crouching suddenly behind me. I looked up, and I swear to you that I saw the features of my friend by the strong beam that fell on his pale forehead. He was standing beneath a tree whose shadow clothed the whole of his form, except the head, as with a dark garment. My knees tottered under me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and the perspiration stood in large beads on my forehead. He seemed to look fixedly upon me, and I thought I could see his lips move—I could not be mistaken—I ran forward to meet him—he fell into my arms, and I found a cold stiff corpse weighing on my shoulder! the corpse of L——. I knew not what happened for the next few minutes—but when I recovered I found myself leaning on the trunk of a tree, surrounded by some students. They all seemed in deep astonishment. At last one cried out, "I see it, I see it! What, what! they have cast him from his grave. Who have done it? The peasantry?" At once the whole truth flashed upon us, and at once we now saw the origin of the report of the murdered student. L—— had been buried in the field of one of the small land-

holders, and such is the superstition of the lower orders in Germany, that the vicinity of a murdered corpse is thought to bring the greatest misfortunes. This landholder had, therefore, removed it from its grave, and placed it in a conspicuous situation. Some one or other had, no doubt, seen it, and imagined it to be a murdered student, and had spread that report which

brought out the whole university in arms.

A deputation was sent to the Duke to dispense with the law which obliged a man killed in a duel to be buried on the spot, and to allow L. to be interred after the fashion of the students. This was granted, and the whole university followed the body at midnight by torch-light, to a quieter grave.

MINUETS.

"This is no fooling."—*Old Play.*

"THE age of chivalry is gone:" So thought Burke;—but it is odd enough, that throughout his fanciful book he never seems to have hit upon the best reason for thinking so. There is a better gauge for the spring-tides of democracy, than the decay of royalty in France. That might be *exceptio pro regulâ*. He should have instanced the decay of the Minuet. There are auguries in Nature. When Rowlandson, or somebody else, published a caricature of the Long Minuet, with "Longa Tithonum minuit," for a motto, it was an ominous legend—had the spectators known it. It would, or ought to have given a shock to the præcordia of every subscriber to the Constitutional Association, from the old dowager duchesses downwards, had that egregious corporation been then "*in esse*."

Everybody who has paid any attention at all to the expression of music—provided always he, or she, be not as shallow as "Avison on Musical Expression,"—a book, God wot, the intense demerits of which have never been sufficiently castigated, must agree that there is an expression peculiar to dances. Expression I call it—knowing the word is too good for it, but for want of a better, let it pass. There is the measured lightness of the Polonaise; there is the splendid voluptuousness of the waltz. But the Minuet is the most marked of all. It is, as it were, the very essence of courtly pomp—the aristocracy of locomotiveness. If dancing be the poetry of motion, it is the legitimate and twin-brother to a birth-day ode. What matters it if Heidegger be the father of the one, and Colley Cibber of the other?

VOL. XVII.

Take some celebrated minuet, and examine its parts. The very name calls up the idea of lutestring and hoops. There is Marshal Saxe's, for instance. Are not the very first two bars irresistibly redolent of embroidered coats, rapiers, toupées, and mareschal powder? Then there is the measured pompous drop-down of the fourth bar. What a step of dignity here! and the shaken minim at the conclusion of the first part—it is the very quintessence of rustling brocaded curtseys, swanlike glides, and congées of the chapeau bras! After this comes the graceful recovery of the first bar of the second part, gradually ascending until it launches into a passage of stiff, yet airy flutterings, which it would puzzle Hogarth himself to personify on the canvass, or William Farren, or Farley, on the stage. What simpers, what smiles, what airs, and what graces, do not these notes embody! What ogles under raised eye-brows—what juxta-position of patches—what waving of plumes—what sparkling, and what rustling!—now dying apparently away—now suddenly, after a rapid glide up, renewed, like the embraces of heroines in the catastrophe of a pathetic melodrame—at last subsiding in the slow-measured descent again—the first quaver of each brace accented—

"one, two—three, four—five, six!"—"The pompous" in melody, can go no further.

This minuet may peradventure have been danced, to the admiration of all beholders, in the days of Marlborough and Prince Eugene; but hardly since. It would make a pretty burlesque in the hands, or rather feet, of a board-

ing-school young lady and gentleman not out of their teens—but nothing more. “The Marquis of Granby” would have been too plain-mannered, and “the Duke of Cumberland,” (both heroes) to say a truth—too German. The spirit of ridicule in high places, came in with the freedom of the Hanover family. It was an ill omen, when the wags of the day began to crack jests on George the First’s “fat and lean kine” of German mistresses. The minuet sickened in the breath of the first titter. Public opinion has slipped (ever restless) from beneath it. It was the musical incarnation of the spirit of Sir Charles Grandison; and, being so, flourished when nobility, with all its pomp and circumstance, was taken throughout—at its word; when the world no more dreamed of laughing at it for shewing (to risk a pun) its pedigree in its carriage, than on the door of it. Like some of Mr Kean’s long dying scenes, it requires full faith in the spectators, or it is ruined. There must be no popular scepticism. A lord, there, must have the air and assumption of nobility, as well as the coat of arms, and must, moreover, have full credit given for them; a single “tee-hee” is the bane of either! These days, alas! are all over. The democracy of the ridiculous has attacked the outworks of the aristocracy, and minuets and laced waistcoats have retired mortally wounded from the assault. “’Tis too much.” Minuets!—who can dance minuets, when the Whigs are befooled every week by the John Bull, and the Tories every day by the Morning Chronicle? When, if a man have a silly face, be he who he will, he is sure to hear of it; and if he be silly, *de*

fucto—(as they say of the South American republics)—he must be so with a witness, if he does not find it out at last. Minuets!—when “my lords and gentlemen” drive four-in-hand, patronize “the Fancy”—swill “blue ruin”—and marry rich citizens’ daughters and opera-dancers, by way of reformation and settling in life!—Minuets now a-days!—Shade of Vestris the Elder!

Objects, not in themselves picturesque, become so in the haze of distance; and besides the direct pleasure to be derived from expression in music, there is a bastard and factitious one, which is founded in the association of ideas. Even so—before, then, all thy genera and species of waltzes, and cotillions, and boleros, and polacas, and quadrilles, play me, O fiddler! who listenest to other whims than thine own—the Minuet. Originally common-place, Time has shed a romance over it. It has acquired the poetry of years. It is the fantastic adjunct of our second stage of comedy; and reminds of the times, now happily passed for ever, yet not unworthy to be remembered, when Cibber wrote and played in a flowing wig, and Mrs Bracegirdle in a hoop and head; when Lord Foppington was a dandy, and Lady Fanciful a dandyzette; when strait-laced beauties were irresistible, and gentlemen in buckram fascinating; ere dress, like manners, had become one chaos—and the nobleman and his groom, and the lady and her abigail—the master and the ‘prentice—had met half way in the road of violent refinement, and affected common sense.

T. D.

THE DIVING BELL.

WE have reason to believe that this curious submarine contrivance was known to *Friar Bacon*; at any rate, the hint has evidently been taken from one of the few scraps of his mighty genius, raked from amongst the rubbish of monkish absurdity; and, to an ingenious mind, what more is requisite?—That illustrious Englishman, in one of his brief, cautious notices—and cautiously indeed was he constrained to write in a bewildered fire-and-fury age—expressly says, that

he could travel on the bottom of the sea with the same ease and security as he could on dry land, which impresses us with the belief that Bacon, in the course of his philosophical researches, had constructed a diving vessel of some kind or other; but how it was fashioned, or of what material, we pretend not to know—history and tradition being alike silent.

On sitting down to our present subject, we called to remembrance the aforesaid *relic*, and gratefully embra-

ced the opportunity of rendering honour to whom honour is due, and doing homage to the father of our experimental philosophy.

The Diving Bell, as it is called, though very dissimilar in appearance to the utensil of that name, has been long known to our speculative engineers; but its services, until of late, were of little or no utility, except in one or two solitary instances. The *foundation-stone* of the noble house of *Mulgrave*, we are told, was laid by means of a diving vessel. Indeed, it would appear, from the testimony of certain old prints, drawings, and other information now before us, that our divers of old were unable to remain long under water—half an hour, perhaps, was their longest stay; and though some of these prints actually represent venturous wights, apparently cased in leather, with breathing tubes of the same material, descending from the bells, and attached to their respective head-pieces, thereby enabling them, if we may credit the artist, to respire freely, and scramble about at their ease; yet are we somewhat sceptical in believing that they felt themselves so completely at home as the ingenious engraver would have us to imagine. Our own experience inclines us to believe that they were impostors—more scramblers on paper, notwithstanding the very copious and highly entertaining accounts of their exploits, handsomely printed, elegantly embellished, &c. &c. These speculations are much at variance with the practical knowledge we happen to possess, and therefore do we counsel our readers to beware of *book-makers*, whether of the old or of the new school, even when their volumes are temptingly bound, and their plates executed by the most esteemed artists.

Smeaton was the first of our practical engineers that took the Diving Bell in hand, and used it with success. He built one of wood, sufficiently large to hold four divers, and supplied them with fresh air through a leather pipe or hose attached to the bell, and communicating with a forcing-pump above water. This ingenious contrivance enabled the workmen to continue their labour for hours together without intermission, and impresses us with a very favourable opinion of Mr *Smeaton's* inventive powers. Sorry are we to say, that his well-grounded expecta-

tations were not more fully realized. In the course of a few months the planking yielded; the fastenings gave way; the vessel became leaky, and so very insecure withal, that it was ultimately laid aside.

Rennie succeeded *Smeaton* as engineer to the commissioners of *Ramsgate Harbour*, where the wooden bell was used, and perfected what his able predecessor had so very successfully begun. Availing himself of the scientific spirit then bestirring itself in our foundries, that eminent engineer, with a sagacity peculiarly his own, constructed a diving vessel, entirely of cast-iron, with glasses in the roof to admit of light from above. Two ingeniously contrived forcing-pumps were applied, together with a portable crane and suitable appurtenances for lifting and lowering the bell. The air-pipe was also taken through hand, and every constituent part of the diving tackle so well proportioned and skilfully put together, that we question much whether or not any farther improvement can be made. This bell was used in building *Ramsgate Pier*.

Having thus far introduced the subject to our readers' notice, we proceed to lay down the principles upon which every Diving Bell now in use is constructed; and as they are differently shaped, and of various dimensions, we shall pick out the one most suitable in our estimation for general purposes. A vessel of this description ought to be six feet long, five feet two inches high, and four feet two inches wide, outside measure; consequently, when immersed, it will displace about 129 cubic feet of water—C. 72, or nearly so. In navigable rivers we have the ebbing and flowing tide to guard against, and in the open sea we frequently meet with strong *under currents*, even when the surface is perfectly smooth; of course, more weight must be added, not only to sink the bell, but also to render it steadier in the descent, and less liable to accident from any of the aforesaid causes. We may therefore safely add C. 8 to the weight of water displaced by our vessel, and scheme it so as to weigh four tons *in air*. Our readers, we trust, will be good enough to dispense with our finding out, by mathematical definition, or otherways, the precise thickness of metal requisite to make good our tonnage; because it would require more time so to do than

we can very well spare, and in lieu thereof, oblige us by accepting a piece of minor information ; viz. a piece of cast-iron, 3.84 inches long, and an inch square, weighs *one* ; a piece of malleable iron, 3.57 inches long, and an inch square, weighs *one* ; and a cubic foot of water, 62½ lbs. avoirdupois.

The shape, size, and weight of our bell being now determined upon, we hasten to prepare it for immersion ; and as the glasses require some little consideration, we had better begin with them. They are ten in number, each 6½ inches diameter, 2 inches thick on the crown, and cast in the form of lenses, being convex on the top, and flat on the lower sides, partly to strengthen, and partly to render them more serviceable. Rays of light falling perpendicularly on the convex surface of a lense, converge and bisect each other at the focal point or centre from whence the convex surface is described, thereby disseminating themselves more generally throughout the vessel than if both surfaces were flat. These lenses are cast in iron moulds, and lose a little of their rotundity in cooling ; hence the focal points become obtuse, and consequently harmless, though we could mention one or two instances where they happened to retain their curvatures so very perfectly, as to convince the unbeliever that concentrated rays, even when they have passed through a fathom or two of water, are not to be trifled with. In the roof or crown of the bell are ten round holes, each encircled with a rebate, where the lenses are bedded in cement, and properly secured with iron flanges and copper bolts. A safety-valve is also fixed in the crown, directly under the air-pipe, and opening inward, so as to prevent the air from escaping, should any accident happen either to the hose or forcing-pump. There are two wooden seats in the bell ; one at each end, and a foot-board in the middle. They slide in projecting grooves cast along with it, and are usually unshipped when the divers are at work.

We may also notice a couple of ring-bolts in the roof, (*inside*,) to which heavy bodies are suspended with sling-chains, and brought above water ; also two in each end, (*outside*,) whereunto leading or guide-ropes may be made fast ; together with a strong sling-chain, attached to a ridge or bracket, and on the crown of the bell by means

of shackle-bolts. This sling-chain is hooked to that of a powerful crane-purchase, when the diving vessel is used.

The forcing-pumps discharge into a small air-chest, furnished with two internal flap valves, that open and shut alternately, as the pistons are forced upwards and downwards, in their respective working barrels. These pistons are coupled with guide links, and parallel rods, to a double acting cross-handled beam, or lever, so contrived, that six or even eight men may occasionally be employed. The working barrels are twelve inches long, and eight inches diameter ; the pistons one inch thick each ; so that the divers are supplied with about four gallons of atmospheric air at every stroke of the lever, (from 25 to 30 per minute,) a much larger supply, we allow, than is necessary for respiration, but it keeps the men cool, and costs nothing. The air-pipe, or hose, is made of strong tough leather, prepared in animal oil, and coated with canvass, well soaked in bees' wax and linseed oil, boiled to a proper consistency. Another thickness of prepared leather is then closely sewed over all, which renders the hose perfectly air-tight, and sufficiently strong for practical depth. These pipes are usually made in fifteen-feet lengths, connected to each other with screw joints, similar to those of a fire-extinguishing engine. One end is screwed to a nozzle, that projects from the air-vessel, or chest, and the other to a screw pipe in the bell-roof, by which means the divers are supplied with a continual current of fresh air.

Our readers being now as wise as ourselves, in so far as theory is concerned, we will put our diving tackle in order, and proceed to some convenient river, bay, or channel, where sunken rocks impede navigation, and do our best to remove the obstruction. For this purpose we must provide ourselves with a barge of sufficient tonnage, to carry our apparatus, and accommodate our divers ; also a strong diving crane, planted equidistant from the sides and stern, capable of lifting five tons at least. The post, or upright, should turn in a centre block, firmly fixed in the bottom of the barge ; the neck thereof, in a curb or collar-plate, equally well secured to the deck, and the jib, or projecting beam, extend just as far over the vessel as safety will freely admit

of, in order that the men may have a wide range.

It is almost superfluous to say, that our crane and diving apparatus must be made of sound, proper materials, and put together in the best possible manner; because, when men's lives are at stake, pains and expense with us are minor considerations.—But to proceed to our task. All being in readiness, and to our liking, the crane chain is hooked to the slings, the bell lifted from its place, the divers take their seats, and are lowered into the sea. Our readers will please to observe, that the vessel in which we are about to descend, is neither more nor less than an oblong iron box, of the aforesaid weight and dimensions, turned topsy-turvy, and immersed *open-mouth*, if we may so express ourselves, consequently the novice, unaccustomed to breathe compressed air, will be apt to startle when his cage comes in contact with the water, and well he may. We can compare the momentary shock to nothing more aptly than the sensation we feel, on suddenly clapping our palms to our ears; only that of the bell is more violent. Should he go down to the deep from motives of curiosity, he will there learn, that the finny inhabitants are no less curious in their way than himself, particularly the junior flounders. These little creatures flutter about the lenses, and nibble with an avidity that seems to indicate how fain they would be in to see the show; and should his motive be of a higher order, he will feel gratified in witnessing the triumph of science over ignorance, folly, and benighted superstition—science, that would have been the means, a few centuries ago, of binding the unhappy possessor to a stake in Smithfield.

As our divers descend, the water is expelled from their place of abode by the air forced into it. They feel little or no inconvenience, in moderate depths, from breathing a denser atmosphere. They go down with confidence to their daily labour, and the lenses, in clear weather, afford them abundance of light: candles are used when the sky is cloudy, or the water impure. We have not heard of a single working man, whose health hath been impaired by earning his bread at the bottom of the sea. On reaching their destination, the signal is given

by striking the bell-roof with a hammer, the sound of which tinkles up the crane chain, and apprizes their comrades of what is passing below. We pause to remark, that none but sober, patient, attentive men, should be employed at this kind of work, and all idle, talkative visitants, kept back, in order that the signals may be distinctly heard, and promptly attended to. We may also observe, that every signal is given with the hammer, a certain number of strokes agreed upon between the parties denoting, *hoist, lower, right, left*, and so on.

Should the rock, on due examination, happen to be loose or fissury, of the free or pudding-stone breed, wedges and mauls may be used with effect, and the fragments either thrown into deep water or taken up in the bell slings, as may be deemed most advisable—but if otherwise, more powerful means must be resorted to. A hole of about two inches diameter, and from one and a half, to six feet deep, is jumpered in the rock and well sponged out, into which a sheet-iron cannister, containing gun-powder, is introduced. This cannister has a small iron tube of about 5-8ths of an inch diameter, securely brayed to its crown, and projecting a few inches above the rock. We need scarcely say that both tube and cannister must be perfectly watertight. A wadding of pounded brick is then rammed home to the charge, and carefully coated over with tough, well-tempered clay. We may as well observe, *en passant*, that clean sharp sand thrown loosely in and clayed over, will answer equally as well as wadding when the hole is deep and the rock not over hard. Our readers, we suspect, will greatly marvel how business can be done in such a very business-like manner, six or eight fathoms under water; but their marvel will cease when we assure them, and of our own knowledge too, that the place whereon a diving bell rests, however deep it may be, is perfectly dry for willing, experienced men to work upon, because of the air powerfully forced down from above, which cannot possibly escape until it has expelled every drop of water from the diving vessel. Having done so, it naturally ascends, and causes the sea to boil, as it were, for many fathoms around where the divers are at work.

Conceiving that our readers perfectly well understand us, we will screw another tube to that on the crown of our cannister and strike the hoisting signal. As the bell ascends, another is screwed on, another and another, until we breathe the free air. Then one of our people holds the tube fast, another on deck snatches a small piece of red-hot iron from the portable furnace at hand, drops it down, and presently the rising smoke and agitated water tell us that our labour hath not been in vain.

When the agitation subsides, we lower our bell, dispose of the shattered fragments as aforesaid, and continue our labours until every impediment is removed. In this manner was Howth harbour cleared of its dangerous sunken rocks, and that of Dunleary is about to undergo the like improvement. We dismiss the subject with a random observation or two.

It is believed by many, that divers are capable of working in these vessels at any depth, but this is altogether erroneous. Ten, or at the most, twelve fathoms is the very lowest we dare venture to go. A column of water about thirty-one feet high balances a column of atmosphere of the like diameter, and as the atmosphere presses with a density equal to about $15\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. avoirdupois upon every square inch of

surface, we leave our readers to judge, how the man would feel three fathoms and a half lower than we have stated under a pressure of 62 lbs. upon every superficial inch of his body. True it is, he would breathe air of the like density, but we know from experience, that when the air is greatly compressed, our people become languid, spiritless, and incapable of exertion. Added to this, the latent heat contained in every particle of air forced down to the bell is compressed along with it, and becomes altogether insufferable a few fathoms under what we call *diving depth*.

The curious reader may satisfy himself as to this particular by experiment. Take a small tube either of glass or metal, say $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch diameter, and four inches long, securely stopt at one end. Fix a bit of dried fungus to the end of a rammer, turned and leathered so as to fill the orifice correctly; then thrust your rammer smartly down the tube, and the compressed heat therein contained will ignite the fungus. Seeing the effects of condensed air in a tube of such very small dimensions, we need add no more to satisfy our friends that diving lower than twelve fathoms is neither pleasant nor profitable.

ACALUS.

THE ILLIBERAL.

No. I.

I do not care who hears me say it, or who calls me a bigot, a brute, an illiberal, a foe to freedom, a friend to oppression, if I say that England, of all countries in the world, has had most reason to hate and to deplore, what since the accession of George III. have been called liberal ideas. I shall not reason whether these ideas are right or wrong: I shall grant them, for argument's sake, to be right; but admitting that, I must appeal to facts to prove that these right things have been of deadly injury to the interests of England.

I am a brute, you may say, if you please: I cannot help that—but I can see through a millstone, and pass by a brick wall without making a bite at

it, as sagaciously as any of my neighbours. If you like, I shall admit that I cannot reason, and can no more draw an inference than a dray-horse. I say that I can see a thing doing, and prophesy what has happened, after it is done; and making this claim, and no farther, I proceed.

If holding extensive colonies—keeping in peace a population inclined to be hostile against you—hearing all your neighbouring countries loud in the praises of your institutions, possessing dominions in which you may enrich your population—ruling undisturbed over the sea—enjoying a monopoly of manufactures—if these and other such things be of any honour, advantage, or glory to a kingdom,

these we had, and these we, by the prevalence of liberal ideas, have partly lost irremediably, and partly only retain, by our clinging to *illiberality*. This is no dream of mine. Before the days of George III., I mean from the Revolution downward, for I shall not go beyond that era, the statesmen who managed our interests thought, as I hope, and trust, and believe, with a very few exceptions, all English ministers have thought, how most to uphold the honour and the interests of England. That they were Whigs, matters little. The usual malevolence and disaffection of the party gave way under the warmth of office, and there are few periods more gratifying to true Englishmen to look over, than the administration of Sir Robert Walpole. Indecent jobbing, and more indecent bribery, no doubt, prevailed to a wonderful extent, but these are the ingrained stains of Whiggism, which no change of time can wash out. It was as visible in their last glimpse of power in 1806, as in their continued sunshine of the days of the two first Georges. Charles Fox, of our own memory, was as corrupt at core as his speculating father, the founder of the Holland estates, before him. But I quarrel not much with this. If the country is contented at home, and honoured abroad, what need we particularly care about the half-penny-worths of public plunder shared among the great men at the top of affairs? It is, besides, a thing curable at all times.

But the Opposition to these were English to the heart. They loved England, though they loved not the reigning dynasty. Some of them wished for "him who was away;" and why? Because he was of British blood. Because

"A thousand years the regal throne
Had been his fathers' and his own."

Because he did not say *dis*, and *dat*, and *d'oder*, and had no German airs of pettifogging impertinence. Others, who put up with these trifles, because they honoured the church, grieved to see that church little respected by the official descendants of republican round-heads. All the Opposition hated Hanover, and they were right, for, in those days, the interests of that most beggarly of electorates were preferred to those of England. This was, indeed, a British Opposition.

Times altered. The fears of the Pretender vanished gradually from the day of Culloden, and the young King was educated in a creed which taught him the value of, and the respect due to, the great institutions of the country. George I. was a mere man of business, full of the littleness of shabby German courts. George II. was an ass, with hardly a decent quality about him. George III. was a cultivated Englishman, whose very peculiarities and absurdities were English. The Tory party revived in his reign, and took their proper place. Those who were personally implicated in the cause of the Stuarts were fading away—their descendants, some, no doubt, through policy, others, beyond question, from honest motives, had firmly adhered to the House of Hanover; add to which, a large majority of the Tory party had always been as much anti-jacobite as their Whig antagonists. It was now the Whig turn to become Oppositionists, and let us see how they did it. Any one ignorant of history, who sees them now only contemptible asses, will hardly believe that when they first began the trade, they shook the empire to its very base.

The man who gave the tone and temper to modern Whiggery, was Jack Wilkes. In everything he was fitted as a Coryphæus of such a party. Profligate in private life—seditious in public—impudent in assertion—intrepid in calumny—he went nearer the character of Clodius, as painted by Cicero, than any man who ever figured in the annals of England. He was the first man who founded that mob power which has occasionally made the rabble of London almost a match for the Government and Legislature. Into his cause the Whigs entered heart and hand. They supported him through the odium of publishing obscene poetry—they backed him when he, an outlaw, contrary to all precedent and common sense, started as a candidate for Parliament. They gave currency to his writings, conspicuous not more for ribaldry than sedition. There was little talent, it is quite true, in the ministry which they opposed; but, in order to obtain a triumph over that ministry, they jeopardied, not to say all the principles of the constitution, but the very existence of the monarchy.

In this fray, or rather as a sort of appendix to it, mixed Junius. We are now too well versed in controversies of higher mood—too deeply read in the principles and bearings of government—too much used to cultivated political writing, to join in the admiration which this mean and skulking incendiary extorted, even from his antagonists,—yea, even from the greatest mind of the day, Dr Johnson. It is with a sort of feeling of contempt that we look on the inquiries, whether Junius was a republican or not, well knowing that the most shallow among ourselves, who have had the benefit of the example of the French Revolution, are much better qualified to discuss the merits and demerits of republicanism, as applied to old governments, than he could be. It is with thorough scorn that we regard his spleen—affectedly personal—against the King. I say *affectedly* personal; for it is extremely unlikely that the King ever did him a personal injury. We are now better taught than to regard his fine-drawn ironies, and lamp-smelling sarcasms, as anything but rhetorical flourishes, which never could by any chance be of practical utility to any cause, or have any other result than that of inflaming animosities, and retarding measures for the advantage of the country. But *then* he was of vast importance. Under Whig rule,—Sir James Mackintosh confesses it in the Edinburgh Review, and, without his confession, history would assure us of the fact,—a most anxious surveillance was kept over the press, and a most dragooning domination exercised over the mob. Junius, therefore, exhibited the novelty of a writer appealing at the same time to the educated and the populace,—as Wilkes did the phenomenon of an agitator backed by an aristocracy, and hallooed forward by a rabble.

These things were in themselves, perhaps, more irritating than injurious. In their consequences they were deadly. The noise and gabble of the newly-awakened principles in London and its neighbourhood soon spread. We were speedily to reap the fruits of their practical operation. For expenses incurred by our wars in America, it was deemed necessary to raise supplies off the people on whose behalf, and for whose benefit, these expenses had been undertaken. It was our undoubted right to do so, *as right was then*

understood in the world. We tried it. America, instigated by the Whigs here, resisted our demand. The Whigs only saw in this a measure originating with ministers, by the overthrow of whom they might get into place. That we should lose in the contest a great portion of our empire was nothing to them. The Americans went to war. We fought at every disadvantage *au bout du monde*, as old Frederick of Prussia said. As if that were not enough, every exertion made by ministers at home was thwarted with a vehemence of fury scarcely credible. Fox used to threaten Lord North with the scaffold. And for what?—Because he was doing his best (and bad was *his* best) to prevent a dismemberment of the empire. The theories of the Americans were trumpeted forth in all the colours of eloquence, and made popular in Europe. The besotted house of Bourbon, thinking only of the injury which they could do to England, joined in the cry, soon to be thundered forth in bloodier notes against themselves. They assisted the colonists; and we lost America;—but Mr Fox got a seat in the Cabinet.

The conduct of the war was sufficiently disgraceful to us. For that, too, in a great measure, we may thank the spread of liberal ideas. The colonists were always beaten in the field. A large portion of the population adhered to us, and we had strong parties in every town in the States. Our generals might have destroyed Washington and his army, have cut every man of them to pieces, and having so done, proceeded to have hanged unopposed every man who adhered to the declaration of independence. Why did they not do so?—I shall answer. *They were afraid of home.* They were afraid, if they unsparingly, as was their duty, had destroyed Washington and his two thousand runaway rebels, there would have been such an outcry at home raised against them, such a clamour of indignation at their barbarous massacre of freemen, that the ministers would not have dared to have defended them, and that they would be given up, for saving our colonies at the expense of the eternal interests of mankind. At the end of the war, too, the clamours of the Whigs drove us into making a peace, contrary to all the principles of diplomacy, by which we gave up strong-holds, defensible by

common tactics, provinces, in which we could keep up a dominant force, and waters, in which our navy rode without a rival. But it was done. The interests of the human race triumphed—we lost our colonies—and nothing could be more liberal than our conduct. It is foolish to be arguing on such things now;—had Pitt or Percival been ministers, we should not have lost them. Need I ask those of whom he is the idol—would Buonaparte, with such a hold upon any country as we, in the year 1782, had on America, have consented to have given it up, because such paltry commanders as Cornwallis or Burgoyne had been over-reached by the despicable bush-fighters opposed to them?

This loss of the colonies was the first development of the value which the cause of freedom all over the world, and the eternal interests of the human race, are to us. I again repeat, I am satisfied to be called a brute, an ass, if anybody so likes it, but I must say, had the illiberality of the old *modus operandi* prevailed in England, we, in all probability, would not have lost America—at all events, we could not have done worse than lose it under any system. It is a neat gilding of the pill to tell us it is no loss—that we are doing better with the United States as a friendly power, &c. &c. &c. I do not doubt it, but it was not so imagined by those who hawled us out of our colonies. Nor do I envy them their power and independence; I only beg leave to doubt the soundness of the policy that suffered them to be reft from us for the sake of a handful of dirty dogmas.

I have not time for minute details, but one comes so aptly in point, that I cannot help noticing it. Every person extols Washington; he is a standing column of panegyric, even among ourselves. For my part, I see in him the enemy of England, and for my narrow, contracted, and anti-social ideas, that is enough. I see in him a man who did my country all the harm he could do it. His motives I inquire not; they are perhaps too expanding for my grovelling spirit—perhaps they are —. No matter. I have no power, that I know of, of ascertaining motives. Sufficient for me to say it, he was a man who had sworn allegiance to

George III., and broke that oath. He was a man who had accepted military office under that king, and turned the knowledge acquired in his service to doing him all the injury in his power. In a word, he was, if he had not succeeded, A TRAITOR. I know the defences—the panegyrics, which can be sung or said on such occasions—but what I have written above is true.

Well, during the war got up by him and his friends, Arnold, for some reason—I here also waive inquiring after motives, but give any person leave to make them as base as he pleases—left the cause of those who were fighting against the king to whom he had sworn allegiance. He returned, in fact, to the side which, by the act of rebellion, he had abandoned. Now, I do not blame the successful Americans for calling him a traitor—but here, actually in this country, which he had served to the utmost of his power, you will find those who praise the conduct of Washington—our enemy—ready to heap with insult the name of Arnold—our friend. Though to me—stupid and besotted that I am—it seems hard to strike a line between the treason of Washington to George III., and that of Arnold to the Congress.

We won India in spite of liberality. We won it by tyranny and domination—and against the eternal interests of mankind. To tell, in plain language, and not in this cogging cant, we won it during the eternal clamour of falsehood and Whiggery. All other nations that I ever heard of raised statues, and reared triumphal arches to those who won them kingdoms. Clive had the honours of a parliamentary investigation; and people flattered themselves with the cheering idea that the melancholy act which closed that great man's life, was urged forward by their invectives.—Hastings had a seven years' impeachment for reward—and the Lord of India, the possessor of fabled millions, died, a few years ago, dependent for the comforts of life on the tardily-paid arrears of a petty pension. One thing has always struck me as a curious coincidence, that Burgoyne, who may be said to have lost us America, was the organ of assailing in parliament Clive, who won us India, and if you will turn over the debates of the day, you will see that Burgoyne (as

also did his party) considered himself far the greater man, beyond all doubt the more brilliant patriot.

At present the population of India is happier under us than it ever was since the days of Brama and Saraswadi. We have put down the nuisance of the petty tyrants throughout the country—we have suppressed the insolence of the marauders—we have established, as far as possible, an equal law. Yet still you will hear lingering in the continental coteries, lamentations on spoliated Rajahs, and oppressed Begums—sighs for the sorrows of the mild Tippoo, and groans over the destruction of the beneficent empire of the Moguls. At home, we are assailed with mouthings, calling on us to establish organs of sedition in our Presidencies, thereby to teach the Hindoos the eternal interests of mankind, and the necessity of putting an end to our rule over them. The Hindoos, however, not having yet learned these valuable doctrines, are happy and content. When the time comes, if it will ever come, that a Washington shall arise among them, they will be sure of sympathy here, and of finding true patriots, anxious to impede every exertion that can be made to support our authority over them.

I am not saying that these principles are not right. I have not talent for such speculations. I can only regret that they happen to have done us all the harm conceivable; and, at the same time, cannot help wondering, in my simplicity, that people of other countries—Buonaparte, for example—utterly despise them—make their advantage by such contempt—and get lauded by the statesmen, who bristle in indignation, if a tithe of the same conduct be attempted by ourselves. For ever do I wonder at these same statesmen when they tell me that, by the pursuance of such principles, an empire is steadier and more durable,

when I reflect that one of the states, which are the constant object of their praise—Rome—contrived to get on, to rise in power, to be the mistress of the world—in consequence of the exertions of men, who, though they regarded foreign countries (Greece, &c.) much, regarded their own more, and would have laughed, *ore soluto*, at any philosopher of the day, who had told them that they should not humble a rival, or crush a rebellion, for fear of hurting some flimsy doctrine of general good. These men might be *wrong*—that, I repeat, is not in my scope of argument—but they reared a great empire, and they kept it for more centuries than any of the new European powers has been solidly established.

Again, too, I own I am a little amazed when I am told that liberality, &c. &c. is the most certain plan of retaining authority, when I reflect that Spain, a weak country, retained, and that too during unsuccessful foreign wars, her colonies, larger and more populous, and I submit more illiberally governed than ours, for thirty years undisputed, after the insurrection of the North American States, in spite of their example—and that even when they attempted to cast off her yoke, she contrived to make head—and, in some places, still successfully—for more than a dozen years against them—while we, Lords of the Sea, unbroken by any war, and at the height of credit, lost, in less than seven years, colonies, mildly governed, (in comparison, at least, with the Spanish,) and by no means so extensive, or, at that time, so thickly peopled.

I want to make no inferences. I do not know how—here are facts. And in my next paper, I shall see how facts stand as to the Slave Trade and the Roman Catholics. We happen not yet to have lost Jamaica or Ireland.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. VII.

THE third evening from our first visit to Halliburn church, found us re-assembled near the venerable structure, preparing to complete our survey of its beautiful churchyard, and afterwards to prosecute our further scheme of visiting the ancient mansion-house of the De la Veres. The burial-ground was beautifully situated, and finely shaded by majestic trees. Its field of graves, and the intersecting paths, were in that state of neat and decent order which should ever characterize the resting-place of the dead; but it contained no object of particular interest, save that enclosed space adjoining the church, to which I alluded in my last chapter. That outer court of death! That supplement to the sepulchre of the De la Veres! It was a singular-looking burial-place! The most forlorn I ever looked upon. The more so, for being the only neglected spot in the whole churchyard—the only one upon which the grass was allowed to shoot up in rank luxuriance, intermingled with tall tufts of nettles and mallows; and one felt chill looking on those forsaken graves, as if the poor sleepers beneath them were unkindly excluded from the vaulted chambers within, the dark asylum of their kindred dead. It was a long stripe of ground, close under, and running parallel to, the chancel-wall, a projection of the building bounding it at one end, while the other and the outer side was parted off from the rest of the churchyard by a high iron railing. Within that barrier was arranged a single row of graves—eight, I think, in number—mere turfen hillocks, undistinguished by tomb or head-stone, or memorial of any kind, save one, a small mean mural tablet of the commonest stone, affixed in that part of the church-wall immediately over the eighth, and apparently the last heaped grave. But, in that poor memorial, the pride of illustrious ancestry, the last sparks of human vanity, were yet legible. The form was that of an armorial shield, though containing only a plain and simply worded inscription; but all the ingenuity of the rude sculptor had been exercised in carving out the sides of that coarse

stone into the semblance of a mantle, and it was just discernible, after some little patient investigation, that the five uncouth lumps, issuing out of a sort of basket on the top, were designed to represent an ostrich plume, surmounting a ducal coronet. And that rude mockery of the family crest had been there affixed, in contempt of heraldic fitness. The name beneath was that of a female, and the inscription ran simply,

“ To the memory of
 GERTRUDE DE LA VERE,
 The second daughter of Reginald and
 Elizabeth de la Vere,
 Who departed this life May the 27th, 1820.
 Aged 79 years.”

What a striking contrast suggested itself between that crumbling discoloured stone, “with shapeless sculpture decked,” and coarsely engraven with that simple obituary, and the polished marbles, the costly gilding, the “cunning carved work,” the elaborate inscriptions, wherewith the interior of the church was emblazoned, in memory of the earlier De la Veres. Not one forgotten there—not one unrecorded, save the poor sleeper beneath that eighth grave; for, of those who tenanted the remaining seven hillocks, each had his memorial within, arranged in due succession with those of progenitors. It is true, that a wide disparity of sepulchral magnificence was apparent betwixt those later monuments and the proud tombs of the long-departed. A marble tablet, with a simple relieve—an urn, a cypress branch, or a funeral wreath,—but on each the family achievement. Such were the recently-erected monuments, and each in succession had abated a little and a little of costly decoration, till the last (that of the late Squire) was a plain square tablet of white marble, on a black ground, bearing the inscription, and underneath the arms of the deceased, not sculptured, but emblazoned in colours proper, on a very small shield slightly elevated. But that plain memorial was of marble, and neatly executed, and had been respectfully added, “in order due,” to the long line of family records. Wherefore,

then, had the name of that poor female, that solitary outcast, no place amongst those of her ancestors and near kindred? Were there none left to honour the memory of the dead? to take order for the last respectful observances to the latest De la Vere? One sole survivor, the elder sister, had closed the eyes of that last being in whose veins ran the same stream that feebly circulated through her own. And she had taken order (as far as her enfeebled powers permitted,) that all due observances should be respectfully attended to, and she had bethought her—confusedly, indeed, but with tenacious adherence to ancient family custom—that “*something* should be done”—“*something* should be ordered”—some tomb, some monument, to the memory of the deceased. And thereupon the village stone-mason was called in and consulted; but the poor lady rambled strangely in her directions, so that, at last, the rustic sculptor was left almost unrestricted to the guidance of his own taste and judgment, except on one point, to which Mrs Grace stealthily adhered, recurring to it as to a *point d'appui*, whenever her poor head lost itself in a labyrinth of perplexities. “The family crest—the coronet—the ostrich plume”—*that* was to be properly conspicuous. “Was not her poor dear sister a De la Vere? Almost the last—but for herself—no matter!—only—they were to be sure to leave room enough for her name under her sister’s; and perhaps some one—her old steward, or the minister—would see that it was engraven there.”

Thus commissioned, the village artist went proudly to work, and at last finished off, to his own entire satisfaction, the mural tablet we have seen affixed over the grave of Mrs Gertrude De la Vere. The inscription had been arranged in that concise and simple form by the rector, who, having been consulted on the subject by the aged lady, had at last prevailed over her bewildered preconception that it should be an elaborate composition—“in Latin, perhaps—something alluding to their illustrious ancestors—to Sir Richard De la Vere, and the battle of Cressy.” But the minister was a learned man, and she was content to leave it to him—only, by her express desire, the tablet was affixed without the church, over the grave of the de-

parted. Her motives for this request were never very clearly comprehended; only something she hinted—very distantly, for it was a tender subject—of the altered circumstances of the family—that a poor stone was all that could be afforded to the memory of its latest descendants; and “that would look poorly,” she muttered to herself in a low under tone, “amongst all those grand marbles in the chancel.”

It was true that the worldly prosperity of the De la Veres had been on the decline for many successive generations; and, on the decease of the last male survivor, the aged sisters, though for the lives of both left in possession of the family-mansion and its immediate dependencies, had found themselves straitened in the means of continuing the establishment on its footing of ancient respectability. But the hearts of both clung to the things, and the customs, and the fashions they had been habituated to from their earliest recollection, and they sacrificed many private comforts and indulgences to the pardonable weakness of keeping up everything, as nearly as possible, in the same style as during the lifetime of their honoured parents, and of their late dear brother.

So, in outward appearance, little change was perceptible; and while the sisters were spared to each other, the stronger mind of the younger sustained and excited to beneficial exertions the more timid and desponding spirit of the elder sister. But when the latter was left utterly desolate, then indeed the burthens of care, of age, and infirmity, fell heavily upon her; and a terror of impending poverty (the phantom of a weak and depressed spirit, and distempered imagination) aggravated the real evils of her forlorn condition. Under the influence of these feelings, she had given her directions respecting that singular tablet consecrated to the memory of Mrs Gertrude De la Vere.

They had been, as we have seen, scrupulously attended to, and beneath her sister’s name sufficient space to receive her own had been carefully left vacant. And beside her sister’s grave, there was room enough for one more hillock—for *one* more only—to fill up the long stripe of ground appropriated to the late De la Veres. An hundred years before, that space had been railled in from the common resting-place

of the vulgar dead ; but what nice calculator had *then* computed so exactly, how many feet of earth would suffice to include (each in his common cell) the remnant of the ancient race ?

The broad disk of the setting sun was yet high in the golden chambers of the west, when we turned from the cemetery of the De la Veres, to pursue our walk towards their ancient mansion-house. Our road lay, as described, through those venerable woods, some of whose noble oaks appeared coeval with the earlier generations of the family ; and many of them, in their various stages of decay, were strikingly typical of its long decline and approaching extinction. One in particular arrested our attention. Almost the last of the grove, and now, indeed, considerably in advance of it, from the decay, or removal of intermediate timber, it stood singly on the open grass land immediately approximating to the mansion. It had been a superb tree ! the monarch of the grove ! Its bole, rugged and rifted, and of immense circumference, stood up so proudly steadfast, as if the enormous roots, spreading for many yards around, and heaving through the turf in twisted nakedness, and knots, and curious fretwork, had grappled with the very centre of the earth, and would maintain their hold, till shaken thence by nature's last convulsions. But the vast trunk was hollow at the core—hollowed out into a spacious grotto, where the sheep took shelter, and the mare, with her young colt beside her, lay down in the heat of the day. And still the mere shell, with its tough coating of rough mossy bark, was of strength sufficient to bear up the burthen of the forks into which the tree branched off from its centre. Three noble limbs had they been, in the days of their vigorous maturity, overspreading the earth for many roods around, with the broad shadow of their leafy branches ; but now despoiled of those, the gigantic arms stretched out their unsheltered nakedness in the stern grandeur of decaying greatness. Two of those forks were completely dead. From one of them the bark had dropt away, leaving it exposed in skeleton whiteness. The third shewed signs of feebly lingering life—a mossy spray or two, on which a few leaves yet hung, but they were pale and sickly, and ready to fall at the first

autumnal blast. The road wound along close under the trunk of that old tree. A few yards farther, and we stood before the gateway of Halliburn House.

I never beheld a scene of more quiet cheerfulness than that before us—yes, of *cheerful* quiet—for, however the observant eye might trace indications of decay and change, there was none of neglect and desolation—no appearance of ruin or dilapidation about the buildings, or of slovenly disorder in the homestead. It is true, the broad gravelled road of approach, was no longer of that bright colour which tells of frequent renewal, and there were no tracks of carriage-wheels, except of such as had passed and repassed for agricultural purposes ; but it was hard and smooth, and neatly edged and weeded, and nothing could exceed the fine order, and rich verdure, of the pastures through which it wound. The people were engaged in hay-making that very evening, and the waggons were plying to and fro before the old gateway—to and fro from the adjoining open rich yard, within which we had a glimpse of objects strangely incongruous. The coach-house and stables opened into the same area, surrounded on the other sides by barns, granaries, and cattle stalls, but the line of demarcation was no longer so evident between the two departments, as it doubtless had been in the more flourishing days of the establishment. One large building had fallen entirely into decay, and to supply the want of it, others had been converted to purposes wide of those for which they were originally designed. Part of the large barn was metamorphosed into a cart-shed, and a rough clumsy broad-wheeled dung-cart was stowed away in the capacious coach-house—(Oh spirits of the departed De la Veres !) cheek by jowl with the old family coach ! that indescribable vehicle ! The coach-house doors stood wide open, and we took a full survey of it. It was in shape like those lackered tin toys, (themselves, I believe, become unfashionable now,) which were the delight of children when I was a child—like the coaches in old prints and pictures, representing the setting forth of Louis le Grand and his Court, to take the air in the neighbourhood of Versailles. It was low, and broad and deep, and carved and gilded, and

all windows in the upper pannels. The lower, every one emblazoned, with the family arms; the ostrich plume spreading so extravagantly, as if the whole tail of an ostrich must have gone to the composition of each. Years had elapsed since that venerable relic had moved from its resting-place, except when irreverently drawn forward or aside, to make way for the vulgar associates, thrust into the space beside it, once occupied by a towering phaeton and a stately chariot—varnish there was none remaining on its blistered and dusty pannels; a heap of oat-straw had fallen down from the raftered ceiling on its dishonoured top, and a parcel of clucking hens were pecking about, and perching on its wheels and springs; while at one side window, whence in its days of glory looked forth so many fair and noble faces, in awful majesty of plume and periwig, a dunghill cock had taken his bold station, and there he stood clapping his wings, and crowing as it were in conscious exultation. The stable doors were also open, but no pampered steeds were visible in the long range of stalls; two of them were converted into calf-pens; a sick cow was tethered in a third, and by the clumsy rusty collars, and pieces of coarse harness hanging about on the others, they were apparently occupied by the farm horses; one of these, indeed, an old blind mare, suffering from some disease in its legs, which were swathed and bandaged up, was littered in a side stall, over which, on a painted board above the manger, the name of “Highflier,” was still legible. In another, (one of those converted into calf-pens,) we read that of “Cressy.” A great grey cat sat snugly trussed up on the broad ledge of one of the stall partitions; a mouser, of such venerable aspect, as if her early days had been contemporaneous with the prime of Highflier and Cressy. Invited by the open gates, and by the absence of the people, we took a brief survey of all these things, and then returned to the great gateway, from which we had turned aside for a moment.

The mansion-house, comprising its several court-yards, offices, and out-buildings, occupied altogether a large square, surrounded by a stone wall, in some places scarcely breast-high, in others, (as along the principal front,) sufficiently elevated to afford a lofty

broad archway, through which we passed into the first court, a square grass-plat enclosed on every side by the same grey wall, over which the ivy crept with its tenacious verdure, knotting itself into a leafy mass over the first archway. The second, to which we passed on over a broad stone pavement, dividing the grass-plat, was far otherwise surmounted. There, conspicuous in the centre, was the family achievement, deeply and richly carved, and still almost uninjured by Time’s “effacing fingers.” It had evidently been cleared even of late from the encroaching ivy; but I smiled to perceive, that one idle tendril insinuating itself round the border of the shield, and through the open fretwork of the coronet, had crept up to the very top of the proud nodding plume, and flaunted, as if triumphantly, above its loftiest bend. Passing under that second arch, we found ourselves in a second court, of the same dimensions, and nearly similar to the first, only that we now fronted the doorway of the mansion, and its principal bay windows. In one corner too, adjoining the house, arose a slender turret, within an arched hollow of which a great bell was visible, and above appeared the face of an old clock. In the opposite angle of the square, flourished a large white rose-tree, which had been trained far along the side wall of the court, and also against the house itself up to the very parapet. The elegant trailer was now covered with its pale blossoms, those and the light green leaves, beautifully harmonizing with the quiet colouring of the old stone wall, and the general tone of chastened repose characterising the whole—a repose unbroken, though brightened into mellow richness, by the amber hue of sunset, reflected on the long low front of the ancient dwelling, tinting its grey walls with a soft warm cream colour, gilding the projecting stonework of the rich bay windows, the dentated edges of the parapet, and the angles and pinnacles of the little turret. The grass plats were thrown into deep shadow by the surrounding wall, except that one broad sunbeam, stealing in under the archway, and along the paved walk, brightened its soft turf edges into two lines of emerald velvet, and gleaming onwards, penetrated through the open

door far into the interior of the mansion. There was no stir of life—no sound audible, except the ticking of the old turret clock, and the low, broken, tender cooing of a few tame pigeons, nestling here and there on the walls and parapet, or pattering about the grass plats and pavement with their pretty rose-coloured feet, their demure looks, and soft, sleek, quaker plumage. Close beside the housedoor, basking in the warm sunshine, lay a fine old hound—Sagacity itself depicted in its grave, mild, countenance, its close hung ears, and long dewlaps, and in the meditative expression of its half-closed eyes. He lay there as motionless as his stone prototype, stretched out at the feet of that grim Sir Richard, in Halliburn Church, and it was rather an evidence of the perfect security of that quiet dwelling, and its venerable inmates, than of faithless guardianship in the old household Argus, that he shewed no signs of hostility at our approach, nor otherwise noticed us than by half raising himself, with a look of courteous invitation, and wagging his tail, when, on the encouragement of that dumb welcome, we ventured near enough to pat his sleek old head.—We looked about us—at the upper and lower windows—and through the open doorway, into a broad, low, vaulted stone passage, or vestibule, terminating in the middle of the house in another of similar construction, intersecting it at right angles. No living soul was visible. We stepped over the threshold to reach the knocker of the heavy door, flung back against the inner wall. It was a huge massy door, of oak planks laid obliquely, and almost blackened by age, studded all over with great iron knobs, and farther strengthened by bars, and enormous hinges of the same. The knocker was an uncouthly-fashioned lump of iron, and fell from our hand with a dead sullen sound, when after a moment's hesitation, (for it seemed almost sacrilegious to disturb that peaceful silence,) we ventured to strike two strokes on the old door. Not even an echo replied to our summons—no, nor to a second, nor a third appeal.

No bell was visible, save that in the clock-turret, and there appeared no visible means of pulling, what nevertheless was probably the usual announcement of visitors.

Loth were we to relinquish our hope of being admitted to see the interior of the house; and after a moment's consultation, two of us—the two boldest of our party, agreed to steal in, down that inviting passage, in quest of its living inmates, if such there were, while the other two more discreetly re-trod their way to the outer demesne, to ask information of the haymakers. You and I, Lillias, were the daring twain who went in to spy out the land—I, foremost in the bold intrusion, but so cowardly withal, that I stole along as motionless as the yellow sunbeam that gleamed onward before us, like a golden clue, quite to the extremity of the first broad passage, and across the second, even to the opposite wall, against which it flashed upward with a paler ray, melting gradually into the natural colour of the grey stone, and the deep shadows of the vaulted roof. Arrived at the termination of that first passage, the second presented to our view, at one end, the perspective of a half closed door; at the other, a third intersecting vaulted way, through which again the cheerful sunshine streamed from some unseen inlet across the darkness of the central passage.—My companion, hesitating to proceed farther, slowly retreated towards the outer door, while I, with true female perseverance, looked, and longed, and lingered, yet, “let I dare not, wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' th' adage.” And lo! while I stood there, that very animal, a fine large demure-looking tortoise shell, came stealing into sight, just in the stream of light which darted down the farther passage. Motionless as I stood, the keen-eyed prowler caught a glimpse of me, and there she stopped for a moment, peering with suspicious keenness, her long body drawn out to its utmost extent, and to the thinness of a weasel, her eyes glittering like fire stones in the sunny ray, one velvet forepaw cautiously advanced, the other delicately curling inward, till crouching gradually to the very ground, she slipped away with the swiftness of lightning, and vanished as noiselessly. The glimpse of that living creature lured me onwards, however; for I thought, by following her track, I might possibly find my way to the kitchen or offices. I was not deceived in my conjecture. The first turning to the right.

afforded to my choice two open doorways—one leading into a kitchen, the other into a small wainscotted chamber, looking like a housekeeper's room. I turned into the former—a fine old-fashioned place! with a huge gaping fire-place; deep, narrow windows in the thick walls—old oak benches and tables, with voluted legs, braced together with massive bars,—ranges of bright pewter and fine old delf—huge round dishes, with scalloped edges—antique tea-kettles—spits on which an ox might have been roasted whole—coffee-pots, and chocolate-pots, and posset-pots, and porringers, and pipkins, little squat things upon three feet, that looked as if they could toddle about by themselves—and vessels and utensils of all shapes and sizes, wares, and metals, whose proper use it would have puzzled any soul to determine, save he, that wight well versed in ancient lore, who has written so learnedly on culinary antiquities. I could have worshipped the very pot-lids! But there was no time to indulge the idolatrous longing, and, alas! no creature visible—no living creature but my tortoise-shell guide, who had taken up her station before the glowing wood fire on the hearth, over which, suspended by a monstrous crook, hung a great black tea-kettle, spitting and sputtering in concert with the drowsy hum of Madam Grimalkin. “I took but one look, and then tore myself away,” peeping for a moment as I passed it, into the adjoining small apartment. That was also vacant—but through the wide lattice window, I spied a small green court, bordered under the surrounding walls with beds of sweet and useful herbs and shrubs, and a few flowers—coxcombs, and love-lies-bleeding, were trailing on the bright smooth turf—Two sweet bay trees flourished in opposite corners, and everlasting peas clung to the wall,

and here and there a fine old rose-mary, and many sweet old-fashioned herbs. Peppermint and basil, and sweet marjoram, and fragrant lavender, had their place amongst the polyanthus and sweet-williams, within the feathery fringe of London pride.

Another, and another look, I stole through the open lattice, at that lovely little garden.

The possession of such a one would have satisfied all my ambition as a landholder, but I called to mind the tenth commandment, and turned hastily away to rejoin my friends without. They, meanwhile, had been successful in their application to the hay-makers, and I met them re-entering the second court, accompanied by a little old humpbacked dame, with small twinkling three-cornered blue eyes with red rims, and two pink puckered cheeks, like frost-bitten pipkins. She looked like one of the appurtenances of the place, and seemed familiar with everything relating to “the family.” From her we learned, that the whole domestic establishment, (now reduced to a very few servants,) had turned out into the hay-field, with the exception of the housekeeper, who had walked into the village, “Miss Grace's maid,” (for so the aged dame called her still more aged mistress,) who was sitting in her lady's sick chamber, and a footman, who was somewhere about the offices, she supposed, and whom she would seek out, and send to us. So we stood quietly waiting in this beautiful court-yard, caressing the old dog, and examining the rich bay windows, while the dame passed into the house, on the mission she had undertaken in our service.—Whoever would know more of Halliburn House, will wait with us, till we learn the result of her embassy.

A.

BECK AND DUNLOP ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.*

ABOUT a year ago, we solicited the attention of our readers, more especially of those among them who are liable to be called upon to serve as jurymen on criminal trials, to the elaborate work on medical jurisprudence then published by Messrs Paris and Fonblanque of London. We have no wish to qualify, in any measure, the commendation we at the time bestowed on that work; at the same time, we cannot but express our surprise that the authors should not, ere now, have found it their interest to produce an edition of it relieved of that large mass of materials interesting only to the medical profession, and, indeed, only to those members of the profession who practise in London, which we saw and foretold, must operate as a serious dead weight against the circulation of their work throughout the empire at large. The privileges and powers of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in London are, no doubt, important matters; but nobody could deny that they were quite absurdly introduced and discussed, and that too at most enormous length, in a book professing to be compiled for the general benefit of all lawyers, all medical men, and, above all, of all jurymen.

We have, therefore, very considerable pleasure in making known to our readers the appearance of another work on the same science, which contains quite as much useful matter as that of Paris and Fonblanque, which contains none of the uncalled-for additions that disfigured and encumbered theirs, and which may be had for about one half of its price. This is the American treatise of Dr Beck of New York, as recently re-published in London by Mr William Dunlop, the same gentleman whose excellent lectures on medical jurisprudence attracted so large a share of public attention, last year, here in Edinburgh.

Dr Andrew Duncan, junior, has given an elaborate and scientific review of the original work of Beck, in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal of July 1824, and which concludes in these words: "Under the

unassuming title of Elements of Medical Jurisprudence, Dr Beck has presented us with a comprehensive system, which embraces almost every valuable fact or doctrine relating to it. Each of its diversified departments has been investigated so minutely, that few cases can occur in practice, in which it will be necessary to seek elsewhere for farther information." We shall not attempt to add anything to this eulogy of so competent a judge, in so far as the original work is concerned. But we must remark, that Mr Dunlop has performed his editorial duties in a manner highly honourable to himself, and so as to confer great additional value on the English edition of Dr Beck's book, as compared with the American one. Being in correspondence with his author, he has avowedly profited largely by his communications and corrections, down even to the last page of his appendix: but this is not the chief matter. Mr Dunlop having served long, and with much distinction, in both hemispheres, as a surgeon in our army, and having, moreover, obtained access to the private journals kept by the distinguished lawyer who now presides over the Justiciary Court here in Scotland, has, from both these sources of information, been enabled to increase to a prodigious extent the value of the American book he had undertaken to edit. He has added, in the shape of notes, a great number of most curious *Scotch* cases, altogether unknown to Messrs Paris and Fonblanque; and these, of course, reported in a style of the most perfect, and, indeed, authoritative accuracy. The results of his own military practice are communicated in the same shape: these often throw new and important light on the topics under discussion, so as to render them extremely valuable to professional readers; and they are always presented in a style so natural and original, that, we are quite sure, they must add greatly to the attractiveness of the book among the great mass of readers. It is really quite delightful

✱ Elements of Medical Jurisprudence by R. T. Beck, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine of New York. Second edition. With Notes, and an Appendix of Original Cases, and the latest Discoveries; by William Dunlop, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; of the Medico-Chirurgical, and of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, Edinburgh; and Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c. &c. London; Anderson, West Smithfield, &c.

to come upon one of those picturesque anecdotes, detailed with all the vigour and spirit of the *Quorum pars magna* feeling, in the midst of merely scientific details.

Paris and Fonblanque's book is in three octavos. The present work is not printed in such grand style, nor on half so fine paper; but it contains (the English edition we mean) everything really and particularly useful in the other, in one business-like, closely printed, thick octavo of 640 pages, at ONE HALF of the price. We are sure we have said quite enough to fix some portion of public attention on the book, and this is all we wished to do. The ignorant state in which Jurymen continually come to the consideration of points of medical evidence on criminal trials, is truly lamentable. In regard to men of any habits of reading, it is really sinful; and certainly not the less so, because the works which they ought to read and master happen to be about the most interesting and amusing books in the whole world. The work of Beck and Dunlop is unquestionably one of the most interesting that even the merest literary lounge could take up to dissipate the ennui of his sofa. We know of no romances half so interesting as the real "tales of terror" to be found scattered over these pages; and not a few of these, being American and Scotch, have never before made their appearance, in any shape at all, accessible to the general reader.

There is one remark more which we

must make. In this book all sorts of information in regard to the treatment of persons wounded, poisoned, half-strangled, half-drowned, &c. are to be found; and when we think of the innumerable instances every day occurring, in which so much benefit might be derived from the possession of this kind of knowledge, we really cannot hesitate about saying that the work before us ought to take its place upon the shelf of the country gentleman's and farmer's library, especially in remote and wild parts of the country, even if there were no chance of the possessor being called upon to prepare himself for any duties but strictly domestic ones. We have little doubt that a book so full of facts and sense, and got up with such an honourable disdain of those fashionable arts, which never ought to have any admission where facts and sense are the matters in hand, must soon command general attention; and we certainly have no doubt at all, that, if it commands attention, it will retain favour.

A great many of our first medical writers have been wags in their way; and assuredly Mr Dunlop displays a noble share of this characteristic humour, as well as of the higher qualities with which that has so often been combined. His notes are, many of them, quite delicious. One wishes there were enough of them to make a book by themselves. But all this, perhaps, in due time.

GENTLEMANLY EXPOSTULATION, OR A HARD HIT AT THE SECRETARY.*

SIR,—IN No. XVIII. of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in your Magazine for this month, Mr Secretary Dr Mullion, I perceive, chants from an ancient Morning Chronicle Mr Bowring's answer to his song. I am induced to request the favour of your attention to this, on account of a doubtless unintended misrepresentation which occurs all the way through it, and which, as an honest man, I am sure you will have no objection to correct in your next Number. Mr Bowring is made to sing at the end of every verse,—“Then, *hey boys*, down go we!” Now, in the Morning Chronicle, from which I read it, (the paper for Dec. 29, 1824,) the last line of each verse is distinctly,—“Then, *O boys*, down go we!” How this mistake originated I cannot conjecture unless the Morning Chronicle in question was a Scotch edition of it, or Mr Secretary Dr Mullion was, at the time of chanting, like Mr North, half asleep. As all, however, concurred in the goodness of the song, objecting only to the *out-of-the-way cry*, (as Mr North expresses it,) which was not really there, I trust that, when informed of their mistake, they will do Mr Bowring the justice to acknowledge, that his English is at least as good as his Russian.

Relying on your candour on this occasion,

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

C.

Feb. 4th, 1825.

The Secretary (now sick) is called on for an explanation.—C. N.

THE GYPSY OF DEBRETZIN.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 And blanch at once the hair ;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor *Gypsy* knew them all.

MARMION.

It was now the depth of autumn ; and, according to an immemorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plains ; the greater portion in droskies, or little waggons, and not a few on small, lean-looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest, call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise and be going, ere they hailed, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclosed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars ; the only inheritance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours, they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions ; the cavalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and interchange of amicable greetings, it divided itself into various portions ; waggons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children ; while perchance a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burthen of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of

threatening castigation ; his wide, heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Slavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat, mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging generally in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no one took up a permanent residence in the neighbourhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intended to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant. Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering in the top by means of skins or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, erected booths more fit for shelter and comfort ; while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong waggons, screened from the cold and moisture of night by the envelopements of a coarse cloak, or, by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns, and a shrill, murmuring monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a

thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privilege of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters with their masters, and annihilate the marks and reminiscences of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men, in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the pipkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook; and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguishing excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debretzin, to assist in the labours of the harvest. In stature she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise; but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well favoured; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others. There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright, sweet little creature; and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which it belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream: one

foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink; and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher, while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice, which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a Cygani or Gypsy; and, as people belonging to the wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm.

"This is a fine, calm evening, my child; may I have a draught from thy pitcher?" He drank, and proceeded. "Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl?"

"Nay, now," returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him; "nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray, now?"

"These are women's words," answered the Gypsy, "not to be taken just as they are spoken; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one—nay, but look in my face—a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise."

Theresa looked half playfully at him. "That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me; but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father. Isn't it foolish in an old man like you," added she, smiling, "to be prying into a poor girl's thoughts? But—good evening—I am loitering with you here, when I have other things to attend to;" and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

"Nay—stop but for a moment, my nightingale; I ask not your secrets. But what would you say were I to tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shews his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene, and change of companions, bring about change of heart. Yours are not so—if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face."

"Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell—I must away—good even."

"Nay, nay—another moment, and I have done. Methinks I see one who is far away; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the bank of a stream—its windows look to the east—and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there; ah! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both, when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now, you look down, and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear."

"How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things? or how can you know anything about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen? I could almost think—but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of Father Nicholas's sermons. Really, I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily," she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying, and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

"Let me look at your hand a moment—but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny or sombered with clouds, like you. Why do you hesitate? Do you doubt my skill? In-

deed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise."

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eye along the lines of life.

"Now I know your destiny, Theresa—Is not that your name?"

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervour, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him, "He whom you love, Theresa,—he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee—but you will not refuse me this;" and, gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips,—“it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a Cygani hereafter. Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good-night, and may Heaven bless you."

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and, during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sate, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbour in the face.

Night passed over, with many a dream peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun, all were astir, and preparing for the field labours. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless, she arose with the rest, partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labours of harvest. To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never

before felt such a delight in the soft breeze, and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had arisen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a-fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old Gypsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind, and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had sought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa, mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and, when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party replenished their pipes, and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door.

"Have you been long in these parts?" said old Peter Sheunnitz to the Cygani, after an hour's conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; "or do you reside at a distance?"

"You may as well ask the direction to Cain's dwelling as to mine.—We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passes from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?"

"What can you give us?"

"Why, almost what you choose, on violin or dudel-sack—Zrinii's March, Maria Carlvitch, the Song of Istolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna."

"So you have been at the great city; come tell us something about it. 'Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over."

"True, indeed," said the Cygani, smiling; "the times are miraculously changed. The French lion has at length been caught in the toils; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'Tis said the Emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is without doubt; and so rich and fine! Ah! if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots!—if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army; for we borderers of Transylvania must all be trained up as soldiers. He was my only son; and, after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind;—the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne;—so, having braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked the door of my widowed hut, and set out, on what many would reckon a fool's journey."

"Was it so?—What success had you in your travels? I dare say you found him out after all?"

"Alas! you urge me to recall heavy thoughts to my mind, but——"

"No, no; save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son. There was one of them who had long been his tent-fellow, and had stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighbourhood. His forefathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations; till forced, in his father's time, to mortgage it.—His name was Ludovico—I forget what more."

"Ludovico Marlin!—I knew him well, I knew him well!—Theresa," he

cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door,—“Theresa, here is one who has seen——”

“So you knew him?” said the Cygani, sharply.

“Knew him! how could I not know him,—Ludovico!—For years many, and full of pleasure, he ate at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth; though he was no doubt born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest of kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion; for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected and an orphan.—And are we to see him so soon again? The news is like a cordial to my heart.”

“So you are the man I am in search of?” said the Cygani, catching hold of his hand. “That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward route to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare.”

Peter scarcely refrained from hugging the Gypsy.—“Theresa,” he cried, “Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and let us make merry. Girl, why do you stand there moping? make haste!—You have been crying, child;—a pretty occasion, too, surely.”

The wine was set down, and circled; the pipes whiffed; the jest and the song went round; and the Cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years; and, as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it “discourse most eloquent music,” till twilight had sombered into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the Cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful;

the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and, fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which, in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odour was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and the wide air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelid; but she smiled away their inquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The Gypsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the waggons; while we return, in the meantime, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavour to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic Empire, of the fatigues, horrors, and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipzig, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands who returned no more.

From the constitutional laws of

Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable—a certain way of maintaining the state of vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency, even from the *Herrenstuhl*, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation, at *Offen*. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for thirty years; but, at the expiry of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the outer wall of the house of the *Rent-richter*; and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and, immediately on his return to *Debretzin*, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities; and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to, and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honours, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible dispatch, things were put into order; and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hussars; for to that rank the

fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honourably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends on their accustomed harvest excursion, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or intensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed—his grounds set in order—and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye;—nor could he look upon either, without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sate upon his heart; dreams, long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardour glowed in more agreeable colours, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shennitz and his family should return, less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might shew them all his gratitude, for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed; and the harvest of the peasantry of *Debretzin* was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the green sward, beneath the lilac trees, the Gypsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly participating of the light-heartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in mind the many happy times, when long, long ago, on the banks of the far-off *Danube*, he himself joined in similar festivities—but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the

hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and, as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his reverie, but immediately recovering himself, recognized the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

"So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing."

"What! Theresa?"

"Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 'twere that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?"

"Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?"

"It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but, come in, and you shall see her yourself."

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the Cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, inasmuch, that her head sank back on the wall, but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. "That man," she thought, "somehow or other possesses secrets, which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings—he dares not to leave them unrevealed; yet he has not the heart to communicate them! May heaven strengthen me for all things!"

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the gypsy, gently taking hold

of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do anything for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said, "My dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of, your affection for me deceives you. Believe me, I am well—nay, shake not your head,—quite well."

"Yes," added the Cygani, smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well; as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed, it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which now demands immediate fulfilment.—always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the Cygani, he said, "To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it. Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant, when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to——"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the Cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L.—"Knowest thou this?—By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand!"

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together, as she approached the gypsy—"oh, say he is well!—Is he at Debretzin?—Oh, he will be here, father, he will

not wait ; he will be here to see us !—Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle ; that I—that we should never see him more.”

“ Stuff—stuff, Theresa,” said old Peter, checking her ; “ you must be well now, and dream so no more.”

“ Stuff—stuff,” echoed the Cygani. “ On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears, Theresa—why do you look afraid, girl ?—that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush—neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth.”

“ To-morrow we set out early,” said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before ; “ and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbours, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise.”

Peter and the gypsy spent a blithe night of it together ; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfulness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, whom he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put in motion. The dews of morning, as yet undrunk by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. Nothing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the gypsy produced a letter, which he seemed to

have forgot, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the Chapel of St John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

“ And how looked Theresa ?” the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to inquire ; “ and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the Cygani brought her from her lover ? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were to be omitted.”

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when the spire of St John’s rose in sight, on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you, that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really—but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned with a rich lace, several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned, from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it ; amidst the elysium of which, “ a thousand little loves in ambush lay.” Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned ankle in its silken stocking, and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of “ single blessedness.”

Although no great judge of these

matters, yet it may be affirmed, that since she looked so passing well, the taste of her lover is not much to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in anything. We stop not to dispute the point—but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri—the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest, in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honour and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around the open space by the altar. Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in. The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gypsy, who was standing amid the

spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance—the perplexity of a father—and he stepped forward, in Christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honour of the auspicious day, and, considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigour. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustachios, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich huzzar uniform, stood for an instant confessed—then rushed forward to his matchless Theresa—who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose—the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and, putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate vicegerent of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

WORKS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE.

No. II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

A DUNCE in the Quarterly Review (for even it hath its dunces) once oracularly announced that Mr Hazlitt was a blockhead. Mr Hazlitt almost justified the announcement, by attributing it to that ghost-seer, Mr Gifford. Now Mr Hazlitt is no blockhead, for blockhead means fool, and the modern Pygmalion is something else. People ought not to be miscalled, and therefore we have much satisfaction in wiping away the epithet Fool even from this writer, although he never was a great favourite of ours, and in suggesting another more appropriate and characteristic.

In this “Work of the First Importance” we are presented with Portraits of many of the Leading Men of the

Day, and the first questions that a sensible mind asks, are, Pray, who is the painter? Is he a Master, or a Dauber? Did these Spirits of the Age sit for their Portraits? and, if so, where did they sit—in cellar, or garret?

To the first of these very natural queries the answer is ready. Mr Hazlitt is a Dauber; but then a Dauber frequently dashes off a strong, staring, absurd, and grotesque likeness of a human being, whose face you can never again banish from your memory while you live. If your friend the Sitter have a wrinkled forehead, the Dauber absolutely ploughs and harrows it. Should he have a slight cock of the eye, the Dauber makes him squint to the utter-

* The Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits. London: printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1825.

most parts of the earth. Still it is a Portrait. There is no mistaking its hideousness; and you cannot help feeling a sort of admiration of the Dauber who can thus present to you an unquestionable likeness of a friend (perhaps defunct,) in a face that at the same time cannot fail to suggest to your imagination the great Enemy of Mankind.

But to drop the metaphor, (if it be one,) what peculiar requisites does Mr Hazlitt possess for the task he has taken upon him, of giving us the "Spirit of the Age?" For instance, what can he know of the Lord Chancellor of England? He may be said to live in the very lowest society, for he has for years absolutely *been upon the Press*. Then his manners and habits are avowedly such as would exclude him from the better circles, even if he had any wish (which he has not) to intrude himself into them. He is no scholar—indeed he prides himself upon his entire ignorance—and has told us, a thousand times, that he can read no language but his own. Of law he knows nothing, except, perhaps, some little of the practice of our Scotch Commissary Court. How, then—we put it to his own candour—can he know anything whatever of the Lord Chancellor of England? And yet, to read him upon Lord Eldon, one might think they were quite hand in glove.

"Lord Eldon," quoth Mr Hazlitt—"is an exceedingly good-natured man; but this does not prevent him, like other good-natured people, from consulting his own ease or interest." This is delightfully free and easy, and although a little severe, yet one cannot but believe that Mr Hazlitt would condescend to speak to the Chancellor on the street,—that he would not cut him,—that, perhaps, he might even prevail upon himself to shake hands with his Lordship. Indeed he tells us so. "If a nation is robbed of its rights, 'if wretches hang that ministers may dine,'—the laughing jest still collects in his eye, the cordial squeeze of the hand is still the same." This is truly the height of familiarity; and then, what truth of character! How thoroughly Mr Hazlitt understands his man! Gluttonous, unjust, and unmerciful! From what follows, it appears that Mr Hazlitt has seen the Chancellor at dinner; or, perhaps, he means merely to say that he has been in his Lordship's kitchen.

"But tread on the toe of one of these amiable and imperturbable mortals, or let a lump of soot fall down the chimney and spoil their dinners, and see how they will bear it. All their patience is confined to the accidents that befall others; all their good-humour is to be resolved into giving themselves no concern about anything but their own ease and self-indulgence."

Our readers will remember the figure which Mr Hazlitt cut a year or two ago as the modern Pygmalion. He has not yet laid aside the anatory style. One might suppose that, in the following sentence, he was speaking of himself and the tailor's daughter of Southampton-Row, but it is only of the Lord Chancellor and the Law:—"He hugs indecision to his breast, and takes home a modest doubt, or a nice point, to solace himself with it in protracted luxurious dalliance." There can, of course, be no more offensive character to a criminal than an honest judge; but surely Mr Hazlitt expresses himself too boldly when he says,

"The phlegm of the Chancellor's disposition gives *our almost a surfeit of impartiality and candour*; we are sick of the eternal poise of childish dilatoriness; and would wish law and justice to be decided at once by a cast of the dice, (as they were in Rabelais,) rather than be kept in frivolous and tormenting suspense."

Mr Hazlitt concludes his Portrait of the Spirit of the Age, with this gentlemanly sentence:—

"As to abstract metaphysical calculations, the ox that stands staring at the corner of the street troubles his head as much about them as he does; yet this last is a very good sort of animal with no harm or malice in him, unless he is goaded on to mischief, and then it is necessary to keep out of his way, or warn others against him!"

We are in more than usual good-humour this evening with the whole world and all its inhabitants; and are determined not to use an uncivil word to the most worthless individual. Yet surely we may, with perfect *bon-hommie*, ask, is not this a vile knave? The lies he here tells are of no moment, but are you not disgusted with his ape-like impudence? To bring the absurdity of the impudence of the Thing more home to itself, suppose, for a moment, such a person as Mr Hazlitt were to be made Lord Chancellor! Only think of Eldon's wig on

Pygmalion! Was ever a poor case before in such extremity? Yet, to hear the Creature speak, you would conclude that he feels his infinite superiority over his Lordship. No notion has he of the difference between one of the greatest of men and one of the meanest of monkeys. So have we seen one of that tribe keep mowing and chattering at Christian people, through the bars of his cage, aloft in Womwell's (read Colburn's) menagerie, manifestly, with a few nuts and an orange in his jaw, to keep him in antics odious alike to the visitors and his keeper.

Loathsome stuff, like the above quotations, must, we think, act like an everdose on the most malignant, and, by making them disgorge, in some degree clean their conscience. False as all their statements have been proved to be—unfair in their reasonings—and party-spirit their sole impulse—still it is possible, with slight stomach-qualms, to listen to Brougham, Williams, and Denham railing against the Chancellor, like baffled and breaking billows against the Eddystone Lighthouse. Although they may occasionally forget themselves, they are gentlemen; and we feel that they are so, the more keenly our indignation and scorn are excited by their wilful violation of their native character. But here is an acknowledged scamp of the lowest order—a scamp, by his own confession, steep'd in ignorance and malice to his very ribald lips, arraigning the character of the most learned, the best, the wisest man in all England, in vociferations *ex cathedra* of the cider-cellar or the Shades. The Barristers cannot like to hear this; they wish to choose their own coadjutors; and will fear that the public, whom they have been so long striving to deceive, must look on them with more than a suspicion of their integrity, if they appear to have enlisted on their side a no less moral and conscientious corrector of abuses than the modern Pygmalion.

From the woolsack, let us turn to hair-bottoms. Mr Hazlitt has a crow to pluck with Mr Gifford, and includes that gentleman among the Spirits of the Age, that he may tell the Age he is no Spirit at all, but a mere clod. Here we are almost induced to exculpate the Quarterly Reviewer for calling Mr Hazlitt a blockhead; for who but a blockhead would cry upon

his fellow-creatures to execrate a critic, because that critic had kicked and cut up the crier? This is almost the only trait of honesty we ever observed in Mr Hazlitt's literary character. "You have abused me, and therefore I will abuse you!" And this from a person who paints "Contemporary Portraits," and says, behold for ten and sixpence, the Spirits of the Age! Hear the scarified simpleton, how he audibly winces!

"Thus he informed the world that the author of *TABLE-TALK* was a person who could not write a sentence of common English, and could hardly spell his own name, because he was not a friend to the restoration of the Bourbons, and had the assurance to write *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays* in a style of criticism somewhat different from Mr Gifford's. He charged this writer with imposing on the public by a flowery style; and when the latter ventured to refer to a work of his, called *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, which has not a single ornament in it, as a specimen of his original studies, and the proper bias of his mind, the learned critic, with a shrug of great self-satisfaction, said, 'It was amusing to see this person sitting like one of Brouwer's Dutch boors over his gin and tobacco-pipes, and lancing himself a Leibnitz!' The question was, whether the subject of Mr Gifford's censure had ever written such a work or not; for if he had, he had amused himself with something besides gin and tobacco-pipes."

Yes—yes—the writer in the Quarterly Review was right, after all. We humbly beg his pardon—he was no dunce—and Hazlitt is a blockhead. For drawing the characters of the Lord Chancellor and Mr Gifford, we have seen what are Mr Hazlitt's peculiar qualifications, and, above all, his utter ignorance in the one case, and avowed personal spite in the other. It shews little knowledge of human nature, (in him, a Metaphysician, and author of an *Essay on the Principles of Human Conduct*,) thus to direct public attention, in hopes of exciting public sympathy, to the tingling, inflamed, discoloured, and perhaps raw part, round which the lash of the Q. (almost as sharp as that of Z. himself) had so flourishingly played its periodical gambols. The most tender-hearted even of womankind feel themselves unable to shed a pensive tear over a culprit capering about with his hand on his sore breech, and all the

while, in place of prudently crying for mercy, abusing, in frantic pain, the inexorable minister of offended justice. At the same time, it may be questioned if such public spectacles are productive of any real good. The Pillory has been abolished; and except when the judgment is influenced by a strong sentiment of loathing towards some especial baseness, it cannot pronounce that the Punishment of Exposure should be restored.

Turn we to another Spirit of the Age—Sir Walter Scott. You may have occasionally seen, my worthy reader, a waiter in a tavern pouring out small beer. With an air of the most magnanimous dexterity he places the tumbler—up with the great white jug a yard above his frizzled development—with a fearless eye he measures his distance, and, hark and lo! from that ambitious altitude down falls the cataract of foam, in all the majesty and magnificence of swipes! Just so Mr Hazlitt.

“There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic; and Flora MacIvor (whom even we forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gelatelly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese:—then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon-hill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before), and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death: in the same volume of *Old Mortality* is that lone figure, like a figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain, to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; and the tawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to ‘give her hand to another

while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea.’ And in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* we have Effie Deans (that sweet faded flower,) and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St Leonard’s Crags, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr Bartoline Saddletree and his prudent helpmate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother.—Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with “her head to the east,” and Dirk Hatterick (equal to Shakespear’s Master Barnardine), and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandy Dinmont, with his terrier-pack and his pony Dimple, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson,* and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyry), and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in the *Antiquary*, the ingenious and abstruse Mr Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspeith, a living shadow, in whom the lump of life had been long extinguished, had it not been fed by remorse and ‘thick-coming’ recollections; and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot, (the cheerful hunter,) and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the *Children of the Mist*, and the baying of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance, (the hollow echoes are in our ears now,) and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas—and the immovable Balafre, and Master Oliver the Barber, in Quentin Durward—and the quaint humour of the Fortunes of Nigel, and the comic spirit of Peveril of the Peak—and the fine old English romance of *Ivanhoe*.”

He next favours the world with his opinion of Sir Walter Scott’s character as a Man.

“If there were a writer, who, ‘born for the universe’—

‘—— Narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind—’

who, from the height of his genius look-

* Perhaps the finest scene in all these novels, is that where the Dominie meets his pupil, Miss Lucy, the morning after her brother’s arrival.

ing abroad into nature, and scanning the recesses of the human heart, 'winked and shut his apprehension up' to every thought or purpose that tended to the future good of mankind—who, raised by affluence, the reward of successful industry, and the voice of fame, above the want of any but the most honourable patronage, stooped to the unworthy arts of adulation, and abetted the views of the great with the pettifogging feelings of the meanest dependant on office—who, having secured the admiration of the public, (with the probable reversion of immortality,) shewed no respect for himself, for that genius that had raised him to distinction, for that nature which he trampled under foot—who, amiable, frank, friendly, manly in private life, was seized with the dotage of age and the fury of a woman, the instant politics were concerned—who reserved all his candour and comprehensiveness of view for history, and vented his littleness, pique, resentment, bigotry, and intolerance on his contemporaries—took the wrong side, and defended it by unfair means—who, the moment his own interest or the prejudices of others interfered, seemed to forget all that was due to the pride of intellect, to the sense of manhood—who, praised, admired by men of all parties alike, repaid the public liberality by striking a secret and envenomed blow at the reputation of every one who was not the ready tool of power—who strewed the slime of rankling malice and mercenary scorn over the bud and promise of genius, because it was not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption, or warped by the trammels of servility," &c. &c.

Now that the Pillory is (perhaps wisely) taken down, what adequate and appropriate punishment is there that we can inflict on this rabid caittiff? The old Germans used to enclose certain criminals in wicker ereels, and sink them in mud and slime. "Is there a man in all Scotland," or in merry England, that would not give his vote for the temporary immersion of this unnatural liar in the jakcs? Who, if that punishment were carried into effect by the hands of a mud-lark, would not laugh at the incurable culprit as he wriggled himself,

in laborious extrication, from the penal ordure, and, dropping at every faltering step filth from his body almost as loathsome as that which he had discharged from his soul, rushed for refuge into some obscene receptacle of the infamous and excommunicated, in the pestilent regions of Cock-aigue?

Having gone out to take a little fresh air, we feel ourselves recovered from that sudden fit of sickness. Honest Mark M'Ivor, one of the Magazine porters, has called at the Lodge with a hamper of articles, and we have got rid of the offensive volume.

We begin to suspect, that we have yielded too much to our feelings; and that, after all, this is not the worst of Mr Hazlitt's productions. Nay, we incline to think it the best. Every page is not polluted with the same filth, at least not with the same quantity of filth. Honesty, of course, no one expects from this writer; but here and there we meet with some passable imitations of it. He occasionally lays aside his native brutality, in mimicry of a mirthful badinage; and the bear's dance for a few minutes is not unamusing. Avoid truth as you will, you must knock your head against it sometimes; and on such occasions Mr Hazlitt looks about him with the farcical air of the "Agreeable Surprise." Nothing can exceed his conceit, in the consciousness of now and then (perhaps three times in the course of 400 octavo pages) feeling almost as if he were not a Cockney, but a man; and although his thefts are in general not only barefaced but absurd,—his native inclination impelling him to steal only what is absolutely worthless,—yet justice forces us to acknowledge, that we have more than once detected his hand in the very act of pilfering a jewel; nor can we help even admiring the audacity with which, in broad day-light, he exhibits the pearls of which he has robbed genius, studded in the paste of his own vulgar and impoverished understanding.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XIX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΔΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Blue Parlour. Midnight. Watchman heard crying, "One o'clock."
[NORTH. TICKLER. THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. *The middle Term asleep.*]

NORTH.

The old gentleman is fairly dished. Pray, are you a great dreamer, James ? Your poetry is so very imaginative that I should opine your sleep to be haunted by many visions, disinal and delightful.

SHEPHERD.

I never dream between the blankets. To me sleep has no separate world. It is as a transient mental annihilation. I snore, but dream not. What is the use of sleep at all, if you are to toss and tumble, sigh and groan, shudder and shriek, and agonize in the convulsions of night mayoralty ? I lie all night like a stone, and in the morning up I go, like a dewy leaf before the zephyr's breath, glittering in the sunshine.

NORTH.

Whence are all your poetic visions, James, of Kilneny, and Hynde, and the Chaldee manuscript ?

SHEPHERD.

Genius,—Genius, my dear sir. May not a man dream, when he is awake, better dreams than when sleep dulls and deadens both cerebrum and cerebellum ? O, happy days that I have lain on the green hillside, with my plaid around me, best mantle of inspiration, my faithful Hector sitting like a very Christian by my side, glowering far off into the glens after the sheep, or aiblins lifting up his ee to the gled hovering close beneath the marbled roof of clouds,—bonny St Mary's Loch lying like a smile below, and a softened sun, scarcely warmer than the moon hersel, adorning without dazzling the day, over the heavens and the earth,—a beuk o' auld ballants, as yellow as the cowslips, in my hand or my bosom, and maybe, sir, my ink-horn dangling at a button-hole, a bit stump o' pen, nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe, in my mouth ; and a piece o' paper, torn out o' the hinder-end of a volume, crunkling on my knee,—on such a couch, Mr North, hath your Shepherd seen visions and dreamed dreams ; but his een were never steeked ; and I continued aye to see and to hear a' outward things, although scarcely conscious at the time o' their real nature, so bright, wavering, and unsure-like was the hail livin' world, frae my lair on the knowe beside the clear spring, to the distant weather-gleam. [*The Shepherd drinks.*] This is the best jug I have made yet, sir.

NORTH.

Have you been writing any poetry lately, James ? The unparalleled success of Queen Hynde must have inspirited and inspired my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Success ! She's no had muckle o' that, man. Me and Wordsworth are aboon the age we live in—it's no worthy o' us ; but wait a whyleock—wait only for a thousand years, or thereabouts, Mr North, and you'll see who will have speeled to the tap o' the tree.

NORTH.

Nay, James, you are by far too popular at present to be entitled to posthumous fame. You are second only to Byron. But tell me, have you written anything since the Burning of Bereghonium?

SHEPHERD.

Do you wish to hear an Ode to the Devil?

NORTH.

Nothing more. Look fiendish, James, and suit the action to the word. You have not imitated Burns?

SHEPHERD.

Me imitate Burns! Faith, no!—Just let me tak a caulker o' the Glenlivet before I begin spootin'. Noo for't—

(Shepherd puts himself in attitude, and spouts.)

HYMN TO THE DEVIL.

Speed thee, speed thee!

Liberty lead thee!

Many this night shall hearken and heed thee.

Far abroad,

Demigod!

What shall appal thee?

Javel, or Devil, or how shall we call thee?

Thine the night voices of joy and of weeping,

The whisper awake, and the vision when sleeping:

The bloated kings of the earth shall brood

On princedom and provinces bought with blood,

Shall slubber, and snore, and to-morrow's breath

Shall order the muster and march of death:

The trumpets shall sound, and the gontalous flee,

And thousands of souls step home to thee.

Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

The warrior shall dream of battle begun,

Of field-day and foray, and foeman undone;

Of provinces sacked, and warrior store,

Of hurry and havoc, and hampers of ore;

Of captive maidens for joys abundant,

And ransom vast when these grow redundant.

Hurray! for the foray. Fiends ride forth a-souling,

For the dogs of havock are yelping and yowling.

Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Make the bedesman's dream

With pleasure to teem;

To-day and to-morrow

He has but one aim.

And 'tis still the same, and 'tis still the same.

But well thou know'st the sot's demerit,

His richness of flesh, and his poorness of spirit;

And well thy images thou canst frame,

On canvass of pride, with pencil of flame:

A broad demesne is a view of glory,

For praying a soul from purgatory:

And, O, let the dame be fervent and fair,

Amorous, and righteous, and husband beware!

For there's a confession so often repeated,

The eyes are enlightened, the life-blood is heated.

Hish!—Hush!—soft foot and silence,

The sons of the abbot are lords of the Highlands.

Thou canst make lubbard and lighthead agree,

Wallow a while, and come home to thee.

Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Where goest thou next, by hamlet or shore,

When kings, when warriors, and priests are o'er?

These for thee have the most to do,
 And these are the men must be looked unto.
 On courtier deign not to look down,
 Who swells at a smile, and faints at a frown.
 With noble maid stay not to parle,
 But give her one glance of the golden arle.
 Then, oh, there's a creature thou needs must see,
 Upright, and saintly, and stern is she !
 'Tis the old maid, with visage demure,
 With cat on her lap, and dogs on the floor.
 Master, she'll prove a match for thee,
 With her psalter, and crosier, and Ave Mari.
 Move her with things above and below,
 Tickle her and teaze her from lip to toe ;
 Should all prove vain, and nothing can move ;
 If dead to ambition, and cold to love,
 One passion still success will crown,
 A glorious energy all thine own !
 'Tis envy ; a die that never can fail
 With children, matron, or maiden stalc.
 Shew them in dreams from night to day
 A happy mother, and offspring gay ;
 Shew them the maiden in youthful prime,
 Followed and wooed, improving her time ;
 And their hearts will sicken with envy and spleen,
 A leperous jaundice of yellow and green :
 And though frightened for hell to a boundless degree,
 They'll singe their dry periwigs yet with thee.
 Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Where goest thou next ? Where wilt thou bide thee ?
 Still there is rubbish enough to try thee.
 Whisper the matron of lordly fame,
 There's a greater than she in splendour and name ;
 And her bosom shall swell with the grievous load,
 And torrents of slander shall volley abroad,
 Imbued with venom and bitter despair :
 O sweet are the sounds to the Prince of the Air !
 Reach the proud yeoman a bang with a spear,
 And the tippling burgess a jerk on the ear ;
 Put fees in the eye of the poisoning leech,
 And give the dull peasant a kick on the breech :
 As for the flush maiden, the rosy elf,
 You may pass her by, she will dream of herself.
 But that all may be gain and nothing loss,
 Keep eye on the men with the cowl and the cross ;
 Then shall the world go swimming before thee,
 In a full tide of liberty, licence, and glory.
 Speed thee, speed thee, &c.

Hail, patriot spirit ! thy labours be blest !
 For of all great reformers, thyself wert the first ;
 Thou wert the first, with discernment strong,
 To perceive that all rights divine were wrong ;
 And long hast thou spent thy sovereign breath,
 In heaven above and in earth beneath,
 And roared it from thy burning throne,
 The glory of independence alone ;
 Proclaiming to all, with fervour and irony,
 That kingly dominion's all humbug and tyranny ;
 And whoso listeth may be free,
 For freedom, full freedom's the word with thee !
 That life has its pleasures—the rest is a sham,
 And all that comes after a flim and a flam !

Speed thee, speed thee !
 Liberty lead thee !
 Many this night shall harken and heed thee.
 Hie abroad,
 Demigod !
 Who shall defame thee ?
 King of the Elements ! how shall we name thee ?

NORTH.

Delicious, James—delicious ! That's above Barry Cornwall.

SHEPHERD.

Him, indeed ! Why, Mr North, he daur nae mair speak o' the deevil in that gate, than tak the Sun by the horns when he has entered Taurus.

NORTH.

Admirably spoken, most astronomical of Chaldeans.

SHEPHERD.

I ken as muckle about the heathen mythology as Barry Cornwall does ; but wha ever hears me taking ony of their names in vain ? It's a great sign o' weakness in ony poet o' the present day to be rinnin' awa back into antiquity, when ther's sae strong a spirit of life hotchin' ower yearth and sea in this very century.

NORTH.

Barry Cornwall is one of my pet poets—quite a love ; he is so free from everything like affectation. I see, in the Autographs of the Living Poets, in Watts's Souvenir, first, Barry Cornwall, and immediately after that immortal name, W. A. Procter—no more like each other than a pea and a bean. What think you of that ? Who is W. A. Procter ? This is rather too much.

SHEPHERD.

It's just maist intolerable impertinence. What right has he to tak up the room o' twa autographs for his ain share ? But wha's C. Colton ? I see his name in the Literary Souvenir.

NORTH.

Author of Lacon, or, Many Things in few Words ; a work that is advertised to be in the thirteenth edition, and I never have seen any man who has seen a copy of it. I begin to doubt its existence.

SHEPHERD.

Nae heuk ever went into a real, even-down, *bonny fide* thretteen edition in this world, forbye the Bible, Shakspear, and John Bunyan. It's a confounded lie—and that's "many things in few words."

NORTH.

Colton is a clergyman and a bankrupt wine-merchant, and E. O. player, a dicer, and friend of the late W. Weare, Esq., murdered by that atrocious Whig, Jack Thurtell.

SHEPHERD.

Huts !

NORTH.

Poz. Ever since his disappearance, laudatory paragraphs about this living and absent poet, evidently sent by himself to the gentlemen of the press, have been infesting the public prints—all puffs of Lacon ! Let him shew himself once more in London, and then I have a few words to whisper publicly into the ear of the Rev. C. Colton, author of Hypocrisy, a Satire, &c.

SHEPHERD.

What for are you lookin' so fierce and fearsome ? But let's change the subject. Wad ye advise me to read High-ways and Byc-ways ?

NORTH.

Yes, James. They are very spirited and amusing volumes, written by a gentleman and a scholar. Grattan is a fine fellow—a Whig to be sure—but every man has his failing—and I cannot but like him for his very name.

SHEPHERD.

I thoct he would be a good author, for I saw him abused like a tinkler in that feckless fouter, Taylor.

NORTH.

Of course—he writes for Colburn.

SHEPHERD.

Heeh, sirs! but that's awfu' mean—but I was jalousin' as much. Oh! Mr North—my dear freen', I was sorry, sorry when Knight's Quarterly Magazine took a pain in its head, and gied a wamle ower the counter in the dead-thraws. It was rather incomprehensible to me, for the maist part, wi' its Italian literature, and the lave o't; but the contributors were a set o' spunkie chieks—Collegians, as I understan', frae Cambridge Colledge. What's become o' them now that their Journal is dead?

NORTH.

I think I see them, like so many resurrection-men, digging up the Album. Yes! Hogg, they are clever, accomplished chaps, with many little pleasing impertinencies of their own, and may make a figure. How assinine, not to have marched a levy *en masse* into Ebony's *sanctum sanctorum*!

SHEPHERD.

I never thocht o' that before. So it was. But then ye behave sae cavalierly to contributors! It's a horrible thing to be buried alive in the Balaam Box!

NORTH.

By the way, James, that Ode to the Devil of yours makes me ask you, if you have seen Dr Hibbert's book on Apparitions?

SHEPHERD.

Ghosts?—no. Is't gude?

NORTH.

Excellent. The Doctor first gives a general view of the particular morbid affections with which the production of phantoms is often connected.

SHEPHERD.

What—the blude and stomach?

NORTH.

Just so, James. Apparitions are likewise considered by him as nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions.

SHEPHERD.

Does the Doctor daur to say that there are nae real ghosts? If sae, he needna come out to Ettrick. I've heard that failosophers say there is nae satisfactory evidence of the existence of flesh-and-blude men, (rax me ower the loaf, I want a shave,) but o' the existence o' ghosts and fairies I never heard before that the proof was counted defective. I've seen scores o' them, baith drunk and sober.

NORTH.

Well, Hogg *versus* Hibbert. Sam very ingeniously points out that, in well-authenticated ghost-stories, of a supposed supernatural character, the ideas which are rendered so unduly intense, as to induce spectral illusions, may be traced to such phantastical agents of prior belief, as are incorporated in the various systems of superstition, which for ages possessed the minds of the vulgar.

SHEPHERD.

There may be some sense in that, after a'. What mair does the doctor say?

NORTH.

Why, James, my friend Hibbert is something of a metaphysician, although he pins his faith too slavishly on some peculiar dogmas of the late Dr Brown.

SHEPHERD.

Metafeesics are ae thing, and poetry anither; but Dr Brown was a desperate bad poet, Mr North, and it would tak some trouble to convince me that he knew muckle about human nature, either the quick or the dead.

NORTH.

James, you are mistaken. However, my friend Hibbert well observes, that since apparitions are ideas equalling or exceeding in vividness actual impressions, there ought to be some important and definite laws of the mind which have given rise to this undue degree of violence. These he undertakes to explain, and he does so—with the qualification I mention—ingeniously, and even satisfactorily.

SHEPHERD.

That's a'thegither aboon my capacity. What would become of the Doctor's

theory, if he had ever sleepit a' night, three in a bed, wi' twa ghosts, as I hae done? They were baith o' them a confunded deal mair vivid than ony by-gone actual impressions, or sensations, or ideas, or ony ither words of that outlandish lingua. Can an idea nip a man's thees black and blue, and rug out a handfu' o' hair out o' the head o' him? Neither Dr Brown nor Dr Hibbert will gar me believe onything sae unwise-like.

NORTH.

The last object, James, of the Doctor's ingenious dissertation was to have established this:—That all the subordinate incidents connected with phantoms, might be explained on the following general principle; that in every undue excitement of our feelings, (as, for instance, when ideas become more vivid than actual impression,) the operations of the intellectual faculty of the mind sustain corresponding modifications, by which the efforts of the judgment are rendered proportionably incorrect.

SHEPHERD.

And does Dr Hibbert make that weel out?

NORTH.

No. He very truly and prudently observes, that an object of this nature cannot be attempted but in connexion *with almost all the phenomena of the human mind*. To pursue the inquiry, therefore, any farther, would be to make a dissertation on apparitions the absurd vehicle of a regular system of metaphysics.

SHEPHERD.

That would be maist ridiculous, indeed. Neither could the Doctor, honest man, hope to accomplish such a task before he was an apparition himself. But the book must be a curious ane indeed, and you must gie me a reading of it.

NORTH.

I will. The second edition, I hear, is printing by Oliver and Boyd, with a somewhat new and much-improved arrangement of the metaphysical matter.

SHEPHERD.

Sir, I wish there was ony waukening o' Mr Tickler. It's no like him to fa' asleep. Whisht! whisht! Hear till him! hear till him!

NORTH.

Somnium Scipionis!

TICKLER [*asleep.*]

It was creditable to a British public. Poor, dear little soul, she has been cruelly treated altogether. My sweet Miss Letitia Foote, although I am now rather ———

SHEPHERD.

Isna the wicked auld deevil dreamin' o' that play-actress!

NORTH.

Why, our excellent Tickler is still the same perfect gentleman even in his dreams. Did you ever hear, James, of such unnatural wickedness as that of the parents of this beautiful sinner? Her own father made her own mother play Romeo to her Juliet, when she was a girl just entered into her teens!

SHEPHERD.

Mercy me! I wonder the roof o' the bairn did not fall and smother them: and can you believe what the newspapers said, that the parents conneced at her being Cornel Barclay's miss? If so, I hope there's naething heterodox in conjecturing that their names are baith down, in round text, in the deevil's doomsday-book. But there's the mair excuse and pity for the puir lassie. What paper was't that said she was ruined past a' redemption?

NORTH.

The Times. But the mean cunuch lied. There is redemption both here and hereafter for a child betrayed by her parents into the embraces of an artful and accomplished seducer. Miss Foote loved him—was faithful to him—was never extravagant,—in her worse than orphan condition was contented to be recognized as his mistress,—did what she could to support her parents by her talents on the stage,—and finally cooled in her affection towards her seducer, to whom she had always been true, only when she discovered that his

whole conduct was one continued deception, and that the best years of her life were wearing hopelessly away in anxiety, difficulties, and evils, enough to sicken the strongest, and freeze the warmest heart.

SHEPHERD.

These are just my sentiments. As for Barclay and Hayne, wha cares about them? The Cornel is a man of the world, and there may be some excuse for him, perhaps, if the truth were all known. Mr Hayne seems a sumph. Miss Fit is weel rid o' them baith.

NORTH.

My Pea-green Friend, who is apparently a good-hearted fellow, and supposed himself in love, would have tired of his wife in a fortnight, and taken again to the training of White-headed Bob. Miss Foote has been deservedly pardoned by the public voice,—and, suppose we drink her health, poor soul. Miss Foote!

TICKLER [*dormiens.*]

Three times three.—Hurra! hurra! hurra!

SHEPHERD.

That's fearsome. Only think how his mind corresponds wi' his friends, even in a dwam o' drink,—for I never saw him sae fou since the King's visit! I'll just pu' the nose o' him, or kittle it wi' the ncb o' my keelivine pen. [*sic facit.*]

TICKLER [*awaking.*]

The cases are totally different. But, Hogg, what are you staring at? Why, you have been sleeping since twelve o'clock. That scoundrel Kean deserves to be kicked. Do you wish to know why?

SHEPHERD.

Not I. I have no particular curiosity. I am quite willing to believe that he deserves to be kicked, without farther delay or inquiry. But I say, you were sleeping the noo.

TICKLER.

There is nothing in his offence, as it was proved in court, to distinguish it, by its enormity, from others of that kind. On the contrary, there have been many hundred cases of *crim. con.* far worse, in all respects whatever, than that of Kean.

NORTH.

Madam Cox had manifestly long been a Liberal; and Alderman Cox ought to sit to Cruickshanks for the *beau ideal* of a cuckold.

TICKLER.

As an amour it was, not only unlady-like and ungentleman-like, but unusually low, vulgar, coarse, filthy, and loathsome. Therefore Kean, in strutting forwards with his bandy legs, before all the people in London, upon a stage, three days after an exposure that should have made his very posteriors blush, and that too in the character of one of the kings of England, ought to have been pelted with all missile fruits, native and foreign, till forced to take shelter in some accustomed cellar. The appearance of the little beast was a gross insult to human nature; and, since he persisted in going through his part, he should have been made to do so tarred and feathered.

SHEPHERD.

What can ye expec frae a play-actor?

TICKLER.

What can I expect, James? Why, man, look at Terry, Young, Matthews, Charles Kemble, and your friend Vandenhoff, and then say that you expect good players to be good men, as men go; and likewise gentlemen, as gentlemen go, in manners, and morals, and general character, and behaviour, private and public? Why not? It is more difficult in such a situation, but by no means impossible.

NORTH.

Come, no balaam, Tickler. The short and the long of it is, that Kean, in daring to exhibit himself at this time, exhibited himself as an impudent, insolent, brazen-faced, and unprincipled bully, without one good feeling of any kind whatever; and this is true, although it has been asserted by one of the Liars in *the Times*.

SHEPHERD.

I ha'e some thocht o' writing a play—a Pastoral Drama.

NORTH.

What, James! after Allan Ramsay—after the Gentle Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

What for no? That's a stupid apothegm, though you said it. I wad hae mair variety o' characters, and incedents, and passions o' the human mind in my drama—mair fun, and frolic, and daffin—in short, mair o' what you, and the like o' you, ca' coorseness;—no sae muckle sec-sawing between ony twa individual hizzies, as in Allan;—and, aboon a' things, a mair natural and wise-like catastrophe. My peasant or shepherd lads should be sae in richt earnest, and no turn out Sirs and Lords upon you at the hinder-end o' the drama. No but that I wad ablins introduce the upper ranks intil the wark; but they should stand abeigh frae the lave o' the characters,—by way o' contrast, or by way o' "similitude in dissimilitude," as that haverer Wordsworth is sae fond o' talking and writing about. Aboon a' things, I wus to draw the pictur o' a perfect and polished Scotch gentleman o' the auld schule.

NORTH.

Videlicet,—Tickler!

SHEPHERD.

Him, the lang-legged sinner!—Na, na;—I'll immortalize baith him and yoursell in my "Ain Life,"—in my yawtobeeograffy. I'll pay aff a' auld scores there, I'se warrant you. Deevil tak me, gin I haena a great mind—*(a pause, —jug)*—to hawn you down to the latest posterity as a couple o' —

NORTH.

James!—James!—James!

SHEPHERD.

Confound thae grey glittering cyne o' yours, you warlock that you are!—I maun like you, and respeck you, and admire you too, Mr North; but, och, sirs! do you ken, that whiles I just girn, out-bye yonner, wi' perfect wudness when I think o' you, and your chields about you, lauchin at, and rinnin down me, and ither men o' genius—

NORTH.

James!—James!—James!

TICKLER.

Dig it well into him—he is a confounded churl.

SHEPHERD.

No half sae bad as yoursell, Mr Tickler. He's serious sometimes, and ankens when he is serious. But as for you, there's no a grain o' sincerity in a' your composition. You wadnae shed a tear gin your Shepherd, as you ca' him, were dead, and in the moulds.

TICKLER, *(evidently much affected.)*

Have I not left you my fiddle in my will. When I am gone, Jamie, use her carefully—keep her in good strings—and, whenever you screw her up, think of Timothy Tickler—and—*(His utterance is choked.)*

NORTH.

James! James! James!—Timothy! Timothy! Timothy!—Something too much of this. Reach me over that pamphlet; I wish to light my cigar. The last speech and dying words of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles!

SHEPHERD.

What! a new poem? I houp it is. Lisle Bolls is a poet o' real genius. I never could thole a sonnet till I read his. Is the pamphlet a poem?

NORTH.

No, Shepherd. It is prose;—being a farther portion of Botheration about Pope.

SHEPHERD.

I care little about Pop—except his Louisa and Abelard. That's a grand elegy; but for coorseness it beats me hollow. The subject is coorse. "A helpless lover bound and bleeding lies,"—that is a line, which, if I had written it in the Spy, would hae lost me five hundred subscribers.

NORTH.

Mr Bowles, in his edition of Pope, committed himself, I think, on one point

of essential importance. He did not do justice to Pope's character as a man. My friend Bowles, (for I love and admire him,) has therefore proved somewhat restive and obstinate when taxed with this misdeed. He will not eat in a single word,—no, not even a syllable,—not so much as the least letter in the alphabet; and, being a most able and accomplished man, he comes forth a controversialist, and lays about him with a vigour and skill highly conciliatory and commendable. But he was originally in the wrong respecting Pope's personal character; and in the wrong will he be until doomsday.

TICKLER.

Most assuredly. Who cares a single curse about this, that, or t'other trifle? Can a man of surpassing intellect and genius not indulge himself in a little peevishness or variableness of humour, without being taxed with hypocrisy, insincerity, and other base and odious qualities or affections? How the devil came it about, that a true poet, like Bowles, should have scrutinized and judged the character of such a man as Pope in that cold, calculating, prying, and unindulgent spirit, which might have been expected from some brainless and heartless prosier?

NORTH.

Not knowing, can't say.

TICKLER.

Pope was one of the most amiable men that ever lived. Fine and delicate as were the temper and temperament of his genius, he had a heart capable of the warmest human affection. He was indeed a loving creature!

NORTH.

Come, come, Timothy, you know you were sorely cut an hour or two ago—so do not attempt Characteristics. But, after all, Bowles does not say that Pope was unamiable.

TICKLER.

Yes, he does—that is to say, no man can read, even now, all that he has written about Pope, without thinking, on the whole, somewhat indifferently of the man Pope. It is for this I abuse our friend Bowles.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ay—I recollect now some havers o' Bolls's about the Blounts, Martha and Theresa, I think you call them. Puir wee bit hunched-backed, windle-strae-legged, gleg-c'ed, clever, acute, ingenious; satcerical, weel-informed, warm-hearted, real philosophical, and maist poetical creature, wi' his sounding translation o' a' Homer's works, that reads just like an original War-Yepic,—His Yessay on Man, that, in spite o' what a set o' ignoramuses o' theological critics say about Bolingbroke and Crousass, and heterodoxy and atheism, and like havers, is just ane o' the best moral discourses that ever I heard in or out o' the poupit,—His Yepistles about the Passions, and sic like, in the whilk he goes baith deep and high, far deeper and higher baith than many a modern poet, who must needs be either in a diving bell or a balloon,—His Rape o' the Lock o' Hair, wi' all these Sylphs floating about in the machinery o' the Rosicrucian Philosophism, just perfectly yelegant and gracefu', and as gude, in their way, as onything o' my ain about fairies, either in the Queen's Wake or Queen Hynde,—His Louisa to Abelard is, as I said before, coorse in the subject matter, but, O sirs! powerfu' and pathetic in execution—and sic a perfect spate o' versification! His unfortunate lady, wha stucked herself for love wi' a drawn sword, and was afterwards seen as a ghost, dim-beckoning through the shade—a verra poetical thoct surely, and full both of terror and pity—

NORTH.

Stop, James—You will run yourself out o' brcath. Why, you said, a few minutes ago, that you did not care much about Pope, and were not at all familiar with his works—you have them at your finger ends.

SHEPHERD.

I never ken what's in my mind till it begins to work. Sometimes I fin' mysel just perfectly stupid—my mind, as Locke says in his Treatise on Government, quite a *carte blanche*—I just ken that I'm alive by my breething—when, a' at ance, my sowl begins to hum like a hive about to cast off a swarm—out rush a thousand springing thochts, for a while circling round and round like verra bees—and then, like them too, winging their free and rejoicing way

into the mountain wilderness, and a' its blooming heather—returning, in due time, with store o' wax on their thees, and a wamefu' o' hinney, redolent of blissful dreams gathered up in the sacred solitudes of Nature. Ha! ha! ha! ha! is na that Wordsworthian and sonorous? But we've forgotten wee Pop. Hae you ony mair to say anent him and Bolls?

TICKLER.

Bowles also depreciates his genius.

NORTH.

No, no, no!

TICKLER.

Yes, yes, yes!

SHEPHERD.

Gude safe us, Mr Tickler, you're no sober yet, or you wad never contradict Mr North.

TICKLER.

Bowles also depreciates his genius. What infernal stuff all that about nature and art! Why Pope himself settles the question against our friend Bowles in one line:—

“Nature must give way to Art.”

NORTH.

Pope's poetry is full of nature, at least of what I have been in the constant habit of accounting nature for the last threescore and ten years. But (thank you, James, that snuff is really delicious!) leaving nature and art, and all that sort of thing, I wish to ask a single question: What poet of this age, with the exception perhaps of Byron, can be justly said, when put into close comparison with Pope, to have written the English language at all?

SHEPHERD.

Tut, tut, Mr North; you need nae gang far to get an answer to that question. I can write the English language,—I'll no say as weel as Pop, for he was an Englishman, but——

NORTH.

Well, I shall except you, James;—but, with the single exception of Hogg, from what living poet is it possible to select any passage that will bear to be spouted (say by James Ballantyne himself, the best declaimer extant) after any one of fifty casually taken passages from Pope?—Not one.

TICKLER.

What would become of Bowles himself, with all his elegance, pathos, and true feeling?—Oh! dear me, James, what a dull, dozing, disjointed, dawdling, dowly of a drawl would be his Muse, in her very best voice and tune, when called upon to get up and sing a solo after the sweet and strong singer of Twickenham!

NORTH.

Or Wordsworth—with his eternal—Here we go up, up, and up, and here we go down, down, and here we go roundabout, roundabout!—Look at the nerveless laxity of his *Excursion*!—What interminable prosing!—The language is out of condition;—fat and fozy, thick-winded, purfled and plethoric. Can he be compared with Pope?—Fie on't! no, no, no!—Pugh, pugh!

TICKLER.

Southey—Coleridge—Moore?

NORTH.

No; not one of them. They are all eloquent, diffusive, rich, lavish, generous, prodigal of their words. But so are they all deficient in sense, muscle, sinew, thewes, ribs, spine. Pope, as an artist, beats them hollow. Catch him twaddling.

TICKLER.

It is a bad sign of the intellect of an age to depreciate the genius of a country's classics. But the attempt covers such critics with shame, and undying ridicule pursues them and their abettors. The Lake Poets began this senseless clamour against the genius of Pope. You know their famous critique on the moonlight scene in his translation of the *Iliad*?

NORTH.

I do. Presumptuous, ignorant trash! But help yourself, Tim, to another

jorum. What is the matter with your cigar? Draw it through your lips. It is somewhat arid. You will never be a smoker.

TICKLER.

Not I, indeed. There, that is better. Admirable old Roscoe has edited Pope well, and he rebuts Bowles manfully and successfully.

NORTH.

He does so. Yet, after all, Bowles is the livelier writer. Here's their healths in a bumper. (*Bibunt Omnes.*)

SHEPHERD.

I care far less about Pop, and the character and genius of Pop, than I do about our own Byron. Many a cruel thing has been uttered against him, and I wish, Mr North, you would vindicate him, now that his hand is cault.

NORTH.

I have written a few pages for my Feb. Number, which, I think, will please you, James. Pray, what do you consider the most wicked act of Byron's whole wicked life?

SHEPHERD.

I declare to God, that I do not know of any one wicked act in his life at all. Tickler there used to cut him up long ago—what says he now?

TICKLER.

The base multitude, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, got up brutal falsehoods concerning his private life, and these they mixed up and blended with their narrow and confused conceptions of his poetical productions, till they imagined the real living, flesh-and-blood Byron, to be a monster, familiarly known to them in all his hideous propensities and practices. He was, with all his faults, a noble being, and I shall love Hobhouse as long as I live. What it is to be a gentleman!

NORTH.

The character of one of the greatest poets the world ever saw, in a very few years, will be discerned in the clear light of truth. How quickly all misrepresentations die away! One hates calumny, because it is ugly and odious in its own insignificant and impotent stinking self. But it is almost always extremely harmless. I believe, at this moment, that Byron is thought of, as a man, with an almost universal feeling of pity, forgiveness, admiration, and love. I do not think it would be safe, in the most popular preacher, to abuse Byron now,—and that not merely because he is now dead, but because England knows the loss she has sustained in the extinction of her most glorious luminary.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae heart to speak ony mair about him—puir fallow. I'll try the pickled this time—the scalloped are beginning to lie rather heavy on my stomach. Oysters is the only thing maist we canna get at Altrive. But we have capital cod and haddock now in St Mary's Loch.

TICKLER.

James!—James!—James!

SHEPHERD.

Nane o' your jeering, Mr Tickler. The naturalization of sea-fishes into fresh-water lochs, was recommended some years ago in the Edinburgh Review, and twa-three o' us, out by yonner, have carried the thing into effect. We tried the oysters too, but we could mak naething ava' o' them—they dwindled into a kind o' wulks, and were quite fushionless, a' beards and nae bodies.

TICKLER.

I thought the scheme plausible at the time. I read it in the Edinburgh, which I like, by the way, much better as a zoological than a political journal. Have you sent a creel of codlings to the editor?

SHEPHERD.

Why, I have felt some delicacy about it, just at present. I was afraid that he might think it a bribe for a favourable opinion of Queen Hynde.

NORTH.

No—no. Jeffrey has a soul above bribery or corruption. All the cod in Christendom would not shake his integrity. You had, however, better send half-a-hundred rizztered haddocks to Tom Campbell.

SHEPHERD.

My boy Tammy wull never choke himsell wi' my fish banes, Mr North. I care for nae man's good word, unless it be your ain, sir; howsumever, to speak truth, I cannot but think it vera paltry and mean-like in the author o' the Pleasures of Hope, never once in his born-days, in that Magazine o' his, to hae said a single ceevil, or kind, or britherly word about me. What think ye?

NORTH.

I think it to the last degree contemptible. Greater men than he, James, have done you justice. North, Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, &c. &c. &c.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no compleenin'. Thank God, I ken my ain worth, as a man and a poet—and let mankind, or the women folk either, judge between Kilmeny and Reullura. It's for his ain sake, no for mine, that I could hae wished he had spoken kindly of a brother poet, who have had mickle to struggle against, but have got to the tap o' the tree at last—thanks to my ain speeling.

NORTH.

Tom is fickle and capricious—and ever was so—but he has a fine, a noble genius.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no disputing that, Mr North. No doubt, his Theodric is a grand, multifarious, sublime poem; although, confound me, gin the warst fifty lines in a' Queen Hynde are nae worth the hail vellum. If ever there was even-down cheaterie in this world, it is in axing eight shillings for a parcel o' auld bits o' poems that hae been in a' the magazines and newspapers, and Cabinets and Mirrors, and so forth, in the kingdom. I'm sure if I had a pension from government of £200 a-year, like Tam Campbell, I wad never play the public siccan a shabby trick.

NORTH.

Why, as to that, James, I cannot quite agree with you, my dear Shepherd. There are always some golden points in the clay of Campbell's poetry, which are rinsed out by the running waters of my criticism; and even his newest trifles in verse will read tolerably enough, when interspersed with judgment throughout his various volumes.

HOGG.

Weel, man—let us drink his health; and, if you please, standing, with all the honours.

NORTH.

Excuse me, gentle Shepherd. A gouty foot, a rheumatic knee, ten tumblers, and threescore and ten years, impose upon me a sedentary habit. As for shouting, remember the hour—nay, there is no occasion for looking at your watch; as soon as the boiler is empty, we depart.

(*Mr Campbell's health is drunk cordially.*)

SHEPHERD.

Wha's conceit was the Boiler?

TICKLER.

Your humble servant's. Ambrose goes to bed regularly at twelve, and Richard half an hour after. Occasionally, as at present, old friends are loath to go—so, not to disturb the slumbers of as worthy a family as is in all Scotland, I ordered the boiler you now see, at Begby and Dickson's, St Andrew's Square. It holds exactly six common kettlefulls—Strike it with the poker—Ay, James, you hear by the clearness of the tinkle that it is nearly low water.

SHEPHERD.

Deel ma care. I ken where the pump is in the back green—and, if the wall's fanged, I'll bring up a gush wi' a single drive. If no, let us finish the spirits by itsel. I never saw the match o' this tall square fallow o' a green bottle for hauding spirits. The verra neck o' him hauds spirits for a jug, before you get down to his shouthers; and we'se a' three be blin' fou or we see the chrystal knob inside o' the doup o' him peering up among the subsiding waters of Glenlivet.

NORTH.

I have bequeathed you Magog in my settlement, James. With it, and

Tickler's Cremona, many a cheerful night will you spend, when we two old Codgers have laid off life's pack—

At our feet a green grass turf,
And at our head a stone.

SHEPHERD.

You and Mr Tickler are very gude in leaving me things in your wull ; but I would prefer something in haun—

NORTH.

Then, my dear friend, there is a receipt for your last article—the Shepherd's Calendar.

SHEPHERD.

Twa Tens ! Come noo, sirs, let me pay the reckoning.

TICKLER.

We have not, I think, drunk the King's ministers to-night. Allow me to give them.

HOGG.

Wi' a' my heart. That man Canning will be the salvation of the cuntra.

NORTH.

There never was any period, certainly, in which the Parliament of the United Kingdoms assembled under circumstances more interesting than the present. In times of war, no doubt, the topics submitted to discussion may often be, in one point of view, of a more dazzling character—nay, they sometimes have been, singly considered, of more paramount and overwhelming importance. But in times when the empire is involved in a great conflict with external force, it is absolutely in vain to expect that questions not immediately connected with that conflict, should in Parliament command any more than a subordinate measure of attention from those who are actually intrusted with the government of the country. The Opposition members compel any subjects they please into discussion ; but seldom, very seldom, is the discussion thorough or satisfactory. Intellect does not meet intellect here on fair terms. Ministers make speeches, no doubt, but the real *aside* is, always “ wait till the national existence, or, at least, honour be safe, and then we will go with you on an equal footing into the consideration of questions affecting only particular points of her domestic machinery.” Is not this true, Tickler ?

TICKLER.

Certainly ; go on with what you were saying. I like to hear you speak right on without that botheration of the eternal cigar. This vice, sir, is the bane of all real flow of talk.

NORTH.

Nonsense—nonsense. The war has been over for ten years—it took not a few years to bring us back to feel a state of peace as natural to us after a war of such duration—it took a considerable time to bring back the habits, the interests, the feelings even, of various classes, into their proper channels. All this has now been done : The population of Britain is throughout employed, tranquil, happy, and contented. Agriculture and trade are flourishing. Direct taxation, in all probability, will ere long have ceased to exist at all here. Everything in Britain is peace, industry, and plenty. Now is the time for the serious and deliberate discussions of civil and domestic questions, and full advantage seems to be taken of the happy time by Ministers who can now concentrate upon these questions the same great talents that formerly distanced all their antagonists, when exerted on topics of another description—and who, exerting these great talents with their accustomed honesty and integrity, bid fair ere long to chase their adversaries out of the new field as triumphantly as they had routed them on the old.

HOGG.

Vera bonny talk, Mr North ; but what say you to the divisions in the Cabinet ? The house that is divided against itself cannot stand. That's the text, Christopher.

TICKLER.

I am really sorry for the thing, but I see no likelihood of an end to it.

NORTH.

And I don't wish to see any, that's my say.

TICKLER.

A paradox !—What's your meaning ?

NORTH.

My meaning is plain and simple enough, Mr Tickler. I assert, that if the government of this country is to be in the hands of anything worthy of the name of a Cabinet, (intellectually considered,) and not in the hands of a single Minister, a real *premier* ; and if the members of the Cabinet are to be honest men, (that is to say, Tories,) it is absolutely impossible that there should not exist great differences of opinion within that Cabinet, in relation to questions such as must mainly occupy the attention of the Government and the Parliament of an empire such as this, in times, and under circumstances like the present. And, sir, I farther assert, that no Cabinet could long maintain its hold upon public respect, if the existence of such difference of opinion were not well known all over the country.

TICKLER.

Explain—explain.

HOGG.

Yon was a queer apophthegm.

NORTH.

Patience a moment, gents. The country must be represented in the Cabinet, quite as effectually as in the Parliament, otherwise the country will not have confidence in it. We all know very well that questions such as are now in agitation, are questions in regard to which very great differences of opinion do, and must, prevail in the country—in the real sound part of the population. We all know that opposite interests exist in regard to every one of them ; and though we are all aware that no great public good can be done without sacrifices of some sort, we are also aware that no great public good can be done, until, through deliberate and sincere discussion, the minds of those by whom the sacrifices are to be made, are satisfied that they must be made. Now men can never be persuaded that questions of this sort are capable of undergoing that measure of real discussion and investigation which they ought to receive ere Government is pledged to any one side, in any one of them, in any Cabinet but a divided Cabinet. We must be convinced, that in regard to Ireland, for instance, the feelings not of one, nor of two, but of all the really great classes of honest population—of honest interest—of honest feeling—(for I say nothing of the real *enemies of the country*, and their monkey tricks)—we must be satisfied that all these are virtually represented within the Cabinet ; otherwise we cannot be convinced that the measure which Government purposes in regard to Ireland is the proper measure ; that is to say, the measure best adapted to conciliate the opinion and meet the views of the greatest number among the parties who have, and must have, different interests and feelings as to the matter in question—the measure that comes nearest to the greatest number of the various measures which these parties severally propose and advocate.

TICKLER.

Why, certainly these are not dictator times.

NORTH.

Not they ; not they, truly. Calmness and prudence must preside now. Public opinion is, after all, the court of first and the court of the last resort. We do not expect differences of opinion to cease either in or out of the Cabinet ; but we expect that the elements of public opinion, however various, shall be virtually represented in the Cabinet—we expect that the Cabinet shall, like a band of skilful chemists, sit in judgment upon those elements as they separately exist, and decide what is the *testium quid* that will offer least violence to the greatest number of these elements ; and, this being done, we then expect that Parliament shall sanction, and the country approve the measure, which has found favour, not with the opinion of any one intellect, however elevated, but with the candour and wisdom of a set of honest men, who have laboured to understand the interest and the opinions of all, and to conciliate the interests and the opinions of as many as they could—who never could have done this unless there had really existed great differences of individual opinion among themselves—and who, in their own conduct in regard to the preparation of their measure, have set an example of that spirit of mutual forbearance and mutual

concession which they expect to see imitated in the conduct of the Parliament at large, when their measure is discussed in the Parliament ; in the conduct of the nation at large, when their measure comes to be carried into execution.

HOGG.

Eh, man ! what for are you no in the House yoursell ?—Ye wad let them hear sense on baith sides o' their heads, I'm thinking.

TICKLER.

Well said, James. The upshot then is, Christopher, that you would rather have what Eldon, Canning, Wellington, Liverpool, Peel, Robinson, and Huskisson, agree in considering the most practically prudent thing, than what any one of them thinks the thing most in unison with the dictates of absolute or abstract wisdom.

NORTH.

Even so. And the nation thinks exactly as I do.

HOGG.

I wonder ye diuna resign your ain big chair, then ; and let us have a divided administration of the Magazine.

NORTH.

You could not have chosen a more unfortunate simile, Hogg. Sir, my Cabinet is completely a divided one. I look on myself as the Liverpool of it—You, Tickler, are decidedly the Canning—The Adjutant is our Peel and our Wellington both in one—Y. Y. Y. is our Eldon——

HOGG.

And me ? what am I ?

NORTH.

You are Lord Melville—we leave you the Scotch department, and when my boats are got into order at Buchanan Lodge, you shall have the Admiralty too. Are you a good sailor, Shepherd ?

HOGG.

I diuna ken—I never tried yet muckle, except on fresh water.

TICKLER.

I should rather consider Hogg as the Representative of the country interests in general.

NORTH.

I have no objections to arrange your seats as you like best yourselves. I hope, however, that, differing upon particular matters as we do, and always must do, we shall always continue to be one in heart and in hand as to the real points.

HOGG.

Whilk are ?

NORTH.

The religion of our fathers—the institutions of our fathers—the edification of the public—and our own emolument.

TICKLER.

A capital creed. Do you conform, Hogg ?

HOGG.

Are ye gaun to raise the price of a sheet this Lady-Day, Mr North ?

NORTH.

My dear Hogg, what would you have ? You are rolling in wealth—are you not ?

HOGG.

Ay ; but I wad like fine to be ower the head a'thegither, man. That's my apophthegm.

NORTH.

Let me see—Well, I think I may promise you a twenty gallon tree this next Whitsunday, by way of a douceur—a small perquisite.

HOGG.

Twenty gallons, man, that does not serve our house for sax weeks in the summer part of the year, when a' the leeterary world is tramping about. But ne'er heed—mony thanks to you for your kind offer, sir.

NORTH.

You must come down to my “happy rural seat of various view,” James, on your spring visit to Edinburgh—Buchanan-Lodge.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' all my heart, Mr North. I hear you've been biggin' a bonny Lodge near Larkfield yonder, within the murmur of the sea. A walk on the beach is a gran' thing for an appetite. Let's hear about your house.

NORTH.

The whole tenement is on the ground flat. I abhor stairs; and there can be no peace in any mansion where heavy footsteps may be heard over-head. Suppose, James, three sides of a square—You approach the front by a fine serpentine avenue, and enter, slap-bang, through a wide glass-door, into a green-house, a conservatory of everything rich and rare in the world of flowers. Folding-doors are drawn noiselessly into the walls, as if by magic, and lo! drawing-room and dining-room, stretching east and west in dim and distant perspective, commanding the Frith, the sea, the kingdom of Fife, and the Highland mountains!

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us, what a panorama!

NORTH.

Another side of the square contains kitchen, servants' room, &c.; and the third side my study and bed-rooms,—all still, silent, composed, standing obscure, unseen, unapproachable, holy. The fourth side of the square is not—shrubs, and trees, and a productive garden shut me in from behind, while a ring-fence, enclosing about five acres, just sufficient for my nag and cow, form a magical circle, into which nothing vile or profane can intrude. O'Doherty alone has over-leaped my wall,—but the Adjutant was in training for his great match (ten miles an hour), and when he ran bolt against me in Addison's Walk, declared upon honour, that he was merely taking a step across the country, and that he had no idea of being within a mile of any human abode. However, he staid dinner—and over the Sunday.

SHEPHERD.

Do you breed poultry, sir?—You dinna? Do't then. You hae plenty o' bounds within five yacre. But mind you, big nae regular hen-house. You'll hae bits o' sheds, nae doubt, ahint the house, amang the offishes, and through amang the grounds; and the belts o' plantations are no very wide, nor the sherubberies stravagin awa into wild mountainous regions o' heather, whins, and breckans.

NORTH.

Your imagination, James, is magnificent, even in negatives. But is all this poetry about hen-roosts?

SHEPHERD.

Ay. Let the creturs mak their ain nests, where'er they like, like pheasants, or patricks, or muirfowl. Their flesh will be the sappier, and mair highly flavoured on the board, and their shape and plummage beautifuller far, strutting about at liberty among your suburbs. Aboon a things, for the love o' Heevin, nae Cavies! I can never help greeting, half in anger half in pity, when I see the necks o' some half-a-score forlorn chuckies jooking out and in the narrow bars o' their prison-house, dabbing at daigh and drummock. I wonder if Mrs Fry ever saw sic a pitiful spectacle.

NORTH.

I must leave the feathers to my females, James.

SHEPHERD.

Canna you be an overseer? Let the hens aye set theirsells; and never offer to tak ony notice o' the clockers. They canna thole being looked at, when they come screeching out frae their het eggs, a' in a fever, with their feathers tapsetowry, and howking holes in the yearth, till the gravel gangs down through and aff among the plummage like dew-drops, and now scouring aff to some weel-kend corner for drink and victual.

NORTH.

You amaze me, James. You are opening up quite a new world to me. The mysteries of incubation

HOGG.

Hae a regular succession o' elackins frae about the middle o' March till the end o' August, and never devour aff a haill clackin at ance. Aye keep some

three or four pullets for cerochs, or for devouring through the winter; and never set aboon fourteen eggs to ae hen, nor indeed mair than a dizzen, unless she be a weel-feathered mawsie, and broad across the shoulders.

NORTH.

Why, the place will be absolutely overrun with barn-door fowl.

SHEPHERD.

Barn-door fowl! Hoot awa! You maun hae a breed o' gem-birds. Nane better than the Lady-legg'd Reds. I ken the verra gem-eggs, at the first pree, frae your dunghill—as different as a pine-apple and a fozy turnip.

NORTH.

The conversation has taken an unexpected turn, my dear Shepherd. I had intended keeping a few deer.

SHEPHERD.

A few deevils! Na—na. You maun gang to the Thane's; or if that princely chiel be in Embro' or Lunnon, to James Laidlaw's and Watty Bryden's, in Strath-Glass, if you want deer. Keep you to the How-towdies.

NORTH.

I hope, Mr Hogg, you will bring the mistress and the weans to the house-warming?

SHEPHERD.

I'll do that, and mony mair besides them.—Whare the deevil's Mr Tickler?

NORTH.

Off. He pretended to go to the pump for an aquatic supply, but he long ere now has reached Southside.

SHEPHERD.

That's maist extraordinar. I could hae ta'en my Bible oath, that I kept seeing him a' this time sitting right foreanent me, with his lang legs and nose, and een like daggers—but it maust hae been ane o' Hibbert's phantasms—an idea has become more vivid than a present sensation. Is that philosophical language? What took him aff? I could sit for ever. Catch me breaking up the conviviality of the company. I'm just in grand spirits the nicht—come, here's an extempore lilt.

Air,—Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my Lad.

1.

If e'er you would be a brave fellow, young man,
Beware of the Blue and the Yellow, young man;
If ye wud be strang,
And wish to write lang,
Come join wi' the lads that get mellow, young man.
Like the crack o' a squib that has fa'en on, young man,
Compared wi' the roar o' a cannon, young man,
So is the Whig's blow
To the pith that's below
The beard o' auld Geordie Buchanan, young man.

2.

I heard a bit bird in the braken, young man,
It sang till the Whigs were a' quaking, young man,
And ay the sad lay,
Was, Alack for the day!
For the Blue and the Yellow's forsaken, young man.
The day is arriv'd that's nae joking, young man;
'Tis vain to be murmuring and mocking, young man:
A Whig may be leal,
But he'll never fight weel,
As lang as he dadds wi' a docken, young man.

3.

O wha wadna laugh at their capers, young man?
Like auld maidens, fash'd wi' the vapours, young man,

4

We have turned them adrift
 To their very last shift,
 That's—*puffing the Radical Papers*, young man.
 If ye wad hear tell o' their pingle,* young man,
 Gae list the wee bird in the dingle, young man ;
 Its note o' despair,
 Is sac loud in the air,
 That the windows of heaven play jingle, young man.

4.

I'll give you a toast of the auldest, young man ;
 The loyal head ne'er was the cauldest, young man ;
 " Our King and his Throne,
 Be his glory our own,"
 And the last of his days aye the bauldest, young man.—
 But as for the loun that wad hector, young man,
 And pit us at odds wi' a lecture, young man,
 May he dance cutty-mun,
 Wi' his neb to the sun,
 And his doup to the General Director,† young man.

NORTH.

A perfect Pistrucci !

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, and I'll sing you ane o' the bonniest sangs you ever heard
 in a' your born days. I dinna ken that I ever wrote a better ane mysell. It
 is by a friend o' mine—as yet an obscure man—Henry Riddell—t'ither day
 a shepherd like mysell—but now a student.

SONG, to the Air of " Lord Lennox."

1.

When the glen all is still, save the stream from the fountain ;
 When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather to roam ;
 And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
 Inviting his love to return to her home ;
 There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild-wood,
 Where violets and daisies sleep saft in the dew ;
 Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
 And pure as the heavens' own orient blue.

2.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming,
 Thy cheek shall be fann'd by the breeze of the lawn ;
 The Angel of Love shall be 'ware of thy coming.
 And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
 O, Mary ! no transports of Heaven's decreeing
 Can equal the joys of such meeting to me ;
 For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
 And my soul's fondest hopes are all gather'd to thee.

NORTH.

Beautiful indeed, James—Mr Riddell is a man of much merit, and deserves
 encouragement. The verses on the death of Byron, published a week ago by
 my friend John Anderson, shew feeling and originality. But would you be-
 lieve it, my beloved Shepherd, my eyes are gathering straws.

* *Pingle*—difficulty.

† This is a mysterious allusion to that part of the town where Executions
 take place.

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S D

Re-enter TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

There's Harry Longleggs.

TICKLER.

I felt somewhat hungry so long after supper, and having detected a round of beef in a cupboard, I cut off a segment of a circle, and have been making myself comfortable at the solitary kitchen-fire.

NORTH, (*rising.*)

Come away, my young friend—Give me your arm, James. That will do, Shepherd—softly, slowly, my dearest Hogg—no better supporter than the author of the Queen's Wake.

SHEPHERD.

What a gran ticker is Mr Ambrose's clock ! It beats like the strong, regular pulse of a healthy house. Whirr ! Whirr ! Whirr ! Hear till her gee'ing the warning. I'll just finish these twa half tumblers o' porter, and the wee drappie in the bit blue noseless juggy. As sure's death, it has chapped Threë. The lass that sits up at the Harrow'll hae gane to the garret, and how'll I get in ?

(*Sus canit.*)—O let me in this ae night,

This ae ae ae night, &c.

With a' our daffin, we are as sober as three judges with double gowns.

TICKLER.

As sober !

SHEPHERD.

Dear me, Mr North, what's that in your coat-pouch ?

NORTH, (*subridens illi.*)

Two Numbers of Maga, you dog. The London trashery has had hitherto the start of me in the market. Our next Number is for April—and April showers bring May-flowers.

Mr Ambrose looks out in his nightcap—wishing good night with his usual suavity—Exeunt—Tickler in advance—and North leaning on the Shepherd.

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Vol. XVII.

GENEVA.

'Twas the mid hour of night, in that gay clime
Where man to sleep resigns the sultry day,
And chides at eve the ling'ring foot of Time,
To breathe more freely with the parting ray :
'Twas Venice, in her days of boundless sway
And boundless revelry, when her proud fleets
Swept unresisted o'er the subject main,
When every echo of her marble streets
Sent back the Gondolier's light-hearted strain,
Wafting to some gay scene of festive cheer
Her high-born dame and gallant cavalier.

'Twas Carnival, that time of frantic glee,
When Venice bore the palm, by none denied,
When Pleasure's joyous pilgrims flock'd to see
Her pompous Senate doff its ermined pride,
To sport its mirth-enfranchised slaves beside.
No more his beads the holy friar told ;
No more the housewife plied her busy wheel ;
The usurer forgot to count his gold ;
The mendicant to whine ; the thief to steal :
All was release from toil, escape from sorrow,
A six-weeks' holiday that knew no morrow.

'Twas in this season of contagious glee,
That midnight hour when most o'erflows its tide,
That brave Leoni, late return'd from sea,
Received the boon he prized o'er all beside,
Foscari's lovely daughter for his bride:
O'er the proud ancestry that lined the walls
A thousand lamps their blaze of radiance threw,
Music resounded through the marble halls,
And fairy dancers to the measure flew :
All shared Leoni's joy, but those the best
Whom mutual love alike had lately blest.

Was the bliss mutual? Envy's piercing eye
 Mark'd a light cloud obscure Genevra's brow,
 Her wakeful ear surprised a secret sigh,
 That, rising, struggled with the marriage vow;
 Leoni mark'd not; all was sunshine now
 Within a breast, where Love and Honour found
 Congenial element; yet in whose darker mood
 These bright ones might in deadly spells be bound,
 Pale doubts might haunt, and jealous fiends intrude.
 But wherefore now? Genevra's ready voice,
 Unfalt'ring, ratified a father's choice.

Months onward roll'd. War's spirit-stirring cry
 Aroused Leoni from inglorious ease:—
 Again his galley's stern display'd on high
 His gilded cross, the terror of the seas,
 And gave his conqu'ring banner to the breeze.
 He went reluctant, for his love was still
 A bridegroom's: while a darker, fiercer power
 Began its subtle poisons to distil:
 This to his brother at their parting hour
 He half imparted, with mysterious tone,
 And bade him guard his honour as his own.

There had of late return'd from foreign lands
 One who had loved Genevra; some would say
 The youthful pair had plighted hearts and hands,
 Ere he, in quest of wealth, had ta'en his way
 To those far isles where sinks the orb of day.
 When from his toll-worn bark he gaily sprung,
 With bounding heart, upon the well-known shore.
 'Mid greetings loud, there lack'd not raven tongue
 To whisper she he loved was free no more.
 He heard the tidings with unalter'd mien,
 And few durst judge what was, or might have been.

They met, they gazed: not Envy's fiendish ken
 Could aught that spoke of love in him descry,
 No cheek that flush'd and straight grew pale again,
 Nor falt'ring voice, nor quick-averted eye;
 His brow was cloudless, and his bearing high.
 But on that face, by nature cast to be
 The soul's pellucid mirror, hope and fear
 Mingled their hues; prepared the storm to see,
 She had for wrath a smile, for grief a tear;
 But both were frozen, when Lorenzo cast
 One cold unconscious glance, that cancell'd all the past.

From Herculeum's dusky mine restored,
 There stands in gay Parthenope's rich halls
 A Gladiator, who, his faithless sword
 Unconscious dropping, rolls his sightless balls,
 Unprostrate dies, and stiffens ere he falls.
 Thus stood, each limb benumb'd with icy chill,
 Scorn's wither'd victim, struck with deadlier smart,
 For swords are merciful, and quickly kill,
 While scorn's barb'd arrow rankles in the heart.
 The healing foam within was scar'd and dried,
 And grief's sole luxury, a tear, denied!

Yet they had err'd, who deem'd that love had share
 In aught that call'd or check'd that bitter tear ;
 Together rear'd beneath one parent's care,
 Her father's ward had been to childhood dear,
 And friendship's earliest glow had kindled here ;
 But when, in rising manhood, Cupid stole
 Young Friendship's guise, to breathe a softer name,
 He woke no echo in Genevra's soul.—
 Yet she was woman,—and the boyish flame,
 Her yet unhonour'd shrine's first votive fire,
 She smiling chid, nor harshly bade expire.

Oh ! baleful demon, call thee as we will,
 Malice, Coquetry, Sport, or aught beside,
 That teachest beauty with inhuman skill
 To fan the very hope she seems to chide,—
 To prize the victim, yet the suit deride !
 Oh ! cruel too, though less allied to blame,
 Insidious Pity ! who forbear'st to pour
 Those healing waters on a hopeless flame
 That rouse the shivering slave to dream no more—
 Thine was the weakness of Genevra's heart,
 She fear'd to wound, and left th' envenom'd dart.

Time onward roll'd : Lorenzo's passion grew
 In fearful strength, with every fibre twin'd
 Of a stern nature, that no medium knew,
 With ev'ry working of a master mind,
 With ev'ry hope of dawning life combin'd.
 Pity gave place to awe ; Genevra's eye
 Sunk beneath passion's half terrific blaze ;
 She durst not with a single word destroy
 The fearful fabric she had help'd to raise ;
 Thus, hoping aid from unforeseen event,
 She heard in silence, which he deem'd assent.

Fortune soon favour'd, as too oft she will,
 When into devious paths at first we stray,
 To plunge us in their mazes deeper still,
 Then drag us trembling back to open day,
 And strew with thorns our long repentant way.
 Or fears parental for his daughter's hand,
 Or cares paternal for his dow'rlless ward,
 Bade old Foscari to a distant land
 The youth consign, in Friendship's faithful guard,
 Ne'er to return till Fortune on him smiled,
 And Fate, more nobly, match'd Foscari's child.

Now came the parting ; since the mortal blow
 Which our first erring parents taught to part,
 How has that word become a word of woe ;
 A knell funereal to the human heart,
 Which in each other's arms makes lovers start !
 Lorenzo's anguish none but lovers knew,
 (Or plants uprooted, if perchance they feel,)
 Genevra's tears by Friendship taught to flow,
 Delusive served those bitter pangs to heal,
 For now, if ever, she forbore to pain
 The Exile, who might ne'er return again.

Blinded by love, by pity thus deceived,
 The youth departed; overy fibre strung
 To deeds of enterprize yet unachiev'd;
 Nor while Genevra to his bosom clung,
 Miss'd he the vow that came not from her tongue.
 His freely flow'd; by love himself he swore,
 Soon to return the lovely prize to claim,
 Whose thought should cheer him on that foreign shore,
 And goad to many a deed of loftiest fame;
 By soft compassion now herself beguiled,
 She thought she loved, and on the enthusiast smiled.

Oh! Absence! skill'd to lend to those we love,
 A fairy charm which bids us love them more;
 Errors to soften and defects remove,
 No less is thine, and mellowing light to pour
 On those dark shades, which most displeased before.
 If on the midnight couch for one to sigh
 Then tempest-tost upon th' inconstant main,
 Half wet with tears to feel the opening eye
 Whisper a pray'r, then sleep, and dream again;
 If this be love, as the fond maiden deem'd,
 Lorenzo was beloved, and, waking thus, she dream'd.

Till, like the regal orb that mocks at morn,
 The puny glimmering of each vanish'd star;
 Like the big thunder, which, in mutter'd scorn,
 Derides the pigmy sounds of human war;
 Like the huge Alps, which even though view'd from far
 To fairy hillocks sink each mountain's pride:
 Thus, dread enchanter! Love at length arose,
 Sweeping into oblivion all beside,
 Forgotten joys, and unremember'd woes,
 Making the past a blank, the present Heaven.
 While to the future not a thought was given.

For once 'twas his, in those despotic lands,
 Where oft his sports are cruel, and where still
 He makes sad havoc, pairing hearts, not hands,
 A youthful bosom's wishes to fulfil,
 And with a father's, blend a daughter's will.
 While in Leoni's wealth, and power, and race,
 Foscari, all he aim'd at, could descry,
 Genevra mark'd the warrior's martial grace,
 Gazed on his "lion port and eagle eye,"
 Till, half adoring all the hero there,
 She scarce believed such lot was hers to share.

Why tell in puny strains how heroes woo,
 When he, who nature's every key possesseth,
 Long since unfolded to th' enchanted view,
 Each pure recess of Desdemona's breast!
 Perils with her were charms, which all the rest
 That niggard fate denied the Moor, supplied.
 Then here, where nature on her favourite son
 Lavish'd her gifts with all a mother's pride,
 What marvel if the maid were doubly won,
 And love achiev'd what glory had begun?

Soon came, (as ushering in a mournful lay,
 With joy's delusive smile, erewhile I sung,)
 The gorgeous pageant of that nuptial day ;
 Methinks, I said, a cloud of sadness hung
 O'er the fair bride, and while the chapel rung
 With the proud titles of the wedded pair,
 Another name, unbidden, mingled there.
 High swell'd her heart with more than maiden fears :
 And when, escaping from their band of gold,
 Pearls (which to fancy's eye still presage tears)
 From her gay zone in rich profusion roll'd,
 Looks were exchanged, which future sorrows told.

But what were omens in an hour like this ?
 The pearls were gather'd and the tears forgot,
 'Mid greetings loud, and gratulating kiss,
 While love will paint, and fate, relentless, blot
 All those fond visions of unclouded bliss.
 Yet theirs was all that mortal cup could hold,
 'Till Venice call'd her noblest son to arms,
 And bade his slumb'ring banner be unroll'd.
 Then, as he tore him from those matchless charms,
 His land's dark poison wak'd in vain alarms.

He was of Italy, where love has fears
 That all o'ershadow even his Heaven of smiles ;
 He was of Italy, where jealous ears
 Too long have drunk the tale of woman's wiles ;
 Youth's prime was past, he fear'd unequal years
 Might soon dissolve the spell which love had flung
 O'er one so gay, so beautiful, so young.—
 So one fell moment to the demon's power
 That haunts his country, he his soul resign'd,
 And to his brother's hand in evil hour
 A noiseless messenger of death consign'd,—
 " Cherish her faithful ; faithless let her die ;"
 He mutter'd brief, and fled, nor brook'd reply.

How fared the gentle widow'd one, bereaved
 Of all her bosom's joy ?—The dove may tell,
 Who ne'er more sadly, innocently grieved—
 Oh ! had the pearls which from her cestus fell
 Foretold these tears alone, it had been well.
 But just as in an April smile she drest
 Her beauteous cheek, where dew-drops still would lie,
 As half abash'd, like some long-banish'd guest,
 Youth's genial fire rekindled in her eye,
 Sorrows arose which mock'd love's parting pain,
 And tears were shed, whose fount ne'er dried again.

Yes ! I have told how, unforeseen, return'd
 Her ardent lover from the distant west,
 With laurels crown'd, by rapid conquest earn'd,
 Of ample wealth, now valueless, possess,—
 Ice on his brow, but Etna in his breast !
 It had been hard to meet, from eyes that beam'd
 With passion once, the with'ring glance of scorn ;
 Yet love she fear'd, and safer thus she deem'd.
 But when each virtue which life's early morn
 Fondly disclosed, blighted and scathed she view'd,
 Conscience would whisper, and remorse intrude.

In those same halls where childhood's sunny hours,
 'Mid infant sports, they joyously beguiled,
 Where o'er one task their youthful pow'rs they plied,
 While, all unconscious which the favour'd child,
 Upon them both one gracious parent smiled—
 Ev'n there, now madden'd by his hopes reversed,
 Lorenzo sought to quench a hopeless flame,
 'Mid orgies wild, and revelries accurst,
 In passion's wreck involving life and fame,
 Of youth, wealth, talents spent, to purchase hell,
 All Venice rung—To one it seem'd a knell.

Sleep fled her couch ; ev'n for her bosom's lord
 Scarce durst th' accustom'd orisons ascend ;
 Accusing fiends, and demon shapes abhor'd,
 Their cruel mockeries with the pray'r would blend,
 And thank her for the ruin of—a friend.
 She struggled, till she heard that aged nurse
 Whose hand their infant steps had often led,
 On her lost darling imprecate a curse.
 " Oh curse him not ! " in agony she said,
 " Lest thou devote a dearer, guiltier head."

Her tale was told ; old Bianca stoop'd to kiss
 The burning cheek that on her bosom lay :
 " Methinks," she cried, " contrition deep as this
 Might melt ev'n yon stern heart in tears away."—
 " Think'st thou ?—'twas even thus I had to say.
 Till to that injured one, these lips have made
 The poor atonement,—ah ! delay'd too long ;
 Till at his feet these bended knees have pray'd
 For Heav'n's forgiveness of our mutual wrong,
 No other pray'r these guilty lips can frame,
 Nor seek that pardon holy men proclaim.

" Oh ! might my penitence prevail with Heaven,
 His better angel once again to send,
 My erring brother to my vows be given.
 And the lost lover be again a friend !—
 Wilt thou not, Bianca, thine assistance lend ?"
 Who could refuse ?—though cautious age foresaw
 A thousand perils in the dubious plan—
 Observant menials, custom's rigid law,
 And that proud waywardness of injured man,
 Which ever bids him, when his heart has bled,
 On some fond heart relentless vengeance shed.

But pity triumph'd, and a place was found,
 Whose sacred precincts might forbid alarm ;
 While, meeting thus on consecrated ground,
 Religion's self might lend to grief a charm,
 Virtue to rouse, and passion to disarm.
 One convent-garden, then, to Venice gave
 Sole taste of Nature's universal hues—
 Sole spot, whose green was brighter than the wave,
 Where Ev'ning, not in vain, might weep her dew ;—
 There, by Bianca warn'd, at dewy eve,
 Would a benignant friar the erring pair receive.

What were Lorenzo's thoughts, when she who oft
 Had o'er his cradle breathed her vesper hymn,
 In twilight sought him, and, in accents soft,
 Saluted, and with anxious gaze and dim,
 Explored the sun-burnt cheek, and roughen'd limb.
 She told her errand ;—though the smile that curled
 His lip disdainful, as the suit he heard,
 Was that of Eblis o'er a ruin'd world,
 Yet he denied not ; for his bosom stirr'd
 With many a cruel passion, deeming Heav'n
 Had heard his only pray'r, and vengeance given.

In deep disguise, through many an alley's maze,
 They sought the garden, hoping thus to shun
 The busy multitude's inquiring gaze,
 Thronging the gay canals at set of sun ;
 This they escaped ;—yet were they mark'd by one.
 Long ere the hour, Genevra at the shrine
 Of penitence her soul had meekly pour'd,
 And risen from the colloquy divine
 With heart revived, and confidence restored.
 Yet, from the first faint grating of the lock,
 Her soul recoil'd, as from an earthquake shock.

Who shall describe their meeting?—they had met
 Once only since his hopes were lost in air—
 Had met, where hundreds meet, where eyes were set
 To watch each trace of passion ling'ring there,
 And courage had been gather'd from despair !
 But now they met, where, save th' Omniscient eye
 Of Heav'n, none witness'd ; for the pitying friar,
 And aged weeping nurse, though hov'ring nigh,
 Felt awe, that bade them half apart retire.
 Lorenzo gazed—but not unalter'd now ;
 Thrice the blood flush'd, and thrice forsook his brow.

She also gazed ; and one brief glance reveal'd
 Strange desolation—not the lapse of time,
 Slow undermining many a youthful grace,
 But passion's havoc, energies sublime
 Prevented, wild debauch, incipient crime !
 She look'd no more, nor he : but, as he stood
 With face averted, and with bearing high,
 A soft and silver voice his haughtier mood
 Sudden invaded, while th' unbidden sigh
 That was its echo, and convulsive start,
 Show'd it had touch'd some chord within the heart.

“ Hear me, Lorenzo ! for myself I ask
 Nor love extinct, nor forfeited esteem ;
 Mine is an humbler, and a holier task.
 Forgotten be our youth's delusive dream,
 And ours its mutual errors to redeem.
 Yet not forgotten, ere I be forgiven !
 Nor deem the suffering has alone been thine,
 Not singly hearts, once dear, can thus be riven ;
 And thy lost peace has been the wreck of mine !
 If thy proud heart a victim can relieve,
 Look on my faded form, and thou'lt believe !

"Once thou did'st look on me, and though in scorn,
While conscience home the rankling arrow sped,
Thine eye's reproachful silence might be borne,
But not thy life's wild lawlessness, which shd
Avenging fires upon my guiltier head.
I knew thee noble once, and the sad thought
Of what thou art, and what thine ancient line,
In dreams has oft our common parent brought
To ask, 'Genevra, is the havoc thine?'
By thee unshriven, to scare these fiends away,
I can but weep, my lips refuse to pray.

"But I can suffer, and the need is due—
Forgiven or unforgiven, not here I stand
A selfish suppliant; 'tis for thee I sue.
Thou! of proud Negris' line, and thus unmann'd
By wayward transfer of a woman's hand!
Thou! old Foscari's nursling, and no breeze
Of high ambition swell thy flagging sail!
Thou! son of Venice, and in worse than ease,
Content to listen to her glory's tale!
Thou! rear'd in innocence, in virtue nursed,
Both worlds despising, and of both accursed.

"Oh! by the cradle which we both have prest—
By all the joys that childhood could partake—
By the fond pressure of one mother's breast—
If not for thine, oh! for that dearer sake,
Lorenzo! I adjure thee to awake!
Life yet has years, too precious to be cast,
Like orient pearls, before yon brutal crew;—
Life yet has joys, which memory of the past
Shall cancel, as the sunbeam drinks the dew;—
Life yet has duties, and beyond there lie
Fields unexplored, of all unclouded sky!

"There thou and I, by sorrow purified,
Perchance may meet; and at the ordeal smile,
Foscari's pupil, and Leoni's bride,
Together float on some ethereal isle,
And brave Leoni pleased look on the while.
Here we must part; but not till thou hast bent
That haughty head in acquiescence mild,
Till that proud heart, now passion-steel'd, relent
In all the yielding softness of a child!
Methinks they do!—Oh, pitying Heaven, be thine
The miracle—the grateful wonder mine."

Yes! as some giant column first betrays
The coming earthquake's mysteries yet unfelt,
As in the last dread conflagration's blaze,
The all-enduring rocks themselves shall melt—
Lorenzo soften'd, as Genevra knelt.
One big tear roll'd where tear had never been—
One stubborn knee was bended at her side—
One pure brief kiss of peace exchanged between
The injured lover and repentant bride.
The friar approaching, blest the prostrate pair,
And Bianca knelt in ecstasy of prayer.

Oh, human joy ! why art thou doom'd to be
 Still tearful, and of future tears the spring ?
 Oh, human Hope ! when shall we nearer see
 Thy charms that mock us, loveliest on the wing ?
 Oh, human Penitence ! why does thy sting
 Linger so oft, when God and man have shed
 Absolving unction on the guilty head ?
 Joy beam'd all radiant through Genevra's tears,
 Hope smiled delusive on Lorenzo's years,
 Meek Penitence effaced each former stain,
 But Joy, and Hope, and Penitence, were vain.

The stern Anselmo, still his brother's bride
 Had mark'd with keen and anxious scrutiny ;
 Lorenzo's early love, and reckless pride,
 Had heard, had seen, and every secret sigh
 Of penitence to lingering love ascribed—
 When conscience on Genevra's cheek inscribed
 Its harrowing record, then he deem'd she grieved
 For a lost lover ; and when all relieved
 By yon blest interview, her smile return'd,
 He (who their meeting knew) with indignation burn'd.

Fate, cruel power, whose aid so oft is lent
 To sanctify some else unhallow'd deed,
 Anselmo's all-unwonted footsteps sent,
 Where he beheld the nurse Lorenzo lead
 Through darkling paths—of proof, what further need ?
 He mark'd the hour, and with Genevra's fast
 Reviving charms connecting, deem'd it time
 O'er these dark deeds a darker veil to cast,
 And wash the stains of folly out with crime.
 Fame rumour'd soon Leoni would return—
 All must ere then be buried—in her urn !

In her dear lord's approaching presence blest
 At a gay masque, sole revel she had graced,
 Since to her widow'd heart he had been prest ;
 The poison'd sherbet slowly doom'd to waste
 Her beauteous form, to her unconscious taste,
 Came recommended by a brother's hand.
 She drank, all smiling—while a sudden chill
 Stole o'er the avenger, who could scarce withstand
 That presage dire of unimagin'd ill,
 Which shook even then his unrelenting soul,
 And half-impell'd to drain the unfinish'd bowl.

Scarce had the insidious potion dimm'd the fire
 Of one bright glance, or stolen one rose away
 From her fair cheek, when Fame, her proudest lyre,
 Strung to a yet unmatched victorious lay—
 And Venice to Leoni owed the day !
 The hero came—the rapt'rous city pour'd
 Its thousands to the Lido ; Doges there
 In reverence deep their gilded galley moor'd.
 Where was Genevra ? Did she not repair
 To that blest scene, which ev'ry pang repaid ?
 No—on a mortal couch, the suffering bride was laid.

Not long the husband linger'd—as he press'd
Through glittering barks his gondola's swift way,
'Twas near that hour of midnight which first blest
Him with Genevra's hand,—that very day
Of opening Carnival, so madly gay :
Now doubly so ; for with his glory rang
The grand canal's deep echoes ; and before
His princely palace many a minstrel sung
Joy to Leoni !—He could bear no more ;
Wildly he rush'd along the marble stair,
Half-shudd'ring to behold his brother there.

To the dread tale Anselmo's visage told
Words could add little, falling on an ear
Almost as that of death, unconscious cold,
Which had no more to ask, no more to hear,
Henceforth estranged alike from hope or fear.
Rooted he stood—till, by the joyous shout
Of multitudes aroused, was seen to rush,
Like some bright vision, from her chamber out
The fair Genevra ; Joy's deceitful flush
Mantling her cheek,—with ecstasy's wild cry,
She sunk into his arms, and cried, “ Here let me die !”

How felt Leoni ?—Every wrong forgot,
In soul-felt pity, for a thing so fair,
So fleeting ; to reverse whose hapless lot
Worlds had been given ;—while life yet linger'd there,
Even guilty, she had claim'd his tend'rest care ;
But, through that night of fitful agony,
When oft life's waning lamp would nigh expire,
On him, on him alone, her glazing eye
Fond rested, while, at times, its kindling fire
Spoke love in death unconquer'd ;—could it feign ?—
The doubt was madness—name it not again !

At length, such struggle past, as even to view
In guilt were fearful, blessed respite came ;
Death stretch'd his leaden sceptre to subdue
Corporeal pangs, while, from the feeble frame,
Half-sever'd, brighter glow'd th' etherial flame.
It was an awful hour !—With opening dawn
Struggled the night-lamp's melancholy ray ;
Even Bianca's self, to weep uncheck'd, withdrawn,
Alone, within his arms, his victim lay !
Blanch'd was the warrior's cheek ! how welcome then
Had been even carnage-yell, and shrieks of suffering men !

After long hours of silence, faintly broke
By dash of ours, or mirth's expiring strain,
In accents weak, yet clear, the sufferer spoke :
“ I thank thee, Heav'n !” she said, “ if strength remain,
Conscience to lighten of its only stain.”—
Oh ! could it be relief a tale to hear,
Of guilt and shame, from lips so young and fair,
And to a husband's heart ?—Yes, with the fear
Of misdirected vengeance lurking there ;
Yet instinct bade him, as she spoke of stain,
Those arms withdraw, where she till then had lain.

"Brief must I be, Leoni! oh, how Youth
And all its follies shame this couch of woe!
Suffice it, I was loved, and mock'd the truth
Of one whose soul was mine, with idle show
Of answering kindness mine could never know.
He went—how unbelov'd I never guess'd,
Till I saw thee.—Then, ask'd the voice within,
'If thus to love be exquisitely blest,
How deeply, darkly do the perjured sin?'
Yet Conscience self was kill'd, when thou wert nigh,—
(My soul's beloved, restrain this agony!)

"While thou wert with me, earth was heav'n above;
But thou wert summon'd, and the parting pail,
The fears of absence, all the pangs of love,
Brought him, the injured, to my thoughts again.
He came; and in his looks were proud disdain,
And stern indifference; would it had been so
Within; but there was madness, and a train
Of fearful thoughts, and revels wild to show
Recover'd freedom; while the rankling chain
Of love misplaced, with Vice's galling yoke,
Grew sadly link'd—I knelt, and both were broke!

"Leoni! dost thou blame me? We had fed
From the same cup in infancy, in youth
From the same book the self-same lesson read;
I loved him as a brother; and the truth
Of his ill-starr'd affection—nay, good sooth,
If now these jealous pangs thy bosom tear,
What hadst thou felt, had I been false to *Thee*?"
"And wert thou not?—Genevra, wilt thou swear?"
"Yes! by that Heav'n where soon I hope to be."
"Then by that hell which yawns for me, 'twas I
Who murder'd thee!—Forgive me ere I die."

He said—and ere the trembling arm of death
Could make its feeble effort, aim'd the blow,
Whose kindly office bade their parting breath
Together mingle.—To the scene of woe,
Bianca, entering, found him lying low
At his Genevra's feet, with bosom bare,
The fatal sword half-buried in his breast;—
Her hands were clasp'd in attitude of pray'r;
Her form half-raised with him she loved to rest;
Anselmo, shuddering, gave the injured dead
A mutual grave; then to a cloister fled.

Whom met he there? Who from that murd'rous hand,
After sad years, should cowl and tonsure claim?
Lorenzo!—long the bulwark of his land—
He for Genevra fought, enduring Fame.
But even, at length, the magic of her name
Grew powerless to arouse him to the strife.
His heart had twice been shipwreck'd, and the chord
Too rudely snapt, which anchors us to life.
So to his country he bequeath'd his sword,
And in the convent garden slept ere long
With her he loved, and him who did her wrong!

LISBON, IN THE YEARS 1821-22-23.*

THERE has scarcely been a good book (in English) published for a great many years back, about Portugal. Mr Murphy wrote, who was an architect, and a sad, heavy, erudite business he made of it; with nice admeasurements, and terms of art, and long quotations, as befitted his calling, from the classics. Then came a soldier or two, less tedious, because less *prepanse*;—but your soldier-author always leaves you in a dilemma. If he knows anything of his profession, then he crams you to the very muzzle with words, of “line,” and “siege,” and “fortification;” and if he knows not this, *certes*, he knows nothing—beyond where the bad wine used to be sold, or perhaps where Miss Somebody or other, the “Opera dancer” lived. Moreover, there be rogues in scarlet, who fill you their common-place book with an utter disregard of ordinary caution! never distinguishing, even by a marginal note, entries made drunk from those (if any) put in when sober; whereas, independent, God wot, of gin and water, there be occasions when to see, is not, of necessity, to understand. So that, military lucubrations being nearly all, except a few comments *en passant*, that we had, or seemed likely to have, concerning the “Peninsula”—half-a-dozen remarks put down upon paper by Mr Matthews, while he had the colic, and a makeweight sheet or so thrown in by Mr Twiss, and one or two other writers, to eke out their Tours in Spain,—we became quite elated when we heard, six months ago, that Providence was raising up Mrs Baillie, in “Lisbon,” for our relief.

“Ladies never should meddle with politics”—this is one of the soundest truths that Lady Morgan ever uttered. But, on every other subject, they write delightfully—we like them best in the “Ramsbottom” style upon statistics. There is such a facetious facility at putting every point the wrong way always, about your female voyager; and such a devoted anxiety, no matter what the question or the

occasion, to instruct! And for freedom! —Cæsar, who could have dictated four chapters, to four compositors at once! —Pshaw!—“France,”—“Italy,”—“Lisbon,”—they would have been out while he was thinking of titles for them!

But all this advantage is peculiar to ladies who write statistics; and fails them entirely as soon as they get to politics. (We mention this opinion of Lady Morgan’s again, because she lays it down very strongly, and her experience is undoubted.) It is not that they are apt to make mistakes in such matters; because—any fact that they do mistake in one place, they usually contradict again in some other. Nor is it that their politics always run one way—the pretty creatures!—*videlicet*, into opposition; because the case of the tailor’s wife, who was found against the stream, after she had drowned herself, poor soul! has proved that to be a natural infirmity. But what we object to about female politics, is the waste of talent which such discussion occasions—lips only kissed for talking about the preservation of constitutions, which might have been heard, upon the pickling of cucumbers, with every possible gravity and public advantage. Practical utility is our object, which is the reason why we never read any part of a parliamentary report but the division.

Let us all be great,—but each in his “vocation;” on the female demesne—there is room abundant to improve it,—let female power first be exercised. Let the tongue of the oratrix be still the terror of the cooks and housemaids; and, where the spirit of diplomacy is found, let us have an improvement on the subtlety of the wire mouse-trap.

A taste for physic—that is for giving it—may always be indulged at the hazard of the neighbouring poor;—to the genius for finance, what could be a nobler object than a new arrangement of the washing-bill? Besides, Lady Holland is wrong,—the legitimate duty of woman is to impede the pro-

* Lisbon, in the years 1821-22-23. By Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. 8vo. Dedicated to the Earl of Cliffrider. Murray, London.

gress of business. Any attempts on her part, to advance it, is like the monkey's notion when he put the clock forward—romantic, but improper. We can't discuss the subject farther here, because we have to attend, personally, to Mrs Baillie, who, be it understood, *is* Mrs Baillie,—because some wag or other has written, "Oh Miss Baillie," for a motto, at the top of our presentation-copy. We will cut off this facetious person's ears—when we catch him: but ladies will please recollect, in the meantime, that they *must* keep to statistics. If any (after this warning) should persist in politics, we confine their essays to the London Magazine.

A view of Lisbon, to have been strongly interesting, taken in the years 1821-22, should have been taken by some individual who had known the city 10 or 20 years before. The change, both of habit and feeling, which must have been introduced into the Peninsula, in the course of the last war, would have furnished curious matter for comparative description, as well as for moral and philosophic speculation. The fireside arrangements of a whole community, whether they be convenient or defective, cannot be broken up; their prejudices cannot be reformed at the point of the bayonet; their family contracts—those ties which are peculiarly the bonds of civilized society, negatived and trampled upon by the same argument, of force;—every citizen in a country cannot be made a soldier;—every man of ordinary feeling, probably a wretch: and a whole generation be born thus, and reared to manhood, in the midst of riot, and disorganization, and vice, and suffering, and, in a word, of military licence;—these are events which cannot come to pass, without being attended by such a change in the character and disposition of a people, as must, long after their immediate operation ceases, still influence its conduct, both civil and political.

There will be some very strange anecdotes, indeed, whispered in Portugal a century hence, about accidents which have befallen its best families within the last twenty years; Lisbon alone, either in this way or any other, scarcely afforded sufficient matter to render a comparative view entertaining; which should rather have gone

through the whole of the country, and especially the northern provinces, marking the present state of things at those situations which had been the most entirely (in the war) laid waste and depopulated. It would be curious to know the present condition of large towns which we left a few years ago *entirely* in ruins, and destitute of inhabitants. The houses gutted, to the bare walls, by fire; the bridges, churches, &c. mined and blown up: and even the land, as far as was humanly possible, made incapable of immediate production. The capital itself too would be interesting now, to an eye which had ceased to behold it about the year (say) 1810. The city no longer an English colony. Port wine not brought for sale from London. Monks seen at the windows of the convents, instead of soldiers. Jealous husbands, not found hanging in their garters, more than twenty of a morning. Beggars, in despair, applying themselves to work. Jews letting their beards grow, and trying to cheat one another. The geese and turkeys amazed at their own longevity. The turnspits (that used to roast them) making parties of pleasure every Sunday. And the whole town purged (along with half its means of making money) of some part of that sink and kernel-like moral quality, which distinguished it so pre-eminently while it stood in foreign occupation; a quality, by the way, which is very speedily communicated to any town, by a regular course of military inhabitations, and which flourished, in a degree absolutely amounting to curiosity, at one or two of our own embarkation-stations during the war. Mrs Baillie, however, never having seen Lisbon until she sees it in 1821, is, of course, obliged to content herself with describing things in it as she first beholds them; because there is not a lady in the world, so situated, could compass anything in the way of Retrospection—unless, like Mrs Malaprop, her Retrospection were "all to the future."

To take up the Book, therefore; which opens at the old house,—"*Reeves's Hotel*;" and in the usual way, which is to say, grumbling. In truth, there is nothing, in a foreign country, (as in a challenge,) like "beginning with a damme!" If you elect to puff, there must be vivid descrip-

tion, which is troublesome; and, after all, nine readers in ten have a preference for abuse.

"Recves's Hotel" stands in the parish of "Buenos Ayres," a sort of country-quarter, rather than suburb, exactly, of Lisbon; much frequented by English travellers, according to Mrs Baillie, as being more cleanly, that is, "*less filthy*," (we quote the *Italics*.) than the city itself. The first impression made by Buenos Ayres upon Mrs Baillie and her husband is unpleasant. The view over the Tagus is "fine, in its way;" but "far inferior to views in a similar style," which the authoress has seen in different parts of the continent. The ordinary difficulties are found in procuring a house or lodgings, none being let "furnished" or on a shorter lease than for six months, which suggests the possibility that Lisbon, just now, may be so unfortunate as not to be a great thoroughfare for strangers.

Proceeding in our speculations, we become still more indignant.

"There is no place to walk in after the heat of the day is over."—The truth is, that the people in Lisbon are not given to walking very much. "No end of the buildings!"—that looks as if the city had grown too large. "No flagged pavements." This is a mistake; there are plenty, though not immediately in Buenos Ayres: but what is the want of flagged pavements to a lady who has seen so many "different parts of the continent?"—Where are the flagged pavements, for instance, in Paris?

Servants are a sort of people that need only be mentioned anywhere to ensure sympathy, for the sum of all possible plagues put into one word.

"The few English servants here are exorbitant in their demands; their capabilities very limited; and their impertinence fully equal to that of the *helps* in America!" This is very terrible, and, we dare say, very true, though not entirely the fault of the *Portuguese*. But they have it, however, the rogues! right or wrong, "hip and thigh," at every page.

"The absence of trees, grass, or gravel paths," (this is still in Lisbon,) "makes the dull and paltry little garden belonging to the hotel our sole resource." "The climate, the fair free of heaven! seems lost upon the indolent, abject, listless, inhabitants."

We hope, in Providence, this lady is not likely to come travelling into Scotland! "The slightest industry would have converted this garden," (the little paltry one,) "into a Paradise of blooming sweets, but, as it is, it affords nothing but a picture of sloth and neglect, and want of taste." Now, we adverted to a knack of, as it were, involuntarily correcting mistakes. This terrible castigation of the "inhabitants" is bestowed page 5, vol. 1. Then see page 26 only of the same volume, where this hotel, with the "paltry" garden, is stated to be kept "by very obliging *English* people."

But we presently commence our tour of the city in form, and the Lord have mercy, of course, upon those who dwell in it!—making two or three observations, first, about "climate," and "dirt," and "Fielding's grave." This last feature seems to stand exactly in the same place where it did a dozen years ago. But the book, the farther we go into it, seems more and more to affirm that singular sympathy which we always believed to exist between writing ladies and literary ensigns of foot; for the similarity between the views it contains and those taken by Mr O'Doherty, in his first tour through Portugal, (which he never could be prevailed upon to publish,) is quite unprecedented.

Sir Morgan O'Doherty begins his view much earlier in Portugal than Mrs Baillie; and, indeed, (with that impatience which marks everything he does,) commences making notes almost before he comes within sight of the country. For example,—

"Fire and Faggots Frigate,
Five in the morning.

"Abreast of the Rock of Lisbon, and ill as the devil. Can't stand the cabin; so looking for wonders, with a pen in one hand and a spy-glass in the other."

"Half past five.

"Nothing very miraculous yet."

"Six.

"A leash of savages alongside in a bum-boat,—seem to be rascals, but can't understand a syllable they say."

"Seven.

"Now for it! The sun has come out. Looks, through the fog, like my grandmother's copper fire on a washing-day.

"Cintra, they say, just on our larboard quarter.—I can see the Cork

convent on the top of the hill, at least I think so. [Captain of the ship stands right before the glass.] Yes, it certainly is the convent—or something else."

This is the record before we land. Now, then, for an opinion a fortnight after.—

"Lisbon, Cairns's, in the Largo de San Paulo.

"What a cursed place this town is, and what a set all the people are! Writing from a place they call an "Eating-house," the eighteenth I have been starved at within these ten days. Seven shillings for a vile dinner, and a bottle of worse wine; and obliged to go elsewhere to sleep! Mutton, woolly; bread, sour as vinegar, and black as my hat. Veal, red; ham, white; and table-cloth, like one of Arrowsmith's maps, "best, coloured," with oil, and mustard, and red port, to make out the boundaries.—Waiter!—clothes as greasy as the cast-suit of my Lord Mayor's scullion! No napkins! and passed my knife, when I told him to change it, handle and all, through the rag that he wipes the lamps with!—Knew it was the same rag—got up to pass it (the knife) through his body, but was prevented."

Mrs Baillie anathematizes the Portuguese cookery, and in terms nearly as vigorous as those of our friend. Thus,—

"How," she asks, "shall I find words to express the disgust of my feelings!" This is at the *cuisine* of the street corners, where fish, fried in "rancid oil," tempts the palate of the hungry *Gallego*.

Again, page 166.—The "favourite dish at breakfast," of a "young *Donna*" of our acquaintance, is quoted as "a large thick slice of hot leavened bread, strewed with salt and pepper, soaked in vinegar, seasoned highly with garlic! and"—Is there no end of Portuguese enormities! the whole mess "swims" in that "filthy sort of oil," which Mrs Baillie has before mentioned as "*preferred*" in this country "to all others." There are so many more dishes quoted of this dreadful character, that how one Frenchman ever got back alive out of Lisbon is inconceivable!

Page 15 finds Mrs Baillie's ideas of reasonable economy something disturbed. "The comforts indispensable

to English persons are not to be obtained," [in Lisbon,] "but at a greater expense than in England." How this arises, is not well explained, since the case was otherwise, even during the war, when all necessities (Preface, page 6,) were unprecedently "exorbitant in price." However, the next paragraph may cast some light upon us:—"We have tasted" (this is page 10) "a sort of light wine, almost as excellent as hock, for which the *common charge* is about *twopence a-bottle*." Or again, as fish is a "comfort," (see page 28,) "John Dory and turbot are as *cheap* here as *herrings* are in England."

But some ladies are, notoriously, "never satisfied." Here, "oranges," it seems, "are not finer than in England." Not although they are allowed to get their full growth upon the tree; and you buy them (as regards economy) a dozen for a penny!

The tour of Lisbon is undertaken in an open two-wheeled carriage, upon which here, in the first volume, as well as again in the second, our fair authoress bestows all the ill terms she can command. A farther enormity than the construction of this vehicle, (which is a good deal like two-thirds of those now used in France and Belgium,) is, that if you want it for half an hour only, you must hire it for half a day. This regulation O'Doherty states—with a device for getting your pennyworth out of the coachman, in spite of it.

Sir Morgan—"Rainy season set in this morning at half past 11;—in Lisbon it 'never rains but it pours.' Caught in the shower two miles from home—streets deluged in five minutes. Couldn't tell how to walk: tried the middle of the road first, but was up to my waist in the stream; went nearer the side, and got knee-deep in the dunghills under the windows—quite close,—caught the water-drop, which falls from seven stories high—*sans* pipe, *sans* gutter, *sans* everything! The whole race here sons of darkness! Took a *calash* within a hundred yards of my door; and the spalpeen says he shall charge for half a day!—no matter—it rains pitch-forks—he shall manoeuvre up and down in front of my window, till his "half-day" has expired—I think he'll expire first—before I pay him a farthing."

Mrs Baillie meets with worse luck,

in her *calash*, even than this;—her “shaft horse” falls down in going up a hill, and remains “sprawling in the mud, without sense or motion, in every respect as if he were dead;” and this event obliges the whole party [not necessarily] to stand in the street, while the driver goes home to fetch another carriage; but, fortunately, a “Portuguese judge,” who sees the dilemma from his window, insists that they shall take refuge and refreshment in his house.

The walks through the city introduce us, of course, to Camoens, and, no less formally, to Machado de Castro—whose equestrian statue, indeed, in the “Black Horse Square,” has been the sheet-anchor of travellers in Lisbon time out of mind.

The neglect of literature, generally, is mentioned with a sigh; but a periodical work is now projecting to remove it; and Mrs Baillie, as a north-star for its contributors to steer by, recommends the “New Monthly Magazine!”

A great deal transpires about “smells”—and “pestilential effluvia” and “mosquitoes”—(these last seem to have increased most alarmingly since our last accounts)—and the immobility of Portuguese “noses.” The dogs, too, are mentioned—“lank, lean, filthy, voracious, and in most alarming numbers”—than which the inhabitants of Lisbon “maintain no other scavengers.” In a subsequent place, it appears (as usual) that they *do* employ a few other scavengers; but even these—what a “set,” as O’Doherty has it, the Portuguese are!—even these “always sweep against the wind.”

The court arrives from Brazil in Mrs Baillie’s residence, and the “King’s wealth” is spoken of as enormous. “Before the new order of things, he was in possession of almost everything in Lisbon.” This was being rich indeed!

“He who has the devil in fee,
Can have but all.”

And, as the population consists of 300,000 souls, what a trifle a-piece the rest must have had, when it came to be divided!

One certainly fundamental mistake in the architectural arrangements of Lisbon is cut at, directly, or indirectly, at least five times in every four

pages.—“It is a very dangerous and hazardous indulgence,” so says Mrs B., “to stand in the projecting balconies of lower windows, during the brief twilight.”—There is more in this caution than, as *Canton* observes, “good people will think.” O’Doherty gives his testimony to the fact:—

“Broke fifteen panes of glass” (this is our friend) “in the window of a house in ‘Gold Street,’ in consequence of a gardy-loo, or *ugoa vait*, as the people here call flinging stone jars, or brick-bats, out of a ten-pair-of-stairs window—damn their Popish souls!—as if they could not build common sewers, and live in decency, as well as lay all their money out in relics, and pagan images! *Agua vait*—that is, ‘water goes,’—is what the law orders them to call out three times, before they empty their slop-pails on the heads of passengers;—half of them—earthquakes swallow ‘em!—never call out at all, and the other half throw the matter out first, and then cry ‘*agua vait*’ afterwards.—Broke the glass, I rather think, in the wrong floor; but what the devil do they build so many stories to one house for?”

Again, Sir Morgan mentions the “dogs,” already noticed by Mrs B.—“Never saw such a collection of dogs in all my life as there is in this place—counted forty-three, all in sight at once, out of my window this minute. These are curs in common—belonging to nobody, consequently ill-used by everybody. Before the French came, there were 80,000; Junot killed more than one half. Parties going about the streets, after nine in the evening, ‘dog-shooting;’—used to shoot at the bells in the steeples too, and crack them. When a horse dies here, or a mule, I am told they only drag him into the next by-corner; between the dogs and the rats, he is a skeleton within twenty minutes. This is like Coleman’s mode of burying an attorney—

“You lay out the body without more
adornings;

And—

I forget what’s the next line, but the last is—

“He’s gone in the morning!”

“N. B. I think a careful man might avoid the gardy-loos, if he would take proper notice of these animals (the

dogs.) They live on the bones and trash thrown from the houses, and are always on the watch, after dusk, for a wind-fall.—So, if ever you see a dog looking very anxiously up at a window, get out of the way; for you may be quite sure, if it's after sun-set, that he does not stand there with his mouth open for nothing."

Page 37, after having her trunks treated "most diabolically," and the "skin completely rubbed off her shins," brings our authoress to Cintra. The clumsiness of the Portuguese carts are reprehended; these are sufficiently clumsy, no doubt. But what can be expected from a people who dislike all perfumes except *eau de cologne*; and particularly—this really amounts to a felony—"abhor the smell of geranium."

On their way to Cintra, our travellers halt at an inn, which Mrs Baillie calls a *Cara de Pasto*, and which the Portuguese would call an *Estalagem*. O'Doherty's view of this kind of thing is given with great fidelity.

"In the Alentejo since yesterday, going up to 'join' at Badajoz. Suite, two horses and a baggage mule, which I bought in the fair the morning that I left Lisbon. Fine animal the mule! broke loose in the market, and didn't leave an apple stall in it in five minutes. Won't be shod neither—my man takes him to all the farriers along the road,—kicks them all over.

"Road from Aldea Galega, all day yesterday, knee-deep in a white sparkling sand, exactly like the Lisbon sugar.—N.B. To say that they mix a great deal of it in the grocers' shops and taverns, at least half and half.

"Slept—no—*lay*—at an inn, near a place called 'Vendas Novas.' People of sensibility, I understand, here, always bring their kitchen, bed, and board, to such establishments, along with them. Chief apartment in the house, the kitchen, and only one that possesses a fire-place. This large enough, however, at least—(the fire-place)—for a troop of horse to stand at open order in. Rode through the "kitchen" at a gallop, and so into a stable, calculated for about two hundred beasts; but neither stalls nor balls. Portuguese never let their horses lie down—tie them short, night and day, and say that it makes them sure-footed. Sharp work this—something like

my friend Colonel G——, who used to say, no light dragoon ought to sleep with both eyes at the same time.—N. B. If you did let your horse lie down here, you must make up your mind to throw him away; for all the grooms in the world would never get him clean after he got up again.

"Supped on a fowl fricasseed by myself, after superintending, for two hours, the scowering of the sauce-pan it was to be done in. Nothing but this and a fresh egg, and some of the goat's-milk-cheese, (mentioned in Don Quixote,) that they cut with a hatchet. N. B. To alter the story of the 'Devonshire cheese'—nobody will recollect it. Thus—goat's-milk-cheese is peculiarly hard; a very curious fact has lately transpired on that subject. A ship, freighted from Figuera to Madria with this cheese, and glass-bottles, struck on a rock on the shore of Biscay, and was deserted by her crew. At high-tide, it appears, she floated again without assistance, and got off; but, on being picked up six weeks afterwards, it was found that the rats (pressed with hunger) had eaten all the glass-bottles, but never touched the goat's-milk-cheese.

"Lay down on a truckle-bed, too short for me both at top and bottom. Awoke, in less than an hour after, with the fighting of the mules and horses in the stable under me; descended with a broomstick to mediate, and nearly had my brains kicked out by the contending parties. Striking feature—one of these Augean receptacles, with its hundred beasts ranged on each side, and huge, flaming, copper lamp, hanging from the roof in the middle. The kitchen, too, picturesque!—embers of wood-fire—wine-skins, and bales—the lading of the travelling mules, piled up on every side—muleteers sleeping about the ground, on their pannels and pack-saddles—and hosts wandering about keeping watch, lest any man should rob the house, or go away without paying his reckoning. Went up to bed again, and caught several Portuguese fleas. *Mem.* To say they are so large in this country, that one bit me through my boot. Tried to get to sleep, but couldn't, the frogs made such a noise in a pond opposite. Dozed off towards day-light, and dreamed that Miss H——— was married to

a hosier—awoke again, just as I was congratulating her, by a quarrel in the pig-sty."

Mrs Baillie affirms generally this hasty sketch of our friend's; but, except calling her landlord a "rascally Don peasant, stuffed with garlic," adds nothing to it of importance.

Cintra pleases; and we proceed, therefore, with our usual vigour, but in the way of admiration. Mrs B. has some idea of the true poetic style. "Beautiful paradise,"—"matchless grandeur,"—"exquisite spot of earth,"—"summer blue,"—"light, life, and joy,"—and "powers shrink from the attempt to describe." This is only meant for prose; but there is some verse here and there in the book, and the verses are not absolutely the worst part of it.

Our domestic details, too, improve at Cintra; and the "snow-white dimity beds," and "prime little toilet tables, covered with coarse frilled muslin," of Portugal, are mentioned.

They frill the towels also, and make them "twenty yards long," according to O'Doherty.—"I felt something pull at mine, as I was washing myself" (this was in Lisbon) "the other day; and curse me, while I was using one end of it all the way up in the second floor, if the cat, and her kittens, were not playing with the other at the bottom of the kitchen-stairs!"

The hair of the Portuguese ladies (about the middle of the first volume) is discommended as being coarse, thin, and generally ill cut. They are farther chid for not wearing night-caps to sleep in; there be those, however, who have held the "night-cap" a disfigurement. It seems, also, that the contempt of nocturnal habiliment, with a great many ladies, extends even farther than the banishment of the night-cap. This, as a fact, is correctly stated; but it is too nice a point for us to hazard an opinion on.

The second volume describes an occurrence, which must convince every body how hard the wind blows sometimes in Lisbon. A porter, loaded with a large sofa, is turning the corner of a lane, when "the wind takes him completely off the ground, and whirls him from one side of the street to the other." It is very odd, that an accident precisely similar occurs in the time of Mr O'Doherty, except that the load in his case is a mattress instead

of a sofa, which is carried up, (not the man and all,) and sticks in a garret window.

Lo, another confirmation of statements!

Mrs Baillie says, (which is perfectly true,)—"All the funerals of respectable persons take place in Lisbon at night, and the corpse is attended to the grave by the friends of the deceased bearing torches and tapers."

Now the Ensign.—"My *patrone*, Don Joré, died last night, and I was asked to hold a candle at his funeral. My candle was six feet long, and thick in proportion, and looked like a constable's staff on fire at the end. Held it awry, pretending to look another way, and guttered it all over the coat of the man who stood next me—bullied him when he found me out—streamed him all down first, from the collar to the tail."

Page 75 states—still upon funerals—that people are "sometimes" [always] buried in their ordinary wearing-clothes, which become, however, in the end, the perquisite of the sexton. If this be true, the sexton must disinter the body—(no coffin, by the way, is used)—which would be troublesome, in order to get at them; for the mould is always thrown into the grave before the spectators leave the church.

A chapter on funerals, however—where the authoress really sees one—forms the best thing in the book; and, as it contains some rather curious points of description, we shall select it to conclude with.

"The late reigning Queen of Portugal, who died in Brazil six years ago, and whose body has been removed from one convent to another, ever since the event, was at length finally buried in the vaults of the Estrella convent in Lisbon, about a fortnight ago. We went to the house of a Portuguese friend to see the funeral procession pass by, which occurred about eleven o'clock, by torch-light."

The ceremonies of her Majesty's lying in state, "lasted for three entire days and nights, during which period the great guns on sea and land, and the bells of every steeple in Lisbon pealed without intermission." This must have been upon those who were not dead, no trifling affliction.

"On the first night, the grand procession took place; setting out from

a distant convent, and finally stopping at that of the Estrella; where the body was received with great state and formality; laid in the principal aisle of the church; and carefully watched until the next morning by a select number of ladies and gentlemen of the Court. These remained standing, uncovered, and in dead silence, around it the whole time, without once sitting down to rest their wearied limbs, in the same rigid observance of *etiquette*, which they would have been expected to practise during the life of the deceased."

"They were relieved, perhaps, from time to time, scarcely the same party removing during the whole night.

"The procession was very imposing as a spectacle, and boasted the attendance of the king and all the royal family, in their state carriages." After these "came all the *fidalgos* on horseback, drest in ample cloaks of black cloth, and *coal-beaver* hats, (which the Spanish call *sombreros*,) from which depended very long streamers of black crape;—the effect of their glittering stars and orders peeping occasionally from beneath the mantle, and flashing in the light of the torches, was very brilliant and chivalrous. Then followed an army of bishops, monsignors, priests, and monks, and immediately afterwards came the different regiments in the service, horse and foot, each with its separate band of music playing at due intervals, the most wild and pathetic funeral-lament in the shape of a dead-march. The hearse, or rather hearses, for there were two, in compliance with royal *etiquette*, one containing the body, and the other vacant in case of accident, were very paltry, shabby conveyances. They reminded me of our bakers' carts covered with black drapery."

"The next day brings a grand mass; the church of the Estrella overflows with spectators, and the corpse is exposed in full court-dress, while the nobility come successively to "*kiss the hand*," a ceremony which could by no means be dispensed with."

"The third day brings the final sepulture, when the most curious arrangement remains yet to be described—the ceremony of her deceased Majesty's *funeral toilette*."

"Two of the young princesses were appointed by the King to the high honour of presiding, and four ladies in

waiting performed the *enviable* office of tire-women to the corpse. It had been brought over from Brazil, enclosed in three coffins, the inner one of lead, where it was laid, surrounded by aromatic herbs, gums, and essences, without having been regularly embalmed—a process which is only adopted towards males of the royal house. As her Majesty had been dead for the last six years, the horrible effluvia that now issued from the coffin when opened, was such as to overpower all the persons present, notwithstanding that she had died in the 'odour of sanctity.' One of the princesses fainted twice, and was too ill to re-appear; but her sister was obliged to *stand it out*, while the ladies raised the body, and *completely reclothed* it, in a black robe, a dress cap, *gloves*, *shoes*, and *stockings*, and adorned it with four splendid orders upon the breast. The body itself was not only entire, but the limbs were flexible; the face only had changed to a dreadful black colour."

This is a little too much like the "*etiquette*" of Timbuctoo; and we permit Mrs Baillie to "thank Heaven" that she is "not a Portuguese courtier,"—though, by the way, it is not *distinctly* stated that she witnessed the whole of this ceremony herself.

A few descriptions of court entertainments are given in pretty nearly the same style as the foregoing extract;—in fact, Mrs Baillie has no great powers of writing; but she gets on well enough where she has anything to say. Her great fault is,—and that of most other writing ladies,—an excess upon the mistake of travellers in general—that they will always suppose any possibility, however remote, rather than that of the impression which suggests itself to themselves, being entirely an absurd one.

Thus we jump to conclusions far too hastily; and take facts, upon statement, which have no foundation in the way of being reasonable, far less of being true. Page 92, for instance, vol. I. treating of the *Gallegos*, or porters, of Lisbon, places the Portuguese character in an exceedingly extraordinary light.

"The *Gallegos* still remain; for, if they were to be sent home, business of every sort would be at a complete stand. Several of the merchants, both formerly and at present, have tried the dif-

ference between the *Gallegos* and the Portuguese porters. Mr S—, to place the matter in its *true* light, employed them (the latter) to convey several boxes to his warehouse from a distance. They grew tired of the burthen before they had carried it half-way; set it down; amused themselves as they thought proper in the interval; and finally broke much of the contents. A German merchant made a similar experiment, relative to some casks of oil. They behaved exactly in the same manner; overturned the casks in the middle of the streets, and wasted a great quantity."—Now a fact like this ought decidedly to be communicated to Dr Spurzheim. The Portuguese (physiologically) are without the "organ" of carrying casks of oil and boxes.

Page 217, (and indeed almost every other page,) we are in "tears of disgust" at the ill odours which decent persons are compelled to endure in Lisbon. A historian ought not to weep for a smell.

Page 204 chastises the "horrid receptacles for the dead," which are found "in the vicinity of most cities," and "of London in particular."—There's "snug lying" too, we should think, in "Bunhill fields;" and St Paul's is well enough in its way. The people in St Bride's were hampered for room; but now the fire has thrown them open. And at Mary-le-bone and Pancras—let Mrs Baillie bethink herself!—we are absolutely rural!

Our manner of admiring, however, is sometimes very entertaining. We visit the *Principal* of Portugal, (the head of the Portuguese church,) and are charmed with the unaffected simplicity of his house and domestic arrangements. Some dishes of "common delf-ware" particularly strike us; and at a pair of "plated spoons," through which "the copper is abundantly visible," we are in ecstacy—"no purple pomp!" In the end, we quit this gentleman, convinced that he is "decidedly one of the first characters in Portugal;" and, at parting, break forth into admiration of all we have beheld.

"I thought I had never before seen so humble an episcopal residence! It was spacious, but constructed upon so plain and unadorned a plan, that it at once resembled a *country stable* and a *prison*! Uniting all the want of finish, the roughness, and rusticity of

the former, with the solidity and gloom of the latter. No train of domestics in purple pomp inhabited this *modest retreat*."—There is no jesting equal to the gravity of some people.

Page 198, vol. I., contains an odd story about a gentleman's seat near Coimtra.

"The kitchen of this place is a great curiosity, of immense dimensions, and most superbly appointed. A river flows through the midst of it, from which it is the *common practice* of the cooks to catch the fish, which a few moments afterwards are prepared for the table. The Duke of Wellington is said to have amused himself by fishing here, during the time that he was so hospitably and enthusiastically received by the family."

ODoherty mentions the oxen that he saw grazing on the banks of this river, but not the fish. Mrs Baillie does not name the oxen; but she speaks only upon hearsay.

The remainder of the episodes in the book are unamusing; consisting of pathetic stories (rather than very original) about monks and nuns, and some terrible versions of attempts, on the part of the Portuguese, at wit and humour. The style dictatorial prevails throughout; the very thought of a "doubt" seeming more abhorrent to the authoress than it was to the Irish gentleman (whatever his name is) in Miss Edgeworth's tale of "Ennui."

"The man who cries 'consider' is an ass!"

Thus, page 73 finds us, every moment, "more and more amazed" at the ignorance of the commonest arts among the Portuguese! "A carpenter here is the most awkward and clumsy artisan that can be imagined, *spoil*ing every work he attempts!"

At Cintra, we hold the "asses" respectable; but then, *en revanche*, they are "very different from the stupid asses (quadrupeds, however) common to England."

Vol. II., page 2, speaks of the state of morality among the higher ranks of society in Lisbon. "It is much upon a par with that of other European capitals; no more need be said, for everybody understands this estimate."—Everybody perhaps understands the libel which Mrs Baillie means to convey; but, as a joke, it is miserably stale; as a serious assertion, it is exceedingly untrue.

To illustrate this last portion, however, (as we suppose,) the work concludes with an "evening party given at Lady P——'s." Here the authoress has the good fortune to sit near a "*Diabla boiteux*;" and the reader of course has the ill fortune to get the pictures at full length, of all the company; this affliction, however, is one from which the friends of Maga must be relieved. On the whole, Mrs Baillie's "*Lisbon*" is harmless, and it contains several pictures. The only objection to it is, that it consists entirely of that idle, uninstructional kind of gossip, which is going fast

to bring tour-writing (and tour-publishing) into neglect altogether. Upon fresh ground, your ordinary observer may be endured, because the commonest facts, collected in such a situation, become valuable; but nasty inns, and lean post-horses, are troubles too trite on the continent to afford any entertainment now. It is the error (though abominable) of all others, into which your uneducated traveller is apt to fall—that of supposing that matters which are new to *him*, must, of necessity, be unknown to everybody else.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

WEEP not for the dead,
Who tranquilly repose;
Their spark of life is fled,—
But with it all their woes.—

The broken heart is heal'd,—
The reign of sorrow o'er;—
Their future bliss is seal'd,
And they can grieve no more.

Mourn rather for the doom
Of those who struggle on,
In dreariness and gloom,
Until their course is done;

Who linger here, and grieve,
As death dissolves each tie,
That makes them wish to live,—
Yet cannot—dare not die!

W. J. W.

A FIVE DAYS' RAMBLE TO GUMÆ, ISCHIA, AND CAPRI, &c. &c.

ON 22d February, 1824, I was awoke by a message from my friend A——, reminding me of an agreement to visit the islands of Ischia and Capri, with him, as soon as there should be a promise of a week's fine weather. Starting up with great willingness at the summons, I was not long in preparing for active service; for, by previous arrangement, our baggage was limited to a *sac-de-nuit* between three, and a cloak for each. I followed my friend's servant to the Largo di Castello; the great centre from which emanate most of the *vetture*, *carriette*, *curricoli*, and other vehicles, which rattle with ceaseless din over the white streets of Naples. Here, after a sharp skirmish, in bad Italian, with about twenty coachmen, (fellows in tattered cloaks and old leather hats pressed down upon greasy red caps,) we managed to hire, upon our own terms, a crazy-looking *culetta*;

with three ill-matched, but spirited horses, harnessed all abreast, and flaunting in gay ribbons and fringes. I called for A——, and accompanied him to our mutual acquaintance B——, who had just arrived from Rome, and having heard that Naples was "*un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra*," was eager to see whether so flattering a title were well bestowed. Thus making up our favourite number three, we drove rapidly along the Chiaja, which looked bright and glittering from a recent washing by storms of rain. The beach was now no longer lashed by the high waves, that, driven up beyond their usual boundary by a strong Sirocco, had beat and foamed upon the shore, marking the whole curve of the bay with a broad frothy border. But it was scarce less noisy, from the countless numbers of fishermen and *lazzaroni*, with their women and children,

all in holiday dresses, poured out "*per far niente*," and to enjoy the lazy freshness of a bright sunny day.

The wind was "*tramontano*"—the sky consequently cloudless—the sea smooth as glass—so that the opposite island of Capri seemed to float in air above the level of the water; or, as the sailors say, "*lifted*." The heights of the Vomero, and of Posilipo, which rise abruptly up from this delicious strand, by a faint tinge of green, fringing their irregular dells and precipices, displayed the early promise of the groves and gardens.

Leaving on the left the principal crowd, we turned directly up towards the cliff, and came to the yawning quarries and Grotto of Posilipo. We had just time to point out to our "freshman" the ilex which overhangs the tomb of Virgil, as we dashed under the darkening arch, keeping up a bawling conversation, in spite of the loud murmuring of the carriages, which, in constant succession, pass and repass this dismal tunnel. It is nearly half a mile long, and very disagreeable, from dust and noise, and from the chilly current of air, that, on coming in from the sun, pierces to the bone. This serves, however, to make one enjoy the burst of light and the glow of balmy air which meet you as you emerge from purgatory at Fuori-grotta. There we turned into a straight sandy road, leading to Bagnoli, in the Gulf of Pozzuoli; and were beset, as all voyagers have been, by a legion of little ragged devils, who chased the carriage, uttering a peculiar squeaking sound; tumbling, and throwing handfuls of sand upon their faces, or pelting us with bouquets of early violets. Further on, at the sea-side, we were invited by rival dealers to feast upon their oysters and anchovies; and, on rounding the bay to Pozzuoli, a new set of harpies assailed us, and with more varied claims upon our purse. We saw boatmen, dressed like English sailors, and bellowing, "Want a boat, sir?" amid the contending cry of "*Cicerone, signori!*" from a dozen tatterdemalion *squavans*, who professed to be the "knowing ones" of this classical region, and offered to guide us to its wonders. Others thrust before our bewildered view lamps of "*terra-cotta*," little bronze figures, rusty coins, scraps of painted stucco, or handfulls

of broken-up Mosaic, and other undescribable things, called, generically, "*roba antica*." All these were declared to be dug up at Bajæ or Cumæ; but, as we found, they are very commonly manufactured at Naples, to supply the antiquarian market. What these fellows wanted in noise was made up by a chorus of beggars and "*stroppiati*," who, making a fearful display of wounds and hideous infirmities, seemed to calculate more upon exciting disgust, than moving to compassion.

It was in vain that we ordered our coachman to drive faster, and made the sign of negation by shaking the forefinger. We happened to be the first arrival, and found all hands upon the "*qui vit?*" Having also an ascent to climb on entering the town, we were escorted by the whole band as far as the Piazza. Here an old acquaintance, Angiolo, (who, pointing to his one eye, claimed my recognition,) was chosen our cicerone, and desired to give a *programme* of a trip to Cumæ and the islands; which he accordingly did in a long harangue pronounced on the step of the "*Calessa*." By his advice we hired a boat to go round and wait for us at Minisola; a little bay, extending from Cape Miseno to the Monte di Procida, and fronting the islands. Learning, too, that we had to spend the day in a region more rich in mouldering ruins and extinct volcanoes, than in blazing hearths and well-stocked taverns, we applied to the nearest "*victualling offices*," and then set off, fully equipped for seeing and digesting. A winding road, bordered by hedges, newly green, runs up under Monte Barbaro, and leads along the high steep bank of the Lago di Averno. We looked down upon the massive ruins of a circular temple, which stand at the water's edge, and endeavoured to trace, in the tangled brushwood of the opposite side, the low-arched entrance of the "*Grotta della Sibilla*,"—the scene of a former ramble. Next we came to the *Arcofelice*; a lofty arch thrown across the road from one high mound of earth to another. It is seventy feet high; and the trouble of scrambling up the bank and gaining the top was well repaid by a delightful view of the Gulf of Pozzuoli and Bajæ, which we were leaving, and of the Cumæan shore, now first opened to our view. This Arco-

felice is supposed to be one of the gates of Cumæ—a city founded by a very ancient Greek colony; and, as you descend by a steep road to its centre, now the seat of fruitful vineyards, ruins at every step, peeping above the rich mould, mark the extent of former greatness and of present devastation. In other places, however, there is less dilapidation; the houses of the peasants are all built about the remains of nobler edifices; the ponderous, grotto-like arches of ancient palaces being chosen as excellent conservatories for wine and fruit.

Sometimes, indeed, the whole tenement of the vine-dresser is seen niched in a corner of the capacious hall of some temple or bath. We explored several Greek tombs, which are now under ground, and can only be entered by a ladder put through an aperture in the roof. They are beautiful little chambers, with niches to receive many urns; and are generally painted—the colouring of the stucco continuing as bright as ever. We next climbed the hill called “Roca di Cumæ,” to the site of the “*Templo di Apollo Greco*.” Of this temple, nothing but the name remains; but the view of the shore, which this eminence overhangs, is enchanting. There is a white beach, gently curved, extending from the “Monte di Procida,” for several miles northward; on the left, is the lake of Fusaro, and on the right, that of Licola and of Patria, enlivening the wooded plain between the sea and the high ground of Bajæ, Monte Nuovo, and Monte Barbaro. But what added a peculiar interest to the scene was, that here Virgil has made his hero land, and about here is the region of terror described in the sixth book of the *Æneid*—at least, so say the antiquarians—and we had brought with us the book and plans of the Abate Jorio, that we might trace the actions described.

“There, upon the smooth sand,” said we, “the Trojans leaped upon the glad shore.”—And we fancied, for the time, that some fishing craft, drawn up on the beach, belonged to the toil-worn wanderers. We pictured to ourselves the crew, scattered about among the dwarf trees and shrubs, which clothe this coast, in search of fuel, and “tracing the discovered floods;” while the pious chief bent his way

“through Trivia’s grove,” (which is still represented by a wood of ilex and myrtle,) to the temple of the Delphic God—the spot where we stood. Then we went down, by a narrow flight of steps, to the Sibyl’s Cave, and endeavoured to make out its “hundred entries;” and concluded that the dark, irregular, half-natural, half-artificial cavern, with some assistance from the poet and the antiquarian, and a liberal allowance for dilapidations, might be satisfactorily identified with the description. All this was very well, and together with the winding way to Avernus, and the downward slope of the entrance to hell, beside its banks, (now La Grotta della Sibilla,) corresponds with the poem. But, beyond these, all is imaginary; and as we rejoined our carriage, and rattled through a smiling, cultivated country, to Fusaro, we could not help laughing, very irreverently, at the contrast between the poet’s fancy and the unpicturesque reality. For, on the banks of this “deep Acheron” stands, in despite of all imaginativeness, the only tavern which this whole district can boast; and here we encountered, instead of fitting ghosts, “thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods,” parties of merry citizens, “husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,” all cruelly substantial, who had driven out, by a shorter road, to eat oysters, which are here very delicate. Upon another occasion, to follow out the book, we did cross the “Stygian lake,” but there was no grim ferryman and frail skiff, but a very tight wherry, and a couple of stout rowers. We could make nothing either of the modern Cocytus, or the cave of Cerberus, and found the Elysian Fields very much indebted to their name, which they still bear, for the attention that they usually excite. However, this region being full of extinct volcanoes, (there are twenty-two to be traced between Vesuvius and Misenus,) may have possessed, in former times, a more terrific character; and, at all events, no one will regret seeing it through so flattering a medium as the poem which has given it celebrity.

We were very much tempted to repose at Fusaro, and had already pocketed our books, and maps, and other impediments, preparatory to an attack upon some oysters; but our guide in-

sisted upon pushing on to our place of embarkation, and pointed to the declining sun as a proof of the necessity of the measure. Very reluctantly, then, we obeyed; when a new event occurred to excite our tempers, already a little ruffled by the loss of our dinner.

Our coachman, upon the plea of bad roads, but, as we imagined, from an unwillingness to return to town in the dark, refused to drive us to Miniscola, and would neither be gained by coaxing nor money; so, after a volley of abuse, bestowed upon him by Angiolo, who fought our battle like a true cicerone, we set off on foot.

Passing the *Campi Elisei*, and the *Mare Morto*, or Lethe, after three miles, we approached the sea; where we saw our boat riding at her moorings, and soon after our four red-capped sailors ran out of a little hovel, under a tall cliff, calling to us to hasten, as the wind had got up, and the sea might prevent our getting to Ischia.

We stopped only to buy a jug of wine, and to roast some eggs in the ashes of an expiring fire, and then walked to Miniscola, a bay, which is said to derive its name from the troops, garrisoned at Misenum, being exercised upon its sands—hence called *militum schola*. Here we had scarcely glanced at the islands we were going to, when the boatmen seized upon us, and bore us, one after the other, through the surf to the boat; and then they pulled off, making a loud shouting to encourage each other to a vigorous effort—their spirits being a little enlivened by the wine which they had been drinking on shore.

As we waved a farewell to Angiolo, who stood bawling out his “Addio, signori, state vi bene!” on the shore, we all praised his foresight in providing against “fleshly” wants; and immediately cut some slices from a ham, on which the cook had carved a grotesque face, (for at Naples everything has its ornament,) and, with our eggs and some fruit, made a very respectable meal. The wine, too, passed gaily from hand to hand, notwithstanding the difficulty of drinking in a boat.

We rowed close in by Procida and Vivara, and, after eight miles’ pull, got into delightful, clear, smooth wa-

ter, under the castle, just as the richer light, after the setting of the sun, fell with a glowing, ruby hue, upon the rock, which lifts the fortress on high.

Our first step, on landing, was to reconnoitre the “nobile locanda,” or inn; which not proving a very inviting one, our intention of proceeding to Signor Monti’s, at La Sentinella, was signified to a couple of *ciucciari*, or donkey-drivers, who had been narrowly watching our movements. They, in a few minutes, returned with a couple of *somari*, and we were puzzled by seeing them shut the gate of the court-yard where we were standing, although we made them understand that another ass was required.

Upon our insisting, after a great deal of scolding, that the door should be opened, the cause of this mystery appeared—for in rushed a score of rival proprietors and beasts, and a most absurd scramble commenced. My two mounted friends were nearly borne down by the rush of quadrupeds and men; and I myself pulled about by a dozen fellows at once, who contended for my preference, each extolling the superior merits of his ass, and holding out his stick for my grasp—it being the etiquette in these transactions, that if you take the *bastone*, you are pledged for the *somaro*. It was only by fighting our way through the throng, that we escaped being trodden under foot, or stunned by such a confusion of tongues, human and bestial, as was never elsewhere heard. We rode about four miles in the dark to our resting-place; and, arriving very much fatigued, were pleased to find a house fitted up as well as any second-rate hotel in Naples; where, after washing down some macaroni with the white Ischian wine, we gladly retired to sleep.

Although we rose with the sun on the following day (23d), we found our donkeys ready for a climb up the peak of Epomeo, the high conical hill which is so remarkable a feature in all views of these islands; and we forthwith trotted off to Foria, a little town about three miles off, to the westward. The mountain is quite inaccessible on the side towards the Sentinella, and the road, or rather path, winds quite round to the off-side, and, after two or three miles, becomes so narrow and steep

that you appear to be ascending a ladder. And indeed this idea is suggested without any great stretch of the imagination, for in many places sticks are fastened across the pathway, and the poor little panting beasts clamber up with difficulty from one step to another, urged on by a strange guttural cry from the guides, and by cruel punches on the ribs, from a short cudgel, which they incessantly apply in this way. These fellows, if they are brutal in the treatment of their *ciucci*, are, however, amazingly attentive to every want and look of the rider; and, to give them their due, are very naïve and diverting. They keep up a continual gossiping about all the great men, with their no less great wives, children, and chambermaids, who have gone up before you; and of how some went up to sketch, and some to dine, and others to pray; and they do not forget to give you a heightened account of the presents, or *buona mano*, which they have received on different occasions. We remarked as we proceeded, that the houses were like those described in eastern countries. They consist of several low buildings of one story, with flat terraced roofs, and a parapet round the border. The pomegranate and fig trees about them, and the vines trained over frames, and forming a shady awning, under which most of the household duties are performed, and the clumsy antique-looking utensils lying about, took nothing from the resemblance. As for the people, they are rude and primitive enough in their appearance to pass for antediluvians. I must not, however, forget that we met the prettiest creature imaginable, a girl about fifteen, whose extremely beautiful form, and sweet little face were well set off by the island costume, a short dress of very coarse striped cloth, and a blue handkerchief tied over the hair, in a bow under the chin, showing the forehead and eyes; the simple but smart-looking fashion of the young misses here. The older females pride themselves upon a more formidable piece of head-gear, — a large white cloth, folded about a square frame, placed on the head, and hanging from it, so as to shade the face and neck. We were sorry to see them all holding out the hand, and begging with that piteous whine which disgraces the peasantry of the south of

Italy. After many a weary winding, our guides pointed out to us the little white-washed hermitage and chapel of the patron saint of mariners, the object of our toil, a few hundred feet from us, but only to be reached by a path of increasing steepness. Just here, when the full blaze of the sun made us unwilling to climb on foot, our donkeys gave out. We stopped a tremendous discharge of kicks and blows which the men were preparing for the beasts; and were rather amused at one of the drivers immediately praying for help to the saint whose sanctuary we were approaching. "O, San Nicola, dà ajuto a questi ciucci!" said he, in a suppliant tone. We halted, to give San Nicola time to attend to the application, and the *ciucci* to get refreshed; and then mounted to the hermitage. Two comfortable-looking Franciscans, *soi-disant* hermits, and a basket-full of materials for our *colazione*, awaited us here. The red wine, by the way, which grows under the protection of the saint, and bears his name, is an excellent restorative after the climb, and should be gratefully remembered by all tourists. After exploring a labyrinth of little cells, cut in the solid rock of the place, we mounted to the telegraph-station on the top, whence there is a view, the most striking, perhaps, of all Mediterranean prospects, except that from Etna. A thick mist, attracted to the mountain, as is always observed about noon, and hanging in the calm sleepy air, like a curtain, about forty feet distant, all round the summit, prevented us, at first, from seeing the horizon. But the island is, in itself, a remarkable object. It rises from the whole circumference, except the east end, to a greater elevation than Vesuvius, gradually tapering into two spiry points, so acute that, from the top, you look directly down upon the fields and villages, as upon a map. The vines here are spread out upon trellices, and are said to give a peculiarly vivid tint to the place in summer.

But even at this season there was enough of green to contrast with the hoary sides of the eminence, and with a broad tract of lava, which, two or three centuries ago, swept from this volcano into the sea. From this great height, too, we could see the shoals, beautifully mottled, forming a zone round the island, and the water becom-

ming darker in its hue, from the bright yellow of the shore, to the deep-blue colour beyond. The cloud being now dispersed by the afternoon's breeze, first Procida and the islands nearest were seen, then the Bays of Pozzuoli and Naples, then Capri, and the little islands to the north; and before we left our station, the whole coast from Monte Circello to Calabria, a range of 200 miles, came distinctly into view. Unwillingly we tore ourselves from this delightful gaze, and took a downward course to the other end of the island. Our donkeys, greatly to the satisfaction of all parties, were as much invigorated as ourselves by their bait at the Hermitage, and bore us along so merrily, that we began to think the saint had really exerted himself in their behalf. We had also to thank him for a safe passage over many appalling gulfs and dangerous precipices, on the way down. One part must strike every person who sees it:—the island has been completely cracked by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and there are fissures, more than one hundred feet deep, meeting at different places. The path, at one point, winds down to where two of these yawning crannies cross each other: very lofty trees grow in the narrow bed of soil at the bottom of the cleft, but are still much below the passenger; who, looking up at the rocky sides above, sees them hollowed into caves, said to be the dwellings of the rude aborigines. Some of these excavations are still inhabited by a wild, savage-looking people, and a greater number used as store-houses: the whole forming a picture to which I have seen no parallel.

We reached Ischia by a circuitous road, without seeing much worth remembering. On going over again to La Sentinella, we looked at the *Stufe di Cusamiccia*, which are sulphureous baths, much celebrated for the cure of rheumatism and other maladies. Here are different modes of applying the volcanic impregnation of the soil:—baths for dipping and dashing the body, warm sand in which to bury the feet and hands, and hot vapour conveyed in tubes to regions partially affected. Besides the part open to visiting invalids, there is a vast hospital, which receives the poor from different charitable institutions of the kingdom.

When we got back to our inn, we found our host exercising his functions as an *avvocato*, and with a numerous levee of clients in his consulting-room. We had also an opportunity of paying our respects to some two or three of his six fair daughters, who are belles of the place. Among other attractions, the Signorine have to boast some of the richest specimens of the Ischian costume, which, when not worn on a *giorno di festa*, they will good-naturedly show to the curious. The house is laid out for the reception of the company who visit the baths in summer; and the civility and intelligence of Signor Monti's family generally gain it the preference. We noticed at supper the continuance of an ancient custom alluded to by Horace. The figs are here split, and the cut surfaces of two are applied to each other, so that when dried they look like a double fig.

"*Tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, eum duplice ficu.*"
Sermon. lib. II. 2, line 121.

This is spoken of in a tour by two Germans, which Signor Monti has in his library.

On 24th, we left La Sentinella and walked to Ischia, where we delighted the old fat keeper of the solitary *caffè* of the place, by drinking up all her stock of Moka, and consuming all the milk and white bread that could be procured from the goats and bakers thereabouts. This we did, let it be understood, without anything like undue gormandizing; for there is nothing more remarkable, in little Italian towns, than the scanty supply of good provisions, which is to be found upon an emergency, like that of the arrival of three hundred "*milordi*." It would seem, however, that this state of famine exists only at a distance from large towns; for there the markets are abundantly supplied, and the people you meet about at a *tratto* are the greatest gluttons in the world; and one fiddler may frequently be seen to dispose of food enough for a dozen meagre peasants. We now went to the port, and saw a number of large boats loading with white wine and marble, the principal commodities of the place; and after another *lengthy* war of words, secured a little skiff for our own use. Rowing round past Vivara, a small rocky island, without two-legged inhabitants, (but with a

numerous population of rabbits, under the protection of the "Mighty Hunter" of Naples,) we hauled into the little bay of Chiavalella, at the west end of Procida. We landed here with one of the boatmen for a guide, and ordered the rest to meet us at Marino.

Procida is a very singular place; its greatest length is three miles, and yet it is said to contain 18,000 people; and we were inclined to believe this, for our walk of two miles was through one continued line of houses, with other streets and lanes branching off from it. The inhabitants live by ship-building and trading, and are said to make very good seamen. Vegetables are brought from Naples, and nothing is "raised" here but ships and men. Except the dress of the women, however, there is nothing in the place very picturesque. So, quite satisfied with our walk across the island, during which we made no discovery, except that of a "granny school," conducted upon the same principles as similar institutions in Middlesex or Hampshire, we made our way to our place of rendezvous. Marino, the great port of the island, is a semicircular quay, half a mile in extent, and crowded with shipping and sailors. Here we waited only to have some mutton fried by a *friggitore pubblico*, and, in different ways, to provision our bark for her next voyage, and then took our departure for Capri.

This was our greatest effort, for the distance is twenty-five long miles, and we were not sure of reaching the island before sunset. But everything invited to the task. It was again a perfect calm—the soft blue air lay motionless, and the unruffled water, rivalling it in transparency, displayed the shadow of the boat's ripple, in broad waving lines, dancing upon the clear sandy bottom. On looking forward, a rock, or shoal, or large branching marine plant, though buried deep, would be so refracted and brought up to the surface, as to suggest the fear that the keel of the boat would strike upon it.

I shall always look back with pleasure to that afternoon, when, after getting half our row over, we stood about equidistant from the principal objects in the Bay of Naples—the square, abrupt cliffs of Capri before us—the tapering pyramid of Ischia, Vesuvius, and the higher swell of Monte Sant' Angelo, on the opposite coast—all seen in shadowy outline, and taking a look

of misty unreality, when magnified by the haze which lies upon the water in very warm days. Though so early in the year, we were glad to sit under the shade of our umbrellas, for the broad sun glared upon us with "canicular" heat. Our three oarsmen had stripped themselves to their inner garments, and a young lad, swarthy as an Indian, and not more clad, sat squatted up in the peaked stern, steering with an oar, and looking almost as much like a baboon as the little figure of San Giuseppe, which was carved upon the stern, for the protection of the little craft.

It is a way with these fellows to encourage each other in rowing by talking over the enjoyments which await them on shore. They diverted us by exclaiming, every now and then, "Andiamo! l'esta!—magnaremo maecheroni, beveremo buon vino!" and sometimes, "pull away, my boys!" and similar phrases, picked up from the British tars, who are great favourites at Naples, and have some reason to be so, with *all* classes. By the time we had looked again and again at the glowing scene, read our books, and emptied, with the assistance of the boatmen, a huge flagon of wine, which we had laid in at Procida, we found ourselves running fast into the white beach, the only landing-place of Capri.

Here a smiling, black-eyed damsel stood ready to take our "*roba*," and show the way to the Locanda. She had her hair gathered into a knot behind, and transixed by two silver bodkins, on one of which was a hand, and on the other a small globe. This we found to be the costume of the place. We followed her up a steep zigzag road to the principal town, which stretches across a little plain in the centre of the island, and which, though very high above the water's edge, is quite low when compared with the towering cliffs, and overhanging volumes of rock, that surround the valley.

The departing light sent us under the humble but welcome roof of old Rochela Tedeschi, whose broad grinning civility we can recommend, although she *did* us, by passing herself for a certain Signora Anastasia Trami, to whose house we had been directed. After a libation of coffee, and divers communings with *ciceroni* and *ciuccu* about the morrow's proceedings, we sought our pillows.

28th.—We were mounted on our donkeys, and following the winding path that leads to the eastern cliff, before the sun was up. Capri, at this end, grows narrow, while, mounting gradually from the centre, it shoots up into a tall rocky headland. On the barren sloping sides of this ridge, the soil has been arrested on its way downward by numberless terraces, forming little slips of land, frequently not two yards wide, but all cultivated with the most thrifty industry. These little plantations were now quite brilliant with the emerald hue of the "*canapa*" and the young wheat, which contrasted beautifully with the grey ash-coloured olive, and the orange groves of darkest green, which filled the valley, and the sheltered hollows on the sides of the long ascent. We passed the bold ruin of an octagonal tower called the Pharos, and next came to the Palace of Tiberius. Of this edifice, three spacious halls, and some very extensive substructions, all showing the admirable masonry of that period, remain.

This worthy recluse is said to have built twelve villas upon his favourite island, and the ruins of an amphitheatre, and other tokens of imperial residence, are shown. Some of those precious articles, too, which are screened from the public gaze in the "*camera degli oggetti riservati*" of the Museum of Naples, were found here. However, forgetting this, we were called upon to admire the commanding situation of the building, so often remarked of antique residences. Climbing to the top of the hermitage, which stands within the precincts of the palace, and upon the verge of the highest cliff, we found ourselves apparently 500 feet above the sea, which rolled beneath. The rival bays of Naples and Sorrento lay extended before us; the high promontory which separates them, crossed by the rugged ridge of Sant' Angelo, taking its root in both gulfs, stretches out to within three miles of Capri. The morning broke over the site of Pestum, and painted, in gorgeous colours, the heavy clouds which the south wind had raised during the night. We could trace the continued range of hillings in the other bay, by a broad white line, extending, for several miles, from the extremity of Posillipo, to the foot of Vesuvius. But, at this distance, objects were very much diminished. St. Elmo, and even the

loftier position of Camaldoli, dwindled into insignificance—only the volcano looked high, and Sant' Angelo burying its head in clouds. Capri, severed from the main land, forms a natural break-water, defending the Bay of Naples against the furious gales from the southward, of which we had now an excellent example. But although we enjoyed the sublimity of the storm, and, I believe, said something about "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," yet we looked with rather grim anticipation at the huge curling waves that rolled in long ridges between us and the opposite cape. We agreed, that although three weeks might be agreeably spent in this island by those who had come *di proposito*, yet to become *détenu*s by the gods of the winds and waves for that period, (no uncommon occurrence,) would be a "bore,"—and, besides, prevent fifty other rambles which we had on hand. And then we thought of St Helena and its late residents, the association being natural; for Capri was, in Murat's time, commanded by Sir Hudson Lowe, and was a station for a British squadron, until lost, *non so come*, to an assailing party from the shore. After paying the old grey-headed Capucin, who is dignified with the title of Hermit, for tossing some stones down the cliff to satisfy us of its height and perpendicular elevation, we returned to our inn—and, after breakfast, proceeded to the western end of the island. Riding along the valley, we came to a range of rocks fronting to the centre of the place, and completely dividing it into an upper and a lower table of land, while it forms an inaccessible boundary between them. A flight of 530 steps, the only ascent, leads to a smooth and fertile plain, sloping from these high cliffs to the sea. In the midst of this plain, and embosomed in gardens, stands Anacapri, a happy little town, enjoying a delightful climate from its elevation—and, from its secluded position, having a peculiar air of serenity and stillness. We climbed to the Fortezza di Barbarossa, a ruined Gothic tower perched upon the loftiest range of precipices; and then, bidding farewell to this upper world, we dipped below its rim, and sought again the beach, having resolved to make an effort to cross over to Massa. As soon as our boat shot past the towering rock which is crowned by the imperial ruin,

she began to feel the dire tossing of the frothy waves; and our boatmen, though some of the stoutest of the sinewy islanders, strained as they leaned at full length over their oars. In these seas, the oarsman always stands to row, and pushes, instead of pulling towards him the oar, affirming that more power is gained in this way. Be this as it may, we had a very difficult task of it, and got so confoundedly sick, that we resolved to abjure all island excursions for the future, and wished that Tiberius had taken his cursed rocks with him, when he made his exit, instead of leaving them "in the wide wide sea," as a trap to the curious. These angry feelings, however, were dissipated when we glided into the sheltered haven of Massa, where all was sunny, and warm, and still; and when we heard the noon-tide chirruping of the CIGALA, and the lazy song of the fishermen, as they sat mending their nets. We lingered here to let the detestable feelings of the "*mal-di-mare*" go off, comforting ourselves with *rosolio*, and basking in the sun until we were restored; then we piled our baggage upon the back of a "*gakunt'uomo*," or peasant, and began our march to Sorrento. The road leads through a most beautiful, populous country, facing the setting sun, and therefore very forward. The plain of Sorrento is a semicircle of two or three miles long, bordered by high cliffs towards the sea, and girt in by an amphitheatre of lofty, picturesque hills. Three principal towns, and innumerable white buildings of different kinds, are dispersed about, not *groves*, but forests of orange, and blossoming almond and peach trees, mingled with vines, pomegranates, myrtles, and unnumbered aromatic and flowering shrubs. It is, in short, a sort of paradise, famous for calves, and donkeys as big and as obstinate as mules, and the fattest woman upon earth, who keeps the dirtiest *Locandù nobile* that ever went by that title. Donna Rosa (certainly a full-blown one) welcomed us to her pig-sty, and promised to provide sumptuously for our entertainment, while, to give her time, we walked to the home of Tasso.

This stands upon the edge of the cliff, that is to say, such part of it as did not tumble down into the sea, some time back, and which happens to be the only part not actually inhabited

by the poet. With this omen of disappointment on our minds, we returned to satisfy our appetite, (now considerably revived from its temporary extinction by the "moving accidents by sea,") with the dishes which the odious ingenuity of our hostess had prepared. We were assisted in our search after something eatable, among the farrago of messes set before us, by two comely daughters of the "house," who, with that familiarity which pervades the manners of all classes in this free and easy land, were lolling upon the table, mingling in the conversation, and puffing off their dishes.—"Ma, come Signore! non lei piace quest' umido?"—"Caro lei è buonissimo, eccellente—cosa stupenda!"—"Oibo! quanto sono curiosi questi Inglesi!" After coffee, the old lady proposed that we should hear some music; and, at our request, one of the "*ragazze*"—Signora Manuela—stood up with a young brother to dance the Tarantella; while a lad who was there played the guitar, and the "*signora madre*" beat the tambourine, and sang a sort of monotonous ditty, shaking her fat sides with the greatest expression of delight. This national dance is very lively, and resembles a Spanish bolero; the performers snapping their fingers in imitation of castanets, while they advance and retire, and chase each other about in a variety of evolutions. Donna Rosa regretted much that her unwieldy proportions prevented her from exhibiting in the Tarantella—but displayed her musical talents by singing over all the popular airs of the place, until, exhausted with her efforts, she called off her "*bambine*," as she styled them, and left us to repose.

26th.—We rode to-day through the same rich country to Vico; and then, by a most abominable road, along the precipitous base of Monte S. Angelo, to Castellamare; where, finding the rainy weather, which had just set in, likely to be of some days' continuance, we took a carriage home to Naples. And here we were again fortunate; for, after three days of incessant rain, from a sudden change in the wind, Vesuvius was seen white with snow, and the sour aspect of winter kent all ramblers within doors.

M. GODEFROY.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN the article on America, contained in your 95th Number, are some well-earned compliments to a gentleman of splendid talents, the architect of some of the most important buildings in the United States, M. Godefroy, who, as your correspondent observes with great truth, "was starved out in America." There is, however, one point in which he is mistaken, and I am sure you will allow me a corner to set the matter in its proper light.

The writer of the article in question has represented part of the design of one of the churches—erected under his superintendence, to be "a plagiarism on the St Stephen's of Sir Christopher Wren." The plan may be in some respects the same, but the merit of the design, as of its completion, belongs to M. Godefroy, who never saw any elevation of St Stephen's, till he saw the church itself on his arrival in England for the first time, in 1818, many years after his own was entirely finished.

While on this subject I feel an irresistible desire to rescue this heroic and truly noble character from the obscurity in which he is now living in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. He indeed deserves a better fate. In the war of La Vendee, he was one of the most distinguished leaders. At his own expense he raised and equipped a regiment for the King, fought, bled, and, after being left for dead on the field, was imprisoned, and ultimately exiled for his unexampled exertions for the Royal cause; but the brightest part of his character remains to be told. After undergoing the horrors of solitary confinement in a fortress in the Pyrenees, M. Godefroy (properly Count St-Mard) effected his escape, but being a nobleman of high rank, and determined bravery, his escape was soon discovered, and he was hunted by gens d'armes, and even by bloodhounds, in the mountains, a price

set upon his head, and with no sustenance but acorns for 27 days. Providence, however, favoured his exertions, and he found himself in a foreign country safe from his enemies. In the meantime, the commandant of the fortress had been cited by Fouché to answer for the escape of his prisoner. This reached the ear of the Count, who did not hesitate on the line of conduct he ought to adopt. *He hastened back to his prison, and saved the life of his gaoler, at the sacrifice of his own liberty, and (as he had every reason to suppose) of his life.*

That such a man should be in a state of destitution, with the talents he possesses, and the trials he has undergone, is a melancholy reflection. He deserves to be better known—his high sense of honour, his unimpeachable integrity, his splendid acquirements in the arts and sciences, and in literature, combined with his high rank and former station in society, proclaim him an ornament to his own or any other country. I offer this tribute of justice to his character without his knowledge or consent, and without any communication with him (direct or indirect) on the subject. My object is not to solicit pecuniary assistance—such a measure would hurt his feelings, and, if known to him, call forth from him an immediate disclaimer. There is, however, a mode by which he may be essentially served. His military education led him to the study of fortification, and thence of architecture, in which, if his abilities were once called into action, he would soon acquire the means of procuring ease and comfort at a period of life, when, with a body shattered by wounds, and a mind broken by misfortunes, his sufferings must need alleviation.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

A. B.

London, February 19, 1825.

APRIL NONSENSE.

A Fragment.

I.

THIS being the first of April, we intend
 To launch out on our theme without a fetter ;
 And, All-Fools-Day to foolery being friend,
 Really, the more absurd we are the better :
 The Muse upon a Hunt-the-Gowk we'll send,
 To roam the world at large ; in short, we'll let her
 Tread where she lists the pastures of the season,
 Smirk in her sleeve, and crack her thumbs at Reason.

II.

Look through thy telescope—what dost thou 'spy ?
 Nay, jade, behave thyself, and smooth thy cheeks ;
 Lo ! Bentham weaving systems for the sky ;
 Jack Bowring growing purse-proud on the Greeks ;
 Westminster Mill down-pommelling Jeffrey's fry ;
 And Place up both to articles and breeks ;
 The word is vulgar in these nicest times,
 However, we can't help it—for it rhymes.

III.

Behold Francisculus—behold how great
 Is Blue and Yellow on the Writer Tam,
 Ope but the board, you meet him at the gate
 Before Brougham's bungle, or MacCulloch's bam ;
 Oh, yes ! the world hath nothing seen of late
 So powerful as Theodric, flim and flam,
 Butter and splutter ; oh, we can assure a
 Feast in the Ritter Ban, and Reulhura.

IV.

Really, since first we learn'd the A, B, C,
 We ne'er clapp'd eyes upon a cleverer thing ;
 The bantam Frankie, with a crow so free,
 'To speckled Gertrude sidles with spruce wing ;
 As fond of love as Cockneys of Bohea ;
 And jaunty as a crocus in green Spring ;
 Sweet, pretty creature ! pity ye're so little,
 Running some small risk of Derision's spittle.

V.

What have we next ? Beneath a Lion's skin,
 Behold an Ass !—How splendidly he kicks !
 Heavens ! was not that a most majestic grin !
 Diable Boiteux ! the Devil on Two Sticks !
 Look how he rears !—well, ne'er our life within
 Had we such fun ; in melody how mix
 The growl and bray,—again ! he never wearies,
 Still scraughtier, and still funnier, a New Series !

VI.

Lo ! how they waltz—quadrille—and reel—and jig—
 Lambs with long horns, and Donkies with long ears,
 Wicompte with French coat, driveller with white wig,
 Cockneys with teapots, Taylors with their shears ;
 Sleek-headed danderpatcs, with paunches big,
 Phrenologers to sense in long arrears,
 Astronomers pursuing falling stars,
 And poets blundering hymns to Dianars !

VII.

Well, that is purty ;—lo ! a fresh battalion—
 There, with a wishing-cap upon his pate,
 L'aunto reigns ; beside him sighs Pygmalion—

He weeps for Sally, and his pimpled state !
While proud Prince Johnny, on a spavin'd stallion,
Canter to Hampstead with a breech elate ;
Note ye his jacket—know ye not his hurry ?
He's off with Tims to 'unt the 'ares in Surrey.

NORTH.

Stop, stop, O'Doherty. Make a halt in time, or I could swear you will grow personal.

O'DOHERTY.

Phoo, phoo—you are turning devilish nice. (*Crumples the MS. together, and lights his cigar with it in a huff.*)

PROMENADE DE TIVOLI. *

Air, the Sprig of Shillelah, &c.

1.

O, France is the region of caricature,
And a regular Frenchman's a gig to be sure,
With his apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat ;
We visit his country to guttle and scoff,
He sips his *eau-sucré*, feels ne'er the worse off ;
We laugh at his bowing and jerking address ;
He laughs at our strut and our swagger no less—
With his apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat.

2.

On the day that poor Blanchard's balloon was o'erset,
A Briton and Frenchman together I met,
Tight stays, arm in arm with the plum-colour'd coat :
"Don't ask me," says Bull, "I have witness'd the whole,
I'd have risk'd my own neck to have saved the poor soul."
"Mon Dieu!" said the Gaul, with a shrug and a stare,
"C'est affreux! je fremis!—mais, ce n'est mon affaire"—
—Curse his apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat.

3.

Just then, the bluff Briton ran foul in his haste,
Of a quiet old man with a Croix de Malte graced,
In apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat ;
My countryman cried—"D—n your eyes, who are you?"
The Frenchman said, calmly, "Mille pardons, Monsieur."
Thought I, a brave man should be civil and mild,
I blush'd for old England, and felt reconciled
To the apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat.

4.

Next the famous Montagnes à la Russe we espied,
And our friend, the young Frenchman, must needs have a ride,
With his apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat.
"How childish," quoth Bull, "in a go-cart to fly!"—
"I crave to dissent, as a sportsman," quoth I,
"I like flying leaps, though I oft risk a limb,
And flying down hill may be pleasant to him,
With his apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat."

5.

Here's a health to good fellows who serve their king well,
Ne'er mind if in France or in England they dwell,
Wear swallow-tail'd jerkin or plum-colour'd coat :
We have proved to the world that both parties can fight,
Let us live on good terms, and shun cowardly spite ;
Exchange our good points, and our bad ones amend,
And swallow-tail'd jerkin shake hands as a friend,
With apple-green breeches and plum-colour'd coat.

HOMÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XX.

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL.

(Continued from No. XCVIII. p. 318.)

THE wanton barbarity with which the Austrian Governor, Gessler, required of William Tell, an unnatural, not to say impossible, exhibition of his skill in archery, comes so immediately home to the bosom of every parent, that upon it seems to rest the chief interest of the re-establishment of Swiss liberty. It is, therefore, needless to preface it by any remarks or explanations. We give the scene, which terminates the 3d Act.

The transaction takes place in a meadow at Altdorf, with trees in the foreground, and the memorable Hat fixed upon a high pole at the back of the stage. The prospect is closed by the *Bannberg*, or consecrated Hill, above which is seen a snow-capped mountain. Two troopers, Friesshardt and Leuthold, are upon guard.

Friess. We watch in vain. Nobody passes here
To pay th' appointed reverence to the Hat.
This meadow formerly was like a fair;
A desert it has seem'd, since yonder scarecrow
Has hung upon the pole.

Leut. Nothing but poor,
Pitiful rabble show themselves, and wave,
For our annoyance, tatter'd caps. Such men
As are of good repute, will rather toil
A weary circuit round about the village,
Than bow their necks before the Hat.

Friess. Perforce
They pass this way, when from the council-house,
At noon, they come. I reckon'd on a catch of 'em,
For no man thought of honouring the Hat.
Priest Rosselman, as from the sick he came,
Observed it, and stood right before the pole,
Holding the Host on high. The Sacristan
Tinkled his bell, and all, I with the rest,
Knelt to the Holy One, not to the Hat!

Leut. Hark, comrade! I've a shrewd suspicion growing,
That here we stand as in the pillory.
'Tis shameful that a trooper thus should play
The sentinel before an empty Hat!
Sure every honest fellow must despise us.
What! to a Hat pay rev'rence! 'Tis, I trow,
A silly order.

Friess. Why not bow before
An empty Hat? To many an empty pate
None hesitate to bend.

(HILDEGARD, MATILDA, and ELIZABETH, come in with their
children, and surround the pole.)

Leut. Ay, ay, thou art
Such an officious rascal! Willingly
Would'st thou bring honest people to mishap,
Pass whose list the Hat.—My eyes are shut.

Matil. Children, there hangs the Governor! Kneel down,
Pay him due rev'rence!

Eliz. Would to Heav'n he'd go,
Leaving his Hat to rule! 'Twere better for us!

Friesshardt, (driving them away.) Will you begone, you pack of
idle gossips!

Who cares for you? Go, send your husbands hither,
If they have mettle thus to brave the law.

(*The women and children go out on one side, as WILLIAM TELL, carrying his cross-bow, comes in from the other, with his Son WALTER. They pass the Hat without noticing it, and advance to the front of the Stage.*)

Walter, (*pointing to the Bannberg.*) Father, is't true, the trees on yonder hill,

If they be wounded with a hatchet, bleed?

Tell. Who says they bleed?

Walter. The master-herdsman says so.

He told me that the trees were consecrated,
And whoso injured them, when he was buried
His hand would never rest within his grave.

Tell. The trees are consecrated, 'tis most true.
See'st thou not yonder ice-peak, those white horns,
That seem to lose themselves in the blue sky?

Walter. Those are the *gletschers*, that by night so thunder,
And fling such terrible *lawines* upon us.

Tell. They are; and long ago would those *lawines*
Have buried Altdorf in their fall, stood not
That wood above, the bulwark of the district.

Walter, (*after some consideration.*) Are there no countries, father,
free from mountains?

Tell. Those who, descending from our heights, pursue
The rivers' courses, lower and yet lower,
Soon reach a level and extensive plain,
Where mountain cataracts no longer foam,
But, gather'd in fair streams, flow peacefully:
There the eye scans, uninterrupted, free,
Each quarter of the Heavens; there the corn,
In large rich fields, luxuriantly grows,
And all the land shows like a pleasant garden.

Walter. Then, father, why do we not hasten down
To this delightful land, instead of here
Enduring toil and trouble?

Tell. True, the land
Is beautiful, and liberal as Heaven;
But those who till it, they do not enjoy
The harvests that they raise.

Walter. Do they not live,
As thou dost, free upon their patrimony?

Tell. The fields belong to Bishops, and the King.

Walter. At least they can hunt freely in their forests?

Tell. The game is all their lords' sole property.

Walter. Yet sure they may fish freely in the streams?

Tell. Rivers and lakes all to the King belong.

Walter. Who is this King, of whom all seem afraid?

Tell. He's the protector, the support of all.

Walter. Have they not courage to protect themselves?

Tell. None there dare trust his neighbour.

Walter. I no longer
Like this fair level country. Better live
'Midst *gletschers* and *lawines*.

Tell. Aye, boy, less danger
Threatens from *gletschers* than bad men.

Walter. Look, father,
Observe the Hat on yonder pole?

Tell. To us,
What matters hat on pole? Come, let us on.

(*As he is going, FRIESSHARDT stops him, presenting his pike.*)

Friess. Stay, I command you, in the Emperor's name!

Tell, (seizing the pike.) What would you? Wherefore do you intercept me?

Friess. You have transgress'd the law, and must go with us.

Leut. You have not paid due reverence to the Hat.

Tell. Friend, let me pass.

Friess. Away! You must to prison.

Walter. My father go to prison? Help! Oh help!

(*Calling towards the side scene.*)

Hither, you men! Good people, help! My father—

They're dragging him to prison.—Help! help! help!

(*ROSSELMAN comes on, with the Sacristan, and three other men.*)

Sacristan. What's here to do?

Rossel. Why lay'st thou hands on him?

Friess. He is the Emperor's enemy—a traitor!

Tell, (seizing him warmly.) A traitor! I?

Rossel. Friend, thou mistak'st; this man is honest, and a worthy citizen.

'Tis William Tell.

(*WALTER FURST comes in. WALTER TELL runs to him.*)

Walter. Grandfather, help! They drag my father to a prison.

Friess. Take him hence!

Furst. Forbear! I'll be his bail! For God's sake, Tell, what has occurred? What means this?

(*STAUFFACHER and MELCHTHAL come on.*)

Friess. He despises Lord Gessler's paramount authority, and disobeys his edict.

Stauff. This of Tell?

Melch. Villain, 'tis false!

Leut. He honour'd not the Hat.

Furst. And, therefore, do you hale him to a prison? Take my security, and let him go.

Friess. Give thou security for thine own conduct! We execute our orders. Take him hence!

Melchthal (to the country people.) 'Tis crying violence! Shall we endure

That impudently thus, before our eyes, they seize him.

Sacristan. We're the strongest.—Friends, resist! Others will back us.

Friess. Dare you then oppose the Governor's commands?

(*Three countrymen hurry on to the Stage.*)

Three countrymen. We'll help! We'll help!

(*HILDEGARD, MATILDA, and ELIZABETH return.*)

Tell. Go, go, good people! I can help myself. Think you, if I were willing to use force, their pikes could terrify me?

Melchthal (to *Friesshardt*.) Aye, attempt to force him from amongst us!

Stauffacher and Furst. Gently! gently!

Friess. (loudly.) Riot! Rebellion!

(*Hunting-horns without.*)

Women. Here's the Governor!

Friess. (yet louder.) Mutiny! Insurrection!

Stauff. Rags, cry, and clamour, all thou burst!

Rosselman and Melchthal. Prithee, forbear!

Friess. (yet louder.) Help! Help the servants of the law!

Furst. Here comes
The Governor. Alas! how shall this end?

(*Gessler, with his falcon upon his wrist, rides on to the Stage, followed by RUDOLPH OF HARRAS, RUDENZ, and BERTHA, and a train of armed men, who enclose the persons present with a circle of pikes.*)

Rudolph of Harras. Room for my lord the Governor!

Gessler. By force

Drive them apart. Why do the people flock
Together thus? Who was it cried for help?

(*General silence.*)

Who was it? I will know. Come forward, thou! (*To FRIESSHARDT.*)
Who art thou? Wherefore holdest thou this man?

(*Gives his falcon to an attendant.*)

Friess. Dread Lord, I am a soldier of your guard
Placed as a sentinel before the Hat.

This man I seized upon, when he refused

To pay the reverence appointed. I,

As you commanded, took him prisoner,

And forcibly the crowd attempt his rescue.

Gessler, (after a pause.) Thus, Tell, dost thou despise thy Emperor,

And me, who rule as his vice-regent here,

That thou deny'st thy reverence to the Hat,

Placed yonder, as a test of your obedience?

The act betrays thine evil disposition.

Tell. Forgive me, good my Lord, a negligence

That sprang from thoughtlessness, not disrespect.

Were I discreet, I were not William Tell.—

Grant me your pardon, I'll offend no more.

Gessler, (after a pause.) 'Tis said thou art a master of the bow,
And canst defy the skilful'st archer, Tell?

Walter. That is most true, my lord; my father'll shoot

An apple from the bough, a hundred yards off.

Gessler. Is that boy thine?

Tell. He is, my gracious lord.

Gessler. Hast thou more children?

Tell. I've two boys, my lord.

Gessler. And of the two which dost thou love the best?

Tell. My lord, they both alike are dear to me.

Gessler. Well, then, if thou canst hit an apple, Tell,

Upon the bough, an hundred paces distant,

Give me a sample of thine archery:

Take thy crossbow—'tis ready to thy hand,—

Prepare thyself to shoot an apple, placed

On thy son's head.—And perfect be thine aim.—

Observe my counsel, see thou hit the apple.

At the first shot, for, should'st thou miss, thy head

Must be the forfeit of thy fault.

(*A general murmur.*)

Tell. My lord,

What monstrous act do you propose to me?

Who? I from my child's head?—No, my dear lord,

You meant not such an outrage—God forbid!

You could not from a father seriously

Ask such a deed?

Gessler. Thou'lt strike the apple, placed

On thy boy's head, I ask, and I command it!

Tell. Aim with my cross-bow at the precious head

Of my own child?—No!—Rather let me die!

Gessler. Shoot, or thou diest, and with thee dies the boy.

Tell. What! must I be the murderer of my child?
My lord, you have no children, and you know not
The feelings of a father's heart.

Gessler. How, Tell,
Art thou upon the sudden grown discreet?
I had been told thou wert a visionary,
Who sought unwonted courses, and who loved
Only the marvellous. Therefore have I
For thee devised an act of special daring.
Another might reflect, and hesitate—
Thou'lt shut thine eyes, and grapple with thy task.

Bertha. Oh jest not, dear my lord, with these poor people!
See how they tremble,—note their ashy paleness,—
Unused to sportive sallies from your lips.

Gessler. Who tells you that I jest? Here is the apple,
(*Gathering one from a bough near him.*)

Now, clear the ground, and let him take his distance;
The customary eighty yards I give him,
Nor less nor more. 'Tis said he often boasts,
That at an hundred he could hit his man.—
Now, archer, see thou do not miss the mark!

Rudolph of Harras. Heav'ns! This grows serious.—Down, boy, on
thy knees,
And beg thy life of the Lord Governor.

Furst (*to Melchthal, who can scarcely restrain his impatience.*) Com-
mand yourself! For pity's sake, be calm!

Bertha. Be satisfied, my lord; it were inhuman
Longer to play upon a father's anguish.
Ev'n if this wretched man have forfeited
Both life and limb, by this small-seeming fault,
He has already suffered thousand deaths!
Dismiss him then, repentant, to his cottage.
He 'as learn'd to know you; and this fearful hour
He and his children's children shall remember.

Gessler. Come, clear the ground; be quick!—Wherefore thus pause?
Thy life is forfeited; I might dispatch thee;
And see, I mercifully place thy fate
In thine own able, practised hand. He cannot
Complain of his hard sentence, who is made
The master of his destiny. Thou vauntest
Thy certain eye. Well, then, now is the time,
Archer, to show thy skill! Worthy the mark—
Great is the prize! The bull's-eye in the target?—
That others hit:—He, in his art, is master,
Whose skill is always at his own command,
Whose heart unsteadies neither eye nor hand!

Furst, (*falling at his feet.*) Lord Governor, we all confess your
power,

But oh! let mercy now take place of justice!
Confiscate half my property, or all,
But spare a father this unnatural horror!

Walter. Grandfather, kneel not to the wicked man!
Show me where I must stand;—I'm not afraid;—
My father hits a bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now, when 'twould hurt his boy.

Stauff. Lord Governor, cannot the innocence
Of the poor infant touch you?

Rosset. Oh, bethink you!
There is a God in Heaven, unto whom
You are accountable for every act!

Gessler. To yonder lime-tree bind the boy.

Walter. Bind me!

No, I will not be bound ! I will stand still,
As quiet as a lamb, and scarcely breathe :
But if you bind me, 'tis impossible !
'Then I must struggle with my bonds.

Rudolph of Harras. At least

Suffer a bandage o'er thine eyes, my boy.

Walter. Why o'er my eyes ? Think you I fear the shaft
From my dear father's bow ? Firmly I'll stand
Expecting it, and will not even wink.—
Come, father, let them see thou art an archer !
He doubts thy skill, and hopes to ruin us ;—
Come, spite the angry tyrant—shoot and hit !

(Goes to the tree, and the apple is placed upon his head.)

Melchthal (to the country people.) What ! shall the outrage e'en be-
fore our faces

Be perpetrated ?—What was't that we swore ?

Stauff. 'Tis fruitless all ! We are unarm'd—Observe
How by a wood of pikes we are hemm'd in.

Melch. Oh, had our purpose been at once effected !
God pardon those who counsell'd the delay !

Gessler (to Tell.) Address thee to thy task ! Men go not armed
For nothing—It is dangerous to bear
An instrument of death ; the shaft sometimes
Recoils upon the archer.—'His proud right,
By an audacious peasantry affected,
Offends the Sovereign's authority.
None should go armed, except those born to rule.
If you delight in using your cross-bows,
Be't so ; but I'll appoint the arrow's mark.

Tell, (bending his bow and firing the arrow.) Open the lane ! Make
way !

Stauff. How, Tell ? You would—

Impossible ! You tremble—your hand shakes—
Your limbs support you not.—

Tell, (dropping his bow.) Mine eyes are dim !

Women. Lord God in Heaven !

Tell (to Gessler.) Spare me ! I cannot shoot—
Here is my bosom, let your soldiers pierce it !

Gessler. I want thy masterpiece, and not thy life.
'Thou art the Tell who can do everything,
Who never hesitates, but manages
The rudder dexterously as the bow.
When called upon to save, thou fear'st no storms ;
Now save thyself, thou who sav'st all besides !

*(TELL stands for some time in convulsive agony. Suddenly he
takes a second arrow from his quiver, and sticks it in his belt
—Gessler heedfully watches his movements.)*

Walter (under the tree.) Shoot, father, shoot ! I'm not afraid.

Tell. I must !

(Recovers himself with great effort, and prepares.)

*Rudenz (who during this time has stood in violent agitation, and re-
strained himself with difficulty, advancing.)* Lord Governor, you
will not urge it farther ;

You will not :—'Twas a trial, and your end
Is answer'd. Overstrain'd severity
Oft misses its wise object, as the bow
Breaks when 'tis overbent.

Gessler. Be silent, sir,
Till you are called on !

Rudenz. I will speak, my lord.

I must ! To me the honour of the Emp'rour
Is sacred ; but rule thus, and his dominion
Must be abhorred. 'Tis not the Emp'rour's will,

I dare avouch it! Neither does my nation
Merit such cruelty, nor does your charge
Allow it.

Gessler. How! Presume you—

Rudenz. Silently

I've witnessed many an oppressive act;
I've closed mine eyes, and forcibly have pent
My swelling, struggling heart within my bosom;
But silence now were treason to my Prince,
As well as to my country.

Bertha, (throwing herself between them.) Heav'n's! your words
Augment his fury.

Rudenz. I forsook my people,
Renounced my kindred, broke all nat'ral ties,
Devoted every faculty to you.
I deem'd in strengthening the Emp'ror's power,
'That I was furthering the gen'ral good.
The mist disperses from mine eyes; I shudder
To see the precipice on which I stand—
You have misled my judgment, and seduced
Mine honest heart. I had well nigh destroy'd
My nation, whilst I sought but its advantage.

Gessler. Insolent, dar'st thou thus address thy Lord?

Rudenz. The Emp'ror is my lord—not you. My birth
Equals your own, and I dare measure with you
In knightly excellence. Appear'd you not
Here in the Emp'ror's name, which I respect,
Even where 'tis disgraced? I would throw down
My gauntlet, challenging, in knightly fashion,
Your answer. Beckon you your followers?
Do so; I stand not here unarmed, like them; *(Pointing to the people.)*
I wear a sword, and whose touches me—

Stauffacher (shouting.) The apple, it has fallen!

Rossel. The boy's alive!

(Whilst the attention of all was drawn to the scene between GESSLER and RUDENZ, TELL has shot.)

Many voices. 'The apple's hit!

(FURST staggers, and is in danger of falling; BERTHA supports him.)

Gessler. How! Has he shot? The madman!

Bertha. The child's unhurt. Compose yourself, good father!

Walter, (running forward with the apple.) Here is the apple, father!

I was sure

You would not harm your boy.

(TELL, who had stood, bending forward, as if he would follow the arrow, drops the bow from his hand, and, at the boy approaches, hastens, with outstretched arms, to meet him. He raises him passionately to his heart, and sinks with him, quite exhausted. All show emotion.)

Bertha. Merciful heaven!

Furst (to Tell and Walter.) My children! Oh my children!

Stauff. Heav'n be praised!

Leut. That was indeed a shot! And latest times
Will talk of it.

Rudolph of Harras. The feat of Tell the archer
Shall be remember'd whilst these mountains stand.

(Giving GESSLER the apple.)

Gessler. By God, the apple's pierced right through the core!
I must acknowledge 'twas a master's shot.

Rossel. The shot was good; but woe to him who forced
A father thus to tempt God's providence!

Stauff. Come to yourself, good Tell! Rise. Manfully
Have you redeemed yourself, and may depart.

Rossel. Come, to the mother bear the rescued child.

(They are leading him away.)

Gessler. Stay, Tell!

Tell. My Lord, your pleasure?

Gessler. Thou didst take

A second arrow from thy quiver.—Aye,
I noted it. What was in that thy purpose?

Tell, (confused.) My Lord, with archers it is customary.

Gessler. No, Tell, that answer cannot serve thy turn:

Thine action had a deeper meaning. Speak,
Boldly and honestly confess the truth!

Be't what it may, I promise thee thy life.
Wherefore the second arrow?

Tell. Well, my Lord,

Since you have promised not to touch my life,
Without reserve I will declare the truth.

(He takes out the arrow, and fixes a terrible look upon GESSLER.)

Had my unsteady hand wounded my child,
This second arrow I had aimed at—you!
And certainly that mark I had not miss'd.

Gessler. Tell, I have promised to respect thy life;
I gave my knightly word, and will maintain it.
But since I know thine evil disposition,
I will remove thee hence, and keep thee close,
Where neither sun nor moon shall shine upon thee:
So from thine arrows I may live secure.
Seize on him, soldiers, bind him!

(TELL is bound.)

Stauff. How, my Lord,

Such treatment use you towards him, in whom
God's mighty hand has been made manifest?

Gessler. Let's see if 'twill a second time preserve him!
Bear him on board my vessel; I will follow,
Nor quit him until safely housed at Kussnacht.

Rossel. You dare not do't! The Emperor himself
Durst not! It would directly violate
Our privileges.

Gessler. Where are they recorded?
Have they been sanction'd by the Emperor?
They are not sanction'd. You must merit, first,
That favour by obedience. Rebels ye're
Against the Emperor's authority,
And fosterers of fool-hardy insurrection.
I know ye all. Mine eye has look'd you through.
I take him from amongst you, but ye all
Are in his guilt accomplices. The wise
May learn from hence in silence to obey.

(He goes off, followed by BERTHA, RUDENZ, and his train.

FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD remain.)

Furst, (in passionate grief.) All's over! 'Tis determined! I, and all
My house are doom'd to ruin!

Stauff. Wherefore would you
Exasperate the raging tyrant's wrath?

Tell. Let him who has endured mine agonies
May more self-command!

Stauff. Now all is lost!

all we are with you shackled, imprisoned!

Country People, (surrounding Tell.) We lose with you our last re-
maining hope!

Leut. It grieves me, Tell, but I must needs obey!

Tell. Farewell to all!

Waller, (clinging passionately to him.) Oh, father! Dearest father!

Tell. The father thou must call on, is in Heaven !

(*Raising his arms towards Heaven.*)

Stauff. What shall I say to thine unhappy wife !

Tell. (*clasping WALTER with deep feeling to his breast.*) The boy's unharmed ! God will be my support ?

(*Breaks from them, and follows the Soldiers.*)

There is in this scene so much power, so deep and so strong an interest, that we have experienced some difficulty in compelling ourselves to insert the extraordinary stage-directions, which elucidate and disfigure it. But our object is to make our readers acquainted with one of Schiller's favourite tragedies, not to inspire them with an admiration for the author, beyond what he may justly claim. Therefore we have given the scene, with the exception of a very little condensation, just as we found it. And, for the same reason, we must express our disapprobation of two points : The first is, the singular fancy of withdrawing the attention, alike of the persons upon the stage and of the audience, from the chief character, at the moment of his achieving his fearful deed. Whether this be done in tenderness to the infirmity of the actor's powers of representation, or of the spectators' powers of endurance, we know not ; but we are decidedly of opinion, that what cannot be both acted and looked upon, ought not to constitute the principal incident in a drama. The second point is, the sort of insinuation that Gessler did not intend finally to enforce his command. We conceive this to be done for the purpose of rendering Gessler's character more consonant to human nature. But we must observe, that when an act, of however unaccountable barbarity, is taken from history or tradition, the only legitimate mode of reconciling it with general principles, is by assigning rational motives, found in the development of the character or situation of the agent. At all events, the character of the hero of the piece must never be sacrificed to that of any subordinate personage ; and if William Tell did shoot at an apple placed upon his son's head, without absolute necessity,—an idea confirmed by the manner in which Hedwige and some of the confederates afterwards speak upon the subject,—it was such a tempting of Providence, to use Parson Rosseliman's expression, as did not deserve to succeed so fortunately.

The fourth act opens upon the banks of the lake, with an account given to Ruodi, the fisherman, of the transaction in the last scene, by an eye-witness ; who adds the information that Gessler is now upon the lake with his prisoner. The stranger goes away to seek shelter from a storm that is coming on, and Ruodi pours out his indignation in the following speech, which we insert as illustrative of our remark concerning studying Shakspeare instead of nature. We doubt whether the Bard of Avon would have thought the same language and ideas, that paint the maddening despair of a wronged and broken-hearted monarch, well adapted to express the fellow-feeling of a sympathizing fisherman. The scene to which this burst of rather misplaced splendour leads, is striking and important.

Ruodi. Rage on, ye winds ! Flash fiercer still, ye lightnings !
Burst, clouds ! Pour down upon us all Heaven's floods,
To drown the land ! Even in the germ destroy
Its unborn generations ! Rule again,
Ye savage elements ! Return, ye bears ;
Ye wolves, ancient inhabitants, return
To this wide wilderness ! yours is the country,
For who will here abide if freedom's lost !

Jenni. Hark, how the gulf roars, how the whirlpool rages !
I ne'er saw such a tempest on the lake.

Ruodi. Never was father, till this hour, required
To aim his weapon at his infant's head ;
And should not Nature in wild tempest speak
Her horror of the outrage ?—Scarce 'twould seem
Wonderful should the rocks bow to the lake,—
Should those high pinnacles,—that tower of ice,

That ne'er since the creation knew a thaw
Melt on their frozen summits,—mountains part,—
The ancient clefts fall in,—and a new deluge
O'erwhelm the dwellings of all living men ! (Bells heard.)

Jenni. Do you not hear the bells upon the mountain ?
Surely they see a vessel in distress,
And toll, that men may pray for her deliverance. (Climbs a height.)

Ruodi. Woe to the bark, that now upon her course
Is rock'd in this terrific cradle ! Here
The helm and steersman are of no avail ;
The storm is master, winds and waters play
At ball with men.—Nor near, nor distant lies
A haven to afford him friendly shelter.
Rugged and inaccessible, the rocks
Front him inhospitably, and present
Only their stony and unkindly breasts.

Jenni, (from above.) Father, a vessel bears from Fluelen hither.

Ruodi. God help the wretched people ! When the storm
Is once entangled here, within these straits,
It rages, like the imprison'd beast of prey,
Dashing against his cage's iron grating.
Roaring, it vainly seeks a way to escape,
For round about the rocks inclose it, walling
The narrow pass almost as high as Heaven. (He climbs the height.)

Jenni. It is the Governor of Uri's ship,
I know it by the flag and ornaments.

Ruodi. Judgment of God ! Yes, 'tis the Governor
Himself who sails there ;—bearing in his bark
His crime along with him. Quickly indeed
The arm of the Avenger has o'erta'en him !
Now he too feels a mightier Lord's dominion ;
These billows will not listen to his voice,
Nor bow these rocks their heads at his command.
Boy, do not pray ! Attempt not to avert
The bolt of retribution !

Jenni. Not for him,
I pray not for the cruel Governor,
But Tell, who shares his danger.

Ruodi. Oh thou blind,
Unreasoning element ! Must thou, to strike
A guilty head, destroy both ship and steersman !

Jenni. See, see, they've safely pass'd the Buggisgrat ! *
But the storm's fury from the Teufelsmunster,*
Recoiling, now upon the Axenberg,
Has driven them back ; I can no longer see them.

Ruodi. There lies the fearful Hakmesser,* on which
So many gallant vessels have been wreck'd ;
If there they do not wisely shape their course,
They dash against the crags that stretch below,
Precipitously through the water's depths.
They've a good steersman. If there be a man
Who could preserve them, it is William Tell,
But he lies manacled, bound hand and foot.

(WILLIAM TELL, carrying his cross-bow, rushes on to the stage,
looking wildly around, in violent agitation. When he reaches
the middle of the stage, he throws himself upon his knees,
spreading his hands, first towards the earth, then towards
Heaven. Jenni observes him.)

Jenni. Look, father, at yon kneeling man.

Ruodi. He grasps the earth with either hand ; he seems half-crazed.

Names of different mountains.—Teufelsmunster means Devil's Münster.

Jenni, (*coming forward*.) What do I see! Father, come quickly, look!

Ruodi, (*approaching*.) Who is it? God in Heaven! William Tell? How came you hither?—Speak!

Jenni. Were you not there,
On board that ship, a prisoner, and in chains?

Tell, (*rising*.) I am released!

Ruodi and Jenni. Released? Miraculous!

Jenni. Whence came you here?

Tell. From yonder vessel.

Ruodi. How?

Jenni. Where is the Governor?

Tell. Upon these billows.

Ruodi. Is't possible! But you, how came you here?
How 'scaped you from your fetters and the storm?

Tell. Through God's most gracious Providence.

Ruodi and Jenni. Oh tell us!

Tell. What pass'd at Altdorf you perchance have heard.

Ruodi. We have, speak farther.

Tell. That the Governor

Resolved in chains to carry me to Kussnacht?

Ruodi. And that at Fluelen he, with you, embark'd;
So much we know; tell us how you escaped.

Tell. I lay on board, fast bound with cords, defenceless,
Abandon'd to despair. I had no hope
Ever again to see the sun's glad beams,
Or the loved countenance of wife or child,
And gazed desponding on the waste of waters.

Ruodi. Unhappy man!

Tell. From Fluelen we put forth;

On board the Governor, Rudolph of Harras,
And all the train. My quiver and cross-bow
Were thrown beside the rudder. As we reach'd
The corner by the lesser Axen,* Heaven
Decreed, that from the depths of St Gothard,*
So murderous a tempest suddenly
Should burst forth, that our sailors, terrified,
Despairingly declared we needs must founder.
'Twas then I heard a servant thus address
The Governor:—"My Lord, you see our peril,
That we all tremble on the verge of death;
Our sailors sink in helpless terror, neither
Know they the proper course. But there lies Tell,
An able man, who understands the helm;
Why should we not employ him at our need?"—
Then spoke the Governor to me,—"Say, Tell,
Would'st undertake to save us from this storm,
If from thy fetters I deliver'd thee?"—
I answered,—"Yes, sir, with God's help I would,
Nor doubt safely to clear this narrow pass."—
Then from my shackles I was freed, and took
The steersman's post; and did my office truly.
But still I cast a wistful glance, where lay
My weapons, and with sharp and heedful eye
Explored the banks, seeking where they might offer
Means of escape. And when I had descried
A ledge upon the rocks, that from the lake
Precipitously rise,—

Ruodi. I know it well!

'Tis at the greater Axen's foot; but never

* Names of mountains.

Had I believed it possible—so steep
It rises, so abrupt—to spring upon't
From shipboard.

Tell. I bade the rowers strain
Their utmost strength, till under that smooth rock
Arrived; for then, I said, the greatest danger
Would be o'erpast. When, rowing actively,
We reach'd it, upon God I call'd for help,
And urged, with every muscle at full stretch,
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall,
Then seized my cross-bow, with a powerful spring
Attain'd the ledge, and drove the hapless bark
Far, far away amidst the angry waters.
There may it drive upon the waves, as Heaven
Directs it! I am here.—I have escaped
The tempest's rage, and man's—more dangerous!

Ruodi. Oh, Tell! The Lord has wrought a miracle
In thy behalf. Scarce can I trust my senses.
But, say, where think you to betake yourself?
No safety find you here, if from the storm
The Governor escape with life.

Tell. I heard him,
Whilst I lay fetter'd, in his power, declare
His purpose was to land at Brunn, and thence
O'er the Schwytz mountains bear me to his castle.

Ruodi. Means he by land to journey?

Tell. So he said.

Ruodi. Oh, then, delay not to conceal yourself!
Heaven will not twice release you from his hands.

Tell. Which is the shortest way to Arth and Kussnacht?

Ruodi. The public road passes by Stein; a path
Both shorter and more secret, over Lowerz,
My boy can show you.

Tell. (*giving him his hand.*) God in Heaven reward you
For this good deed! (*Going, he returns.*) Were you not one of those
Who swore at Rutli? Sure I heard your name
Mention'd amongst them.

Ruodi. I was there, and swore
The oath of the Confederates.

Tell. Then haste
To Burglen, do me yet that further kindness,—
My wife is miserable, pr'ythee tell her
I have escaped, and am in safety.

Ruodi. Where
Shall I inform her you have taken refuge?

Tell. You'll find her father there, and other friends,
Rutli Confederates. Bid them be bold;
For Tell is free, and master of his arm!
Ere long they shall hear further.

Ruodi. What intend you?
Confide in me.

Tell. Be the deed done ere boasted! (*Goes out with JENNI.*)

Ruodi. Conduct him, Jenni. God assist him! He,
Whate'er he undertakes, will execute.

In the next scene we return to the baronial mansion of Altinghausen, to witness the—somewhat undramatic—natural death of its venerable lord. He is asleep, and around his couch are assembled Walter Furst, his grandson, and some of the Rutli Confederates, who seem to have stopped to visit the dying Baron, upon their way to carry the rescued child home to the mother; for Hedwige comes in search of her offspring, pertinaciously makes her way into the sick-room, and breaks out into reproachful accusations of Tell's hard-heartedness, in being capable of aiming at his son's head. His friends inter-

pose in his behalf, when she turns her indignation against them, who had stood by and suffered him to be made prisoner ; him, who had acted so differently towards them. She dwells upon Tell's merits, and observes,—

Even as the Alpine rose
Fades and decays 'midst marshy exhalations,
So is there for my Tell no living, none,
Save in the sun's light, and i' the balmy air !

The Baron, disturbed probably by so much unseasonable conversation, wakes, and laments over the state in which he leaves his country. To console him, he is told of the Rutli Confederacy ; he inquires into the particulars, pours forth an animated prophecy of its prosperous results, and dies, charging the three provinces to be united.

His heir, Rudenz, now arrives, laments over his uncle,—learns that the deceased had heard of his conversion, and blessed him,—professes his resolution of entirely supplying his place, and invites the confidence of the peasantry. Some distrust is evinced, when he declares himself to be well acquainted with all that had passed at Rutli. Indeed, it must be owned, that the secret of the Confederacy appears to have been preserved by the discretion, rather of those who ought not to have known of it, than of its members. Rudenz next blames the delay which had allowed time for the sacrifice of Tell, and for another outrage more immediately affecting himself,—Bertha has been carried off by the tyrants, and concealed, no one knows where. Her danger admits of no farther procrastination, and he entreats the assistance of the confederates to rescue so true-hearted a Swiss damsel. The Confederates warmly promise their aid, and it is determined instantly to commence the projected attack upon the fortresses, in one of which, it is conjectured, she must be confined.

The third scene conducts us to a hollow pass near Kussnacht. At the back of the stage the road is seen winding down from the mountains, between rocks, which hem it in, although less closely, upon both sides of the stage, and one of which, in the fore-ground, is covered above with a thicket. William Tell comes on alone, and speaks.—

He needs must pass along this hollow way ;
No other road to Kussnacht leads—and here
It shall be done !—The place is favourable ;
That thicket overhead shall hide me from him ;
Mine arrow thence shall reach him here below,
Whilst the path's narrowness retards pursuit.
Governor, settle thine accounts with Heaven,
For thou must hence ! Thy fatal hour has struck.
I lived contented, blameless,—aimed my shafts
But at the forest game ; my bosom thoughts
Were pure from murderous taint. But thou, thou hast
Terribly driven me from my peaceful state ;
Within my breast hast turned to serpent's venom
'The milk of thoughtful piety ; hast taught me
'To be familiar with unhallow'd deeds.
The man, whose mark has been his infant's head,
Will at his tyrant's heart take steady aim.
My harmless, helpless babes, and faithful wife,
Must I protect against thine outrages,
Lord Governor !—Then, when I drew the bowstring,—
When my hands trembled,—when at my child's head,
Thou, with inhuman, with infernal joy,
Forced me to aim my bolt,—when fainting, writhing,
I sued thy mercy, in mine inmost soul
I swore a fearful oath, heard but by God,
Thy heart should be my next shot's only mark.
The vow then made amidst the pangs of hell,
It is a sacred debt, and shall be paid !

My lord the Emperor's Deputy art thou ;
 But not the Emperor himself had dared
 Attempt what thou hast done !—He sent thee here
 To deal forth law and justice to us—harshly—
 For he is angry—but 'twas not his will
 That thou should'st, with such murderous delight,
 Revel unpunish'd in atrocities.
 But there's a living God, who will revenge !

Come forth, thou instrument of bitter anguish,
 My precious jewel, now ; my choicest treasure !
 I'll give thee now a mark, which hitherto
 To humble prayers has been impenetrable ;
 To thee it shall not prove so !—Trusty cord,
 Thou that so oft, so faithfully, hast served
 My sport, fail me not in my fearful earnest !
 Hold firm this once, good bowstring, that hast wing'd
 For me of old so many a fatal shaft !
 Should this fly ineffective from my hand,
 I have no second to send after it. (*Travellers pass over the stage.*)

I'll sit me down upon this bench of stone,
 Provided for the traveller's short repose ;—
 For here no home is found—Each hurries by
 His fellow-man, hasty and unconcern'd,
 Nor stays to question of his pangs.—Here pass
 The careful trader, the close-girded pilgrim,
 The monk in deep devotion, the dark robber,
 The gay musician, and the carrier
 Driving his heavy-laden horse, who comes
 From lands of distant men ; for every road
 Conducts to the world's end.—Each travels on
 About his separate business—mine is murder !

(*Sitting down.*)

Dear children ! Ever as your sire went forth,
 How joyously you greeted his return !
 For never came he home, but what he brought
 Some gift for you, were't but an Alpine flower,
 A bird of rarer plumage, or a shell,
 Such as the wanderer on the mountains finds.
 A different chase is that he now pursues ;
 Beside the savage pass he sits, and broods
 O'er murderous purposes ; his foeman's life
 He lies in wait for now—yet even now.
 It is of you, dear children, that he thinks !
 For your defence, your smiling innocence,
 To guard against a tyrant's fell revenge,
 Does he prepare his crossbow for a murder !

(*Rises.*)

It is for noble game I lie in wait.
 When was the hunter's patience known to weary,
 Although through Winter's cold whole days he wander,
 Daring the fearful spring from rock to rock,
 Climbing the smooth-faced precipice, to which
 He clings, glueing himself with his own blood ;
 —And all, but to obtain a paltry kid—
 I seek a higher prize ; his heart I seek,—
 His, the inveterate foe's, who would destroy me !

(*Distant music is heard, gradually approaching.*)

During my life's whole course I've exercised
 The crossbow, and have practised every art
 Of archery ; the bull's-eye oft have hit,
 And many a goodly prize have carried home,
 From sportive contests.—But this day shall see
 My master-shot, a shot that shall obtain
 The highest prize within the mountain range.

*(A wedding passes over the stage, and up the hollow way.
TELL gazes after it, leaning upon his bow. STUSSI leaves
the procession and joins him.)*

Stussi. The farmer of the Morlischachen Cloister
Is he, whose wedding train moves gaily by ;
A wealthy man, who holds upon the Alps
At least ten pastures. Now, from Imisee,
He fetches home his bride, meaning at night
To banquet in all jollity at Kussnacht.
Come with us ! Every honest man's invited.

Tell. A gloomy guest suits not a wedding banquet.

Stussi. If grief oppress you, fling it from your heart,
Taking things easily ; the times are heavy,
And therefore should we grasp each passing joy.
Here all is wooing, elsewhere burying.

Tell. The one oft follows closely on the other.

Stussi. Thus goes the world at present. Everywhere
There's misery enough. The province Glarns
Is now in strange confusion. 'Tis reported,
A whole side of the Glarnisch * has fallen in.

Tell. What ! do the very mountains totter ? Nought
Is stable, then, upon our earth !

Stussi. Elsewhere
Are other prodigies. I spoke with one
Who came from Bâden, full of strange events.
A knight, who journey'd to th' Imperial Court,
Encounter'd on his way a swarm of hornets,
That fell upon his horse, and with their stings
Tortured him till he died. The knight, on foot,
Appear'd in presence of the Emperor.

Tell. Even the weakest creature has its sting.

*(ARMOART comes in with several children, and places herself
at the entrance of the narrower part of the pass.)*

Stussi. 'Tis thought this bodes disaster to the land,
Some fearfully unnatural deed.

Tell. Such deeds
Each day brings forth ; there needs no prodigy
T' announce them.

Stussi. True ; happy the man, who tills
His field in peace, and sits at home unhurt.

Tell. Not the most pious can remain at peace,
If evil neighbours will not suffer it.

(He looks with restless impatience up the pass.)

Stussi. Farewell. You wait for some one here ?

Tell. I do.

Stussi. A happy welcome home ! you are of Uri ?
Our gracious lord the Governor is thence
Expected here to-day.

(A Traveller comes down the pass.)

Tran. This day you need not
Await the Governor ; the floods are out,
From the late heavy rains, and every bridge
Is by the torrent wash'd away.

Armgar, (coming forward.) How ? comes not
The Governor ?

Stussi. Would you ask aught of him ?

Arm. I would indeed !

Stussi. Why did you post yourself
There, in the hollow pass, right in his way ?

* The name of a mountain.

Armig. He could not there escape me, he must listen.

(*FRIESSHARDT comes hastily down the pass, shouting.*)

Friess. Ho! clear the way! Be quick! Our gracious lord,

The Governor, comes riding close behind me! (*TELL hastens off.*)

Armigart, (eagerly.) The Governor? He comes!

(*Goes into the pass with her children.*)

(*GESSLER and RUDOLPH of HARRAS appear on horseback on the heights.*)

Stussi (to Friesshardt.) How did you cross
The torrent, if the bridge be wash'd away?

Friess. Friend, we have triumph'd o'er the lake, and fear
No mountain-torrent.

Stussi. How! Were you on shipboard
During the furious storm?

Friess. We were indeed,
And whilst I live I shall remember it.

Stussi. Oh! tell us——

Friess. Stay me not, for at the Castle,
I must announce the Governor's approach. (*Goes off.*)

Stussi. Had honest people been on board that bark,
She would have founder'd with her freight; but neither
Water nor fire will succour the oppress'd! (*Looks round.*)
Where is the hunter gone, with whom I spoke?

(*Follows the wedding.*)

GESSLER and HARRAS on horseback, come down the pass.

Gessler. Urge what you will, I am the Emperor's servant,
And his contentment is my chief concern.
He gave me not this government, to fawn
Upon the people, humouring their vagaries.
Obedience is what he requires, and now
The question is, whether the peasantry,
Or Emperor, shall bear supreme command.

Armig. This is the moment—now I'll make th' attempt.

(*Approaches timidly.*)

Gessler. Neither in sport did I set up the Hat
At Altdorf, nor to prove the people's hearts;
—For those I long have known—I set it up
That they might learn, at my command, to bow
Their stubborn necks; that, which I knew offensive,
I planted in the way they needs must pass,
That it might shock their eyes, and constantly
Remind them of the master they forget.

Harras. The nation has, however, privileges——

Gessler. This is no season to examine them.
Wide-spreading schemes are now in rapid progress;
Th' Imperial House seeks to increase its power,
And what the father gloriously began,
The son will perfect. Paltry as it is,
This nation is the only stumbling-block,
And, one way or the other, must submit.

(*As they are passing, ARMIGART throws herself before GESSLER.*)

Armig. Mercy, Lord Governor! Oh, pardon, pardon!

Gessler. Why press you on me in the public road?
Stand back.

Armig. My husband languishes in prison,
My wretched orphans cry for bread.—Have mercy!
Dread Lord, take pity on our misery!

Harras. What are you? What's your husband?

Armig. Gentle sir,
A labourer upon the Rigiberg.*

* Name of a mountain.

Who mows the grass amidst the precipices,
And those abrupt, smooth walls of rock, where cattle
Venture not, bearing it away for sale.

Harras. By Heavens, a dreadful, pitiable life !
At my request, grant the poor man his freedom ;
Whatever be his crime, his horrid trade
Is surely a sufficient punishment.

(*To Armgart,*) You shall have justice, fear not. To the Castle
Bring your petition,—this is not the place.

Armgt. No, no ! I stir not till the Governor
Restores my husband. He has lain already
These six months in a dungeon, where in vain
He lingers for the Judge's sentence.

Gessler. Woman,
Think you to do me violence ? Begone !

Armgt. Justice, Lord Governor ! Thou art our judge,—
Thou art to us in place of Emperor—
Oh God !—Then do thy office ! As thou hopest
Justice from Heaven, do justice unto us !

Gessler. Away ! Drive this bold beggar from my sight !

Armgt. (*seizing his reins.*) No, I have nothing further now to lose !
Lord Governor, thou com'st not from the place
Till thou have done me justice ! Knit thy brow,
And roll thine eye—I care not—our affliction
Is so immeasurable, that thy wrath
To me is of no moment.

Gessler. Woman, hence !
Or, by yon Heav'n, my steed shall trample on thee !

Armgt. Ay, do so, let him trample on me !—There !—

(*Throws herself, with her children, on the ground in his way.*)
Here lie we,—my poor children and myself ;
Crush the unhappy orphans underneath
Thy horse's hoofs !—I will not be thy worst deed.

Harras. Woman, art raving ?

Armgt. (*going on impetuously.*) Long since hast thou trampled
The Emperor's provinces beneath thy feet !
I'm but a woman—Oh ! were I a man,
I'd find some better remedy, than thus
To grovel in the dust !

(*The former music is heard again from the upper part of the
pass, but subdued.*)

Gessler. Where is my train ?
Tear her away, ere I forget myself,
And do an act I might repent !

Harras. My Lord,
Your followers cannot hither penetrate ;
A bridal company obstructs the pass.

Gessler. I've been too mild a ruler for this people—
Their tongues are yet at liberty—they are not
Wholly enslaved and bound, as they should be.
The error shall, I swear, be remedied !
I will find means to break this stubbornness !
I'll bend this spirit, insolently free !
I'll publish a new law throughout the land,
That shall—

(*An arrow pierces him ; he puts his hand to his heart, seems
about to sink, and says, faintly,*)

Lord God, have mercy on me !

Harras. Heavens !

Lord Governor, what is't ?—Whence came the wound ?

Armgt. (*starting up.*) Murder ! He staggers—faints ! He's wounded !
Murder !

Harras, (springing from his horse.) Horrible accident! Oh God!
 Sir Knight,
 Address your prayers to Heaven, implore forgiveness!—
 You're a dead man.

Gessler. That shot was William Tell's.

*(He sinks from his horse, into the arms of RUDOLPH of
 HARRAS, who places him on the bench.)*

Tell, (appearing on the rock.) Thou know'st the archer—seek no other
 hand.

Our huts are free! From thee is innocence
 At length secure! Thou shalt oppress no more!

(TELL disappears from the rock; many people rush in.)

Stussi, (entering first.) What is the matter?—What has happened
 here?

Armig. The Governor is wounded with an arrow.

People rushing in. Who—who is wounded?

*(Whilst the foremost of the bridal train come upon the stage, the
 hindmost are still seen upon the heights, and the music
 proceeds.)*

Harras. He will bleed to death—

Go, seek assistance! Track the murderer!

Unhappy man!—Was this thy destiny?

Could'st thou not listen to my warning voice?

Stussi. By God, he lies there without sign of life!

Many voices. Who did this deed?

Harras. The people are distracted

With music to accompany a murder!

Silence those instruments!

(The music ceases abruptly; more come upon the stage.)

Lord Governor,

Speak, if you yet can speak—Have you no charge,

No orders for me?

*(Gessler makes signs, and repeats them impatiently, when they
 are not understood.)*

Whither should I go?

To Kussnacht is't?—I do not comprehend.—

Oh, be not angry! Leave all earthly thoughts;

Seek but to reconcile yourself with Heaven!

*(The whole bridal train by this time surround GESSLER, show-
 ing horror, but no compassion.)*

Stussi. How pale he grows! Now, now death penetrates.

Ev'n to his heart! His eyes are glazed—

Armig. (lifting up a child.) See, children,

See how a bad man dies!

Harras. Mad woman! are ye

Devoid of feeling, that ye can delight

In gazing on such horrors?—Give me aid!—

Take hold!—Will none assist me to extract

This painful arrow from his breast?

Women, (drawing back.) What! we

Touch him whom God has stricken!

Harras, (drawing his sword.) Curses on ye!

Stussi, (seizing his arm.) Dare you, Sir Knight! Forbear! Your
 power has ceased—

The tyrant of the land has fallen. We'll bear

No further violence—we are free men!

All, (tumultuously.) The land is free!

Harras. Is't come to this? So soon

Cease terror and obedience?

(To the soldiers, who press in.)

Friends, you see

The horrid murder that has been committed.—

All help is vain ; and to pursue the murderer
Alike were fruitless. Other cares now press
Urgently on us. Hasten we to Kussnacht,
And, for the Emperor, secure the fortress.
This dreadful moment has dissolved at once
All order, loyalty, and ties of duty.
No man's fidelity can more be trusted.

(*Goes out with the soldiers*.)

Six of the Brotherhood of Mercy appear.

Armg. Make way ! The Brotherhood of Mercy comes.

Stussi. Quickly the ravens-scent the slaughtered prey.

(*The Brothers of Mercy form a semi-circle round the corpse,
and sing, in deep tones.*)

Abrupt Death seizes on his prey !

Arrests his victim's proudest course,

And, granting not an hour's delay,

Tears him from life in manhood's force ;

Prepared, or unprepared, to die,

The wretch must meet his Judge's eye.

Whilst this dirge is singing, the curtain drops, and the Fourth Act is over.

The Fourth Act ! our readers will perhaps exclaim—What is there left to make a Fifth Act of, when the tyrant is killed, and the hero is revenged, and at liberty ? Gently, courteous readers, gently ! Measure not German patience and sympathizing curiosity by your own hurry and restless desire of excitement. The under-plot is unfinished, inasmuch as nobody knows what is become of Bertha. The Confederation of Rutli, though it has said its say, has not done its do. And there is a third point, unthought of probably by you, which our author appears to have had as much at heart as the liberation of Switzerland ;—this is, the clearing of William Tell and himself from all suspicion of entertaining regicide or revolutionary principles. *Hinc, not illæ lachrymæ*, indeed, but another Act. The fellow-feeling naturally existing between British critics and British readers, will insure our dispatching this Fifth Act with all convenient brevity.

In the first place, we are presented with the deeds of the Confederacy and the *dénouement* of the under-plot together. Men, women, and children of Uri are, in the first scene, assembled at Altdorf, reproaching themselves with their dilatoriness in having done nothing, whilst the beacon-fires, blazing upon all the mountains, announce the activity of their friends in Schwytz and Unterwalden. Furst endeavours to persuade them still to wait for intelligence from their Confederates ;—but in vain ! And they set about demolishing the castle, which our read-

ers may remember was building in the First Act, just as Melchthal and Baumgarten arrive with news of their own complete success. Melchthal had himself surprised the Castle of Rossberg over night, and had attacked that of Sarnen in the morning, in conjunction with Baron Rudenz. In it they had discovered Bertha, after they had set it on fire, and Rudenz and Melchthal had, with difficulty, rescued her from amidst smoke, flames, and falling beams. Whilst they are exulting in their triumphs, Stauffacher and Rosselman bring the important tidings of the assassination of their great enemy, the Emperor Albert, upon the banks of the Reus, by the hand of his nephew, Duke John of Swabia—of the resolution of his daughter, the stern Agnes, Queen of Hungary, who was already armed with the thunders of the Church and Empire, to avenge the murder implacably, bathing herself in blood, as in summer-flew,—and of the probability of the Imperial crown's being transferred to another house, the Count of Luxemburg being talked of as the future Emperor. All present express their horror of the crime committed, and rejoice that its fruits will be gathered by themselves with unstained hands, and not by the perpetrator, who, terrified at his own act, had fled, no one knew whither. They then set forward upon a pilgrimage to the cottage of him who had done most and suffered most—William Tell.

Conceiving that all anxiety with regard to the fate of Switzerland, must now be at rest,—since, for its satisfac-

tion, nearly as much has been done as is, for the sake of the unities, done upon the French stage, where events, naturally spreading over years and kingdoms, are compelled to happen in one day, and in one *salon*,—we will now precede the Confederates to the house of William Tell.

There we find Hedwige and her children impatiently awaiting his arrival, when a Monk applies for charity, and, by his behaviour, terrifies Hedwige. Tell comes home, and, after the first rapture of meeting, inquires

who the Monk is. The Monk, having heard his host's name, addresses him in a strain, which Tell interrupts, to drive his wife and children from under the roof that covers the intruder; he then taxes the latter with being the parricide Duke of Swabia, who, by the way, is, in the *Dramatis Personæ*, curiously designated Johann, or John, Parricida. The Duke acknowledges himself, and attempts to justify his crime. Tell again interrupts him, with vehement reproaches, when the Duke says,—

In you I hoped
To find compassion, since, like me, you took
Revenge upon your enemy.

Tell. Unhappy!
Would'st thou confound ambition's bloody crime
With the inevitable, dreadful deed,
Which, at my hands, parental duty claim'd?
Didst thou protect thy children's dear-loved heads?—
Guard thy domestic sanctuary?—Save
From the worst wrongs thy helpless family?
I lift my unpolluted hand to heaven,
To curse thine act and thee! I but revenged
That holy nature which thou hast profaned.—
I've nought in common with thee.—Thou hast murder'd,
And I defended, what was nearest to me.

Duke John. You drive me hence unpitied, in despair?

Tell. I shudder whilst I talk with thee—Begone!
Pursue thy fearful course, and leave unsullied
The hut by innocence inhabited!

Tell takes compassion, however, upon the criminal's youth, high birth, and absolutely destitute condition. He advises him to repair to Rome, and solicit pardon and absolution of the Pope. The Duke fears the Pope may deliver him up to justice; and Tell answers,

Whatsoever

The Pope decides, receive as God's decree!

He then gives the fugitive Prince minute and beautifully descriptive directions for finding his way across the Alps. We regret that this article has already run to such a length, as prevents our extracting them;—but we must make an end.—Hedwige now returns to announce the honourable procession, approaching in honour of her husband. He desires her to provide the unfortunate stranger with abundant refreshments for a long journey, upon which he may not again receive hospitality, and, when he departs, to avert her eyes, and be ignorant of his fate.

Tell then goes out to meet his friends, whom he finds disposed in picturesque groups all over the valley,

and the heights in front of his house. He is received with loud acclamations—as, “The Archer! the Deliverer!” Rudenz and Bertha arrive, and, after much embracing, of men with men, and women with women, Bertha's reception as a fellow-citizen, Rudenz's renunciation of all velleinage upon his estates, and the marriage of the lovers, the curtain falls.

We have thus performed our task, and leave WILHELM TELL, with its great and numerous beauties, and its strange faults,—whether purely German, or springing from singular theories,—to the judgment and candour of our readers.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. VIII.

OUR old woman was so long absent on her mission, that I suspect the footman she went in search of was also to be summoned from the hay-cart, or the rick-burton. At last, however, he made his appearance from the interior of the house, shrugging up, as he came towards us, (as if hastily slipped on,) a long brown livery-coat, ample enough in its dimensions to have served him for a sur-tout, and so gorgeously trimmed with broad, blue, and orange lace, and silver tapes, as to be little in keeping with his grey worsted hose, clumsy hob-nailed shoes, and soiled cravat, loosely knotted about his open shirt-collar.—His honest, ruddy, shining face, gave evidence beside, that he had been hastily called off from his rural labour; and his straight yellow hair was pasted down on his forehead, but not by the artificial medium of *huile antique*, or *pommade au jasmin*. We set him down for the grandson or great-nephew of some old steward or butler; and, through all its native rusticity, there was a respectful intelligence in his manner of replying to our queries, which proved him to have had “his bringing up” in the well-ordered household of an old-fashioned English gentleman. We had further evidence of this as he escorted us through the apartments we were permitted to see, and pointed out to our notice, in a modest, unobtrusive manner, very different from the general style of guides at show-houses, such things as were most worthy of remark, and those amongst the pictures and portraits as were considered most interesting. To our first application to be allowed to see the interior of the house, we received for answer that it was seldom shown to strangers, and just then that Mrs De la Verc was seriously ill; he feared it would be impossible to admit us; but, if we pleased to send our cards, his lady might possibly give orders that we should be shown through the lower apartments. We gave him our names accordingly, and, in a few minutes, he returned with the desired permission.

Proceeding through the vestibule, he led us down that right-hand passage to the door I had remarked in my late exploring *entrée*. It opened into a sort of anti-room, which looked rather

like a small entrance hall to some forester's lodge, for it was hung about with all sorts of implements for rural sports. Guns, fishing-rods, fowling-nets, landing-nets,—spurs, bits, and spawls of all sorts and fashions,—deers, antlers, stuffed birds, and vermin,—and pictures of dead game, dogs, and horses, and of various memorable fox-chases;—and a variety of incongruous articles of furniture, were here also collected together, as if useless at the present day, but too sacred as ancient relics to be more irreverently disposed of. Amongst others, I noticed a great old bee-hive porter's chair, in which was comfortably cradled a large grey and white cat, with a litter of kittens; and hard by its venerable contemporary, a heavy high-backed, narrow-bottomed, tapestry settee, with one arm and five legs, the sixth wanting. The said arm, a bare, lean wooden limb poking out from the tapestry, in guise of certain human elbows that I have seen protruding from female sides, over which one longed to draw down the puckered-up apology for a sleeve, that looked like the puffed-out handle of a basket-hilted sword—desperate inroads had been made by the devouring moth in the wrought covering of that disabled veteran. They had eaten up three-fourths of Holofernes' head, the head and legs of Judith's maid, and the best part of Judith herself, and yet we contrived to make out the story at a first glance, so keen was our antiquarian discrimination.

Through this museum of ancient relics, we passed on into a second chamber, the first glimpse of which drew from us a simultaneous exclamation of delight. Stepping over its threshold, we seemed suddenly transported out of these stupid common-place modern times, into that old world of romance and chivalry, which looks so picturesque through the mellow haze of antiquity. It was a long vaulted chamber, terminating at the further end in a wide and beautiful bay window, one of those that looked into the interior court-yard. The walls were pannelled with some light-coloured wood; beautifully veined and polished, and wrought out in the richest and most fanciful carved work in the deep cornices, and the

mouldings round the compartments. The vaulted ceiling was also groined in compartments of the most curious and intricate workmanship; the darker wood whereof the ground-work was composed, finely relieving the pale groining, and showing, to the greatest advantage, the minutest beauties of its elegant combinations. The floor had something the appearance of mosaic work. It was laid with some composition of the consistence, and hue nearly, of red and yellow Dutch tiling, in a pattern of large octagons, filled up with small checquers alternately red and yellow, and surrounded by borders of a running chain-work, a deeper edge of which, with some additional ornamental stripes, ran round the whole. Mantle-piece, brackets, skreens, chairs, table,—everything was in keeping in that delightful chamber; and it was hung round with portraits, all interesting from their antiquity, and a few especially so, as rare and curious specimens of ancient art. There were two Holbeins, flat, shadowless, edgy compositions, but characteristic of the unquestionable merit of the artist, and as portraits deeply interesting. They were those of Elizabeth, then the Lady Elizabeth, and of her brother, the young royal Edward, (that brightest gem of England's buried hopes,) of whom the world was not worthy, neither the inheritance of a mortal crown. The effigies of many de la Veres, and of worthies lineally and collaterally allied to them, were ranged in the other compartments; and I was particularly struck with that of a fair young creature in the earliest bloom of womanhood, whose long full eyelids cast the shadow of their long lashes on her soft pale cheek, as she looked down upon the white rose her delicate fingers were inserting in the jewelled stomacher. "Ah!"—thought I, "that must be the fair Agnes; and that picture must have been finished on her nineteenth birthday; and on that very day, fell from that same white rose, the leaves found so lately in that old prayer-book."—Having thus arranged the story entirely to my own satisfaction, I should not have thanked anybody for telling me I was mistaken—so I asked no questions. I could have dreamt away hours and hours—ay, days and days, in that interesting chamber; but the floor through which we were to pass into a third apartment was already

open, and I could only linger for a moment on the threshold to indulge in a farewell survey. From that door of communication, one looked down the whole length of the room to that beautiful bay window—

"A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
And makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again.
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.
How many a setting sun had made
That curious lattice work of shade!"

I never beheld a chamber so adapted for the retreat of a studious, meditative man—so quiet, so solemn, so almost holy, yet untinged with gloom, was the character of chastened repose that pervaded it! Looking down from that further end, where I stood in shadow, it required no strong effort of imagination to conjure up forms of the long-departed—a visionary group—harmonizing with the scene, the surrounding objects, and the mellow richness of that sunset hour. Place but a pile of ancient tomes on that carved table near the window, a roll or two of vellum, and an antique standish—and in that high-backed crimson chair a fair young lady "of a sweet serious aspect," and beside her a venerable old man, to whose grave pleasant countenance her eyes are raised with a questioning look of sweet intelligence, while the fore-finger of her small white hand points out a passage in that open folio, whose crabbed character can be no other than Greek. And now she looks up at that opposite picture of the young princely Edward, and the eyes of her venerable companion follow the direction of hers; and then a glance of sympathetic pleasure is exchanged, that tells they are discoursing of England's hope. And see! a slanting sunbeam, stealing upward across the old man's snowy beard, plays on her silken tints of paly gold, and on the dazzling whiteness of her innocent brow, investing it with seraphic glory! Master and pupil they must be, that interesting pair—master and pupil, the learned and the lovely, the beauty of youth and age. Who other than the Lady Jane Grey and her venerable Ascham? All this passed before the eyes of my imagination in about the same space of time that it took the Sultan to dip his head into the pail of

water, or the Dean of Badajoz to turn that wonderful page, in the mere act whereof he passed through all grades of ecclesiastical rank, even to the chair of St Peter, before Dame Jacintha had put down the second partridge to roast. My recall from the realms of magic was less disagreeable than the worthy Dean's, however, as, casting behind me "one longing, ling'ring glance," I followed my friends into that third apartment, which had the appearance of being the common sitting-room of the ancient lady of the mansion. Our guide called it the drawing-room, and compared with those of the suite we had just seen, its fitting up might have been called almost modern. High pannelled wainscoting, painted white, with gold mouldings, and the walls above—the narrow strip of wall—covered with a once costly India paper, the large running pattern of which (on a pale yellow ground) was of scrawly branches, with here and there a palm leaf and a flower, and birds, butterflies, and flying jars and baskets, all edged and veined with gold, dispersed over the whole in regular confusion. The high carved mantelpiece was decorated by two stupendous Girandoles, and loaded with precious porcelain monsters, and other antique china; as was likewise a curious old Japan cabinet at the further end of the apartment. There was only one table in the room—(Oh, Gothic drawing-room!)—a very small, inlaid pembroke table, placed geometrically in the centre of a rich, square Turkey carpet, which reached not within a yard of the skirting board. There were no volumes of the poets splendidly bound—no elegant ink-stands and morocco blotting books—no silver clasped Albums—no musical boxes, and agate boxes, and ivory boxes, and filigree boxes, and pin-cushions in the shape of lyres, and pen-wipers in the shape of butterflies, and foreign curiosities, and curious non-descripts, disposed with happy carelessness and picturesque effect on that same table. No—sacred was its polished surface from all such profane litter, inviolate, no doubt, since its creation, from all uses, save those for which it was especially ordained—to receive the silver tea-tray every evening duly as the clock struck six, and the chased tea-kettle and lamp, and the two rare old china plates of rich seed-cake and wafer bread and butter.

There were two settees in the room—not dragged out higgledy-piggledy into the middle of the floor, according to the indecorous fashion of our degenerate days, but soberly and symmetrically placed on either side the old cabinet, from which, and from the wall behind them, in all likelihood they had never been divorced since their first establishment there. Noways resembling our square deep sofas, loaded with down cushions, or our Grecian couches, or luxurious ottomans, these venerable *immovables*, with their four little brown legs with claw feet—(no "wheeling" them round—they must have walked if they had moved at all)—their hard narrow seats, and high upright backs, sloping down at the sides into two little wings, spread out like those of an old buggy, looked just big enough to contain one lady with a hoop, or, haply, a pair of courting lovers—the fair one, perchance, in a full-trimmed yellow sacque, with deep ruffles, and peaked shoes, the points of which, "like little mice, peep out" from underneath the pinked and crimped furbelowed petticoat—and her hair strained up so tight over a high cushion, parapetted with little flowers and bodkins, and one small or-trich feather drooping coquettishly over the left ear, as to draw up the outer corners of her eyes like button-holes, adding infinite piquancy of expression to the sweet simpering modesty with which she affects to look down on that great green fan. "Then the lover," in a bag and solitaire, a pea-green silk coat, lined with jonquil, an embroidered waistcoat, with prodigious flaps—languishing towards her—the off leg sticking straight out like the leg of a woodcock—one arm supported on the back of the settee—the other, the ruffled hand at least, with a brilliant ring on the crooked-up little finger, presenting a full-blown rose to the goddess of his idolatry, while he warbles in falsetto, "Go, rose! my Chloe's bosom grace."—Many such tender passages between the former occupants of those old settees were doubtless rehearsed thereon, in the "mellow days" of generations past. To far other purposes were they now devoted! On one of them we remarked a little, short, black satin cloak, lined with squirrel skin, and edged with ermine all round, and at the arm-holes. It was carefully laid over one elbow of the settee, against which rest-

ed a tall, ivory, gold-headed walking stick; and upon the cloak was deposited a very small shallow-crowned bonnet, also of black satin, lined with white; a deep lace curtain round the queer little flat poke, and no indication of strings, the cockernonny being evidently fixed on, when worn, by a couple of black corking pins, which were indeed stuck in readiness in a pair of long, brown, snuff-colour gloves, laid palm to palm beside the bonnet—the tip of the fore-finger and thumb wanting from the right-hand glove.

There were three windows in the room looking into a fourth court, so far differing from the others, that the outer wall consisted of a mere pediment, finished by a stone balustrade, and opening into a fine orchard by a wrought-iron gate. On the massy side pillars of the gateway, and all along the balustrade, were ranged stone vases, filled with white lilies, hollyhocks, red and yellow marvels of Peru, and branching larkspurs; and in the centre of the grass-plot stood a fine old sun-dial on its rich carved spiral pedestal. Such was the “look out” from those three windows. Between them were two pier glasses, in deep carved gilt frames, having branches for lights affixed to them. Underneath were two marble slabs, on one of which were very methodically arranged a Bible and Common Prayer Book, Mrs Glass’s Cookery, Broome’s Poems, The Book of Martyrs, Pamela, “A Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Lady Cuts,” Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, Jeremy Taylor’s Golden Grove, “The Tête-à-Tête Magazine,” and the Red Book for the year 1790. On the other stood a very antique-looking embossed silver salver, bearing two delicately transparent chocolate cups of egg-shell china; yet exhaling the perfume of the grateful beverage they had recently contained, and a chased gold-handled knife lay beside a very inviting rich seed-cake on a fine old china plate. Beneath those two pier tables stood two most magnificent china jars, containing such pot-pourris as could hardly have been concocted with the cloves, roses, and gilly-flowers of these degenerate days—“Poperies,” as I once heard the word pronounced by a worthy gentlewoman, who believed, doubtless, that the fashion of those fragrant vases had been imported among us from the Vatican by some patriotic traveller, who had begged a receipt from the Pope,

just as she would beg Mrs Such-a-one’s receipt for “mock turtle,” or “calves head surprised.” Before either end-window was placed a small claw table, or stand, supporting, one, a glass globe, with gold fish—the other, a splendid gilt wire cage, containing an old grey parrot with gouty legs, who sat winking and blinking in his swing, croaking every now and then an unintelligible something, except that once or twice he articulated very distinctly, “Pretty Miss Grace!—Poor Puss!—Noble Sir Richard!”

A few framed pictures and fancy pieces were hung round the room in a straight line, very little below the cornice. There was a basket of artificial flowers, delicately and beautifully wrought, from raised card. A shell piece, equally ingenious. A stuffed king-fisher, and a ditto cockatoo to match, and betwixt the twain, a landscape, worked with black silk upon white satin, representing a castle, with four towers, like pepper-boxes. A rock, with a tree upon it; the sea washing its base, done in little zig-zag waves in herring-bone, and a tall three-decker overtopping rock, tree, and castle, sailing in stern-foremost, “The Cressy” being worked thereon in letters as long as the castle windows. In one corner of the picture, modestly wrought into the basement of the castle, was the name of the fair artist, “Grace De la Vere—her work, June 10, 1760.” And that miracle of female taste and ingenuity was not without its pendent. Another picture, wrought with the same materials, on a similar ground, and in a style as fancifully chaste, but of more ambitious character. It was a scripture-piece, showing forth, (as the beholder was considerably informed by a labelled inscription at the top, festooned up by two little cherubims, one of whom was also slyly puffing out in one corner, the name of “Gertrude de la Vere,”) the finding of Moses in the bulrushes—a stupendous piece! There stood the Egyptian Princess and her maidens, and the bulrushes, (marvellous tall ones they were!) all in a row, like four-and-twenty fiddlers. And, lo! Pharaoh’s daughter was depicted in a hoop and lappets, and having on her head the crown-royal; and then the genius of the artist had blazed out in a bold anachronism, having designed that golden circlet, in the fashion of an English ducal-coronet, crested with

the fine ostrich plumes of the De la Veres! And then one of the attendant damsels, agènouillée before her royal mistress, was handing up to her little Moses in his reedy ark, in semblance very like a skinned rabbit in a butter-basket. And then his sister, Jochebed, was seen sprawling away in the back-ground, like a great mosquito sailing off in the clouds. And the clouds were very like flying apple-dumplings—and the whole thing was admirable! prodigious! inimitable! and well nigh indescribable, though, to the extent of my feeble powers, I have essayed to do it justice. Moreover, there stood in that apartment two large square fire-screens, worked in tent-stitch; and so well were they wrought, and so well had the worsteds retained their colours, that the large rich flowers in their fine vases—the anemonies, roses, jonquils, and gillyflowers, seemed starting from the dark ground of the canvass. On one of those screens, close to the fire-place, hung a capacious white net-work bag, lined with glazed cambric-muslin, and fringed all round. It hung by one string only, so that a shuttle and a ball of knotting had fallen out from it on a chair along-side. There were a few grains of dust on that hard snow-ball, and on the blue damask chair-cushion, but they were of a nature that set me sneezing, when I took up, with a feeling of melancholy interest, the monotonous work, which had probably constituted, for so many silent hours, the chief and only amusement of the solitary old lady. That sprinkling of snuff, and the scarcely extinguished ashes in the grate, (the ashes of a July fire!) looked as if she had recently occupied the apartment; and on inquiring of the servant, we were told that she had been down that afternoon for a very short time, but that the exertion had quite overpowered her, and she had returned so ill to her chamber, that it was doubtful whether she would ever again leave it in life. “There had been a great change of late in his lady,” the man added; and the parson and the old housekeeper had at last prevailed on her to let them send for a distant relation of the family’s, on whom indeed the property was entailed, which very circumstance had hitherto excluded him from Halliburn House—as Mrs Grace had been wont to say, “it would be time enough for him—a Ravenshaw!—to come and take possession,

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when the last De la Vere was laid in her cold grave.”

I could not help thinking of this, *Mister Richard Ravenshaw*, with a sort of jealous aversion, as if I, too, were a last lineal descendant of the old race, whose name was so soon to be extinct, in their ancient inheritance.

Slowly, thoughtfully, almost sadly, we retraced back our steps to the door of entrance. Just as we reached it, the last sun-beam was shrinking away from under the arch-way of the outer court, and the old turret-clock struck out the eighth hour of the evening. Its tone was peculiarly mellow, deep, and solemn; or, perhaps, the stillness of the place, and of the hour—the shadows that were falling round, and the corresponding seriousness of our feelings and thoughts, combined to swell and modulate a common sound into one of solemn intonation. It must have penetrated, however, (through that deep quietness,) into every corner of the mansion, and was heard doubtless in the sick-chamber. How many De la Veres had listened to that warning voice! Of how many had it proclaimed the hours of their birth and of their death!—The setting forth of the marriage-train, and the departure of the funeral procession! By how many had its strokes been numbered with youthful impatience, and eager hope, and joyful expectation! By how many more with sad foreboding, and painful weariness, and sorrowful retrospection! By how many a quick ear, and beating heart, long since stopped with dust, and cold in the grave! And still at its appointed hour that restless voice resounded—and still it told its awful tidings to a descendant of the ancient race—to “the dull cold ear” of age—of the last living De la Vere! A few more circles yet to be revolved by those dark hands around the dial-plate, and she too would have closed her account with Time, and the solemn hour of its summing up would be sounded forth by that iron tongue, through the quiet courts of Halliburn and over its venerable woods! Then methought—fain would I silence for ever the voice from that old turret, that never sound thereof should announce the arrival of an alien and a stranger, to take rule and lordship over the lands of the De la Veres, and possession of their antique dwelling place.

A.

CHAP. V.

I HAVE seldom looked upon scenery more romantic than that which surrounded the spot where we were commanded to halt. For the last four or five hours, we had been gradually ascending the mountains, and now found ourselves on the top of a green hill, which, when contrasted with the bold heights that begirt it, might be deemed a valley, though itself many thousand feet above the level of the sea. One side of this grassy platform appeared perfectly perpendicular. In this direction it was separated from a steep ridge by a narrow ravine, so deep and so rugged, that all attempts to behold its base were fruitless. On another side, it connected itself with the Quatracone; on a third, that by which we had advanced, it sloped gradually downwards till the view became lost in hanging forests; whilst behind us, only a little green declivity divided it from other similar hills, which afforded a comparatively smooth passage to the Foundery of St. Antonio.

It was here that, during the succession of battles which Soult had hazarded, about a month before, one division of the French army made several daring efforts to break the allied line; and where, in truth, the line was for a time completely broken. To this, the appearance of all things around bore ample testimony. Not only the ground of our encampment, but the whole of the pass, was strewn with broken firelocks, pikes, caps, and accoutrements; whilst here and there a mound of brown earth, breaking in upon the uniformity of the green sod, marked the spot where some ten or twelve brave fellows lay asleep. In the course of my wanderings, too, I came upon sundry retired corners, where the remains of dead bodies—such remains as the wolves and vultures had left—lay still unburied; and these, by the direction in which they were turned towards one another, led me to conclude, that the contest had been desperate, and that the British troops had been gradually borne back to the very edge of the precipice. That some of them were driven beyond its edge, is indeed more than probable; for, at one place in particular, I remarked a little group of French and

English soldiers lying foot to foot, close beside it.

I need not inform my reader, that eagles, vultures, and kites, are faithful followers of an army. These were particularly abundant here—whether because a more than ordinary supply of food was furnished to them, or that their nests were built among the rocks of the Quatracone, I know not; but they wheeled and careered over our heads so daringly, as almost to challenge a pursuit. I took my gun accordingly, on the morning after our arrival, and clambered up the face of the mountain; but all my efforts to get within shot of these wary creatures, proved abortive. The fatigue of the excursion was, however, more than compensated by the glorious prospect which it opened to my gaze; and which, though it may, perhaps, be equalled, cannot, I firmly believe, be surpassed in any quarter of the world.

From the top of the Quatracone the traveller looks down, not only upon the various scenery which all mountainous districts present, but upon the fertile plains of Gascony, the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and the level fields of the Asturias. The towns of Bayonne, St. Jean de Luz, Fontarabia, Irun, St. Sebastian's, Vittoria, and many others, lie beneath, diminished, indeed, into mere specks, but still distinguishable; whilst, southward, forests of pine, and groves of cork-trees, rugged precipices, and dark valleys, present a striking contrast to these abodes of man. The day on which I scaled the mountains chanced to be particularly favourable. There was not a cloud in the sky, nor the slightest haze in the atmosphere; and hence, though I failed in obtaining the object in quest of which I had quitted the camp, I returned to it in the evening more than usually delighted with the issue of my ramble.

We remained in this delightful position only two days, and on the morning of the 6th of September, once more struck our tents. Noon had passed, however, before we began to move; when taking the direction of the Foundery, we ascended the chain of green hills before us, till we had attained an eminence directly over the Bidaossa,

and consequently within sight of the enemy's camp. Our march was by no means an agreeable one. We had scarcely left our ground when the rain began to fall in torrents, and as the baggage travelled more slowly than ourselves, we were doomed to wait a full hour upon the side of a bleak hill before any shelter against the storm could be procured. But such things in the life of a soldier are too common to be much esteemed. The baggage arrived at last. Our tent was speedily pitched; our segars lighted; our wine mulled; our cloaks and blankets spread upon the ground; and ourselves as snug and as light-hearted as men could desire to be.

It is an invariable custom, when armies are in the field, for such corps as compose the advanced line to muster under arms every morning an hour before day-break. On the present occasion we formed the advance, a few picquets of the Spanish army being the only troops between us and the enemy; consequently we were roused from our comfortable lairs, and ordered under arms long before the dawn appeared. A close column was then formed, in which our men stood still as long as the darkness lasted; but when the eastern sky began to redden, they were permitted to pile their arms, and move about. And, in truth, the extreme chilliness which, in these regions in particular, accompanies the first approach of daylight, rendered such an indulgence extremely acceptable. We could not, however, venture far from our arms, because, if an attack should be made at all, this was exactly the hour at which we might look for it; but we contrived, at least, to keep our blood in circulation by running round them.

The approach of day among the Pyrenees, in the month of September, is a spectacle which it falls not to the lot of every man to witness; and it is one which can hardly be imagined by him who has not beheld it. For some time after the grey twilight breaks, you behold around you only one huge sea of mist, which, gradually rising, discloses, by fits, the peak of some rugged hills, and giving to it the appearance of a real island in a real ocean. By and by, the mountains become everywhere distinguishable, looming, as a sailor would say, large through the haze; but the valleys continue long enshrou-

ded, the fogs which hang upon them yielding only to the rays of the noon-day sun. Along a valley immediately beneath our present position, a considerable column of French infantry made their way, during one of the late actions; and so perfect was the cover afforded by the mist, that, though the sun had risen some time, they penetrated, wholly unobserved, to the brow of the hill. On the present occasion no such attempt was made; but we were kept at our post till the fog had so far dispersed as to render objects half way down the gorge distinctly visible; as soon as this occurred, the column was dismissed, and we betook ourselves each to his favourite employment.

For myself, my constant occupation, whenever circumstances would permit, was to wander about, with a gun over my shoulder, and a dog or two hunting before me, not only in quest of game, but for the purpose of viewing the country to the best advantage, and making, if possible, my own observations upon the different positions of the hostile armies. For this purpose, I seldom took a direction to the rear, generally strolling on towards the advanced picquets, and then bending my course to the right or left, according as the one or the other held out to me the best prospect of obtaining an accurate survey of both encampments. On the present occasion, I turned my steps towards the heights of San Marcial. This was the point which Soult assailed with the greatest vigour, in his vain attempt to raise the siege of St Sebastian, at the very time when the assault of that city was proceeding. It was defended on that day by Spaniards, and Spaniards only, whom Lord Wellington's dispatch represented to have repulsed the enemy with great gallantry; for my own part, I could not but admire the bravery of the troops who, however superior in numbers, ventured to attack a position so commanding. The heights of San Marcial rise so abruptly over the bed of the Bidaessa, that in many places it was only by swinging myself from bough to bough, that I managed to descend them at all; yet a column of fifteen thousand Frenchmen forced their way nearly to the summit, and would have probably succeeded in carrying even that, but for the opportune arrival of a brigade of British guards.

These latter were not, indeed, engaged, but they acted as a reserve, and the very sight of them inspired the Spanish division with courage sufficient to maintain their ground, and check the farther progress of the assailants.

From the brow of these heights I obtained a tolerably distinct view of the French encampment for a considerable distance, both to the right and left. The range of hills which it occupied was in some points less lofty, in others even more rugged and more lofty than that on which I now stood. Between me and it flowed the Bidaossa, through a valley narrow, indeed, not more perhaps than a gun-shot across, but rich and beautiful in the extreme, not only on account of the shaggy woods which in a great measure overspread it, but because of the luxuriant corn-fields, meadows, and farm-houses which lay scattered along both banks of the river. The outposts of the French army occupied their own side of this vale, their sentinels being posted at the river's brink; ours, that is the Spanish picquets, were stationed about half way down the hill, and sent their videttes no farther than its base. For the white tents of the British army I looked round in vain. These were generally pitched in woody hollows, so as to screen them entirely from the gaze of the enemy, and to shelter their inmates as much as might be, from the storms; but the well-built huts of the French soldiers were, in many places, distinguishable. Certainly, a Frenchman is far more expert in the art of hutting himself than a soldier of any other nation. The domiciles upon which I now gazed were not like those lately occupied by us, composed of branches of trees only, covered over with twigs and withering leaves, and devoid of chimneys by which smoke might escape: on the contrary, they were good, substantial cottages, with clay walls and regularly thatched roofs, and erected in long straight streets; the camp of each brigade or battalion having more the appearance of a settled village, than of the temporary abiding place of troops on active service. By the aid of my telescope I could perceive the French soldiers, some at drill, others at play, near the huts, nor could I help admiring the perfect light-heartedness

which seemed to pervade men who had been so lately beaten.

At this period, the right of the French army occupied the high ground above the village of Andaye, and rested upon the sea; while our left, taking in the towns of Irun and Fontarabia, rested upon the sea also. The French left was stationed upon a mountain called La Rhune, and was supported by a strongly fortified post, up the hill, or, rather, the wild of the Hermitage. Our right, again, was posted in the pass of Roncesvalles, and along the mountains beyond it; but from the spot which I now occupied, it could not be described. Thus the valley of the Bidaossa alone separated us from one another, though that may appear a barrier sufficient, when the extreme steepness of its banks is considered.

Having remained here long enough to satisfy my curiosity, I turned my steps homewards, taking the direction of the deep valley which lay beneath our camp. Having, with some difficulty, reached its base, I was particularly struck with the extreme loneliness, the more than usual stillness, of all things about me. I looked round in vain for game. Not a living creature seemed to tenant the glen,—there was not a bird of any kind or description among the branches, but a death-like silence prevailed, the very breezes being shut out, and the very leaves motionless. I sat down by the edge of a little stream, somewhat weary, and oppressed with thirst, yet I felt a strong disinclination to drink, the water looked so slimy and blue I could not fancy it. I rose again and pursued its course, hoping to reach some turning where it might present a more tempting appearance. At length thirst overcame me, and though there was no improvement in the hue of the water, I had stooped down and applied my lips to its surface, when, accidentally casting my eye a little to the right, I beheld a man's arm sticking up from the very centre of the rivulet. It was black and putrid, and the nails had dropt from some of the fingers. Of course, I started to my feet without tasting the polluted element, nor could I resist a momentary queasiness at the idea of having narrowly escaped drinking this tincture of human carcasses.

In this manner I continued to while

away four or five days, strolling about amid some of the wildest scenes which nature is capable of producing, whenever the weather would permit, and amusing myself in the best way I could, under cover of the canvass, when the rains descended and the winds blew. Among other matters I discovered, in the course of these rambles, two remarkable caves, having the appearance rather of deserted mines, than of natural cavities; but I had not an opportunity of exploring them, for on the morning which I had intended to devote to that purpose, we once more abandoned our camp, and moved to a new position. This was a little distant, about two miles from Irun, and a mile from the high road, at the foot of those mountains which we had so lately occupied, and it proved one of the most agreeable posts of any which had been assigned to us since our landing. There we remained stationary till the advance of the army into France, and as the business of one day very much resembled that of another, I shall not weary my reader by narrating its regular order, but state, in few words, only some of the most memorable of the adventures which occurred.

In the first place, the main business of the army was to fortify its position, by throwing up redoubts here and there, wherever scope for a redoubt could be found. Secondly, frequent visits were paid by myself and others to Irun and Fontarabia, towns of which little can be said in praise at any time, and certainly nothing at present. They were both entirely deserted, at least by the more respectable of their inhabitants; the latter, indeed, was in ruins, crowded with Spanish soldiers, muleteers, followers of the camp, sutlers, and adventurers. The keepers of gaming-houses had, indeed, remained, and they reaped no inconsiderable harvest from their guests; but with the exception of these, and of other characters not more pure than these, few of the original tenants of houses now occupied them. Again, there was a capital trouting stream before us in the Bidasoa, of which my friend and myself made good use. And here I cannot but remark upon the excellent understanding which prevailed between the hostile armies, and their genuine magnanimity towards one another. Many a

time have I waded half across the little river, on the opposite banks of which the enemy's picquets were posted, whilst they came down in crowds only to watch my success, and to point out particular pools or eddies where the best sport was to be had. On such occasions, the sole precaution which I took was to dress myself in scarlet, and then I might approach within a few yards of their sentries without risk of molestation.

It fell to my lot one morning, whilst the corps lay here, to go out in command of a foraging party. We were directed to proceed along the banks of the river,—to bring back as much green corn, or, rather, ripe corn, for though unreaped, the corn was perfectly ripe,—as our horses could carry. On this occasion I had charge of twenty men, totally unarmed, and about fifty horses and mules; and, I must confess, that I was not without apprehension that a troop of French cavalry would push across the stream and cut us off. Of course, I made every disposition for a hasty retreat, desiring the men to cast loose their led animals, should any such event occur, and to make the best of their way to the picquets; but happily we were permitted to cut down the maize at our leisure, and to return with it unmolested. But enough of these details,—as soon as I have related the particulars of an excursion which a party of us made to St Sebastian's, for the purpose of amusing, as we best could, the period of inaction.

I have already stated, that the citadel, after enduring all the miseries of a bombardment during a whole week, finally surrendered, on the 8th of September. It was now the 15th, when myself, with two or three others—being desirous of examining the condition of a place which had held out so long and so vigorously against the efforts of its besiegers—mounted our horses soon after sunrise, and set forth. The road by which we travelled was both sound and level, running through the pass of Irun, a narrow winding gorge, overhung on both sides by rugged precipices, which, in some places, are hardly fifty yards apart. This we followed for about twelve miles, when, striking off to the left, we made our way, by a sort of cross-road, over hill and dale, till we found ourselves among the orchards which

crown the heights immediately above the town. We had directed our course thither, because a medical friend, who was left in charge of such of the wounded as could not be moved, had taken up his quarters here in a large farmhouse, which he had converted into a temporary hospital; and to him we looked for beds and entertainment. Nor were we disappointed,—we found both, and both greatly superior in quality to any which had fallen to our lot since we landed.

The reader will easily believe that a man who has spent some of the best years of his life amid scenes of violence and bloodshed, must have witnessed many spectacles highly revolting to the purest feelings of our nature; but a more appalling picture of war passed by—of war in its darkest colours,—those which distinguish it when its din is over—than was presented by St Sebastians, and the country in its immediate vicinity, I certainly never beheld. Whilst an army is stationary in any district, you are wholly unconscious of the work of devastation which is proceeding—you see only the hurry and pomp of hostile operations. But, when the tide has rolled on, and you return by chance to the spot over which it has last swept, the effect upon your own mind is such, as cannot even be imagined by him who has not experienced it. Little more than a week had elapsed, since the division employed in the siege of St Sebastians had moved forward. Their trenches were not yet filled up, nor their batteries demolished; yet the former had, in some places, fallen in of their own accord, and the latter were beginning to crumble to pieces. We passed them by, however, without much notice. It was, indeed, impossible not to acknowledge, that the perfect silence which prevailed was far more awful than the bustle and stir that lately prevailed there; whilst the dilapidated condition of the convent, and of the few cottages which stood near it, stripped as they were of roofs, doors, and windows, and perforated with cannon shot, inspired us, now that they were deserted, with sensations somewhat gloomy. But these were trifling—a mere nothing, when compared with the feelings which a view of the town itself excited.

As we pursued the main road, and approached St Sebastians by its ordinary entrance, we were at first sur-

prised at the slight degree of damage done to its fortifications by the fire of our batteries. The walls and battlements beside the gateway appeared wholly uninjured, the very embrasures being hardly defaced. But the delusion grew gradually more faint as we drew nearer, and had totally vanished before we reached the glacis. We found the draw-bridge fallen down across the ditch, in such a fashion, that the endeavour to pass it was not without danger. The folding gates were torn from their hinges, one lying flat upon the ground, and the other leaning against the wall; whilst our own steps, as we moved along the arched passage, sounded loud and melancholy.

Having crossed this, we found ourselves at the commencement of what had once been the principal street in the place. No doubt it was, in its day, both neat and regular; but of the houses, nothing more remained except the outward shells, which, however, appeared to be of an uniform height and style of architecture. As far as I could judge, they stood five stories from the ground, and were faced with a sort of free stone, so thoroughly blackened and defiled, as to be hardly recognisable. The street itself was, moreover, choked up with heaps of ruins, among which were strewed about fragments of household furniture and clothing, mixed with caps, military accoutrements, round shot, pieces of shells, and all the other implements of strife. Neither were there wanting other evidences of the drama which had been lately acted here, in the shape of dead bodies, putrefying, and infecting the air with the most horrible stench. Of living creatures, on the other hand, not one was to be seen, not even a dog or a cat; indeed, we traversed the whole city, without meeting more than six human beings. These, from their dress and abject appearance, struck me as being some of the inhabitants who had survived the assault. They looked wild and haggard, and moved about here and there, poking among the ruins, as if they were either in search of the bodies of their slaughtered relatives, or hoped to find some little remnant of their property. I remarked, that two or three of them carried bags over their arms, into which they thrust every trifling article of copper or iron which came in their way.

From the streets, each of which resembled, in every particular, that which we had first entered, we proceeded towards the breach, where a dreadful spectacle awaited us. We found it covered—literally covered—with fragments of dead carcasses, to bury which it was evident that no effectual attempt had been made. I afterwards learned, that the Spanish corps which had been left to perform this duty, instead of burying, endeavoured to burn the bodies; and hence the half-consumed limbs and trunks which were scattered about, the effluvia arising from which was beyond conception overpowering. We were heartily glad to quit this part of the town, and hastened, by the nearest covered way, to the Castle.

Our visit to it soon convinced us, that in the idea which we had formed of its vast strength, we were greatly deceived. The walls were so feebly built, that in some places, where no shot could have struck them, they were rent from top to bottom by the recoil of the guns which surmounted them. About twenty heavy pieces of ordnance, with a couple of mortars, composed the whole artillery of the place; whilst there was not a single bomb-proof building in it, except the Governor's house. A large bake-house, indeed, was bomb-proof, because it was hollowed out of the rock; but the barracks were everywhere perforated and in ruins. That the garrison must have suffered fearfully during the week's bombardment, everything in and about the place gave proof.

Many holes were dug in the earth, and covered over with large stones, into which, no doubt, the soldiers had crept for shelter; but these were not capable of protecting them, at least in sufficient numbers.

Among other places, we strolled into what had been the hospital. It was a long room, containing, perhaps, twenty truckle bedsteads, all of which were entire, and covered with straw palliasses; of these, by far the greater number were dyed with blood; but only one had a tenant. We approached, and lifting a coarse sheet which covered it, we found the body of a mere youth, evidently not more than seventeen years of age. There was the mark of a musket ball through his breast; but he was so fresh—had suffered so little from the effects of decay, that we found he had been less to perish of neglect—I trust we were mistaken. We covered him up again, and quitted the place.

We had now gratified our curiosity to the full, and turned our backs upon St Sebastians, not without a chilling sense of the horrible points in our profession. But this gradually wore off, as we approached the quarters of our host, and soon gave place to the more cheering influence of a substantial dinner, and a few cups of indifferently good wine. We slept soundly after our day's journey, and, starting next morning with the lark, we returned to our beautiful encampment above Irun.

CHAPTER VI.

Thus passed nearly four weeks, the weather varying, as at this season it is everywhere liable to vary, from wet to dry, and from storm to calm. The troops worked sedulously at the redoubts, till no fewer than seven-and-thirty, commanding and flanking all the most assailable points between Fontarabia and the Foundry, were completed. For my own part, I pursued my ordinary routine; shooting or fishing all day long, whenever leisure was afforded, or rambling about amid scenery, grand beyond all power of language to describe. In one of these excursions, I stumbled upon another cave, similar, in all respects, to those which I had before been hindered from

exploring. Determined not to be disappointed this time, I returned immediately to the camp, where, providing myself with a dark lantern, and taking a drawn sword in my hand, I hastened back to the spot. As I drew near, the thought that very possibly it might be a harbour for wolves, came across me, and half tempted me to stifle my curiosity; but curiosity overpowered caution, and I entered. Like most adventures of the kind, mine was wholly without danger. The cave proved, as I suspected it would, to be a deserted mine, extending several hundred feet under-ground, and ending in a heap of rubbish, as if the roof had given way and choked up farther

progress. I found in it only an old iron three-legged pot, which I brought away with me, as a trophy of my hardihood.

It was now the fifth of October, and in spite of numerous rumours of a movement, the army still remained quiet. Marshal Soult, however, appeared fully to expect our advance, for he caused a number of hand-bills to be scattered through the camp, by the market people, most of whom were in his pay, warning us, that Gascony had risen *en masse*; and that if we dared to violate the sacred soil, every man who ventured beyond the camp would undoubtedly be murdered. These hand-bills were printed in French and Spanish; and they came in, in increased quantities, about the time that intelligence of Bonaparte's disastrous campaign in Russia reached us. Of course, we paid to them no attention whatever, nor had they the most remote effect in determining the plans of our leader, who probably knew, as well as the French general, how affairs really stood.

I shall not soon forget the 5th, the 6th, or the 7th of October. The first of these days I had spent among the woods, and returned to my tent in the evening, with a tolerably well-stored game-bag; but though fagged with my morning exercise, I could not sleep. After tossing about upon my blanket, till near midnight, I rose, and, pulling on my clothes, walked out. The moon was shining in cloudless majesty, and lighted up a scene which I never looked upon before, and shall probably never look upon again. I had admired the situation of our camp during the day, as it well deserved; but when I viewed it by moonlight, —the tents moist with dew, and glittering in the silver rays which fell upon them, with a grove of dwarf oaks partly shading them, and the stupendous cliffs distinctly visible in the back ground, I thought, and I think now, that the eye of man never beheld a scene more romantic or more beautiful. There was just breeze enough to produce a slight waving of the branches, which, joined to the increasing roar of a little waterfall at no great distance, and the occasional voice of a sentinel, who challenged as any one approached his post, produced an effect altogether too powerful for me to portray, at this distance of time, even to myself.

I walked about for two hours, perfectly enchanted, though I could not help thinking, that thousands who slept securely under that moon's rays, would sleep far more soundly under the rays of another.

I returned to my couch of fern about two in the morning, and slept, or rather dozed, till day-break; then, having waited the usual time under arms with the men, I set off again, with my dog and gun, to the mountains. But I was weary with last night's watching, and a friend, in something of my own turn of mind, overtaking me, we sat down to bask in the sun, upon a lofty rock which overlooked the camp. There we remained till the collecting clouds warned us of a coming storm; when, hurrying home, the information so long expected was communicated to us, namely, that we were to attack on the morrow.

I am no fire-eater, nor ever professed to be one; but I confess that the news produced in me very pleasurable sensations. We had been stationary, in our present position, so long, that all the objects around had become familiar, and variety is everything in the life of a soldier. Besides, there was the idea of invading France, an idea which, a few years before, would have been scouted as visionary; this created a degree of excitement highly animating. Not that I was thoughtless of what might be my own fate; on the contrary, I never yet went into action without making up my mind before hand, for the worst. But you become so familiarized with death, after you have spent a few months in such scenes as I had lately witnessed, that it loses most of its terrors, and is considered, only as a blank is considered in the lottery of which you may have purchased a ticket. It may come and go, why, there is no help for it; but you may escape, and then there are new scenes to be witnessed, and new adventures to go through.

As the attack was to be made at an early hour, the troops were ordered to lie down as soon after dark as possible, in order that they might be fresh, and in good spirits for the work of tomorrow. In the meanwhile, the clouds continued to collect over the whole face of the sky, and the extreme sultriness of the atmosphere indicated an approaching thunder-storm. The sun

went down, lowering and ominously, but it was not till the first night-relief had been planted, that is, about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, that the storm burst upon us. Then indeed it came, and with a degree of sublimity which accompanies such a storm, only amid such scenery. The lightning was more vivid than any which I recollect ever to have seen, and the peals of thunder, echoed back as they were by the rocks and mountains around, sounded more like one continued rending of the elements, than the intermitted discharges of an electric cloud. Happily, little or no rain fell, at least for a time, by which means I was enabled to sit at the door of my tent and watch the storm, nor have I been frequently more delighted than with its progress.

* Immediately opposite to where I sat, was a valley or glen, beautifully wooded; at the bottom of which flowed a little rivulet, which came from the waterfall already alluded to. This was completely laid open to me at every flash, as well as the whole side of the mountain beyond it; near the summit of which, a body of Spanish soldiers were posted in a lonely cottage. It was exceedingly curious to catch sight of this hut, with warlike figures moving about it, and arms piled beside it; of the bold heights around, with the stream tumbling from its rocky bed, and the thick groves, and the white tents—and then, to have the whole hidden from you in a moment. I sat and feasted my eyes, till the rain began to descend; when the storm gradually abating, I stretched myself on the ground, and without undressing, wrapt myself in my cloak, and fell asleep.

It was, as nearly as I can now recollect, about four o'clock next morning, when I was roused from my slumber by the orderly serjeant of the company. By this time the storm had completely passed away, and the stars were shining in a sky perfectly cloudless. The moon had, however, gone down, nor was there any other light except what they afforded, to aid the red glare from the decaying fires, which, for want of fuel, were fast dying out. The effect of this dull light, as it fell upon the soldiers, mustering in solemn silence, was exceedingly fine. You could not distinguish either the uniform or the features of the

men; you saw only groups collecting together, with arms in their hands; and it was impossible not to associate in your own mind the idea of banditti, rather than of regular troops, with the wild forest scenery around. Of course, I started to my feet at the first summons; and having buckled on my sabre, stowed away some cold meat, biscuit, and rum, in a haversack, and placed it, with my cloak, across the back of my horse, and swallowed a cup or two of coffee, I felt myself ready and willing for any kind of service whatever.

In little more than a quarter of an hour, the corps was under arms, and each man in his place. We had already been joined by two other battalions, forming a brigade of about fifteen hundred men; and about an hour before sun-rise, just as the first streaks of dawn were appearing in the east, the word was given to march. Our tents were not, on this occasion, struck. They were left standing, with the baggage and mules, under the protection of a guard, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy's picquets, in whose view they were exposed, with the belief that nothing was going forward. This measure was rendered necessary, because the state of the tide promised not to admit of our fording the river till past seven o'clock; long before which hour broad day-light would set in; and hence, the whole object of our early movement was to gain, unobserved, a sort of hollow, close to the banks of the Bidaossa, from which, as soon as the stream should be passable, we might emerge.

As we moved in profound silence, we reached our place of ambuscade without creating the smallest alarm; where we laid ourselves down upon the ground, for the double purpose of more effectually avoiding a display, and of taking as much rest as possible. Whilst lying here, we listened, with eager curiosity, to the distant tread of feet, which marked the coming up of other divisions, and to the lumbering sound of the artillery, as it rolled along the high road. The latter increased upon us every moment, till at length three ponderous eighteen-pounders reached the hollow, and began to ascend the rising ground immediately in front of us. These were placed in battery, so as to command the ford, across which a stone bridge, now in

ruins, was thrown; and by which we knew, from the position which we now occupied, that we were destined to proceed. By what infatuation it arose, that all those preparations excited no suspicion among the enemy, whose sentinels were scarce half musket-shot distant, I know not; but the event proved, that they expected, this morning, anything rather than an attack.

Before I proceed to describe the circumstances of the battle, I must endeavour to convey to the minds of my non-military readers something like a clear notion of the nature of the position occupied by the right of the French army. I have already said, that its extreme flank rested upon the sea. Its more central brigades occupied a chain of heights, not, indeed, deserving of the name of mountains, but still sufficiently steep to check the progress of an advancing force, and full of natural inequalities, well adapted to cover the defenders from the fire of the assailants. Along the face of these heights is built the straggling village of Andage; and immediately in front of them runs the fifth or mouth of the Bidaossa, fordable only in two points, one opposite to Fontarabia, and the other in the direction of the main road. Close to the French bank of the river, is a grove, or strip of willows, with several vineyards, and other enclosures, admirably calculated for skirmishers; whilst the ford, beside the ruined bridge, the only one by which artillery could pass, was completely commanded by a fortified house, or *lete-du-pont*, filled with infantry. The main road, again, on the French side of the river, winds among overhanging precipices, not, indeed, so rugged as those in the pass of Irun, but sufficiently bold to place troops which might occupy them in comparative security, and to render one hundred resolute men more than a match for a thousand who might attack them. Yet these were the most assailable points in the whole position, all beyond the road being little else than perpendicular cliffs, shaggy with pine and ash trees.

Such was the nature of the ground which we were commanded to carry. As day dawned, I could distinctly see that the old town of Fontarabia was filled with British soldiers. The fifth division, which had borne the brunt

of the late siege, and which, since the issue of their labours, had been permitted to rest somewhat in the rear, had been moved up on the preceding evening; and reaching Fontarabia a little before midnight, had spent some hours in the streets. Immediately in rear of ourselves, again, and in the streets of Irun, about eight thousand of the guards and of the German legion were reposing; whilst a brigade of cavalry just showed its leading file, at a turning in the main road, and a couple of nine-pounders stood close behind them. It was altogether a beautiful and an animating sight, not fewer than fifteen or twenty thousand British and Portuguese troops being distinguishable at a single glance.

Away to our right, and on the tops of San Marcial, the Spanish divisions took their stations; nor could I avoid drawing something like an invidious comparison between them and their gallant allies. Half clothed, and badly fed, though sufficiently armed, their appearance certainly promised no more than their actions, for the most part, verified. Not that the Spanish peasantry are deficient in personal courage, (and their soldiers were, generally speaking, no other than peasants with muskets in their hands,) but their corps were so miserably officered, and their commissariat so miserably supplied, that the chief matter of surprise is, how they came to fight at all. Even at this period of the war, when their country might be said to be completely freed from the invader, the principal subsistence of the Spanish army consisted in the heads of Indian corn, which they gathered for themselves in the fields, and cooked, by roasting them over their fires.

It will readily be imagined, that we watched the gradual fall of the river with intense anxiety, turning our glasses ever and anon towards the French lines, throughout which all remained most unaccountably quiet. At length a movement could be distinguished among the troops which occupied Fontarabia. Their skirmishers began to emerge from under cover of the houses, and to approach the river, when instantly the three eighteen-pounders opened from the heights above us. This was the signal for a general advance. Our column, likewise, threw out its skirmishers, which, hastening towards the ford,

were saluted by a sharp fire of musketry from the enemy's picquets, and from the garrison of the *tele-du-pont*. But the latter was speedily abandoned as our people pressed through the stream, and the artillery kept up an incessant discharge of round and grape shot upon it.

The French picquets were driven in, and our troops established on the opposite bank, with hardly any loss on our part, though those who crossed by Fontarabia were obliged to hold their firelocks and cartouch-boxes over their heads, to keep them ~~dry~~; and the water reached nearly above the knees beside the bridge. The alarm had, however, been communicated to the column in rear, which hastily formed upon the heights, and endeavoured, but in vain, to keep possession of Andage. That village was carried in gallant style by a brigade of the fifth division, whilst the first, moving steadily along the road, dislodged from their

at the garrison of the hills which commanded it, and crowned the heights but without opposition. A general panic seemed to have seized the enemy. Instead of boldly charging us, as we moved forward in column, they fired their pieces, and fled without pausing to reload them; nor was anything like a determined stand attempted, till all their works had fallen into our hands, and much of their artillery was taken. It was one of the most perfect, and yet extraordinary surprises, which I ever beheld.

There were not, however, wanting many brave fellows among the French officers, who exerted themselves strenuously to rally their terrified comrades, and to restore the battle. Among these I remarked one in particular. He was on horseback; and, riding among a flying battalion, he used every means which threat and entreaty could produce, to stop them; and he succeeded. The battalion paused, its example was followed by others, and in five minutes a well-formed line occupied what looked like the last of a range of green hills, on the other side of a valley which we were descending.

This sudden movement on the part of the enemy was met by a corresponding formation on ours; we wheeled into line and advanced. Not a word was spoken, nor a shot fired, till our troops had reached nearly half way

across the little hollow, when the French, raising one of their discordant yells,—a sort of shout, in which every man hallooed for himself, without regard to the tone or time of those about him—fired a volley. It was well directed, and did considerable execution; but it checked not our approach for a moment. Our men replied to it with a hearty British cheer, and giving them back their fire, rushed on to the charge.

In this they were met with great spirit by the enemy. I remarked the same individual, who had first stopped their flight, ride along the front of his men, and animate them to their duty, nor was it without very considerable difficulty, and after having exchanged several discharges of musketry, that we succeeded in getting within charging distance. Then, indeed, another cheer was given, and the French, without waiting for the rush, once more broke their ranks and fled. Their ~~leader~~ was still as active as before. He rode among the men, reproached, exhorted, and even struck near him with his sword, and once more about to restore order, he fell. In an instant, however, he rose again and mounted another horse, but he had hardly done so when a ball took effect in his neck, and he dropped dead. The fall of this one man decided the day upon the heights of Andage. The French troops lost all order and all discipline, and making their way to the rear, each by himself as he best could, they left us in undisputed possession of the field.

On the right of our army, however, and on the extreme left of the enemy, a much more determined opposition was offered. There Soult had added to the natural strength of his position, by throwing up redoubts and batteries upon every commanding point; and hence, it was not without suffering a very considerable loss, that the light division succeeded in turning it. All attempts, indeed, to carry the Hermitage, failed, though they were renewed with the most daring resolution, till a late hour in the night. But of the operations of the army in these quarters, I could see nothing, and therefore I will not attempt to describe them.

The day was far spent when our troops, wearied as much with the pursuit as with fighting, were command-

ed to halt, and to lie down in brigades and divisions along the heights which the enemy had abandoned. With us all was now perfectly quiet; but the roar of musketry, and the thunder of the cannon, still sounded on our right. As the darkness set in, too, the flashes became every moment more and more conspicuous, and produced, on account of the great unevenness of the ground, a remarkably beautiful effect. Repeated assaults being still made upon the Hermitage rock, the whole side of that conical hill seemed in a blaze, whilst every valley and eminence around it sparkled from time to time like the hills and valleys of a tropical climate, when the fire-flies are out in millions. Nor were other and stronger lights wanting. Our troops, in the hurry of the battle, had set fire to the huts of the French soldiers, which now burst forth, and cast a strong glare over the entire extent of the field. On the whole it was a glorious scene, and tended much to keep up the degree of

excitement which had pervaded our minds during the day.

Our loss, I mean the loss of the corps to which I was attached, chanced to be trifling. No particular companion, or intimate acquaintance of mine at least, had fallen, consequently there was nothing to destroy the feeling of pure delight, which the meanest individual in an army experiences when that army has triumphed; nor do I recollect many happier moments of my life, than when I stretched myself this evening beside a fire, near my friend Graham, to chat over the occurrences of the day. The Quarter-master coming up soon after with a supply of provisions and rum, added, indeed, not a little to my satisfaction, for the stock which I had provided in the morning was long ago disposed of among those who had been less provident; and my meal was followed by a sleep, such as kings might envy, though the heavens were my canopy, and the green turf was my bed.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT an hour after sunrise, on the following morning, the tents and baggage, which had been left on the Spanish side of the river, came up; and we were once more enabled to shelter ourselves against the inclemency of the weather. And it was well that their arrival was not longer deferred, for we had hardly time to pitch the former, when a heavy storm of wind and rain began, which, lasting with little intermission during two whole days, rendered our situation the reverse of agreeable. The position which we occupied, was, moreover, exceedingly exposed, our camp stretching along the ridge of a bleak hill, totally bare of every description of wood; indeed, the only fuel now within our reach, consisted of furze, the green and prickly parts of which we chopped and gave as forage to our horses, whilst the stems and smaller branches supplied us with very indifferent material for our fires.

The left column of the army had not long established itself in France, when crowds of sutlers, and other camp-followers, began to pour in. These persons, taking possession of such of the enemy's huts as had escaped the violence of our soldiers, opened their shops in due form along the

high road, and soon gave to the spot which they occupied the appearance of a settled village during the season of a fair, when booths, and caravans of wild-beasts, crowd its little street. This village became, before long, a favourite resort of the idle, and of such as still retained a few dollars in their purses, and many were the bottles of nominal brown-stout which, night after night, were consumed at the sign of the "Jolly Soldier."

I hardly recollect any period of my active life more devoid of interesting occurrences, than that which intervened between the crossing of the Spanish border, and the advance of the army towards Bayonne. We continued on the heights of Andage, from the 8th of October till the 9th of November, during the greater part of which time the weather was uncommonly severe, cold showers of rain unceasingly falling, and tremendous gusts of wind prevailing; indeed, we began to fear at last, that nothing more would be done this season, and that we should either retire to the towns of Irua and Fontarabia, or spend the winter under canvas. That we were wantonly kept here, no one imagined. On the contrary, we were quite aware, that

nothing but the protracted fall of Pampeluna hindered our advance, and joyful was the news which at length reached us, that that important city had surrendered.

Of course, I did not confine myself to my tent, or within the bounds of the camp, all this while. I shot and fished, as usual—made excursions to the rear and to the front, as the humour directed, and adopted every ordinary expedient to kill time. On these occasions adventures were not always wanting, but they were for the most part such as would excite but little interest were they repeated. I recollect one, however, which deserves narration, more perhaps than the others, and that I will detail.

Whilst the British army occupied its position along the Spanish bank of the Bidaossa, a vast number of desertions took place; insomuch as to cause a serious diminution of its strength. As this was an event which had but rarely occurred before, many opinions were hazarded as to its cause. For my own part, I attributed it entirely to the operation of superstitious terror on the minds of the men, and for this reason. It is generally the custom, in planting sentinels in the immediate presence of an enemy—to station them in pairs, so that one may patrol as far as the next post, whilst the other remains steady on his ground. Perhaps, too, the wish of giving greater confidence to the men themselves, may have some weight in dictating the measure; at all events, there can be no doubt that it produces this effect. Such, however, was the nature of the ground covered by our picquets among the Pyrenees, that in many places there was hardly room for a couple of sentinels to occupy a single post, whilst it was only at the mouths of the various passes that two were more desirable than one for securing the safety of the army. Rugged as the country was, however, almost every foot of it had been the scene of action, whilst the dead, falling among rocks and cliffs, were left, in various instances, from necessity, unburied; and exactly in those parts where the dead lay unburied, single sentinels were planted. That both soldiers and sailors are frequently superstitious, every person knows; nor can it be pleasant for the strongest minded among them to spend two or three hours of a stormy night

beside a mangled and half-devoured carcase; indeed I have been myself, more than once, remonstrated with, for desiring as brave a fellow as any in the corps, to keep guard near one of his fallen comrades. "I don't care for living men," said the soldier; "but, for God's sake, sir, don't keep me beside him;" and wherever I could yield to the remonstrance, I invariably did so. My own opinion, therefore, was, that many of our sentries became so overpowered by superstition, that they could not keep their ground. They knew, however, that if they returned to the picquet, a severe punishment awaited them; and hence they went over to the enemy, rather than endure the misery of a diseased imagination.

As a proof that my notions were correct, it was remarked, that the army had no sooner descended from the mountains, and taken up a position which required a chain of double sentinels to be renewed, than desertion in a very great degree ceased. A few instances, indeed, still occurred, as will always be the case where men of all tempers are brought together, as in an army; but they bore not the proportion of one to twenty towards those which took place among the Pyrenees. To put a stop to this entirely, a severe order was issued, positively prohibiting every man from passing the advanced videttes; and it was declared, that whoever was caught on what is termed the neutral ground—that is, on the ground between the enemy's out-posts and our own, should henceforth be treated as a deserter.

I had ridden towards the front one morning, for the purpose of visiting a friend in the 5th division, when I learned, that three men had been seized a few days before, half-way between the two chains of posts, and that one of them had confessed that their intention was to desert. A court-martial was immediately ordered; the prisoners were condemned to be shot; and this was the day on which the sentence was to be carried into execution. I consequently found the division, on my arrival, getting under arms; and being informed of the circumstances, I determined, after a short struggle with my weaker feelings, to witness the proceeding.

It was, altogether, a most solemn and impressive spectacle. The soldiers took their stations, and formed their

ranks, without speaking a word; and they looked at one another with that peculiar expression, which, without seeming to imply any suspicion of the impropriety of the measure, indicated great reluctance to become spectators of it. The same feeling evidently pervaded the minds of the officers; indeed you could almost perceive the sort of shudder which ran through the frames of all who were on parade.

The place appointed for the execution was a little elevated plain, a few hundred yards in front of the camp, and near the picquet from which the culprits had deserted. Hither the different battalions directed their steps, and the whole division being formed into three sides of a hollow square, the men grounded their arms, and stood still. At the vacant side of this square, a grave was dug, the earth, which had been excavated, being piled up on its opposite bank; and this, as the event proved, was the spot to be occupied by the prisoners.

We had stood thus about five minutes, when the muffled drums of the corps to which the culprits belonged, were heard beating the dead-march; and they themselves, handcuffed and surrounded by their guards, made their appearance. One was a fine young man, tall, and well-made; another was a dark, thick-set, little man, about forty years of age; and the third had nothing remarkable in his countenance, except an expression of deep cunning and treachery. They all moved forward with considerable firmness, and took their stations on the mound, when, attention being ordered, a staff-officer advanced into the centre of the square, and read aloud the proceedings of the Court. By these, sentence of death was passed upon all three, but the most villainous-looking among them was recommended to mercy, on the score of his having added the guilt of treachery to his other crimes.

As soon as the reading was finished, the prisoners were commanded to kneel down upon the ground, and a handkerchief was tied over the eyes of each. Whilst this was doing, I looked round, not so much from curiosity as to give a momentary relief to my own excited feelings, upon the countenances of the soldiers. They were, one and all of them, deadly pale, whilst the teeth of the many were set

closely together, and their very breaths seemed to be repressed. It was altogether a most harrowing moment.

The eyes of the prisoners being now tied up, the guard was withdrawn from around them, and took post about ten yards in their front. As soon as this was done, the same officer who had read the prologue of the trial, calling to the informer by name, ordered him to rise, for that the commander of the forces had attended to the recommendation of his judges, and spared his life. But the poor wretch paid no attention to the order; I question, indeed, whether he heard it; for he knelt there as if rooted to the spot, till a file of men removed him in a state of insensibility. What the feelings of his companions in crime must have been at this moment I know not, but their miseries were of short duration; for, a signal being given, about sixteen soldiers fired, and they were instantly numbered with the dead. The little man, I observed, sprang into the air when he received his wounds, the other fell flat upon his face; but neither gave the slightest symptom of vitality after.

The discharge of the muskets in the face of the culprits, was followed by a sound as if every man in the division had been stifled for the last five minutes, and now at length drew in his breath. It was not a groan nor a sigh, but a sob, like that which you unconsciously utter after dipping your head under water; and now all excitement was at an end. The men were dead; they died by musket-shots; and these were occurrences, viewing them in the abstract, far too common to be much regarded. But in order to give to the execution its full effect, the division formed into open columns of battalions, and marched round the grave, on the brink of which the bodies lay; after which each corps filed off to its tents, and long before dark the scene of the morning was forgotten. Not but that it produced a good effect, by checking the prevalence of the offence of which it was the punishment; but this soon died away, and every feeling of disgust, if, indeed, any such feeling had at all arisen, was obliterated. The bodies were thrown into the hole and covered up, and I returned to my tent to muse upon what I had seen.

I have stated, that on the third of November intelligence of the fall of Pampeluna reached us. From that day we began to calculate, in real earnest, upon a speedy renewal of operations, and to speculate upon the probable extent of our progress ere a new halt should be ordered, or the troops placed in quarters for the winter. But so much rain had fallen during the preceding fortnight, that the cross-roads were rendered wholly impassable, and, what was worse, there appeared no promise of a change in the weather.

I had the honour to be personally acquainted with the distinguished officer, whose unlooked-for death caused, of late, so great a sensation of sorrow throughout Scotland, I mean the Earl of Hopetoun, at that period Sir John Hope. Sir John had lately joined the army, relieving Sir Thomas Graham in the guidance of the left column, and filling the office of second in command under Lord Wellington. Whilst our division occupied the heights of Andage, I spent several agreeable evenings in his company; the particulars attending one of which, as they had, at the time at least, a more than ordinary degree of interest in them, I shall take the liberty to repeat.

On the seventh of November I dined with the General. We sat down to table about six o'clock, and were beginning to experience as much satisfaction as good cheer and pleasant company can produce, when an orderly dragoon rode into the courtyard of the house at full speed. He was immediately admitted, and, being ushered into the room where we sat, he handed a sealed packet to our host, Sir John immediately opened it, glanced his eye over its contents, put it into his pocket, and, motioning to the orderly to withdraw, renewed the conversation which had been interrupted. Though more than half-suspicious that the packet contained intelligence of importance, we, I mean the General's guests and staff, soon returned to our usual lively chat; when the clattering of another horse's hoofs was heard, and Colonel Delancy entered. He was accompanied by an officer of the corps of guides, and requesting permission to hold a few minutes' private conversation with Sir

John Hope, they all three retired together.

"We shall have something to do before 24 hours pass," said one of the aides-de-camp; "Delancy always brings warlike communications with him."—"So much the better," was the general reply. "Let us drink to our host, and success to to-morrow's operations." The toast was hardly finished, when Sir John returned, bringing with him only the officer of the corps of guides; Delancy was gone; but of the purport of the communication not a hint was dropped, and the evening passed on as if no such communication had been made.

About nine o'clock our party broke up, and we were wishing our friends good-night, when a French officer, who had deserted from his corps, brought in. He was civilly, but very coolly received. He had little information to give, except that a batch of conscripts had lately joined the army, most of whom were either old men or boys; so thoroughly was the youth of France by this time wasted through a continuance of wars. We, who were guests, stayed not; however, to hear him out, but mounting our horses, returned each to his tent.

On reaching the camp of my own corps, I found, as, indeed, I had expected to find, that the order for an attack was issued, and that the brigade was to be under arms by four o'clock next morning. Once more, therefore, I made up my mind for the worst, and having instructed my friend as to the manner in which I wished my little property to be disposed of; having assigned my sword to one, my pelisse to another, and my faithful dog to a third, I was, if you please, methodist enough to recommend my soul to the mercy of its Creator, and then lay down. For a while Graham and myself chatted, as men, at least men of any reflection, so situated, are wont to chat. We agreed, as, indeed, we always did on such occasions, to act as executors the one to the other, and having cordially shaken hands, lest an opportunity of so doing should not occur again, we fell fast asleep.

I had slept perhaps an hour and a half, when I was awoken by the voice of the orderly sergeant, who came to inform us that the movement of the

army was countermanded. I will not say whether the intelligence was received as acceptable, or the reverse; indeed, I question whether we ourselves knew, at the moment, whether we were relieved by the reprieve or the contrary. One thing, however, is certain, that I slept not the less soundly from knowing, that at least to-morrow was secured to me, to be passed in a state of vigour and vitality, though perfectly aware that the peril of a battle must be encountered before long, and hence, that it was really a matter of very little moment, whether it should take place now, or a few days hence.

On mustering, next morning, upon

the parade-ground, we learned that our intended operations were impeded only by the very bad state of the roads. Though the rain had ceased for some days past, such was the quantity which had fallen, that no artillery could, as yet, move in any other direction than along the main road. The continuance of dry weather for eight-and-forty hours longer, would, however, it was calculated, remove this obstacle to our advance; and hence, every man felt that he had but a couple of days to count upon. By good fortune, these days continued clear and serene, and the justice of our calculations was, in due time, evinced.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE eighth and ninth of November passed over, without any event occurring worthy of recital. On the former of these days, indeed, we had the satisfaction to see a French gun-brig destroyed by one of our light cruizers, a small schooner, off the harbour of St Jean de Luz. She had lain there, as it appeared, for some time, and apprehensive of falling into our hands had ventured, on that day, to put sea. But being observed by a brig, and the schooner above alluded to, she was immediately followed, and after an engagement, of nearly an hour's duration with the latter, she blew up. Whether her crew had abandoned her previous to the explosion, I had no opportunity to discover.

Among ourselves, in the meanwhile, and throughout the different divisions contiguous to us, a silence, like that of a calm before a storm, prevailed. Each man looked as if he knew that an attack was impending, but few conjectures were hazarded touching the precise moment of its occurrence. On the evening of the ninth, however, all doubt was at length removed. We were assembled at parade, or rather the parade was dismissed; but the band continuing to play, the officers were waiting in groups about the tent of the colonel, when an aid-de-camp riding up, informed us that the whole army was to advance upon the morrow. The corps to which I belonged, was appointed to carry the village of Uroque, a place containing perhaps an hundred houses and a church, by as-

sault; for which purpose, we were to take post, an hour before day-break, on the high road, and close to the advanced sentinels. Of the disposition of other corps we knew nothing, and we were perfectly satisfied with the part allotted to ourselves.

As soon as the aid-de-camp departed, we began, as people so circumstanced generally begin, to discuss the propriety of our general's arrangements. On the present occasion, we were more than usually convinced of the sagacity and profound skill of the noble lord. Our corps had been selected, in preference to many others, for a service, perilous, it is true, but therefore honourable. This showed that he knew at least on whom he could depend, and we, of course, were determined to prove that his confidence had not been misplaced. Alas, the vanity of men in all callings and professions, when each regards himself as infinitely superior to those around him!

Having passed an hour or two in this manner, we departed, each to his own tent, in order to make the necessary preparations for the morrow. These were speedily completed. Our baggage was packed; our horses and mules, which, for the sake of shelter, had been kept, during the last ten days, at certain houses in the rear, were called in, and provisions enough for one day's consumption, were put up in a haversack. With this and one cloak, we directed a Portuguese lad—a servant of Graham—to follow the

battalion, upon a little pony which we kept chiefly for such uses, and finally, having renewed our directions, the one to the other, respecting the conduct of the survivor in case either of us should fall, we lay down.

It was quite dark when I arose. Our fires had all burned out, there was no moon in the heavens, and the stars were in a great measure obscured by clouds; but we took our places instinctively, and in profound silence. On these occasions, I have been always struck with the great coolness of the women. You seldom hear a single expression of alarm escape them; indeed, they become, probably from habit, and from the example of others, to the full as indifferent to danger as their husbands. I fear too, that the sort of life which they lead, after they have for any length of time followed an army in the field, sadly unsexes them, (if I may be permitted to coin such a word for their benefit,) at least, I recollect but one instance in which any symptoms of real sorrow were shown, even by those whom the fate of a battle has rendered widows. Sixty women only being permitted to accompany a battalion, they are, of course, perfectly secure of obtaining as many husbands as they may choose; and hence, few widows of soldiers continue in a state of widowhood for any unreasonable time; so far, indeed, they are a highly favoured class of female society.

The column being formed, and the tents and baggage so disposed, as that, in case of a repulse, they might be carried to the rear without confusion or delay, the word was given to march. As our route lay over ground extremely uneven, we moved forward for a while slowly, and with caution; till, having gained the high road, we were enabled to quicken our pace. We proceeded by it, perhaps a mile, till the watch-fire of a German picquet was seen; when the order to halt being passed quietly from rank to rank, we grounded our arms, and sat down upon the green banks by the road side. Here we were to remain, till a gun on our left should sound the signal of attack, and objects should be distinctly visible.

Men are very differently affected at different times, even though the situations in which they may be cast bear a strong affinity to one another. On the present occasion, for example, I

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perfectly recollect, that hardly any feeling of seriousness pervaded my mind, nor, if I might judge by appearances, the minds of those around me. Much conversation, on the contrary, passed among us in whispers, but it was all of as light a character, as if the business in which we were about to engage was mere amusement, and not that kind of play in which men stake their lives. Anxiety and restlessness, indeed, universally prevailed. We looked to the east, and watched the gradual approach of dawn with eager interest; but it was with that degree of interest which sportsmen feel on the morning of the twelfth of August,—or rather, perhaps, like that of a child in a box at Covent-Garden, when it expects every moment to see the stage-curtain lifted. We were exceedingly anxious to begin the fray, but we were quite confident of success.

In the meanwhile, such dispositions were made as the circumstances of the case appeared to require. Three companies, consisting of about one hundred and fifty men, were detached, under the command of a field-officer, a little to the right and left of the road, for the purpose of surprising, if possible, two of the enemy's picquets, which were there posted. The remaining seven, forming again into column, as day broke, extended their front so as to cover the whole breadth of the road, and made ready to rush at once, in what is called double quick time, upon the villages. That it was strongly barricaded, and filled with French infantry, we were quite aware; but, by making our first attack a rapid one, we calculated on reaching the barricade before the enemy should be fully aware of the movement.

We stood, perhaps half an hour, after these dispositions were effected, before the signal was given, the dawn gradually brightening over the whole of the sky. Now we could observe that we had diverged in some degree from the main road, and occupied with our little column a lane, hemmed in on both sides by high hedges. Presently we were able to remark that the lane again united itself with the road about a hundred yards in front of us; then the church and houses of the village began to show through the darkness, like rocks, or mounds; by and by the stubble fields immediately around

could be distinguished from green meadows; then the hedge-rows which separated one field from another became visible. And now the signal-gun was fired. It was immediately repeated by a couple of nine-pounders, which were stationed in a field adjoining to the lane where we stood; and the battle began.

The three detached companies did their best to surprise the French picquets, but without success, the French troops being far too watchful to be easily taken. They drove them in, however, in gallant style, whilst the little column, according to the preconcerted plan, pressed forward. In the meantime, the houses and barricade of Uroque were thronged with defenders, who saluted us as we approached with a sharp discharge of musketry, which, however, was more harmless than might have been expected. A few men and one officer fell, the latter being shot through the heart. He uttered but a single word—the name of his favourite comrade, and expired. On our part, we had no time for firing, but rushed on to the charge; whilst the nine-pounders, already alluded to, cleared the barricade with grape and cannister. In two minutes we had reached its base; in an instant more we were on the top of it; when the enemy, panic-struck at the celerity of our movements, abandoned their defences and fled. We followed them through the street of the place, as far as its extremity, but, having been previously commanded to proceed no farther, we halted here, and they escaped to the high grounds beyond.

The position now attacked was the famous one in front of St Jean de Luz, than which, Lord Wellington himself has said, that he never beheld any more formidable. It extended for about three miles, along the ridge of a rising ground, the ascent of which was, for the most part, covered with thick wood, and intersected by deep ditches. In addition to these natural defences, it was fortified with the utmost care, Mareschal Soult having begun to throw up upon it redoubts and breast-works, even before our army had crossed the Bidasoa, and having devoted the whole of that month which we had spent above Andage, in completing his older works and erecting new. Towards our left, indeed, that is, towards the right of the enemy, and in the direction of the village which

we had just carried, these works presented so commanding an appearance, that our gallant leader deemed it unwise to attempt any serious impression upon them; and hence, having possessed ourselves of Uroque, we were directed to attempt nothing farther, but to keep it at all hazards, and to make from time to time a demonstration of advancing. This was done, in order to deter Soult from detaching any of his corps to the assistance of his left, which it was the object of Lord Wellington to turn, and which, after twelve hours' severe fighting, he succeeding in turning.

As soon as we had cleared the place of its defenders, we set about entrenching ourselves, in case any attempt should be made to retake the village. For this purpose, we tore up the barricade erected by the French, consisting of casks filled with earth, manure, and rubbish, and rolling them down to the opposite end of the town, we soon threw up a parapet for our own defence. The enemy, in the meanwhile, began to collect a dense mass of infantry upon the brow of the hill opposite, and, turning a battery of three pieces of cannon upon us, they swept the street with round shot. These, whizzing along, soon caused the walls and roofs of the houses to crumble into ruins; but neither they, nor the shells which from time to time burst about us, did any considerable execution. By avoiding conspicuous places, indeed, we managed to keep well out of reach; and hence the chief injury done by the cannonade was that which befell the proprietors of houses.

We found in the village a good store of brown bread, and several casks of brandy. The latter of these were instantly knocked on the head, and the spirits poured out into the street, as the only means of hindering our men from getting drunk, and saving ourselves from a defeat; but the former was divided amongst them; and even the black bread, allowed to the French soldiers, was a treat to us, because we had tasted nothing except biscuits, and these none of the most fresh, for the last three months. We were not, however, allowed much time to regale ourselves.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and the enemy had as yet made no attack upon us. We could perceive, indeed, from the glancing of bayonets through the wood in front, that troops were there

mustering; and as the country was well adapted for skirmishing, being a good deal intersected with ditches, hedges, and hollow ways, it was deemed prudent to send out three or four companies to watch their movements. Among the companies thus sent out was that to which I belonged. We took a direction to the left of the village, and being noticed by the enemy's artillery, were immediately saluted with a shower of round shot and shells. Just at this moment a tumbril or ammunition-waggon coming up, a shell from a French mortar fell upon it; it exploded, and two unfortunate artillery-drivers, who chanced to be sitting upon it, were hurled into the air. I looked at them for a moment after they fell. One was quite dead, and dreadfully mangled; the other was as black as a coal; but he was alive, and groaned heavily. He lifted his head as we passed, and wished us success. What became of him afterwards, I know not, but there appeared little chance of his recovery.

Having gained a hollow road, some what in advance of the village, we found ourselves in connexion with a line of skirmishers thrown out by Colonel Halket from his corps of light Germans, and in some degree sheltered from the cannonade. But our repose was not of long continuance. The enemy having collected a large force of tirailleurs, advanced, with loud shouts and every show of determination. To remain where we were, was to expose ourselves to the risk of being cut to pieces in a hollow way, the banks of which were higher than our heads, and perfectly perpendicular; the question therefore was, should we retire or advance? Of course, the former idea was not entertained for a moment. We clambered up the face of the bank with some difficulty; and, replying to the shouts of the French with a similar species of music, we pressed on.

When I looked to my right and to my left at this moment, I was delighted with the spectacle which that glance presented. For the benefit of your more peaceable readers, I may as well mention, that troops sent out to skirmish, advance or retire in files; each file, or pair of men, keeping about ten yards from the files on both sides of them. On the present occasion, I beheld a line of skirmishers, extending nearly a mile in both directions, all

keeping in a sort of irregular order; and all firing, independently of one another, as the opportunity of a good aim prompted each of them. On the side of the French, again, all was apparent confusion; but the French tirailleurs are by no means in disorder when they appear so. They are admirable skirmishers; and they gave our people, this day, a good deal of employment, before they again betook themselves to the heights. They did not, however, succeed, as I suspect was their design, in drawing us so far from the village as to expose us to the fire of their masked batteries; but having followed them across a few fields only, we once more retired to our hollow road.

It was quite evident, from the numerous solid bodies of troops, which kept their ground along the enemy's line, that the plan of Lord Wellington had been perfectly successful; and that no force had been sent from the right of Soult's army to the assistance of his left. The continual roar of musketry and of cannon, which was kept up in that direction, proved, at the same time, that a more serious struggle was going on there than any to which we were exposed. It was no rapid, but intermitting rattle, like that which we and our opponents from time to time produced; but an unceasing volley, as if men were able to fire without loading, or took no time to load. At length Soult appeared to have discovered that he had little to dread upon his right. About three o'clock, we could, accordingly, observe a heavy column, of perhaps ten or twelve thousand men, beginning its march to the left; and at the same instant, as if to cover the movement, the enemy's skirmishers again advanced. Again we met them, as we had done before, and again drove them in; when, instead of falling back to the hollow way, we lay down behind a hedge, half-way between the village and the base of their position. From this they made several attempts to dislodge us, but without effect, and here we remained till the approach of darkness put an end to the battle.

The sun had set about an hour, when the troops in advance were everywhere recalled; and I and my companions returned to the village. Upon it we found that the enemy still kept up an occasional fire of cannon; and hence, that the houses, which were ex-

tremely thin, furnished no sufficient shelter for the troops. It was accordingly determined to canton the corps, for the night, in the church, the walls of that building being of more solid materials, and proof against the violence of at least field artillery. Thither, therefore, we all repaired, and here I had the satisfaction to find that our Portuguese follower had arrived before us, so that a comfortable meal was prepared. Provisions and grog were likewise issued out to the men, and all was now jollity and mirth.

The spectacle which the interior of the church of Uroque presented this night, was one which the pious founder of this fabric probably never calculated upon its presenting. Along the two side aisles, the arms of the battalion were piled, whilst the men themselves occupied the centre aisle. In the pulpit was placed the large drum and other musical instruments, whilst a party of officers took possession of a gallery erected at the lower extremity of the building. For our own parts, Graham and myself asserted a claim to the space around the altar, which, in an English church, is generally railed in, but which, in foreign churches, is distinguished from the rest of the chancel only by its elevation. Here we spread out our cold salt beef, our brown bread,

our cheese, and our grog; and here we eat and drank, in that state of excited feeling which attends every man who has gone safely through the perils of such a day.

Nor was the wild nature of the spectacle around us diminished by the gloomy and wavering light, which thirty or forty small rosin tapers cast over it. Of these, two or three stood beside us, upon the altar, whilst the rest were scattered about, by ones and twos, in different places, leaving every interval in a sort of shade, which gave a wider scope to the imagination than to the senses. Then the buzz of conversation, too, the frequent laugh and joke, and, by and by, the song, as the grog began to circulate, all these combined to produce a scene too striking to be soon forgotten.

As time passed on, all these sounds became gradually more and more faint. The soldiers, wearied with their day's work, dropped asleep, one after another, and I, having watched them for a while, stretched out like so many corpses upon the paved floor of the church, wrapped my cloak round me, and prepared to follow their example. I laid myself at the foot of the altar, and though the marble was not more soft than marble usually is, I slept as soundly upon it as if it had been a bed of down.

VALENTINE.

My love was born on British ground,
The fairest lass that e'er was found;
Of Beauty's train she leads the van,
The sweet enchantress *Mary Anne*.
I'll sing my pretty *Mary Anne*;
I'll love my pretty *Mary Anne*:
There's not a French or Englishman,
But sighs for my sweet *Mary Anne*.

With fairy step and dulcet lay,
She danced and sung my heart away;
Of Pleasure's train she leads the van,
The laughter-loving *Mary Anne*.
I'll sing my pretty *Mary Anne*;
I'll love my pretty *Mary Anne*:
Take, foolish Fortune, all you can,
But leave me my sweet *Mary Anne*.

A wreath of fairest flowers I'll twine,
To deck my lovely valentine,
For in my heart she leads the van,
The love-inspiring *Mary Anne*.
I'll sing my pretty *Mary Anne*;
I'll love my pretty *Mary Anne*:
And may I soon her vows trepan,
And wed with my sweet *Mary Anne*.

S. M. C.

MS. NOTES ON THE ARTICLES CONCERNING IRELAND, THE WEST INDIES, &c.
IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

I HAVE not time to write a formal letter on this Blue and Yellow, but you, Mr Secretary Mullion, may do so if you please, and make use of these, my jottanda, if you find anything worth your while in them.

A poor Number upon the whole, Mullion. No literature but this exquisite drivel on Tom Campbell's already forgotten piece of imbecility—the Theodric. Well, the Small Known may doubt what I say if he likes, but I give him my honour he is in his dotage. I am quite certain there is not one periodical work now in existence that could glory in a more perfect specimen of havers than this. I do not object to Jeffrey's clawing his brother Whig and brother Editor, who so regularly claws him in his New Monthly—not at all. This is in the way of business, and quite proper; but there should be some measure in the best things, and *certi denique fines*. The whole world has decided that Theodric is a weak, silly, puerile, ineffective, unimaginative, unreadable screed of trash—containing about twenty or thirty beautiful verses—and here is Jeffrey, gravely clapping the trumpet to his lips, and blowing a Pean, such as might have served a new Comus, or Gray's Elegy, or Parasina. This is really poor work, Mr Jeffrey. I pity you from my soul. You that used to be such a sharp little fellow! Have you forsworn champagne altogether, and taken to pap and posset? So it seems.

Is it really possible that, from your once quick and pointed pen, these slow effusions of fatuity were laboriously distilled? Was it you, Francis Jeffrey, that really uttered these words?—"Your true drudges are the quickest and most regular with their publications." Ergo, Homer, who has written two poems of twenty-four books each, besides an immensity more which have been lost, and who evidently had a great deal besides to do in his life, was a true drudge. Aristotle, whose works are innumerable, was ditto. Ditto, Cervantes. Ditto, Sophocles, Euripides, Menander. Ditto, Goethe. Ditto, the Author of Waverley. Ditto, Shakspeare, whose plays must have been written three or four a-year, as

long as he wrote. Ditto, Milton, particularly from 1667, to 1674, in which space, besides prose works, he published Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, Samson Agonistes, the worst of which is almost as good as the Ritter Barn. Ditto, Voltaire. Ditto, Michael Angelo. Ditto, Raphael, &c. &c. &c.

But why go so far back; or abroad; for examples? Have not you been for twenty years giving the world a Blue and Yellow per quarter? Have you not been making fine speeches on all manner of matters all this time, too? What a drudge of drudges you must be! I give you up.

Was it you, my dear fellow, was it your own self, really, that wrote that paragraph abusing Southey as a hireling poet, and extolling Campbell's as "an unbought muse?" My dear little man, are you ignorant of the fact, that Southey has only a hundred a-year and a butt of sherry, and has enjoyed this only for a few short years, while, per contra, your unbought muse is, and has been for twenty good twelve-months, in the regular receipt of L.200—a pension—a good, solid, honest pension of L.200 per annum? I fear your faculties are in a sad state.—Take a jaunt, my friend; cut both Blue and Yellow and Parliament House, for a few months, and see whether air, exercise, and leisure, have no power to restore something of an intellect which, if never powerful, was not always pitiable. You have been overworking yourself, I suspect, and your mind may give way, which I think of with uneasiness. Do shut your books and learn fencing, or quadrilles, or riding—anything but the shop for you in your present state.

You "enter a caveat," I see, against people's supposing that Campbell "has been labouring all this while (since Gertrude) at nothing but what he has now produced." This is surely another sore drive. Everybody that knows anything of the literary world knows quite as well as yourself, that Campbell has been doing a variety of other fine things within these twelve or fourteen years, besides his Recluse, and Barn, and so forth. The Lectures on Poetry, my dear friend, the Specimens of English Poets, the

whole small print, and a little of the large print, of the New Monthly Magazine—besides innumerable articles in Brewster's Encyclopædia, and Macvey's Supplement, and your own Review—and occasional pamphlets.—Good heavens, Mr Jeffrey, do you really imagine that all the world can be apt to consider all these fine things as NOTHING! Come, come, there is nothing for it but a halt. This "fine animal" must absolutely be turned out to grass for the rest of the season. Off with his shoes *instantly*, my dear Constable. If you doubt my judgment, ask Wordsworth.

Art. II. Pillaged from the Westminster. P. 305, it is evidently insinuated that the story of Comte D'Avaux is true. Now, it rests solely on the testimony of a blackguard who boasted of women's favours. Turn to p. 311, and you find the Duc de Lauzun stigmatized as a base wretch, unworthy of credit—for this same conduct. It follows, therefore, that any authority is sufficient to blot the character of one of the most respectable women who filled a throne; but that the same species of testimony must be rejected when it affects the demirep mothers of some of our Whig patriots.

In two points of view, this is a most blackguard article. The base sneer at all kings, courts, and nobles, which runs throughout, is sufficiently perceptible, and utterly contemptible. The extracts are FILTHY and ONSCENE in the highest degree. This Number cannot lie on a drawing-room table. Harriette Wilson's book is perfect purity compared to this MASS OF VILE, UNNATURAL POLLUTION. Nothing can excuse the editor of a work like this, who suffers his pages to be rendered so entirely unfit *virginibus puerisque*. It would not be a bit worse to review and give specimens of Lauzun, or Louvet, or Cleland, or Cassanova! O, Mr Jeffrey! And the atrocity is perpetrated with a gay air, too! quite a lively, humorous, joyous article! This is a beastly article. If the modern Pygmalion could be suspected of reading French, I should have had no hesitation in ascribing this abomination to the same pen that has already been damned to eternal infamy by the LIZZY ANONIS. Depend on it, Mr Jeffrey, depend on it, you will find this the most ruinous experiment you ever played off. I bet you any odds that

this one article strikes more subscribers off your list, than any one article you ever published. Blush deep as scarlet, sir, and remember henceforth that you are a gentleman, and not a very young one neither. I would rather—I speak solemn truth, I assure you, sir—I would rather sacrifice every shilling I am worth in this world, than see my sister reading that article, with the knowledge that her brother had sanctioned its publication. I don't pretend to understand other people's feelings, but these are mine. It would give me sincere pleasure to be assured that you did not correct the proofs of this execrable thing—and, if you can say so, I beg you will.

The third article, on Hazlewood School, is written in a good spirit; let me add, an altered spirit. This is not by the hand that formerly was lifted up against Oxford, and waged war on the public schools of England; that found nothing in classical learning but longs and shorts; that was so anxious for knowledge of things as contradistinctive to words; or, if it be, that hand has lost its cunning. It is with great pleasure that I copy the following from the Edinburgh Review, and the pleasure is not diminished by its being only a repetition of what we have said a thousand times.

"As to *intellectual* culture, again, it goes this length—that all that is really worth caring about in early education being the regular exercise of the faculties, it is no great matter in the acquisition of what kinds of knowledge they are so exercised; and that it is scarcely worth while to dispute about the relative value and utility of any one study that can be adopted among rational men, as compared with any other. Systems of education, it should always be remembered, can be of only so ordinary minds, and in ordinary situations: For, not only will genius always develop itself, but wherever strong motives exist for the cultivation of any branch of knowledge, it will infallibly be cultivated;—and that whether this motive consist in a peculiar natural propensity for the study, or in some accidental circumstance that has made it a requisite for professional advancement, or a necessary tool for the work of ambition, cupidity, or any other strong passion. These motives, however, can scarcely have much force in very early life; and if there be an habitual course of education established in any country, it must obviously be independent of such consid-

derations. Now, after reading and writing, about the precedence of which rational men will not dispute, we profess to hold it as a matter of great indifference to what branch of study the attention of boys is primarily directed,—and think Greek and Latin really as good as anything else.

“It is very true that the knowledge of those languages is not of itself indispensable, or very certainly useful for most of the important pursuits or enjoyments of life; and it is also true, that more than half of those whose chief occupation they form for five or six years, never acquire any comfortable use of them, and have apparently but little pleasure or profit from the knowledge they have been trying to acquire. But then, in the course of these laborious and apparently unprosperous attempts, they have almost infallibly acquired those habits of spontaneous and continued attention—of methodical observation and memory—of abstraction and generalization, and even, in some degree, of taste, judgment, and invention, which are not only useful, but, in reality, indispensable for any serious occupation—and that, in all probability, as easily and quickly as they could have been acquired by any other course of application. It is plain, however, that it is in the acquisition of these habits that the main benefit of education consists; and whatever teaches them most effectually, is the best course of education.

“Without entering at all into the idle dispute as to the uses and advantages of classical learning in general, it is but fair to state, that it can never be justly considered as limited to the mere acquaintance with the words of a foreign language, but necessarily imports the acquisition of a good deal of historical and geographical knowledge, and a pretty extensive acquaintance with some of the best specimens of eloquence, reasoning, and anecdote, that are yet to be found in the world. It is quite absurd, too, to suppose that, in any modern scheme of education, the attention of the pupil is *exclusively* directed to the study of those languages, or that there is not, in reality, time enough for the simultaneous acquisition of any other accomplishment. There is no seminary, we believe, in these kingdoms, public or private, where the classical tongues now possess any such monopoly; and it is matter of notoriety, that they are almost always conjoined with the study of arithmetic, French, mathematics, and drawing, and generally with some history, natural philosophy, and metaphysics, or theology, besides a

sufficient institution in the accomplishments of dancing, horsemanship, fencing, and other gymnastics. There is time enough, we find, for making a reasonable proficiency in all those studies, languages included, between that period of life when mere play begins to become irksome to the expanding intellect, and the period when the task of instruction and the duty of superintendence can be safely brought to a close. For those who are not obliged to earn their subsistence by bodily labour as soon as their physical strength is at all matured, it is plainly expedient that all this interval should be devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, or rather of good intellectual habits and exercises—and it has always appeared to us, that any occupation which led to the cultivation of such habits, was nearly as good as any other; and that the choice might safely be left either to the restlessness of the present, or the wisdom of the last generation.

“The study of the ancient languages, as now conducted in all good schools, seems to us quite as fit to exercise the attention, the memory, and the power of analysis, combination, and taste, as any other study that can be suggested. In itself, indeed, we do not know that it is entitled to a preference over many other studies. But so long as a certain knowledge of these tongues is generally considered as the badge of a liberal education, we apprehend that it is *entitled* to a preference. The error, if it be an error, is not in those who originally planned, or now persist in that mode of education, but in the body of intelligent society, which requires from all well-bred persons a knowledge which no other education can supply. In this sense, no knowledge is so truly useful and indispensable as that of Greek and Latin; since, without it, a man can scarcely take his place in the ranks of polite and intelligent society, or, at least, must be continually exposed to mortifications of the most awkward description. Accompanied and diversified as the classical training of our youth now is with so many other pursuits, what is there, we would ask, that we could substitute for it with advantage as the staple of the complex education? Would it really do any good to leave out our grammars and dictionaries, and teach boys of thirteen to parrot over the names of plants or minerals—or to go through the foppery of land surveying or astronomical observation? Is it at all more likely that a greater part of boys so educated would turn out botanists and geologists—than our schools now turn out of Greek

scholars? Would their knowledge be more likely to fall in with their after occupations in life? Would it be half so producible in society? Would it not be much more likely to make them awkward from the feeling of its uselessness, or conceited from a notion of its rarity? And, is it not true, on the whole, that most of those acquisitions, depending, in great part, on mere memory or manual dexterity, do, in point of fact, give less exercise to the intellectual faculties, and cultivate less effectually those habits that lead to their *social* development, than the old, monkish, traditionary study of the classics, which the *Chrestomaths* of the present day hold in so slender reverence? We have no sort of horror at innovation, and rather like trying experiments:— But we have a considerable distrust of all who pretend to make discoveries in morals and education. We suspect vehemently that the faculties will develop themselves, with nearly equal rapidity and sureness, under *any* rational system of training from boyhood to manhood; and are very much tempted to believe, that all the real improvements that have been made in education amount only to this, not that the boys become sooner men, or wiser men, but that they have more play, or less useless suffering, in the course of the transition."

Now this is perfectly true, and something more than a month old, for we have been saying it these seven years, and before we knew the use of a pen, it had been said by thousands before us. Nevertheless, people are never too old to mend, and I am rejoiced to see the Whig education-people opposing the gimcracks of Jerry Bentham and Co. With respect to this particular project of Hazlewood School, I know nothing, and therefore am unwilling to speak of it. There appears to me some quackery in Autarchs, and defectors, and Franks, and Veteran Franks—I say there *appears*, for these things may be very well adapted for boys, who have a great propensity to mimic legislation, and playing at lawyers or soldiers. I should be sorry that any observations of mine should hurt the feelings of such evidently zealous and industrious men as the conductors of this establishment, and I wish them every success, if for no other reason, yet for the kindness and affection which they display to the precious charge committed to their care.

With respect to education in general, there is one remark I wish to make, for I have never yet seen it fully insisted upon. Corporal punishment seems to be universally decried, and other inventions for stimulating the pride and industry of the pupils resorted to. Sincerely would I be delighted if anything could tend to strew flowers, or to remove thorns, in the path which leads to education; but there is one thing which I always fear. Flagellation, if fairly distributed, and not carried to a brutal pitch, has never, that I know of, produced many had moral effects. The pupil, no doubt, sometimes hates the pedagogue who operated, yet, I think, from what observations I could make, it was not for the beating, but for some unfairness or oppression in inflicting it. In after life, you will see the boys retaining a kindly affection for, and cultivating friendly intercourse with, their old licitor. Now, substitute emulation exclusively as the stimulus, and you run a sad chance of sowing with it all the seeds of the most paltry passions—envy, jealousy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. I have known school enmities, originating in this source, to continue all through life. Poor, indeed, is the acquisition of knowledge, when accompanied with this Pandora-like boon. I throw out this hint for the rumination of those who have more experience in this line than I have. I shall speak for myself, and answer for it, that I was driven into learning *formidine fustis*, and look, even at this distance of time, on all my school-mates or fellow-sufferers under an unavoidable infliction, for which we, taking for granted that such things should be, were no more angry with the dominie than we were with the thunder-cloud which soused us on the hills. Spite of his scurle, he was a kind-hearted, gray-haired man of glee. Many a glass of toddy I took with him towards the close of his life, and a grewsome face I had on when I followed him to the grave. I cannot think of him, and the times I spent with him, even now, without emotion. "And I asked, The days of my youth, where are they? And Echo answered, Where are they?"

Bho! this is nothing to my task. *Revenons a nos moutons.* The state of Ashantee.—Art. V.!!!

We have next the interminable question of Ireland—bore most hyperborean! as Tom Moore calls it [Do not fear that I shall pull you neck and shoulders through the topics of emancipation.]—in the shape of a long and dreary Session-paper.

I have not patience with the general Whig tone on the question. This article is a fair sample of their unfair reasoning. It begins by talking of the misgovernment of Ireland—of the penal code—of the tendency of such oppression to generate discontent, and then accuses *us* of stupidity and bigotry in continuing this system, and asks indignantly, whether we ought not to be abashed and ashamed. If there were any such thing as shame in the party making the demand, they ought to blush up to the ears for their impudence in asking it. Why, sir, as you have said a hundred times before, it was they themselves who enacted all the atrocities of which they complain, and we it is who are endeavouring to remedy the posture in which they have placed us. No one is so blind as not to see that their advocacy of the Catholic interest now is stimulated by a hope that Catholic ascendancy in Ireland—the thing for which the Romish priesthood, and agitators of that island, have long been using every energy—will hurt the Church establishment of England. That, and that only, is the *but* which such people as the Edinburgh Reviewers aim at.

Important alterations are taking place every day in the state of the Catholic question. I agree with the Reviewers in their contemptuous character (p. 367) of the junta who have gained the ascendancy in the Catholic Association in Ireland; yet the party to which Mr Jeffrey and Co. belong have been straining every effort of lungs and wit in Parliament to defend the outrageous proceedings, and the diabolical ferocity of the language of that body. Their lungs and wit have been tasked in vain; and it is doomed to destruction. That vent of sedition and insolence will be stopped, and perhaps the demonstration of strength will show the *Renters*, that government is neither to be bullied by the big words, nor humbugged by the rulsome declarations of loyalty, which were alternately used in the Dublin

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Parliament. If this be the case, it is so much the better. It ought never for a moment to be permitted to the cannille of Ireland to think themselves able to browbeat England. Let us recollect, that this people, of whose bravery, gallantry, high-spirit, &c. we have heard so much, were, from the defeat of James in Ireland, until it pleased a Protestant Parliament to relax the code, under a *real* subjection, to which they submitted in silence, reserving all their wrath, noise, and clamour, for a period when they could vent them against their benefactors, who gave them the power. Let us recollect, that in the reign of the first two Georges the Roman Catholics of Ireland, trampled upon, oppressed, insulted, lay quiet, and made use only of the removal of insult and oppression to beard, abuse, and proclaim their hatred of the Protestants—of the generation to whom they were indebted for the removal. Before us of the party that has relieved them, they stand in the threatening posture which they would not have *dared* assume before those who really enacted the laws to keep them down. They trembled before Oliver Cromwell,—they shook before the horsewhips of the Whig gentlemen of the days of the two first Hanoverian princes,—they crouched in acquiescence before the judges who told them that the existence of a Papist was not recognized in Ireland; and now they stand up, in turkey-cock importance, to gobble defiance to the unheard-of persecutions inflicted by Lord Eldon and Mr Peel. As long as this spirit exists, so long emancipation ought not to be granted. If granted, it will be abused. You will only have to shift the war on other quarters, but a war it will remain still.

A correspondent of yours has put this excellently in one of your last numbers, and therefore I abstain from saying poorly what he has said well. When the Roman Catholics of Ireland will assume a *moral* attitude, and not a *physical* one—when they will give over telling lies about 7,000,000 of population ready to oppose us, and cease vapouring or hinting of the dangers of French connexion,—dangers which, I own, I despise, though many intelligent people see the thing in a different light, but which, whether despising or not, I should scorn to

make the ground of concessions to be wrung from justice, not wrung from fear,—when they can prove to us that they will submit to the religion of the state, in consideration of their own demands being granted, and their own worship protected in all its rights,—then they must be emancipated; and, had I a vote on the occasion, it would be cheerfully at their service,—but not a moment before.

Of some of the details in this review I give a cordial approbation. Such as the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant, substituting for it general government from the Cabinet in London, and local government by Lord Lieutenants in the Irish counties,—of regulations to put an end to the ruinous subdivisions of land, (but what will your brother economists say to this interference in the contracts of disposal of property between man and man, Mr Reviewer?)—of the putting an end to all such things as protecting duties between England and Ireland, and some others. Other positions, no doubt, I differ from, but do not wish to make my letter too long by going over minute details. I shall mention these proposals as briefly as I can.

1. The reduction of the church establishment of Ireland, to one archbishop and four bishops, is recommended, with a proportionally thin staff of clergy. If I had nothing else to say against this, I should at once say that it is a direct violation of the Act of Union,—of the Parliamentary compact between the countries in 1800. Besides which I should say, that by so doing you withdraw the best and most valuable country gentlemen from the land, leaving no materials to supply the place; and, lastly, that the whole argument being bottomed on false returns and calculations of number, is, even taking these things as the basis of the proposed scheme, a privilege I will not concede to any antagonist, quite valueless in its general application, at least to the extent here carried.

2. Whatever measure John Wilson Croker of the Admiralty lends his sanction to, has, I own, a great claim on my respect, and therefore I am sorry to differ from that great light of the Quarterly, even though he agrees with the antagonist luminary of the North in recommending as a practical

measure the payment of the Catholic priests by the State. That such a measure would be of great advantage, I admit, for many reasons—if for no other but that it would put an end to the *bonus* which the priest receives for augmenting a wretched population,—the excess of which, be it never forgotten, is the great curse of Ireland—in the shape of wedding-feast. But will the priests take it? I venture to say they will not. They will not let the gold of Achan into the camp. They too well know the effect the *regium donum* had on the Irish dissenting interest, and will not accept the fatal boon. This will be a fine source of controversy by and by. No doubt the raising them from the state of sturdy beggars would tend much to their respectability, but it would lessen their power on the flock. They would be looked on as not much better than parsons, or guagers; and that they will hinder, if they can. Besides, the Mendicity Association can tell us, how reluctant the actual beggar is to surrender his casual profit, for what, though it is certain, and more than his worst receipts, is also under what may be his best. Let us wait to hear the answer the pious divines themselves will vouchsafe.

3. Tithes—nay, don't drop my letter—I shall keep you but half a page—I am not talking of divine rights—I am ready to admit for this once the reviewer to be correct in his doctrines of the right of cashiering churches, which he claims for Parliament. I shall allow Grattan's rhetorical noise (false as it was when he spoke it, and utterly inapplicable now since the operation of Mr Goulburn's bill) to pass. I shall permit the fraudulent and mendacious authority of Wakefield to go undisputed. I only wish to ask the reviewer one question—one *scientific* question, since, thanks to the stars, political economy must be called a science. How would the abolition of tithes to-morrow benefit the Irish consumer? Tithes, I take it for granted, are to be continued in England, and the market common to the two countries is to remain open. Now, in the name of that most sublime of sciences, will the taking off an impost, a tax, a rent, a—what you please to call it—from the production of one part of the market, while you continue it on the other, reduce the price of the market-

able commodity one farthing? As I do not pretend to be acquainted with the doctrines of that magnificent branch of human knowledge, I shall not answer the question I ask. I heard somebody say that it should be answered in the negative; and if that be the case, it is very unphilosophical for great philosophers to blame the poor Irish parsons for all the intolerability of the system; and I especially recommend the practical corollary immediately following from my question and answer to the attention of those clergy of the English establishment—Old Parr, Jackpudding Smith, Archdeacon Bathurst, &c. who have the *naïveté* to think that they may clamour against the enormity of the Irish church without directing any one's eyes to their own.

I am thoroughly tired,—so, I fear, are my readers—of this Hibernian discussion, and hope that what comes next will be more refreshing. Oh!

Orcus and Hades, and the dreaded name,
Of Demagogon—

We have Brougham the Thunderer hammering like Thor on the Chancery Court. It is too much. I can't stand it. I must sit down to luncheon, and after reviving my fainting spirit, again go plodding on my weary way.

No, no, upon looking over this article again, I see it is not Brougham's—it wants his open ferocity, and is, besides, from a feebler pen every way. It is John Williams's production—and it does even him no credit. A pretty pack of yelpers they are, to be sure, that the Whigs *hound* at the Chancellor.

I have no doubt this will, ere long, be taken up in a proper way by some English gentleman, who is really and thoroughly acquainted with the details of Chancery procedure. I am no English lawyer, yet I, even I, can see through something of the style in which Williams has got up this poor piece of malevolent misrepresentation. I can see, for one thing, that these professed badgers of the Chancellor know nothing of their business, for they treat the statement in the last Quarterly, about cases heard and decided by Lord Eldon at certain periods, as made up from *private official records*, to which those who attacked him could have no access. Now, I know, and they should most assuredly have

known, that the statement in question is made up *entirely from returns printed for the House of Commons!* These are the people who pretend to criticise the Chancellor! These are the sagacious and indefatigable Jurisconsult-M. P.'s!

As for their own facts, where, I humbly ask, do they come from? Do they come from the same person or persons who furnished Williams for his *Speech* in Eldon, with that romantic story of the poor gentleman who died of mere vexation, in consequence of a long-delayed Chancery suit, and who, on inquiry, turned out to have been a labouring mechanic, who died ere the suit had been three months on the books, having made his will to this effect, that, it being thought he *might* get 1,100 from the said suit, when determined, he wished to divide that sum prospectively, so and so, among his relations? This story was at once felt to be, to all purposes, a lie, and a lie to all purpose, it was, ere long, proved to be.—Has Williams got a new purveyor of Chancery facts? If so, he should by all means tell us that fact.

Williams is a man of very small talents, and really Brougham should do this work himself if he wishes anything to come of it. But nothing can come of it. The public has learned a few broad and undeniable truths which serve at all times, and in all places, as the best answer to the ravings of these hankers after more shining gowns, and more spreading periwigs. For example, we now all know,

I. That at this moment there is not one man in England who dares to accuse Lord Eldon of anything, in any one instance, like unfairness or bias.

II. That, at this moment, there is not one man in England who dares to deny that the Chancellor's opinion upon any given case carries greater weight, considered merely as a lawyer's opinion, than that of any ten other lawyers now living could do.

III. That, no matter how divided, his time is more entirely given to the public, than that of any man now living.

IV. That the increased wealth and commerce of the country has, of course, been attended with a corresponding increase in all kinds of law business—especially in the Equity Courts.

V. That the Chancellor having got two assistants to help him in his judicial business, of course the part of the business retained in his own hands is exactly the most difficult part of it, and therefore the part of it demanding most time.

Knowing these things to be true and indisputable, and knowing that no one case of hardship fairly attributable to the Chancellor has ever yet been pointed out—and knowing also, that the only people who attack him are a small knot of envenomed Whigs, not one of whom is, as a lawyer, (or, indeed, in any other capacity,) worthy to touch the latchet of the Earl of Eldon's shoes, is it at all wonderful that we should regard the systematic attempt made to embitter the calm of this gigantic intellect, this venerable man, as at once the most foolish, and the most foul of all the undertakings that have ascertained, in our time, the character and the fate of this degraded faction? I think not.

Art. VII. On Ellis's Letters from the British Museum—a very tolerable article, bating a spice of the same eternal antimonarchical bile. No accomplishments seem to be able to save a man from this sort of degradation, when he sets about manufacturing for Blue and Yellow. The writer points out some blunders of Ellis in very good style. We hope Ellis will be more careful in future, and that he will give us many more volumes of the same, generally speaking, respectable and interesting description.

Art. VIII. is a poor attempt of Cockburn's to laugh down what he cannot answer—the late excellent pamphlet on the Criminal Jurisprudence of Scotland. North should have a solid paper on this subject. Any lawyer could dish Cockburn in this field with a very little trouble. He can't write, and the facts are all the other way. Observe how they have lowered their tone, however. Depend upon it, a good thrashing never fails to tell upon the recipient, even though he may try to put a smiling face upon it. Let them have another dozen by all means.

Articles IX. X. and XI. are all on the West Indies, and apparently done by young Tom Macaulay, who is really a clever lad, though pert and absurd in the most ludicrous degree, when he attempts to discuss subjects

of this sort of character and importance. Brougham, I take it, has assisted him with one or two paragraphs, of felon spite, in Article X.—at least they have to me very much the air of *panni purpurei*, which, being interpreted, means, “patches of sheer blood-thirsty atrocity.”

The youth himself is really a promising spouter;—I have no doubt such a passage as the following would be reckoned very fine in a speech before The Speculative. Read it, my dear Doctor, and tell me your candid opinion.

“Let us count our gains. Let us bring to the test the lofty phrases of colonial declamation. The West Indies, we are told, are a source of vast wealth and revenue to the country. They are a nursery of seamen. They take great quantities of our manufactures. They add to our political importance. They are useful posts in time of war. These absurdities have been repeated, till they have begun to impose upon the impostors who invented them. Let us examine them briefly.

“Our commercial connexion with the West Indies is simply this. We buy our sugar from them at a higher price than is given for it in any other part of the world. The surplus they export to the continent, where the price is lower; and we pay them the difference out of our own pockets. Our trade with the West Indies is saddled with almost all the expense of their civil and military establishments, and with a bounty of 1,200,000*l*. Let these be deducted from the profits of which we hear so much, and their amount will shrink indeed. Let us then deduct from the residue the advantages which we relinquish in order to obtain it,—that is to say, the profits of a free sugar trade all over the world; and then we shall be able to estimate the boasted gains of a connexion to which we have sacrificed the negroes in one hemisphere, and the Hindoos in the other.

“But the West Indians take great quantities of our manufactures! They can take only a return for the commodities which they send us. And from whatever country we may import the same commodities, to that country must we send out the same returns. What is it that now limits the demands of our eastern empire? Absolutely nothing but the want of an adequate return. From that immense market—from the custom of one hundred millions of consumers, our manufacturers are in a great measure ex-

cluded, by the protecting duties on East Indian sugar.

"But a great revenue is derived from the West Indian trade! Here, again, we have the same fallacy. As long as the present quantity of sugar is imported into England, no matter from what country, the revenue will not suffer; and, in proportion as the price of sugar is diminished, the consumption, and, consequently, the revenue, must increase. But the West India trade affords extensive employment to British shipping and seamen! Why more than any equally extensive trade with any other part of the world? The more active our trade, the more demand there will be for shipping and seamen; and every one who has learnt the alphabet of political economy, knows that trade is active in proportion only as it is free.

"There are some who assert, that, in a military and political point of view, the West Indies are of great importance to this country. This is a common, but a monstrous misrepresentation. We venture to say, that colonial empire has been one of the greatest curses of modern Europe. What nation has it ever strengthened? What nation has it ever enriched? What have been its fruits? Wars of frequent occurrence and immense cost; fettered trade, lavish expenditure, clashing jurisdiction, corruption in governments, and indigence among the people. What have Mexico and Peru done for Spain, the Brazils for Portugal, Batavia for Holland? Or, if the experience of others is lost upon us, shall we not profit by our own? What have we not sacrificed to our insatuated passion for transatlantic dominion? This it is that has so often led us to risk our own smiling gardens and dear firesides for some snowy desert or infectious morass on the other side of the globe: This inspired us with the project of conquering America in Germany: This induced us to resign all the advantages of our insular situation—to embroil ourselves in the intrigues, and fight the battles of half the continent—to form coalitions which were instantly broken—and to give subsidies which were never earned: This gave birth to the fratricidal war against American liberty, with all its disgraceful defeats and all its barren victories, and all the massacres of the Indian hatchet, and all the bloody contracts of the Hessian slaughterhouse: This it was which, in the war against the French republic, induced us to send thousands and tens of thousands of our bravest troops to die in the West Indian hospitals, while the

armies of our enemies were pouring over the Rhine and the Alps. When a colonial acquisition has been in prospect, we have thought no expenditure extravagant, no interference perilous. Gold has been to us as dust, and blood as water. Shall we never learn wisdom? Shall we never cease to prosecute a pursuit wilder than the wildest dream of alchemy, with all the credulity and all the profusion of Sir Epicure Mammon?"

"He talked! he talked! Ye gods, how he did talk!"—Is this, then, the style in which we have a question, the most profound, both as to extent and importance, discussed in a work like the *Edinburgh Review*—the avowed literary organ of a great party in the state of Britain? I can with difficulty believe my own eyes, when I read over the performance of this airy Jack-an-apes, and see that it is actually set forth to the world under the sanction of such people as the Broughams and the Jeffreys. "Let us count our gains," quoth the sage—"let us examine them briefly."—Briefly indeed! You have found the short cut to all wisdom, divine and human, at length!

This sort of trash will do more harm to the cause of East Indian sugar, and Sierra Leone, than anything they have tried before. Here is a magnificent empire, scattering wealth and civilization over the wide world, as from an inexhaustible cornucopia of benevolence—flourishing in and by the extent of its commerce—and doing more good to the human race in one year than any other great empire that ever existed did in a hundred! Here are we full of peace, and plenty, and industry at home, and enjoying that position simply and entirely because we have enormous colonial possessions, the produce of which has created, and now employs, the far greatest capital, and the far greatest navigation, that ever were witnessed in the history of the world. And we are to give up all our colonies! Why?—Why, because Mr Macaulay has discovered that Britain has not been ruined by the independence of the United States of North America! Beautiful reasoner!—As if we had not thriven *in spite* of that great loss, simply because, great as it was, it was the loss of a part only, and not of the whole, of our colonial possessions. Does the stripling not know, moreover, that we may be said to have

gained our great eastern empire *since* we lost America? "Colonial empire has been the curse of modern Europe!"—Indeed! Then America is a curse altogether to the world; for, but for colonial empire, it must have been to this hour in the hands of its own savages. "Spain has gained nothing from her colonies."—Indeed! Spain all but gained the empire of the world from her colonies; and, if Spain had been a well-governed country, Spain would have had at this moment power and wealth, at home and abroad, through her colonies. Spain has made a bad use of her American colonies—granted—ergo, she could not have made a good use of them.—I dissent from the bantling conclusion. "This it is that has so often led us to risk our own smiling gardens and dear fire-sides, for some snowy desert or infectious morass on the other side of the world."—Very good;—and if some people had not risked—ay, left—their smiling gardens, where would have been the flourishing civilization that at this moment brightens so much of a whole new hemisphere? If everybody staid at home to nurse narcissuses in their own smiling gardens, where would be the foundations of empires—the extension of civilization?—what would come of the progress of man, and of the earth? This boy assumes, that we would have had no wars had we had no colonies. I can tell him that we should have had bloodier wars, nearer home, and less money to fight them with; and I can also tell him, that if the system of colonization, upon which the commercial and political grandeur of Britain has been raised, is to be abandoned in order to please the of the debating clubs, the por of Great Britain, confined at home, barred from all outlet, will soon, very soon, have quite enough of the seeds of misery and of war within itself.

Here is another grand specimen of the discursive faculty:—"The colonies of Spain were far more extensive and populous than ours. Has Spain, at any time within these two hundred years, been a match for England, either by land or by sea?"—We, having very great colonial possessions, have beaten Spain, who had still greater. It follows, according to the master of the inductive philosophy, that we should have beaten Spain still more hollow, had we been possessed of no colonies

at all. "Was Virginia a less valuable possession than Jamaica?"—Don't you see how vigorously you stump on in spite of having lost one of your legs? Be a wise man—take the hint—have two wooden legs by all means, my dear fellow. *Euge*, Master Macaulay! I am sure you will be the wooden spoon.

"The colonial system gave rise to the fratricidal war against American liberty."

Very good. But what gave rise to the nation claiming that liberty?—"The curse of Europe," no doubt—colonization.

Upon my word, we must go to school once again, Doctor;—some totally new plan of reasoning, I see, has been discovered. Is it *we* that are the children!

"Although we had no West Indian Islands, we must have sugar from some other place, and therefore the revenue *could not suffer*." Here is a surprising philosopher, with a vengeance! We must have sugar! We have it now, because we grow it on our own land.—It follows, that if we had none of our own, *somebody* would raise it for us elsewhere; ~~and~~ that that *somebody* would give it us at a fairer rate than our own fellow-citizens now do; and, moreover, that that *somebody* would take especial care that it should be brought to us in British ships, nobly sacrificing any notion of a navigation of his own, for the purpose of preserving or extending ours. But, in good truth, it is rather too much that I should be bothering myself or you with the ravings of a boy, who evidently has not yet mastered the first rules of Watts' Logic—whose argument is uniformly grounded on a *petitio principii*—whose skill amounts to nothing but, as some one has expressed it, "a knack of drawing from false facts inconsequent conclusions,"—and, I may add, of clothing both facts and conclusions in a jargon of hippant absurdity, richly deserving the tenderest mercies of the ferula.

As for the pretended review of old Stephens' book, it is clear that the scribe had read the unanswered and unanswerable exposure of that pretious mass of humbug which appeared in one of the late Numbers of the Magazine. The admission here is, that "perhaps Mr Stephens has been rather too complimentary to the Greeks and Romans."

This means, "I have read the paper in Blackwood, in which Stephens is *demonstrated* either to have known nothing about the slavery of the ancients, or to have purposely falsified everything he did know of it. I will not say this; but it may be prudent for me not to stir any more that desperate part of the controversy." This is true saintling candour. Such, and in the same sort, is the general spirit of the whole paper, in which it is *assumed*, that Stephens had given a view of the slave laws of our colonies as *they now exist*; while, in point of fact, it had been *demonstrated* by the same pen, that Mr STEPHENS MAKES NO DISTINCTION WHATEVER BETWEEN LAWS ABOLISHED AND LAWS IN OPERATION. The swallowing of this must have been pleasant to a young and ingenuous mind. Suppose a man to attack the British code, and to exhibit as equally the subjects of his assault, the old statutes about fire-ordeal and witchcraft, and Mr Peel's last bill about juries. That is exactly what this Justinian of the colonial code has done; and this is exactly what the *Edinburgh Review* lauds, as "of the numerous excellent works in which this important subject has been discussed, *the most comprehensive and the most valuable.*" *Euge, Mrs Candour!*

It would take some space to exhibit all the dirty little points of the job that peep out here and there in these papers. Look, for instance, at the mean attempt to create jealousies between the resident and non-resident proprietors of the colonial soil. Look at the dirty insinuations throughout. Ob-

serve, in particular, the passage in which the Duke of York is hinted at, (that must be Brougham's—the idea, I mean—for the words are too ludicrously bombast for any bearded man)—observe the vile, sneaking conciliation tone of some paragraphs!

The account of Hayti is another first-rate piece of impudence. It is egregious, and, I think, must be wilful misrepresentation, from beginning to end. Turn for a single moment to Macdonnell's *Considerations on Negro Slavery*, (the book noticed in one of your late Numbers,) and see what view of the matter arises, when real facts are taken as *data*—when the pen is in the hand, not of a paragraph-monger, who knows nothing of the colonies, but of one who speaks from personal knowledge, and the experience of a lifetime. If you have the book by you, and can spare room in the Magazine, I really wish you would make an extract from Macdonnell's chapter on St Domingo. Depend upon it, what he says at p. 123, to p. 136, would at once settle the business, if it had the benefit of your circulation.

[Our friend asks a great deal, but we must not hesitate to do as he wishes.*]

The last Article is a small puff on Brougham—by himself.

With these hints, I think you can have no difficulty in manufacturing a thoroughly-demolishing diatribe on this miserable Number of old Blue and Yellow. Do so, and oblige,

Yours, affectionately,

A CONSTANT READER.

* "It will not be necessary to dwell on the scenes of massacre and outrage which marked the progress of the blacks in obtaining their liberty; with these, it is presumed, the reader is fully acquainted; our more immediate object is to inquire if any coercion is employed to enforce labour; if the amount of the cultivation denotes general industry; and, lastly, whether the negroes are retrograding or advancing in civilization. With regard to the first very important particular, a great misunderstanding prevails in general throughout this country. When freemen are spoken of, we naturally entertain the idea of persons living as they please, following what employment they like, and, whether they work or not, we consider it a matter which belongs solely to themselves, and one with which the government has no concern. This state of things, there is the most ample authority to conclude, has never yet existed in St Domingo! From the first period that the inhabitants enjoyed any temporary tranquillity after the insurrection, it will be unequivocally found, that whatever labour was performed was compelled by the despotic proclamations of those in authority. After the negroes were emancipated, and immersed in every species of anarchy and licentiousness; when Santhonax, the commissioner from the National Assembly of France, returned to the island in 1796, one of his first measures was to issue a proclamation calling upon the freed negroes to de-

vote themselves to industry; he imperatively commanded them 'to renounce that state of vagrancy which the laws of the republic would punish;' and in case of disobedience, the most severe penalties were to be inflicted. The result of this was what might have been expected. Men recently surrendered to the full gratification of their own will, and having no immediate stimulant to excite them to exertion, would naturally prefer roving about as soldiers, or rather banditti, than to return to their former laborious mode of life. Accordingly, it is stated in the public papers of that period, that 'they refused to return to their labour as had been enjoined. They in answer alleged, that, being freemen, they would only work when, and as long as, they pleased.' This state of things being likely to continue, it was soon discovered, that something more than a mere proclamation was necessary, and a company of agriculturists, called police guards, were established for the purpose of enforcing the work of cultivation. It was the duty of this body to take cognizance of the time and quantity of work performed, conformably to the prescribed regulation; and in case of failure, punishment was inflicted in the most exemplary manner. The new correction for indolence presented a striking contrast to that which had been formerly employed. It has been stated, and I have never yet seen it controverted, that at a later period, when the horrors of murder had become familiar, and when men were rapidly relapsing into a state of barbarism, the offender, for a repetition of the most trifling misdemeanour on a plantation, was shot. Indeed, after the final evacuation of the French troops, the reigns of the tyrants who succeeded, present, in most respects, the ordinary features of African sovereignty.

"What, however, is most essential for the British public to consider, is the striking and unanswerable circumstance, that whatever labour is carried on in St Domingo is performed by compulsion. All those who have possessed authority or dominion have perceived the practical illustration, that men will not work in a field merely for the love of perspiring, so long as they have a plantain or a banana tree at their elbow. On this head, independent of the many proclamations issued in the progress of the revolt, and during the various intestine commotions, the principle may be perceived clearly established and identified in the Code Henri. In the 22d article of this Code it is stated,—'Work shall commence with the daylight, and be continued uninterrupted until eight o'clock; one hour is allotted to the labourer for breakfast on the spot where employed; at nine, work recommences until noon, when two hours' repose are granted them; at two o'clock exactly they recommence work, and shall not leave off before nightfall.'

"Art. 26th.—'No labourer, without permission of the lieutenant of the king, shall absent himself from the plantation on working-days, unless this be obtained through the overseer or conductor.'

"Art. 17th.—'The law punishes the lazy and vagabonds, among whom are comprehended labourers of both sexes who shall quit the habitations in which they have domiciled, in order to reside in towns or other places, where they are forbidden to settle.'

"What these punishments are has been already alluded to; and I would merely desire any reasonable person to contrast the condition of the negroes at large, under what is termed their newly-acquired freedom, with the state of slavery which formerly existed. The negroes on the plantations are, unless a change has very recently taken place, in every respect slaves to the state. They are slaves, doomed to perform a regular apportioned labour, and amenable to the arbitrary jurisdiction of some crafty neighbour, who by his cunning or superior cruelty has acquired authority. They are completely deprived of those kindlier feelings of attachment which exist on every well-managed estate, and which make the negro look up to his master for immediate assistance and protection. And, in conclusion on this head it may be observed, that the greater portion of the crop is afterwards exacted as taxes to meet the assumed exigencies of government.

"Having thus shown that the work performed is entirely of a compulsory nature, the next object is naturally to inquire into its amount. In this particular, the result corresponds to what all writers assert in theory; namely, that individual management must uniformly be better and more productive than the vague and indefinite superintendence of the state itself. It could not be for a moment expected that any general regulations could correct the desire of idleness, and, accordingly, the labour is done merely by starts, performed at that season when the crops are getting in, and when the superintendents of labour are more strict and tyrannical. During the remainder of the year, idleness is universal; and it is most material to reflect,

that the cultivation which requires regular attendance and industry has finally ceased. Coffee is the only article now produced to any extent; the formerly numerous and magnificent plantations of sugar are long since in ruin; the continued labour was soon found irksome; and all the mandates of authority were found insufficient to promote exertion, so long as the immediate coercing power of one kind or another was not present. It may not, perhaps, be unnecessary to state, that the coffee now exported is gathered from the trees planted before the revolution; the labour requisite for this service is obviously exceedingly trifling; and as this article is alone brought forward to display the industry of the Haytians, it demonstrates, in a striking degree, how erroneous are the statements continually adduced regarding this nominal productiveness of free labour in the West Indies. I shall here give an abstract of the exports in 1791:

Clayed sugar,	70,227,708 lbs.
Brown do.	93,177,512
* Coffee,	68,151,180
Cotton,	6,286,126
Indigo,	930,016

Independent of minor articles of cultivation. At present it is difficult to ascertain the exact export. The quantity given in the Haytian documents considerably exceeds the corresponding imports, as stated in the official returns of the countries with whom they are engaged in trade. I shall give both, leaving the reader to choose whichever he thinks most correct. It is unnecessary to allude to sugar, the cultivation of that article being barely equal to supply the local consumption of the island.

Coffee exported, (from Haytian papers, as brought forward by the abolitionists,) 1822, to United States, or in ships of the United States,	10,144,578 lbs.
Great Britain,	15,518,961
France,	9,458,877
Holland and all other parts,	1,965,988

35,118,394 lbs.

Coffee imported, per official returns, into Great Britain, 1822,	4,662,784 lbs.
United States,	8,594,593

13,057,177 lbs.

I have looked over the imports into Holland, together with some statements relative to France, and the result induces me to suppose that the amount to be added for direct importation into the Continent cannot exceed

4,500,000 lbs.

71,557,177 lbs.

"In 1791, the value of the coffee, 68,151,180 lbs. as laid before the legislative assembly of France, was 51,890,748 livres.

"The value of the total exports was 200,301,634 livres.

"Now, supposing the returns of labour and profits of stock to have been assimilated, as no doubt they were, between coffee and other articles, the quantity of labour performed in the island was equal to producing 261,500,000 lbs. of coffee. Say, then, there were even 50,000 negroes massacred, and the population reduced from 450,000 to 400,000, the quantity of labour now performed should be equal to producing 232,400,000 lbs. But it is only, according to the Haytian documents, 35,118,394 lbs. The conclusion then is evident; allowing for the small quantity of cotton and cocoa said to be exported. At present, for every day that a man works, he is idle ~~and~~ according to the statements given by the African Institution, and thirteen days idle according to the official returns taken from the other countries. And even this is not the whole. If we consider the circumstance that the coffee-trees were planted before the revolution, we may add several days more of idleness, for one of work. The cultivation, I apprehend, will continue to decrease; whether it does or does not, however, is a matter of little moment to the argument. Accordingly as the coercion of the police guards, or overseers of work as I believe they are now termed, is more or less rigorous, in a similar proportion will be the quantity of produce exported.

"In viewing this lamentable falling off, there are some weighty considerations which should not be forgotten. Here it cannot be advanced in palliation, that it takes time to teach a people industry. The inhabitants of St Domingo had been long accustomed to work; they were fully acquainted with the routine of each species of

cultivation; they had the estates and buildings in complete order; and yet such is the undeviating weakness of human nature, that they allowed all to go to waste, to indulge, even at some hazard, their predominant propensity to loiter about in idleness. I conceive that a more satisfactory proof could not be advanced of the correctness of the principles I have been endeavouring to establish; and that, as regards the present manners and state of society of the negroes, they have in the aggregate suffered greatly both in comfort and happiness. It is pretty universally known, that, previously to the revolution, St Domingo was decidedly the farthest advanced of the West India settlements. The most diversified scenes of industry, decorated with all the ornaments of art, struck every beholder with admiration. Who is there who now travels in the interior, and beholds the splendid mansions in ruin, the fine gardens and parterres overgrown with weeds, who can repress a sigh at the mournful scene of devastation? In no small degree is that feeling increased on seeing, perhaps, a negro emerge from a miserable hut, moving along in slothful apathy, with no inducement to rouse his faculties, beyond the payment of his unwilling tribute of exaction to some ferocious military minister of oppression. I do not pretend to say the treatment by the French planters in former times was unexceptionable; I only assert, that the condition of the negroes, generally, has changed for the worse; and that the visitations of despotic rule are by far more hated than the authority formerly exercised by the master. In a very short time they will be, in the interior, destitute of clothing, and many articles of immediate necessity: for one of the best of reasons,—the cost of the equipment of the large body of troops swallows up so great a portion of the exports. The number of men in the army amounts, it is stated, to not less than 25,000, living in unbounded licentiousness, and ready at the least provocation to plunder the defenceless. As to morality, all visitors allow it to be quite unknown. Sunday is the great day for riot and amusement; and it is stated, that such as are seized occasionally with a compunctious visiting of conscience, easily compound for their sins by liberal contributions to some of the adventurous priests who visit them from the Havannah.

“Although before I left the West Indies I received many other statements from gentlemen who had been in the island within the last one or two years, and who drew a truly deplorable picture of the state of society, I have purposely avoided enlarging on anything which writers on the opposite side of the question might attribute to a prejudiced source. Such a mode of proceeding conduces to vulgar recrimination and abuse; and the public, becoming disgusted, give very little attention to what is brought forward by either party. When this is the case, the course to be pursued by those in authority is surely obvious; and that it has been so long delayed implies, in my opinion, culpable neglect. Institute an impartial inquiry: there are many officers of the navy, and other persons of unquestionable authority, not at all interested, who are, I understand, capable of giving the most ample evidence as to the state of things in St Domingo. Why are those persons not examined? It is the only mode of setting at rest the contradictory statements and fierce contentions which serve so much to perplex and obscure the question at issue. It is to be hoped, that the West India body will have this desirable measure accomplished in the ensuing session of Parliament; and I will venture to declare that it will remove much of the delusion that prevails so extensively on the subject of negro emancipation and free labour.

“In the meantime, to persons of much reflection, what has been brought forward, relative to the small quantity of produce exported, will, in the various deductions, almost establish everything that is required.

“In the first place, It is clear, that our colonies would not be worth the keeping, if they produced no more in proportion than is now produced in St Domingo. The abolitionists, therefore, should honestly acknowledge that, agreeably to their principles, it is not intended to retain the West Indies as productive possessions to the British crown.

“Secondly, It has been demonstrated, that the negroes in St Domingo, in the aggregate, only work one day in ten. Now if there be any truth in what all our moralists assert, that idleness is the fruitful parent of almost every evil, we may easily imagine the prevailing licentiousness, profligacy, and general depravity of manners, even had they not been described by almost every person who has visited the island.

“Thirdly, As regards their present civilization and future prospects, It can easily be shown that they must of necessity be far inferior to the slaves in our own settlements. Let us here consider in what civilization consists. Is it not in the enjoyment of many comforts; increased accommodation in lodging and furniture; a superior quality and display in clothing; and an augmented participation in the various

conveniences of life? In all those particulars, the Haytians must be exceedingly deficient, as they are unable to pay for anything beyond a comparatively trifling importation. By way of illustration and contrast, I shall here specify the imports into Demerara, from whence there is no export. They are taken from the returns given in by the naval officer, by command of government.

From Great Britain and Ireland, 1823.

Hardware	£44,561	Brought up	£260,750
Woollens, linens, clothing, &c.	155,394	Beef, pork, butter, cheese	32,018
Hats	9,583	Soap and candles	16,315
Bricks and lime	10,076	Glass, earthenware	11,211
Punchoons, hoops, &c.	25,606	Leather, &c.	14,739
Paints and oils	11,530	Malt and cyder	10,875
Carry up	£260,750	Wines and spirits	31,282
		Other articles	49,619
		Cocket value	£425,799
From Holland f. 227,493, ex. 12			18,958
British America fish and lumber			112,623
West Indies			22,688
United States			54,036
All other parts			3,417
			£ 638,421

"In Demerara there are 74,418 slaves, and not more than 3000 whites. Now, what is imported for their use, allowing a fair rate of profit, will be found to exceed what all the exports of St Domingo could purchase, though she has five times as great a population. What, then, is the result? Is it not obvious that the black inhabitants of Demerara must enjoy five times more of those comforts and conveniences of life which are uniformly regarded as the attendants and attributes of civilization? It is unnecessary to advert to any difference caused by the consumption of the whites, that probably being more than balanced by a proportionate superiority in number of the coloured people in St Domingo. I have made this exposition for the purpose of more fully pointing out the extraordinary fallacy in what the abolitionists term the valuable trade to Hayti. Added to this circumstance, when the morals, and religion, and prospect of future advancement of the negroes is considered, it must be admitted that St Domingo has woefully disappointed the sanguine hopes of the philanthropist. The example is in every respect so applicable, as to make it criminal in a statesman to overlook the many lessons of experience which may be gathered from contemplating the progress of the revolt, from the first dawning of discontent, to the present unhappy consummation."

MS. NOTES ON THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DEAR N.

If you have room or time for it, I shall give you a few hasty remarks on the new Quarterly, thrown off as a P. S. to my notes on the Edinburgh. I own I have looked for this Quarterly with some anxiety, in order to see how the concern is to go on under the new dynasty of Mr Coleridge. Whispers were afloat, Heaven knows how truly, if Heaven bothers itself about such affairs, of there being disunion in the camp of the old contributors, and of some defection among the troops who campaigned under the sceptre of old Gifford. I wished, therefore, to see whether a review, for the general principles of which I have so profound a respect, however I may occasionally differ with its details, would be deteriorated by the admixture of new hands, and the defalcation of old ones.

Even supposing the whispers perfectly untrue, as they may very well be, the alteration of the presiding genius must naturally be expected to make an alteration in the tone. It will be vain to expect an editor, in many respects, so excellent as Gifford. His constitutional principles, derived from the purest sources, were correct, manly, and high-toned,—he possessed a true love for England, and the institutions which have made England worthy of love,—and he felt a thorough scorn or hatred for her enemies. His critical taste, fashioned on the severest principles, was admirably adapted for the situation which he filled. I do not suppose he had ever much affection for the new spirits which sprung up around him in poetry,—or that he particularly valued Wordsworth, Scott, or Byron, at least to the extent with which they

have been admired by critics of a different tone and temper. I should not agree with him in this taste,—nor should I, perhaps, value Pope and his school as highly as he evidently did, (though most highly I do value Pope,)—but still it was a fault upon the right side. When would-be imitators of the great men whom I have above mentioned were pushing their peculiar poetical theories to the utmost, and talking about them, writing “in the dangerous facility of the octosyllabic verse,” till we turned away almost from Marmion, decidedly from Christabel,—carrying the every-day topics of the muse of Wordsworth into the haunts of washerwomen and journeymen apothecaries,—and deluging us with romantic cut-throats, full of love, and mystery, and gloom, and dashes, and apostrophes, till we almost wished Conrad the Corsair had been hanged from the yard-arm some years before the date of the adventures in Lord Byron’s poem about him—I say, when these goings-on were the daily pastime and the weekly argumentation of the “High Spirits who were among us,” it was no harm to have at the head of such a journal as the Quarterly, a man who, not having any reverence for the original principles of that style of composition, would applaud poetry written on these principles, when it was good,—when it was the Lady of the Lake, or the White Doe of Rylstone, or Lara,—and would be prepared utterly to demolish it when it shone forth in the filth or absurdity of Rimini or Endymion. Then, too, he had already done the critical state some service in the Baviad and Macviad,—and, if we turn from our ephemeral to our established literature, where could we find an equal to the commentator on Ben Jonson and Massinger?*

His chief fault was an exclusiveness of mind, which, in his case, however, I can find much to excuse. I do not like his tirades against America, for I have quite a different view of the interests of the two countries from what has appeared to be the prominent view taken by the Quarterly; but I will freely ad-

mit that American institutions were censured by the Quarterly only when they were flung in the face of our own. I must think too that he suffered his dislike for the Edinburgh Review, and his contempt for Scotch Philosophy, to extend itself ungenerously, and not wisely to everything connected with Scotland. *Nil tanti*. We are able to take care of ourselves. It must be a cheering reflection to him now, in turning over the thirty volumes of his labours, to find so little of material consequence—errors, no doubt, there are, and many—which he could be called upon to retract. He has been abused by the raff of Cockaigne, with having obstructed the progress of the bards of that romantic region—and I thank him for it—but he has not to accuse himself, as his brethren of the North must do, with having mocked Wordsworth, blackguarded Coleridge, insinuated charges of personal depravity against Moore, or endeavoured to depress the rising wing of Byron.

Why he retires I know not. He is in as full possession of his vigour and intellect as ever, and the task of conducting the Quarterly in these triumphant times of Toryism, must have been gradually becoming easier. However, I own I have no right to pry into his motives, and can only wish him the happiness in his retirement which will naturally attend the consciousness of having contributed in his generation to promoting the honour and interest of the country of his birth.

Of his successor, not much is known as a literary man, and perhaps that is an advantage. His exertions have been, I believe, chiefly confined to writing articles for the Quarterly—at least I remember nothing else from his pen. Many of these articles were excellent. At the University, he was a most distinguished scholar; and his character stands high as an able and elegant barrister. I wished, therefore, somewhat more anxiously than usual, for an opportunity of seeing how he would get on. I own I found what I had anticipated—less literature and more

* By the way, North, you should publish the entire of Gifford’s preface to Massinger’s second edition. Such a demolition never fell upon any pack as is there levelled, in full contempt, on the ignorant asses who reviewed him in the Edinburgh. It is not at all known as it deserves.

politics. The increased attention paid to our domestic intercourse, will perhaps justify the devotion of thirty pages to rail-roads—and similar considerations may demand thirty pages more on spinning-jennies and steam-engines. I do not object to these articles—the latter, as far as I understand the subject, is a good, seasonable, and sensible one—calculated to dissipate some erroneous ideas, though the writer himself is not a little puzzled between the results of practice and the deductions of theory; but then, in the same number, we have sixteen pages on the Funding System—fifteen on the Prussian Constitution, and thirty-seven on the Irish Church. Let me play Joe Hume for a while, and give the tottle of them wholly:—

Rail-roads and Canals,	30
Artizans and Machinery,	30
Funding System,	16
Prussian Constitution,	15
Irish Church, - -	37

Total, 128 pages,

Out of 266, almost half.

I think it must be confessed to be the most Edinburgh-Review-looking Quarterly which we have had as yet the pleasure of receiving. Of these topics, I leave the Funding System to those concerned, having a pretty theory of my own on the subject, which I shall broach more at length on proper occasion. The paper on Prussian reform is a sensible and excellent one, but anticipated, in a great measure, by young Russell's book. Of the Irish church I shall say somewhat by and by.

The Review opens most inauspiciously. Hayley's life!!! and reviewed by the Doctor!!! I have no patience with this want of common sense. A more contemptible writer, and hardly a more contemptible man, than this drivelling creature, never existed. Mean in every attempt at literary effort, and paltry in every action of his life, he is not worth a page in the London Magazine, far less to be the subject of the opening article in the Quarterly. Then, see the omnivorous rapacity of the worthy Laureate—the immoderate swallow for minute facts.—Of this idiot we are told all the movements, with the accuracy which the biographers of Milton have deemed it their duty to expend upon the life of that poet. We are told how his nurse had

not milk—how he cried on going to school—how he got a fever there—how he took lodgings at Richmond—how he courted his wife in a thunder-storm—(just think of Hayley and a thunder-storm together; were it a gardy-loo it would be consistent)—how he got a dancing-master at Edinburgh, which affords the Laureate a joke, in his own droll way, at Scotch metaphysics—how Garrick rejected his play—how he behaved like an unfeeling prater about feeling to his wife—how he called himself Hotspur, or acquiesced in being so called, in his correspondence, for which Harry Percy, if he could have revived for two minutes, would have demolished him with a fillip of his gauntlet, &c. &c.—all this and much more foolery you will find in the first fifty pages of the Quarterly. It is really too bad. And then the innocent notions of the Laureate on literature, viz. how couplets (in which Dryden wrote Absalom and Achitophel, and Pope the Iliad) are the worst sort of verse for long narration—how Bamfylde and Russell, (who are they?) are poets of great promise—how vile a thing, and condemnatory to everlasting gibbeting, it is to sneer at the Fleece of the Dyer—how great a crime it is to criticise malevolently epic poems by such fine writers as Hayley, (p. 277,)—how that driveller was, by grace of the public, king of the bards of Britain, (Cowper being at that time alive,) and, in consequence of so being, offered the laureateship, as if Whitehead, and Cibber, and Pye, who held that office, were kings of poetry. All this, and much more, I say again, may be read in the front of Mr Coleridge's review, as a pretty monument of the progress of the art of criticism at the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The only laudable thing about it is, that as the book is Colbourn's, it shews some bibliopolic liberality, (a commodity, I am sorry to say, rare in the present generation,) in John Murray to admit a puff in its favour, in the pages of which the court of ultimate appeal is composed of himself.

The next literary article, No. IV. is on Theodric, which is shewn up fairly enough, and evidently with kind feeling towards the proprietor of that unfortunate work. However, as I have said enough on Campbell already in

my remarks on the Edinburgh, I shall here content myself with extracting the conclusion of this article, hoping my old friend Tom will take the hint.

"There is little to say of the *Fugitive Pieces*, to which 100 pages of this volume are assigned; they were born, we believe, and should have been suffered to die and be buried, in a magazine; much will be excused in poems found in such a place, of which a more rigorous account will be demanded, if the author, by collecting them, seems to assign them a positive value. One very fervent and furious piece, *Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angoulême*, is worthy of preservation for its hard words; it is levelled against 'kings, bigots, and Bourbons,' who 'mangle martyrs with hangman fingers;' 'of cowl'd demons of the Inquisitorial cell,' and 'Antochthonies of hell,' who are bid to go and—

'Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den.'

"It was due to Mr Campbell's name to place any poem of his on our lists—it is with pain that we have discharged our duty towards him, and we close the volume with sensations of regret. If we have not cited any passage, or any one of the smaller pieces, of which we think less unfavourably than of the rest, it has not been because we were unwilling to bestow our approbation on him, but because we remembered his former estimation, and felt that such languid praise as we could honestly give to the very best lines in the volume, would be no compliment to one who has ranked so high as he has. There is, and has been for some time, a growing persuasion, slowly and reluctantly entertained by the public, (for Mr Campbell has ever found in the public a favourable and faithful audience,) that the character of his mind is to be feeble and minute. Such a poem as *Theodric* must impart fearful strength to such an opinion. Yet we will struggle against the conviction; literary history is not without examples of failures great as this, and there may be circum-

stances of mind or body which may account for them. Mr Campbell is in the prime of life—he has placed his poetical reputation in the greatest danger—we cannot suppose him insensible to the peril, or careless of the issue; let him, then, withdraw from every avocation, the tendency of which is to debilitate or dissipate the mind, and with matured faculties, and increased knowledge, make exertions commensurate with the necessity for them; for our parts, we will cheer him on his way, and forgiving, or rather forgetting, this unworthy publication, contribute gladly our help to replace him in that respectable rank from which we are sincerely sorry that he has declined."

Travelling over canals and railroads, we come to a pleasant article on Marianne Baillie's Lisbon; and then, again cutting the Artizans, we arrive at Daru's Venice, an admirable work, and most excellently reviewed. It is, in truth, a most instructive article; but the application to the *liberals*, and the exposition of their inconsistency in bewailing Venice, is quite thrown away. These people only hate England, and would mourn the overthrow of the Old Man of the Mountains, if they thought it could by any possible sidewind annoy her.

It is needless to praise Barrow's article on Africa. Such papers as these have long been the peculiar glory of the Quarterly, and it gives me always great pleasure to contrast them with similar attempts in its Northern rival.

Washington Irving—puffed—and Stewart Rose's *jeu-d'esprit* (a pleasant one in truth,) puffed also. I wonder why. Perhaps I could guess—*n'importe*.

The last article is on Ireland. I am glad to see the Quarterly facing this question manfully at last. There was a degree of cowardice in not having done so long ago. There is still some shirking in this affair, but the

"Is not the conclusion of this puff on Washington Irving *un peu fort*? We exclaim, as we part with him, 'Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan!'" Had Hone made this application of Scripture, there would have been an outcry of blasphemy. After all, it is a wrong quotation. The verse being, 2 Sam. i. 26. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan—very pleasant hast thou been unto me." And the true quotation would have better expressed the circumstances in which Irving now is. His friends, who remember how pleasant he was once to them, must feel, as this reviewer evidently does, very much distressed at seeing him in his present state.

case of the Irish clergy is well stated. I was rejoiced to see that truly apostolic man, Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, appreciated as he deserves. The atrocious misrepresentations of Wakefield are duly exposed, and the blustering bullying of the Catholic Association, and its fabled millions, properly shown up. Due tribute is paid to the merits of the author of *Rock Detected*, (the Rev. Mr O'Sullivan,) and of Deelan, the *nom de guerre* of Mr Phelan. You must let me extract the concluding part, and then conclude my own epistle.

"In what way can the extermination of the clergy, and the sale or confiscation of church property, diminish these acknowledged and overwhelming evils? Will the subtraction of that wealth from Ireland, which now, according to the reformers, enables 12 or 1300 clergymen to wallow in luxury;—will the addition of it, or any part of it, to the sums drawn out of the country by absentees, be the most direct or most successful mode of curtailing the cupidity of landlords, or raising the character and increasing the comforts of the poor? Is this the panacea for the deeply-seated maladies of a sensitive and despairing people? Admirable scheme of reformation! a most original method of diffusing comfort and contentment, by exasperating sufferings already so difficult to endure, and from the Pandora's box of Irish affliction expelling even the last refuge of the miserable—hope!

"And can it be supposed that a British parliament will lend itself to such monstrous injustice? What security can there be for property of any description, if that which is unquestionably the most ancient in the island, and to which no man, except the ecclesiastical order, can urge the slightest claim, is to be swept away? what at no distant period, after such a precedent, must be the fate of those estates to which multitudes of poor miserable men can and do point as the inheritance of their fathers, and as of right belonging to themselves? What answer shall be made to the exclamation of these unhappy outcasts; 'that park, under the wall of which I live, and that mansion and demesne, which I can scarcely venture to approach, are mine: they were wrested from my family by violence, and I hope to win them again.' Let the landed proprietors, who vote for plundering the church, look well to the consequences:

"But while we mention this, we rely upon a higher principle, upon the compassion of Parliament, for the depressed population of Ireland, and its firm regard to the high claims of truth, and justice, and religion. That regard has been evinced upon too many occasions to suffer us to doubt for a moment of its activity upon the present; if, indeed, we were disposed to appeal to motives, that come more personally near to the hearts and interests of the British part of the legislature, we would venture to remind them that this is not a merely Irish question; although it is the present policy, indeed, of the reformers, to separate the two branches of the Protestant Church of this empire, and to represent the character and fate of the one as by no means connected with the other. The time, indeed, is not yet come for a successful attack upon the Church in England; it is rooted at present too deeply in the hearts of the people; they feel too strongly how close it is associated with their best sympathies and most grateful recollections, with the liberties and the greatness of their country; and they have, within these few years, given ample proof, that they are not yet disposed to resign it. We are told, therefore, that the cases are not analogous; that the reasoning which applies to one portion of the church has no force in reference to the other. Our reply is, that their arguments, (we call them such in courtesy,) if successfully adduced against the ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland, will, ere long, be brought with augmented force against the church of our fathers in this country. It is urged that in Ireland the tithes are a tax upon the land, unfriendly to agriculture, vexatious to the farmer, and a source of eternal heart-burnings and litigation between the tithe-owner and the farmer? Is it affirmed, that the clergy are wallowing in wealth, spending their time at the watering-places, and rendering no service for their insulting riches? and will not the same assertions be as colourably hazarded in England? Is it held to be a hardship upon the Irish Roman Catholic to pay tithe to a Protestant minister, and will not the English dissenter exclaim, on the same grounds, that he too is supporting a church which he approves not? Is it affirmed that the Irish clergy are odious to the people, and will it not be discovered that a similar charge applies to the English? Shall the apostolical character of the church in Ireland, and the antiquity of its possessions, oppose no impediment in that case, and with such an example will they be regarded here?

* Eheu!

Quam timere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!

Shall church property be sold, and the clerical order reduced or abolished, although in extensive tracts of country the clergy are the only resident gentry, the only effective instruments for civilizing and improving the people, and will the spoliators shrink from their argument, because our gentry are resident, and our people are civilized, and all the machinery of order and improvement is working with the steadiness and power of a steam-engine? Shall the legislature, well knowing that absenteeism is the bane of Ireland, and attaching inexpressible importance to the expenditure of their incomes by Irish proprietors in their native land, throw, nevertheless, into that bottomless gulph all the property of the church, and will that same authority be scrupulous in this country, where every parish is furnished with its nobles, its gentry, or its yeomen, and absenteeism is a term unknown? If it shall be by false representations that the reformers work the ruin and riot in the spoils of the Irish church, will they be likely to be bankrupt in those commodities, where, to the stimulus of cupidity, is added the stimulus of success? Archimedes himself could not have wished for a better standing-place to shake the world

from, than the spirit of mischief would possess in the fallen establishment of Ireland to extend the convulsion, and effect the demolition, of its kindred branch. But it will not be; we are persuaded that a high destiny yet awaits both branches of this united church; it has passed, like Christianity itself, through many storms and tempests, through evil report and calumny, but, by the Providence of God, it still survives. The same Providence will continue to watch over it, and distant generations will successively sit under its shadow, and rejoice in its fruits."

To this, like Mr Burke's mercantile friend in Bristol, I say ditto—ditto, Mr Reviewer!

On the whole, this is an excellent number of the Quarterly, and augurs well of Mr Coleridge's capacity and success. He shews a determination to meet many political questions hitherto overlooked in the Review, over which he presides, and an effort to persevere, if not its literary spirit, yet its literary tone. I shall talk more decidedly, if I live, this time twelve-month. Yours ever,

A CONSTANT READER.

ODOHERTY ON ENGLISH SONGS.

I HAVE been tumbling over Ritson's songs listlessly this morning, for want of something better to do, and cannot help thinking, that a much better selection and arrangement might be made. He assigns 304 pages to love-songs, and but 228 to all others. The collection of ancient ballads, which concludes the volume, is not very much in place in a book of *songs*; and, besides, is far inferior to what we now know such a collection ought to be. Now, I submit, without at all disparaging that "sublime and noble—that sometimes calm and delightful—but more frequently violent, unfortunate, and dreadful passion" of love, as Ritson calls it,—it does not fill such a space, in the *good* song-writing of any country, as a proportion of fifteen to eleven, against all other species. I say of *good* song-writing, for I know of namby-pamby, it fills nine parts out of ten.

And precisely of namby-pamby are composed nine parts out of ten of Ritson's most pedantic divisions into classes—classes sily planned at first, and not clearly distinguished in execution afterwards. The second song of the first class, by Miss Aiken, concludes with this verse—

"Thus to the rising god of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire:
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon,
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They sicken and expire."

This is not song-writing—it is only a bombastic repetition of a middling thought, which had been already expressed ten thousand times. It is, in short, a verse out of a poor *ode*, in the modern sense of the word.

In Otway's song, p. 4.

* Afterwards Mrs Barbauld. She died a very short time ago.

"To sigh and wish is all my ease,
Sighs which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart."

Is this verse worth printing?—this frigid, trivial conceit, which has been tossed about by the verse-writers of all the nations in the world?

In the same page sings Viscount Molesworth,

"Almeria's face, her shape, her air,
With charms resistless wound the heart,"
which, it is needless to say, is rhymed by "*dart*."

In short, of the eighty-four songs of the first class, with the exception of "Take, O take those lips away!"—"To all ye ladies now at land,"—"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,"—which, though far too long for a song, contains many ideas and lines perfectly adapted for that style of composition—and perhaps half-a-dozen others, all are of the same cast; and, what makes it more provoking, we see affixed to some of them the names of Dryden, Prior, &c. as if the editor had a perverse pleasure in showing us that these men could write as tritely and trivially as their neighbours on some occasions. Colin and Lucy, and Jemmy Dawson, which this class contains, are no more songs than Chevy Chase, or the Children of the Wood.

The second class, in which "love is treated as a passion," is better; for even attempts at writing in the language of passion are generally at least readable, if they are often absurd. What we cannot tolerate is inanity. There is a kind of noisy gallantry about

"Ask me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows,"
which is pleasant. Song XII. is excellent; compare the very sound of

"Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out his way," &c.

with the trim nothingness of the very next—

"Oft on the troubled ocean's face,
Loud stormy winds arise,
The murmuring surges swell apace,
And clouds obscure the skies:"
But when the tempests' rage is o'er—
what follows? Why,
"Soft breezes smooth the main,
The billows cease to lash the shore,
And all is calm again!"

Compare, again, song XXII.

"Would you choose a wife for a happy life
Leave the court, and the country take,
Where Susan and Doll, and Fanny and
Moll,
Follow Harry and John, whilst harvest
goes on,
And merrily merrily rake," &c.

with song XXIV.,

"Happy the world in that blest age
When beauty was not bought and sold,
When the fair mind was uninflamed
With the mean thirst of baneful gold."

What jejune trash! and how absurd and abominable an attempt it is to put into this creeping dialect what we have read in Greek all but divine, and in Italian almost as delicious as Greek! I say, compare such passages as these together, and if you be not thoroughly sensible of the vast inferiority of the songs by persons of quality, and the propriety of utterly ejecting them from collections of songs, you will be fit to comment on them in the style of Gilbert Wakefield, and to receive panegyrics accordingly from Tom Dibdin.*

* What is written above of English Songs, will, of course, apply to the songs of all nations. I shall give a specimen in French. I shall first quote a song by Antoine Ferrand, [a Parisian, a Counsellor of the Court of Aids, who died in 1719.—*Anth. Fran.* vol. I. p. 117.]

Iris est plus charmante
Que l'Aurore naissante;
La Jeunesse brillante
N'eut jamais tant d'appas.
Tout le monde l'adore;

Flore

Est moins fraîche et moins belle,
Qu'elle:
Venus même n'a pas
Tant d'amours qui marchent sur ses pas,
&c.

The third class opens beautifully, indeed, with "He that loves a rosy cheek." Few poems in our language resemble so much as the first two verses of this song (the third is provokingly inferior) the admirable and indefinable beauty of the Greek epigrams. I, however, do not remember one exactly in point. Those following (except the jocular ones, as, "Why so pale, fond lover?"—"Tom loves Mary passing well,"—"My name is honest Harry,"—"My passion is as mustard strong," &c.) are not particularly worthy of applause. It contains, to be sure, "Mary, I believed thee true,"—"Still to be neat, still to be drest," and some others; but the staple commodity is,

"But passion's wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee—

'Twere vain to struggle more.
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore :

Here we have Venus, Flora, and Aurora, in full fig; and, in the name of the three goddesses, is the song worth a farthing? Now take a song which you may vote low if you have a mind, but it is a good song nevertheless, and worth a cart-load of the above rubbish. I shall copy it all:—

1.

Malgré la bataille
Qu' on donne demain,
Ca, faisons ripaille,
Charmante Catein.
Attendant la gloire,
Prenons le plaisir,
Sans lire au grimoire
Du sombre avenir.

2.

Si la Hallebarde
Je peux mériter,
Pres du corps du garde
Je te fais planter;
Ayant la dentelle,
Le soulier brodé,
La blouque à l'oreille
Le chignon cardé.

3.

Narguant tes compagnes,
Méprisant leurs vœux,
J'ai fait deux campagnes
Roti de tes feux.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms;
His pitying friends, with fond alarms,
In vain deplore his state.

Still far and farther from the coast;
On the high surge his bark is tost,
And, foundering, yields to fate."

Is not this the quintessence of absurdity now-a-days? Fine, pretty, good-for-nothing verses, I admit them to be, never intended or fitted to be sung; and, besides, have I not read somewhere,

"Heu! quoties fidem

Mutatoque Deus flebit, et aspera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea!"

I own I have no patience when I see things, which have been once beautifully expressed, re-said in a manner blundering and diluted.

Class Fourth is devoted solely to expressions of love for the fair sex*—not a hopeful subject. Love to them is too serious a thing to be jested with,

Digni de la pomme,
Tu reçus ma foi,
Et jamais rogame
Ne fut bu sans toi

4.

Tien, serre ma Pipe,
Garde mon briquet;
Et si la Tuñpe
Fait le noir trajet,
Que tu sois la seule
Dans le régiment,
Qu' ait le brule-gueule
De son cher amant.

Ah! retien tes larmes,
Calme ton chagrin;
Au nom, de tes charmes
Achève ton vin.
Mais, quoi! de nos bandes
J'entends les Tambours?
Gloire! ta commandes,
Adieu mes amours.

The author of this song is Christopher Mangelot, brother of the Abbe Mangelot of the Temple. It was written during our war with France in 1744. It was generally attributed to the pen of Voltaire, but I doubt if he could have written in this vein. I wish somebody would translate it into English.—M. OD.—(Do it yourself.—C. N.)

* In this class, Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only" is inserted, I think, wrongly, for it appears to be an address from a man, not a woman. By Ritson's remark, p. 122, it would appear that he did not know it was from the Greek.

[See Lord Byron's Don Juan, and also see Ovid, from whom Lord Byron has conveyed the idea,] and they are too proud to complain, if slighted. They would be wrong if they did; it is *our* part to sue, it is *theirs* to slight or to accept. They should take the advice of Shakespeare—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot at sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny."

If the ladies *will* not write their feelings, I am afraid we *can* not. At all events, this fourth class is completely *false*. There are some middling songs in it, but the majority are like those from Mr Mosy Mendez.

"Vain is every fond endeavour,
To resist the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We must feel to know the smart."

Which is just as much poetry as Vain, quite vain, the toil you spend is,
When your time in verse you pass;
For, good Mr Moses Mendez,
You are nothing but an ass.

The ideas in Soame Jenyns's song, No. X., are very pretty. The appeal to a lover acknowledged triumphant,
"Say, would you use that very power

You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because, perhaps, you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray."

is elegantly thought and expressed. There is something like the idea in the life of Gilbert Earle, when the lady urges her lover not to take advantage of her tenderness to betray her honour.

In the Fifth Class are some very good songs. It contains, among others, three most especial favourites of mine, "Sally in our alley," by poor Harry Carey; (Goldsmith's own song, by the way,) "Black-eyed Susan," and Bishop Percy's "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me." But I rather think I am not peculiar in this taste. It contains also a good deal of very good nonsense. In general, of the 287 songs of the volume, I think we might fairly, for one reason or another, dispense with at least 200.

Our second division is drinking. Ritson was a water-drinker, and therefore says, "he candidly owns that he

was not sorry to find every endeavour used to enlarge this part of the collection with credit (and he may probably, as it is, have been too indulgent) prove altogether fruitless; a circumstance, perhaps, which will some time or other be considered as not a little to the honour of the English muse." This is stuff. I shall not eulogize drinking, but I am not to be humbugged with the idea, that *any* production of the English muse ever soared within five hundred yards of him who sings of

ἤδην θεῶν ποσειδὼν δαίην ποτόν;

or that any *songs* we have can beat those of Anacreon. If future generations differ with this dictum of mine, they may with all my heart, but I shall retain to myself the privilege of thinking such generations asinine to a great degree. Ritson's selections, however, are tolerable. Drinking-songs may be divided pretty fairly into two classes:—the meditative, which, in the Egyptian manner, brings the skeleton into the banquet-room, and bids you think of the fleetingness of life as the chief stimulus to make the most of its enjoyments while it lasts.

"Heu, heu, nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est,

Quam fragilis tenero stamine vita cadit!

Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus,

Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse bene—"

as Trimalchio sings. The second class is the joyous, which bids us use the goods the gods provide us, because we like them—because they exhilarate us; when the song bursts forth from mere animal spirits, or, to talk Pindarically, when—

"Θαρσύνει δὲ παρὰ
Κρητῆρα βῆλ' αἰνέται."

and we cry—

"Ἐκκινάτω τίς μιν, γένοιτο
Κάμνον προβάτην."

(Of the former kind, "An hundred years hence," has always appeared to me particularly good:—

"Let us drink, and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorbo and voice.

The changeable world
To our joy is unjust,
All treasures uncertain;
Then down with your dust!

In frolics dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing
An hundred years hence."

Of the more roaring jovial songs, I do not see any worth extracting in Ritson. I think your own pages, Mr Editor, contain some far superior to any which he sports.

What stories a commentator thoroughly versant with this subject could tell in every part of this department! I see here some of the ditties of Tom D'Urfey, whose whole life, properly written, would be a history of the joviality of England for half a century. I see here some of the songs of Tom Brown, a fellow of deeper thought than generally is to be found among the bards of the bottle. Then we have "Ye Goodfellows all," by Baron Dawson, the friend of Carolan, last of the Irish bards, and the companion of Dr King, poet of Cookery. We see the names of Gay, Lord Rochester, Harry Carey, old Sheridan the purple-snouted, Ben Jonson the rare, Milton, and the Duke of Wharton. Let any one who knows the literary history of the country just pause for a minute at the last names I have quoted, and run over at a mental glance the events of their lives, and how various a blending of thoughts will he not experience! I confess, that reading convivial songs is to me a melancholy amusement. Every page I turn presents me with verses which I heard in merry hours from voices now mute in death, or removed to distant lands, or estranged in affection. But—

"'Tis in vain

To complain,

In a melancholy strain,

Of the days that are gone, and will never come again."

Is the story true that Wolfe either wrote or sung "How stands the glass around," the night before the battle, "When that hero met his fate on the heights of Abram?"

I heard he did—but I forget my authority.

"The Ex-ale-tation of Ale," p. 63, is not properly a song, but it is a pleasant extravaganza. There is one phenomenon mentioned in it, which I submit to Sir Humphrey Davy or some other great chemist, for I cannot resolve it.

"Nor yet the delight, that comes to the night,

To see how it flowers and mantles in grass."

As green as a leek with a smile on the cheek,

The true orient colour of a pot of good ale."

How was it green? I know not, neither can I conjecture. The third part of Miscellaneous Songs has our usual favourites joined to others quite unworthy. Strange to say, it contains neither "God save the King," nor "Rule Britannia." Could this have arisen from the cankered Jacobinism of citizen Ritson? If so, it was shabby even for a Jacobin. I cannot pass over this list, without thanking Tom Campbell for "Ye mariners of England." I never read it without forgiving him all his Whiggery, and lamenting the Ritter Bann and Reullura.

As for the fourth part—the old ballads, I say nothing, except that it is poor enough, and I think uncalled for here. The last ballad is by Sir W. Scott—a translation from the Norman French, the original of which, the editor says, cannot now be retraced. Had it ever any existence? It is a splendid thing, and I do not recollect seeing it in his works. Therefore here it goes—

BALLAD

ON THE DEATH OF
SIMON DE MONFORT,
EARL OF LEICESTER,

AT THE BATTLE OF EYREHAM, 1266.

(Literally versified from the
Norman French.)

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

"In woeful wise my song shall rise,
My heart impels the strain;
Tears fit the song, which tells the wrong,
Of gentle Barons slain.

Fayr peace to gaine they fought in
vayn;

Their house to ruin gave,
And limb and life, to butcheryng knyfe,
Our native land to save.

CHORUS.

"Now lowly lies the flower of pries,†
That could so much of weir:‡
Erle Montfort's scathe, and heavy
death,
Shall cost the world a tear.

"As I here say, upon Tuesdays,
The battle bold was done;
Each mounted knight, there fell in fight,
For ayd of foot was none:

* i. e. Small particles. Spenser uses the word for gravel.

† Price.

‡ War.

There wounds were felt, and blows were dealt,

With brands that burnish'd be,
Sir Edward stoute, his numerous route,
Have won the maisterie.

Now lowly lies, &c.

"But, though he died, on Montfort's side

The victorie remain'd ;
Like Becket's fayth, the Erle's in deathe,
The martyr's palm obtain'd ;
That holy Saint would never graunt,
The church should full or slyde ;
Like him, the Erle met deadly peril,
And like him dauntless dyed.

Now lowly lies, &c.

"The bold Sir Hugh Despencer true,
The kingdom's Justice he,
Was dom'd to dye unrighteouslye,
By passynge crueltie ;
And Sir Henry, the son was he
To Leister's nobile lord,
With many moe, as ye shall know,
Fell by Erle Gloster's sword.

Now lowly lies, &c.

"He that dares dye, in standing by
The country's peace and lawe,
To him the Saint the meed shall graunt
Of conscience free from flawe.
Who suffers scathe, and faces death,
To save the poor from wrong,
God speed his end, the poor man's friend,
For suche we pray, and long !

Now lowly lies, &c.

"His bosom nere, a treasure dere,
A sackclothe shirt, they founde ;
The felons there full ruthless were
Who stretched hym on the ground.
More wrongs than be in batcherye,
They did the knight who fell,
To wield his sword, and keep his worde,
Who knew the way so well.

Now lowly lies, &c.

"Pray as is meet, my brethern sweet,
The maiden Mary's son,
The infant fair, our noble heir,
In grace to guide him on.
I will not name the habit's* claym,
Of that I will not saye ;

But for Jesus' love, that sits above,
For churchmen ever pray.
Now lowly lies, &c.

"Seek not to see, of chivalrye,
Or count, or baron bold ;
Each gallant knight, and squire of might,
They all are bought and sold ;
For loyaltie and veritie,
They now are done awaye—
The losel vile may reign by guile,
The fool by his soleye.
Now lowly lies, &c.

"Sir Simon wight, that gallant knight,
And his companye eche one,
To heaven above, and joye and love,
And endless life, are gone.
May He on rood who bought our good,
And God, their paine relieve,
Who, captive ta'en, are kept in chaine,
And depe in dungeon grieve !

"Now lowly lies the flower of pries,
That could so much of weir ;
Erle Montfort's scathe, and heavy death,
Shall cost the world a tear."†

On the whole, the really good songs of Ritson might be gathered into a single volume. His preliminary dissertation is pleasant enough, and might be retained with improvements. Another volume of additional songs might be collected, and then it would be tolerably complete. I should agree with Ritson as to the propriety of rejecting all political songs, for I think they should make a separate work, which is a desideratum in our literature. Songs of free-masonry also I should exclude, though I do not think with him (p. x.) that they would disgrace the collection, some of them being pretty good, but because they are not intelligible to the uninitiated. The only one in favour of which I should break my rule, that I recollect just now, is Burns's "Adieu, a heartwarm fond adieu, dear brethren of the mystic tie."

Some time or other, what I propose will be effected. Blackwood should publish it.—M. OD.

* The clerical habit is obviously alluded to ; and it seems to be cautiously and obscurely hinted, that the church was endangered by the defence of De Montfort.

† It was the object of the translator to imitate, as literally as possible, the style of the original, even in its rudeness, abrupt transitions, and obscurity. Such being the particular request of Mr Ritson, who supplied the old French of this ballad minstrelsy.

THE BAIRNLY SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

No. I.

LEADING ARTICLE (*On Theodric*) IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

ABOUT six years ago, a Society (of which we are original members) was instituted in the metropolis of Scotland, called "The Bairnly Club." Its aim and object is the promotion of gaiety and innocence. At our monthly meetings, we wear an appropriate uniform,—corduroy breeches, waist-coat, and jacket, all in one, the latter with jerkin just visible, like that of a young lady's riding-habit; several rows of round bright buttons, thickly set, run along the breast, and disappear like dew-drops over the shoulder. Over this suit,—the effect of which on a bulky man of seventeen stone is most impressive,—is worn a pin-a-fore, or daidley. Our feet are incased in neat laced boots; and our heads adorned with caps of seal-skin. No neckcloths are suffered,—we wear our shirt-necks open, and, as soon as our pin-a-fores are removed, after dinner, we exultingly exhibit our magnificent frills. This year Mr Francis Jeffrey is President; and, as it has been the perpetual practice of the bairn so officiating, to furnish the Leading Article to the Blue and Yellow, Master Frank has this quarter, after wiping his nose on his sleeve, *more minorem*, reviewed Theodric.

The Bairnly Club are proud, and justly proud, of this Article. We conceive it to be by far the bairnliest critique of the year. Francisculus read it to us during our dessert, and a whole plateful of comfits and sugar-plums were voted to him by acclamation. Had the person who nursed him been present, the sight would have brought the tears into her eyes. He read the article remarkably well—scarcely miscalling five words in a whole paragraph—and then returned it to his satchel. At tea, he was allowed an additional lump of sugar in each of his three cups, and his last slice of bread was not only buttered upon both sides, but also carviéd. Nor, on a dispassionate perusal of the critique, will any good Christian be disposed to deny, that little Master richly deserved his comfits, carviés, and commendations. It is indeed a most masterly bairnly production. We beg leave to call the public attention to a few of its most striking beauties.

"Mr Campbell has acquired," quoth the President of the Bairnly Society, "by *virtue of exemplary laziness*, an assurance and pledge of immortality, which he could scarcely have obtained without it." The whole Society laughed consumedly at this hit, and clapped their hands like one bairn. Master Francis hereupon sucked his fore-finger, with which he had been picking holes in a lemon-tart, and raising his head nearly to a level with the lowest button on the Adjutant's breeches, accoutred as O'Doherty was in the costume of the Club, thus proceeded, with a shrill, sharp crowing:—"There is accordingly no living poet, we believe, whose advertisement excites greater expectation than Mr Campbell's, and a new poem from him is waited for with even more eagerness (as it is certainly for a much longer time) THAN A NEW NOVEL FROM THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY." "Cock-a-doodle-do! cock-a-doodle-do!"—"Who is that trying to crow like a cock?" cried we, who were crouper. "Maa-maa-baa-baa!"—"Who is that bleating like a sheep?" demanded we, with still more marked indignation. "Whew-whew-whew!"—"Bairns, be quiet!—here are the taws!" exclaimed we, with a Draconic countenance; but our authority was lost—there was a perfect mutiny; and, in the uproar, several of the bairns got bloody noses. Mullion, who was heard grunting like a pig in a high wind, was delivered up into the hands of the stout wench who acts as waiter to the Club, and carried kicking and spurring into another room, to receive from her hands the rewards of his gross misbehaviour.

Serene and unappalled during the whole of this disturbance, which, it must be confessed, at one time wore a most alarming aspect, Master Jeffrey, as soon as Mullion had been removed, coughed thrice, and addressing himself to us, with his very bairnliest expression, cried out,—"*Like all other human felicities, however, this HIGH EXPECTATION AND PREPARED HOMAGE has its draw-backs and its dangers.*" Here our chaplain, forgetting what was due to his own character, hit the orator over the eye with a large

sweetie ; but, no way discomfitted, the child, after repeating the last words of his sentence—"draw-backs and dangers," popt into a new period ; when it was hinted to him by a member on his right, that there was no occasion for him, during his oratory, to be clandestinely cramming into his pocket such an unconscionable number of prunes and figs. To this kindly suggestion, our little critic turned a deaf ear, and, furious as one of the Fantoccini, screained out, "It is entitled 'a Domestic Story,'—and it is so—turning upon few incidents—embracing few characters—dealing in no marvels and no terrors—displaying no stormy passions. Without complication of plot, in short, or hurry of action—with no atrocities to shudder at, or feats of noble daring to stir the spirits of the ambitious, it passes quietly on, through the shaded paths of private life, conversing with gentle natures and patient sufferings, and unfolding, with serene pity and sober triumph, the pangs which are fated at times to wring the heart of innocence and generosity, and the courage and comfort which generosity and innocence can never fail to bestow." The beautiful bairniness of this passage soothed the souls of the whole Club. We all felt ourselves inspired with one spirit ; and we paid Master Jeffrey, perhaps, the highest compliment we could, by electing Tom Campbell an Honorary Member of the Bairnly Club.

The ingenuous youth continued, "The taste and the feeling which led to the relation of such topics could not but impress their character on the style in which they are treated. It is distinguished accordingly by a fine and tender finish, both of thought and diction,—by a chastened elegance of words and diction."—"That it is," said O'Doherty ; just permit me to give a few instances. Thus—(loud coughing)—

"There is a fine and tender finish for you, both of thought and diction—chastened elegance of words and images." *Perge, Franciscule.* "The story, so abundantly simple, as our readers will immediately see, has two distinct compartments—one relating to the Swiss Maiden, the other to the English wife. THE FORMER, WITH ALL ITS ACCOMPANIMENTS, WE THINK NEARLY PERFECT." Here, to our inconceivable confusion of face, regardless of all decorum, O'Doherty sung out, "Barney, let the girls alone," and Master Jeffrey, justly nettled, laid down his critique on his plate, sported

sulk, and began to cry. This was carrying bairniness to an extent not countenanced by the club, and the editor of the "First Critical Journal in the world" was called to order.

At this critical juncture, Mullion returned, yet tingling from the brawny arm of Grizzy, and asked Master Jeffrey why he was standing there like a booby, with his thumb in his mouth. This put the President of the Bairnly on his mettle, and strutting himself up into tiptoe, not unlike a bantam when he wishes to see what is going on behind a five-story house, the little Oracle thus delivered his response to Mullion's fervent entreaties:—

"Mr Campbell is not among the number of those poets whose hatred of oppression has been chilled by the lapse of years, or allayed by the suggestions of a base self-interest. He has held on his course, through good and through bad report, unseduced, unterrified, and is now found in his duty, testifying as fearlessly against the invaders of Spain, in the volume before us, as he did against the spoilers of Poland in the very first of his publications. It is a proud thing indeed for England, for poetry, and for mankind, that all the illustrious poets of the present day—Byron, Moore, Rogers, Campbell—are distinguished by their zeal for freedom, and their scorn for courtly adulation ; while those who have deserted that manly and holy cause have, from that hour, felt their inspiration withdrawn, their harp-strings broken, and the fire quenched in their censers !"

As bad luck would have it, Master Francis here overbalanced himself at the word "Censers," and down came with a whop the President of the Bairnly Club, with his nose into a shape of calf's-foot jelly. "Will you please to have a little custard, my dear Jeff?" said the Adjutant. "Encore, encore!" was the general cry ; and with his usual good-humour, (and a more amiable bairn is not amongst us than Jeffrey,) he again ore-rotundod the eulogy and anathema.

After the tumult of applause had subsided, we ourselves, and the Adjutant, gave Master Frank "London carries," in triumph, three times round the room ; we then put on his daidley for him,—fastened a comforter round his little active jaws, for he complained of a tooth-ache, brought on, undoubtedly, by the sugar-plums,—and committing him to the charge of the "Lass wi' the Lantern," bid him continue to be a good bairn, and not to be afraid of ghosts.

THE THREEFOLD TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.

GIULIO, THOMASINE.

G. THAT lady is a fair one, whom we met
Last night, and did admire so in the dance,
My Thomasine.

T. The Lady Rosabelle?

G. The same, my love. How empress-like she swam
Adown that stately measure! did she not?—
The old Castilian one, I mean,—which then
Seem'd as its air had call'd up the bright spirit
Of Chivalry itself to grace the ball.

T. Why should'st *thou* see it?

G. If I saw her fair,
'Twas but to see, and, seeing, but to say
That thou wert fairer—fairest of all fairs
Whose beauties breathe this earth's even Georgian airs.

T. Hast thou seen Georgia's beauties?

G. I have one—
Yet 'tis but a faint imaging:—come see,
Here on this ivory tablet.—Is it not pretty?

T. Oh! far too pretty. Dost thou know her well—
Her whom this face belong'd to?

G. O yes,—well:—
My mother was a Georgian; and this was
Mine uncle's daughter.

T. And in infancy
Ye play'd together?—and together grew,
And loved?

G. Ay; loved and was loved as a brother.

T. Go on.

G. Go on!—with what, love?

T. With your tale,—
I mean with—with—your portrait. Let me look
Again.

G. 'Tis finely touch'd, love,—is it not?—
Here, in this light:—her noble brow (methinks
I see her—in my mind)—it pass'd this far:
'Twas like a sculptured Pallas, in its pride
Of alabaster whiteness; and her eye
Was like the morning dew's translucent ball
Within the harebell's cup, by some chance leaf
Upturn'd, or gustful wind at evening's hour,
Wherein all night the fairest fairies bathed,
And wherein looks the dawning sun, and sees
His own bright miniature.

T. And was her hair
So vine-like, in its tendrils of bright gold?

G. Oh! far, far more!—and then these fingers light,
Which point the dimple that they seem to hide!
The painter's too rude pencil could not touch
The polish of their turning mild enough.

T. Methinks 'tis mild.

G. But not enough.

T. Oh! sure
It is enough.—Say, Giulio, that it is.

G. Why, my own life?

T. Oh, Giulio! not thy life
Giulio! thy cousin's is too fair a face

For mine to come where hers is—in thine heart.

G. Thomasine!

T. Nay, thou said'st so—did'st thou not?
These were thy very words—oh! I did note them—
“Methinks I have her in my heart.”—’Twas so.

G. I did not think ’twas so: and yet it might.
But yet I did not place her where thou art—
In my heart’s heart.—Nay, sigh not, Thomasine.
I loved her as a sister, but no more!
And thou had'st loved her as a sister too.

T. Nay, if ’twere *thus*, I should have loved her more,
For I had loved her as *thine*, Giulio.
Why, she must be a lady passing fair,
To pass this portraiture. This violet eye—
Why, I ne’er saw its equal,—oh! not even
In the dark deepness of the ocean tints
That we have watch’d so.

G. Hast not seen its peer,
Enchantress?

T. No.

G. Not even in thy mirror?

T. Indeed, not there.

G. No, for thine own is hazel;
And hazel is my fav’rite, for there’s naught
In heaven or earth that’s like it.

T. And this mouth—
How it half opes, as if with sorcery sounds!

G. But not as thine does now.

T. And then this front—
Shut, shut the case: I shall grow envious.

G. ’Tis well the ivory cannot—or it would—
Of her who says so—says so, but in smiles.
But see, how the red sunset reddens all
The old dark wainscotting: Come, let us forth,
And gaze on its great beauty.

SCENE II.

CAMILLA, in a boy’s dress.

Heart, heart, be silent! need Camilla fear
A rival in each brow that Giulio bows to?
A rival!—Ah! ’tis not for love conceal’d—
Successfully conceal’d, like mine,—’tis not
For love unanswer’d—by the unconscious eye
Kindly, yet coldly look’d on, as is mine,—
Oh! rival is no word for such love’s using,
—She who hath heard the sweet lip—which she envies
The kisses of its fellow—breathe to her
The whisper’d wish, and the reiterate vow;—
She who hath seen the look she loves to read
Hide its fierce heat beneath the languid lid,
Whene’er her own surprised it in the moment
Of fix’d idolatry;—she who hath felt
Her hurrying heart flash up the blushing blood
Through the clear cheek, whene’er the hoped-for hand
Press’d her own thrilling one;—Such—such as she
May speak of rivals:—Can Camilla so?
He knows now that I love him. How I love him—
Form’d as he is for love—can he e’er fancy?
—Love of Camilla ne’er hath arm’d his eye
To pierce this poor disguise. This satin vest,—
High-heaving with the bosom, when he’s near,

Which it *should* hide,—is to him as a corslet
Of seven times tried and seven times folded steel ;
And the deep-shadowing helmet were to him
Less guard against recognizance, than are
These close-clipp'd locks men praised so once.—

Ah me !

And yet why sigh ? sure I did wish it so,
When I became a boy to track those steps
Behind, I fain would company beside.—
And yet—although he loved not his sweet coz—
(Ah ! so he call'd me ; ay ! and loved, but not
As his sweet coz would have him,)—yet, Camilla
Finds she *hath* rivals, when she sees him bend
The blessing of his lips to ladies' hands.
And then—this Thomasine is far too fair,
Too, fairer than all others ;—still her fair
Is far too little for my Giulio's love.
Ah ! doth he think so ?—No ! if these oft meetings—
For such slight knowledge far too frequent found—
Too close for Giulio's honourable spirit
If he do love not—and too secret stolen
To be but sweetly spent as fondly sought—
Ah ! no, if these speak true,—my Giulio loves,
And loves—not me. 'St ! sure I heard a voice—
A stern still voice—ay ! and it said, " Not thee !"—
It might be fancy—but such fancies oft
T'een with ill omen, and turn out too true.
I'll watch her nearer. As a basilisk's,
Mine eye shall glare her into. . . . Ah ! what thoughts,
What devilish thoughts, like snakes, dart through my brain !
This must not be.—Camilla, though she love,
Ay ! though she die for love—must love and die,
As fits who loves and dies for Giulio.

SCENE III.

THOMASINE, GIULIO.

T. I tell you what, my lord ! This fan shall make
Its feathers well acquainted with your ear,
If the child-god teach you such childish names
To treat your lady with.—Beware—beware ye !—
G. What shall I call you, then ?—My love ! life ! angel !
T. Nay, this is flattery ! I am no angel.—
G. Oh ! no—thank Heaven ! not quite an angel yet,
Though as angelic as one.—
T. Why " thank Heaven ?"
Would'st thou not have me one ?
G. I would not have
Thee leave us, Thomasine.
T. Why, what bars, that I
Be one with thee, my Giulio ?—Nothing, sure—
Say " Nothing," Giulio.
G. In the sense I mean,
May it be long, long years first !—We must part
Ere thou become one. And thou must put off
The delicate tincture of that cherry cheek—
The purplish lily of those translucent temples—
The sphere-like coral of that pouting lip—
And its o'erhanging fellow's gentle twine—
And the dark orbs of those thy diamond eyes,
That turn and drink the moonlight now, until
Their hues melt off, in the sublimer wildness

Of mingling light and shadow ;—these—these all.
 Alas ! their melting is to tears—Why?—

T.

Why !

Dost thou ask why ? And yet thou talk'dst of parting.

G. Sweet, I will talk no more on't.—Though 'twas sweet
 To descant on thy praises—even though thus.
 But by those blue-vein'd temples,—vault-like brows,—
 By the blest luxury of those red lips,—
 By that soft cheek which blushes so, because
 So easily it dimples to kind smiles,—
 By these—by thee—by every grace that's thine,
 And so by every grace, I swear—through life,
 Through death, thou art.

T.

At lover's vows, we say

Jove laughs ; I cannot choose but smile at thine.

G. So thou did'st smile on them, I would defy
 His laugh.

T.

But thine are so fantastical,
 I am sure they must be false. For if thine oath
 By these were perjured—say, what punishment
 Can these poor brows, that are too young to frown,
 Inflict on thy misprision—or these cheeks,
 Whose flush of anger thou didst never know—
 Or these twain silly lips, that cannot keep
 From smiling at thy flattery ?

G.

Oh ! not so—

Is flattery true, as that yon sun is fair ?
 Is truth as false, as that yon fleeting clouds
 Are solid as this globe ? When these two things
 Are thus confounded—then—oh ! not *till* then,
 Think that I flatter, when I fondly challenge
 Truth to be truer, than that—as I live—
 I love thee, and upon that love do live,
 And in my life and love am ever thine.

T. Why, I was bid beware of tongues, that twined
 Such sweet inverted phrases round and round ;
 For such, they said, were like false birds, which fly
 And twitter round about their stubble homes,
 At careful distance, and with guileful roving,
 To draw off heedful eyes from prying closely.
 —But, my lord, where's the pretty page I ask'd of you,
 To be my lute-bearer ?

G.

Why, Thomasine,

I love the boy, and he, I think, loves me—
 Thomasine, do not ask it ?

T.

Nay, my love,

Now I protest I shall grow jealous of him—
 Some lady sent him you—Or—it may be—
 (Nay, sir, you need not fear mine a sking eye.)
 It may be—may, I'd lay a bet upon it—
 This crucifix of jewell'd ivory,
 To that great cumbrous one that you cut throats with
 The cross upon your sword-hilt—come, 'tis a match—
 I'll swear that seeming-blushing boy is some
 Love-sickening girl, by your false eyes seduced,
 Who—poor romantic thing—needs follow you
 To hold your stirrup, brush your stained boots,
 Rub down your reeking horse—Fie ! fie ! my lord,
 It is unknighly of you !

G.

My own sweeting,

On any other point I love your raillery ;
 But this poor boy, before I came from Florence,
 Brought letters from my cousin—praying me,

To take him as my page, and use him kindly,
Both for his orphan state, which she set forth
In her own moving terms—and for her sake.
Touching the first, with thee he might be better'd;
But for the last, I like not that he leaves me.
Yet, he shall choose. Gasparo!

Enter CAMILLA.

C. Here, my lord!
G. I think I've used you kindly, good Gasparo!
Nor struck thee, chid thee, nor employ'd thee more
Than did beseech thy years;—and you have been
Trusty, and never truant—prompt, not prying—
Quick, and yet not obtrusive in thy service—
Duteous and frank, not servile nor familiar;—
Gasparo, when we part, we part good friends.

C. My lord, in what, or when have I offended?

G. In naught, Gasparo; but this gentle lady
Will be a gentle mistress, and a ready
Still to promote your service dutiful.

C. Sir, I have served you willingly, if not well:
My service has been—is—and shall be, if
It please you, yours till death, till martyrdom:—
My service—not my slavery, good my lord;—
Nor is it to be pass'd from hand to hand—
Like household stuff—or war's bloodrusted tools—
Or faithless revel-cups, which change their lords,
And sparkle as splendidly for their tenth master
As when the graver's hand had touch'd them fresh.
—Yet, if you bid me leave you, I obey;—
Even though my heart should sunder with that love
Which is in servants,—but which lords ne'er fancy
Who have not eat another's daily bread—
Who have not been bedeck'd with others' fortunes—
Who have not found another's house their home—
Who have not watch'd another's will and word—
Nor had their gratitude still heap'd by smiles
Of kindness, which repay one for one's watching:—
Such love may shut the sluices of my life:—
Yet—if you bid—I leave you;—but, sir, not
To do the bidding of a lord I've left,
In serving whom he will.—I had a hope
To have tended on the hand I loved—for life,—
Through sickness, solitude, woe, war, or danger;
Nor in life only,—but in death, and whilst
My last faint breath were flitting.—Soon that hope
Is canker'd; and this heart, which with a love
Passing what ever even woman felt,
Hath loved thee,—it must eat into itself,
Rusting like a neglected sword; but never
(Pardon plain-speaking, lady) can it be
Drawn forth to love another, sir, as thee,—
Nor serve whom so it loves not.

T. Giulio!

Look—how his eyes are watery, though his lip
Throbs hotly, and his cheek burns fiery red.—
See how he loves you, Giulio!—hast thou spells
About thee, that souls seek thee so?—Good boy,
Cleave to his gentle nature, who attach'd you,
As you would not be sunder'd, boy, from all
Your better conduct and your worldly hopes.—
You are not old yet;—soon the moth will creep

Among your splendid feelings, and the world
Gnaw all their beauty and their freshness through.
Cherish such feelings, boy, and turn them often,
And let the perfume of my sprinkled praise,
Poor though it be, preserve them in some sort.
Soon—far too soon will other smiles than his
Become thine idols,—or at least thy chase:
Oh! be thou eager, but yet pure as now,—
And faithful be thou, and thine honour steadfast,
In wooing woman, as in serving man!—
But come, we must not part you.—I do wave
Mine asking of your lord.

C. Bless you—Christ bless,
Sweet lady, for these words!—and pardon me
If I not knew before, nor ever own'd
The greatness of your worth.

T. Is't worth to see
The love you bear your master?

C. Oh! if you saw
The love I bear my master!—... In the rhymes
Of old romance we read how maids have clad
Them oft like men, and follow'd—all for love—
Their idol from his land;—but would they, think you,
If he had told them lacquey some sweet lady,
Whose face was in his heart and rivall'd theirs,—
Oh! would they—could they thus have done?—Ah! no!
No less can *my* love make me disobey
So stern a mandate.—Let Gasparo thank you,
Lady, for this your gentleness.

G. And I too,
Thomasine, thank you that we are not parted.
Your hand, Gasparo!—Go, my boy,—and bring
The lute from the south chamber to the bower
At the end of the western terrace.—There we'll sit—
(Thomasine, shall we not?)

T. Thou say'st it, Giulio,—
Dearest, thou know'st what *I'll* say.

G. There then we
Will sit, dear,—till the sun from his noon throne
Come down—with sounds of piping winds, and song
Of nestling throats and waked nightingales,
And all the blazon'd pomp of heralding clouds—
To his night-chamber 'neath the slumberous sea.

CAMILLA alone.

C. Oh! how her heart must beat beside that arm
Her own is link'd with!—Happy she!—yet well
Worthy that happiness heaven so showers on her—
So bars to wretched me.—... Why—why—oh! why,
Thou mighty One, whom men have call'd the Good,
And say thou framed'st all creatures to be happy—
Why, thou all-ordering Spirit, must I love,—
And love so purely, fondly, constantly,
So anxiously and irresistibly
As fits a child of thine,—and yet be slighted,
And in that slight be agonized? Ah! me!—
She's fair, I needs must own it,—good, 'tis true,—
And almost worthy *his* perfection, far,
Oh! far more worthy than myself; (and so
My cousin and my love—ah! could I say
My lover!—thinks:—)—for her kind heart ne'er glows
With thoughts of hell like those I've felt towards her.
Still—could they not be blessed? he with her?—

And I blest too? nor know, what knowing, I
 Find all thy glorious works *they* love so, are
 Nought but a blank to me,—the silver sun,
 The musical breezes, and the golden clouds,
 The mild moon, and heaven's myriad starry tents,
 The blue sky's brightness, song of streams and birds,
 And everything of bounty or of beauty
 Thy word our earth hath painted or perfumed with.
 God! had I never known him, these had been
 Blissful to me as them.—Oh! once I thought
 Thou would'st not let on one two loves be heap'd,
 Equal in fervour as in faith;—since so
 One's lot must be for misery.—How thy fates
 Are awful!—How to me are frightful!—Ay,
 Frightful—as thoughts that thicken round my brain
 With their concreted venom.— Can I think?—
 Can I stand communing with myself and heaven,
 And he is breathing love into *her* ear—
 And lying at her feet—and gazing deep,
 With upstretch'd neck, into her downward eyes—
 And the sweet thrill of passion through their pulses
 Together palpitating?— Ay! I well
 May gasp—oh! would to Heaven this Eastern blood
 Of mine were not so boiling!—or would she
 Were not so fair—so kind, at least to me!
 Or not so kind to him!—Ah! madness—madness!
 Would she were not so innocent—that I
 Might strike her down—and there an end.—Alas!
 She *is* fair—she *is* good, kind, innocent;—
 Patience, ye fiends of vengeance!—I'm not ripe
 As yet;—but feel too well—too well foreknow
 Whither my fates and ye are beckoning.

SCENE IV.

GIULIO. THOMASINE.

G. Oh Thomasine! in such a bower as this
 How could I pass my summer life, nor dream
 Of thunder clouds to veil the eternal sunshine,
 Nor dread them, if they did, so thou wert by me;
 So those twain flexible arms, like this rich woodbine,
 Circled your Giulio, and for life, my love;
 So these bright hands, like yonder graceful lilies
 Glean'd ever in my gaze; and so thine eyes
 Shone still before me, like this dewy flower,
 Whose name my memory cannot lose—and thine,
 Sweetening, doth it not say, "Forget me not?"
 Oh! dearest heart, were it not pleasant, here,
 Amid these bending trees, and bright, bright suns,
 And everlasting hills, and streams, and heavens,
 And flowery boughs that bare themselves too soon,
 To love away the lingering, yet fleet moments,
 With emblems all around us of thy beauty,
 With emblems round us of my fadeless love;
 With emblems round us of the fading hours;
 With emblems round us, in these rich perfumes,
 Of soon-decaying blossoms, of that bliss—
 That love eternally conjoin'd, which lives
 When times, and seasons, and man's lapsing life,
 Must lose their hold on being, and shall drop
 To dark oblivion's bosom!—But that sigh,
 Whence rises it, my love?

T. Ah, Giulio? why
Sighs the sweet gale, which never can fear evil,—
Even in this happy spot why sighs the gale?

G. Nay, dearest, ask not that,—but why the sun
Smiles even from out the depth of yon dark cloud
Which doth o'ergloom his setting: Why—unless
It be to cheer mine angel?

T. Ay! but, Giulio,
Yon cloud is watery: Why forbid mine eye
To be so too?—Watery—and yet, perchance,
It beareth fire within; and though mine eyes
Be chill with tears that are not passion's hot ones,—
Yet, love, mine heart fosters a flame within.
But there's a storm towards. And there's a something
Of sinking in my breast, which makes me doubt
Lest our love want not the fierce storms, which I
Have heard do still attend all love.

G. Nay, nay!
'Tis fancy, sweet. But, if it were an omen,
Love is not the boy-god that men would have him,
Of silken skin and ever-perfumed hair,
Which suns can freckle or a show'r uncurl.
No! He can shoot on eagle pinions straight
Up to the eye he suns him in, though bolts
Of fire fall round him, cleaving the impious world;
Though show'rs may swell the rivers, till the lands
Lie like deep lakes for miles, and though the winds
Toss the tremendous sea, and roll the spring-tides
O'er towns depopulated;—Hoping love,—
That quails not though the tropic sun glares full
Upon his gaze—He looks where lightnings leap
From their black nest, and laughs to think that he
Doth bear a charmed life; since from his sire,
The lord of lightnings, he doth emanate,
Who loved before all worlds, and shall be loved
When love and life are one through the throng'd heavens.
Love can bear toil, love can pass trial, dear,
Love can front frowning peril: naught to love
Is hard, if hearts be not too hard to win;
Naught fearful, save the loss of one heart's life,
And that he trusts, (for love believes a God,)
His God, who wills our happiness, will guard.

T. The sullen clouds gather up to the central sky:
How awful is this hot, thick air!—To die—
Now to die, Giulio, 'tis too fearful!—Stern
Were the death summons now to Thomasine,
While she is loved and loves.

G. This picture, dear,
The picture of my cousin,—is set round
With stones of natural virtue to ward off
The thunder-stroke; around thine innocent neck,
So doubly arm'd, come, let me hang its spell.

T. But, Giulio, *thou*—nay, take it back, I cannot—

G. My love, I'll take thine arm; so thou shalt have
The joy to guard thy Giulio.

CAMILLA enters.

C. Good my lord—
Ha! What! my portrait on her breast,—the one
I gave him!

G. Wherefore comest thou, my good boy?
And why shrink'st back?—See how his colour shifts,
Now whiter than even thine, my tim'rous love,

Now flush'd like yon red haze upon the landscape ;
 Boy, what's the matter ? Look ! how his eye rolls !—
 Art ill, Gasparo ?

C. Nothing, sir.—I came
 To bring this mantle for the Lady Thomasine,
 To turn—to turn the coming shower.

G. Thanks, thanks
 For your kind thoughts, Gasparo !—Come, my life,
 Let's wrap this precious heart up.

C. Oh ! would—would
 It were a Nessus' mantle ! Haughty lady,
 To bear her spoils so openly !

G. Nay, love,
 Is it too great an honour for your Giulio
 To lend a hand ?

T. Well, well ; but think, I pray,
 Good my lord, how we pleasure you.

C. Camilla,
 Lost, lost Camilla, he hath known thy love ;
 And it is laughter to him in his hours
 Of fondling : Mid the luxury of his vows—
 The drunkenness of kisses,—then to give
 His cousin's last poor pledge,—and, doubtless, descant
 How dull these eyes to hers whom he adores,
 How pale these lips to those he loves to taste,
 How hard this hand to that he loves to palm !
 Triumph, vain beauty !—not for ever though,
 Nor not for long ; although thy sparkling eye
 Could scarcely dance more gaily,—didst thou know
 The slighted one is witness to thy conquest.
 Brief triumph thine !

T. Gasparo, your poor boy,
 We had almost forgot him. See to him
 Ere we turn homeward.

C. Lady, I am well—
 Quite well : believe me thankful. (But dream not
 The bitter thanks I owe you.)—Pray, go on, sir ;
 'Tis with me oft thus before a storm ; but passes
 Quick as you see.—Sir, I await you—(Ay !
 Ay !—and the vengeance hour.)

G. Come, my own love,
 The heat-drops fall already.

CAMILLA, alone.

Yes ! go on,
 And bend and bow before those darling eyes,
 That you may look up underneath their lids
 As on you lead her ;—and your soft, soft words
 Speak with your curling lips in her small ear ;—
 Beware lest it become deaf as this clod,
 And those fond eyes as dull !—Oh ! 'tis too bitter,—
 While this poor grateful heart o'erbrimm'd with love,
 With love towards a rival,—and for words,
 For kind words which she scattereth commonly,
 While swells her spirit with the exulting scorn
 Of conquering beauty ;—while with silly haste,
 In the pure feeling of the moment, I
 Sought to serve her who saps my love—my bliss,
 Because, forsooth, I thought her what she seem'd :—
 While, fool-like, I desired to shield that frail,
 Too lovely form, whose frailty were the hope
 Of common rivals,—then, even then, the name

Of love-sick, vain Camilla was their theme,—
 Their theme of sport. But tremble! for the plank
 That bears you may be pierced,—pierced by a worm :—
 Then who shall bar the up-springing waters out?
 Who stop the leak that wrecks you?

SCENE V.—*A Forest—Night.*

CAMILIA.

Now the storm maddens!—but the storm in here
 Rises, and will not be outmadden'd. Night,
 And solitude, and tempest, come; unwoman me,
 And make me what I seem :—Nay! not this slim
 And delicate form and face beseem the deeds
 Camilla's doom doth point to.—Make my mind
 Like the night-wandering, lonely, storm-exulting,
 And ruthless ruffian's, who doth rob,—and sticks not
 To dare an act still ruder. His rough form
 Hath no nerves—to revolt from blood or breathlessness
 Of whom he will be rid of. His swart cheek
 Knows not these changes; and his violent blood
 Throbs ne'er the quicker when he stabs. Come, fiends,—
 My scruples die away,—come, fiends, and quench
 The ashes of them, else I cannot do
 My doom,—and who can say that were not impious?—
 Ha, ha, ha!—Camilla, is that laugh thine own?
 What,—what! Save me, who strays abroad to-night
 And not in haste? *(A figure wandering behind.)*

Tall is he,—and a man
 Such as I spoke of :—but in his dark-cloak'd form
 A grandeur, such as of a blasted oak
 Or shatter'd donjon.—Courage, heart! although
 He sees me, what hath my despair to fear?
 He stops. Poor fool, I cannot face the glare
 That gilds the hollow of his scowling brows.
 Is it a fascination fixes me?
 Or my mere womanish weakness?—Yet why fly?
 Camilla's better nature's lost;—and what
 Remains to lose? naught save my red revenge.
 And, though he were the fiend, *that* will I lose
 Never,—no! never.—Ha! I cannot shriek,
 Though he comes nearer :—What! Camilla shriek
 For earthly or unearthly natures!—No!—
 Still looks he,—and his lids fall not, like man's,
 For weakness;—though my voice doth. Shame, Camilla!
 An instant—and thou must speak, not before him,
 But *to* him. Would he would to me!—No nearer!
 Oh, God! no nearer with that basilisk eye.
 Is mine arm frozen, that it will not rise
 To grasp and guard him?—Elements, in vain
 Your frenzied threats grow supernatural:
 There is a mightier by me.—Sir,—or spirit,
 What seek'st thou here?

He.

Poisons.

C.

And have I poisons,

That thus thou stand'st before me face to face,
 With thine high head depress'd and dark brows knit,
 And moveless eyes up-scowling into mine—
 Have I then poisons?

He.

There is death in them,

And death in thee,—the seeds of it:—and thine heart,
Harbour'd it ne'er the thought of death, or causing it?

C. Art thou the Tempter?

He. Do I tempt thee, woman?
The preacher saith, "Man is but vanity."
The vanity of vanities is woman.

C. Woman!

He. Ay! woman. Think'st thou we do not know
A woman by her eye, and by her tongue?

C. Depart from me;—yet stay—

He. I seek my poisons:
They grow within yon old corrupted tree
Which the heavens fire this moment. See! it flares,
How merrily, how beautifully, broadly,
Splendidly, and sublimely to the skies:—
And all to its own perdition. Now's the time
To pluck me poisons, which the leech can heal not,
And hand of man yet cull'd not. Fare thee well!

C. I dare not,—yet *will* ask him. Can'st thou not,
Strange and unfathom'd stranger, can'st thou not
Impart thy drugs to others?—to me?—Answer!
(My words are spoken.—God! if 'tis the fiend!
Psha! how I tremble!)—Answer,—and do not look so,—
Mine eye-balls will be scathed; yet can I not
Turn them away. Speak! speak! speak!

He. Can'st thou dare
The sulphurous fumes and red boughs crashing round thee
Of yon yet flaring oak? Darest thou with me?

C. I do not eat my words—(nor dare turn back.)

He. Follow then, softly, lest we wake the slaves
Of Satan, who, each forester doth know,
And half will swear they've seen,—haunt these black walks.

*(They retire into the smoke and flames of the oak. Soon after—
a crash—a burst of flame and sparks—and a vast column of
smoke. CAMILLA runs out.)*

C. Am I mad? Is there in my cheeks more blood—
In my full eyes more fire than fitteth man's?
In my toss'd heart more pulses than before?
In my limbs less of body? In my voice
A tone as of a demon?—So it seems:
Yet now I sink and sicken. Still I have thee,
Thou blessed sprig of death, that can'st not fail:—
I have thee:—But my spirits flag. Oh! was it
The eternal devil I have made my friend?
In what a giant shape the swift smoke cloud
Cleft the scared air with its fantastic curls!—
And then no more I saw him.—Sure the death
I pluck'd and placed so close unto my bosom—
Sure it was not mine own!—How my heart chokes me!—
Sick,—sick:—Oh! for some water to—

(Enter a Forester.)

Dark man!—
Art thou again here?—Oh! support me;—water—
I faint—for heaven's sake, water!

(Sinks. He catches her.)

F. Poor youth! He looks almost as he'd been struck
This cruel night:—Pray heaven there come no worse on't!
I have a wild walk before I get him home.—

(Carries her off.)

SCENE VI.—*A Cottage.**A FORESTER and his WIFE.*

F. The Lady Thomasine and the Lord Giulio,
 'To-day 'll come see our vintage, wife:—That boy
 That fainted last night in the wood, I think
 Said he belonged to the Lord Giulio.—
 I tell you what, wife,—he was mighty close
 About his doublet's being loosed:—and I
 More than suspect that had it been unbutton'd,
 Instead of my bringing him all the way
 Just as he was,—I more than half suspect, ...
 He came to himself too soon, ... but that you know
 Is neither here nor there:—Lords, they say, wife,
 Have sometimes odd attendance 'mong their pages;—
 You take me, don't you?

W. Yes, I see your meaning.—
 The boy has white hands, and a pretty foot enough:
 But, Beppo, my Lord Giulio is, you know,
 None of your hairbrain'd sparks, that . . . but 'tis time
 To see about tidying the house for them.—
 The poor boy may as well wait till they come:—
 He may be a pet, who knows?—Come, Beppo, bustle.

SCENE VII.—*Near the Cottage of Beppo.*

THOMASINE, GIULIO.—*BEPP0 and his WIFE attending.—*
Peasantry in groups behind.

CHORUS.

Laugh! around the poplar's shaft,
 Long the blushing grape hath laugh'd,
 When the golden kiss of heaven
 Ripeness to its cheek hath given.
 Come laugh with me.

Laugh! and let the sweet gales waft
 Why we've sung and why we've laugh'd,—
 Over hamlet, hill, and heath,
 Mount above, and mead beneath.
 Come laugh with me.

Laugh! for lords' and ladies' draught
 Long our vintage-wine hath laugh'd;
 And the grapes we gather now,
 Shall for such a nectar flow.
 Come laugh with me.

Laugh! and pledge the ruby draught
 To those with us who've sung and laugh'd;—
 While the dance and merry song
 Whirl the rosy hours along.
 Come laugh with me.

T. Giulio, how happy are these simple people!

G. And oh! how happy I, to think thy bounty
 Adds to their happiness!—

L. Oh! sure it is not
 When we *from* wealth, but *in* wealth seek our bliss,
 'That we do find our blisses crumble away
 Like treasures dug from tombs.

G. But not thy bounty,
My love, doth win these poor folk half so much
As do thy kindness and calm courtesy :
Else more rich men were favourites with the poor.—
And therefore led I down the dance with thee
To their gay music yonder :—And, my love,
Therefore you must not chide me that I had
Thine harp brought down to please them.—

T. Giulio,
I am half inclined to scold you :—but to day
I cannot well.—

G. Then have me up to-morrow,
Sweet, at your bar : and I'll be glad to learn
How these dear tones will pass harsh sentence. Hark !
They come to claim your promise of a song—
And, as I live, have made our poor Gasparo
Their spokesman.—Know you of his last night's illness ?
He is a delicate boy.—

T. Oh ! yes : our host
And still more garrulous hostess told me all.
(*CAMILLA advances with peasantry.*)
Gaspar ! I am glad to see you better.—

C. Thanks, lady ! oh—your hand were too great honour
For such as I am. (I had rather touch
The bold black adder on his arrowy path,—
Or lay my hand on the loathed toad.) My lady,
I thank you—I'm quite well now. (Words are words,
And but words ; they must have them ; but to touch
Those fingers !—yet they do not shame mine own.
Oh Giulio ! Giulio !)

G. My dear boy, we must
Forbid your wandering at such spots and weathers,
And at such hours. I love you, boy, too well.

C. My Lord ! (*bows*)—Camilla, would *thou* hadst the words
Gasparo hath. (*Aside.*) But, lady, we are come,
And these have chosen me to further here
Their wishes—to request that you the queen,
And smiling angel of our purple vintage,
Will deign to our delighted ears set forth
Some of your song's sweet sorcery. For 'tis said—
Nor I gainsay it, lady—that at times
Forth from your castle-towers is heard to stream
Such matchless music on the midnight air
As wakes the night-bird's envy ; and doth ride
O'er the slow-waving park-trees, and green alopes,
And far-protracted vistas, with such power
As stops the swain who haply crosseth there,
Till he doth look up to the stars, and thinks
That from their pearly orbs comes down the dew
Of sounds delicious, which doth freshen so
The spirit of his brain ;—and home he goes
And tells of things mysterious that have been
And are discover'd of the angelic world,
When hush'd is this of mortals.—Thus we kneel—
Thus do thee all the vintage homages :
Oh ! answer us, as oracles of old
Did their inquirers, with the song that springs
So all-spontaneous from those crimson lips.

THOMASINE—(*Sings to the harp.*)
Take not back your leafy twine,
Take not back your tendrill'd wreath ;
Since the love it seems to breathe
Makes me wish it mine.

I'll not put back your chaplet green,
 I'll not the grapes it bears refuse ;
 Since your lady loved ye, choose,
 I'll be your vintage queen.

Though the reveller's brow it press,
 Though the brutal fray it see ;
 Since 'tis love that gives it me,
 I the vine wreath bless.

Though it o'er feign'd smiles hath waved,
 Though false eyes have 'neath it shone,
 Those are true that ye do own ;
 Such my heart hath craved.

Spirits true the plant have grown,
 Hands of truth its toils employ ;
 Welcome to the plant of joy,
 Welcome to your crown.

CHORUS.

Spirits true the plant have grown,
 Hands of truth its toils employ ;
 Give welcome to the fruit of joy,
 Give welcome to our crown.

Peasants. Lady, we pledge you. Will you pledge us back ?
 (*CAMILLA hands her a horn.*)

T. You have forgot Lord Giulio.
 (*Passes it to GIULIO, and receives another from BEPPO.*)

G. Lady, thanks !
 From thy sweet hands how nobler the red wine
 Will Giulio's veins enrich ! To thee I lead
 'The pledge of these true spirits. (*Drinks.*)

T. What is this ?
 Gasparo, what is this ?—Nay, my boy, nay,
 You seek our precedence too strictly.—Boy,
 We pass'd it to Lord Giulio.

Bep. How he glares
 Upon the emptied horn he would have snatch'd
 From's Lord.—Good God ! he faints—Support the boy—
 Yet look unto our mistress ; for I doubt
 There's treason in yon cup—or was, before
 Lord Giulio quaff'd it off.

T. Give him air, good friends,
 Nor ring him round so closely. Let me come
 Within your circle ; 'tis oft thus with him.
 Gaspar, look up.

C. I do—nay, not on thee !
 I thought it was my Giulio ; but his voice
 My devil hath set silence on, and set
 His seal on me.

G. Give him more room, good friends.
 Why, Gaspar, why—my boy . . . nay ! nay—what's this
 Amidst my speech doth sicken round my—heart ?

C. Nay—off ! thou chiding spirit ! not for thee
 The hellish horn was drugg'd—but . . .

T. Hush, my heart !
 Oh God ! oh God !—my Giulio, wherefore thus ?

Bepo. Lord Giulio . . . here ! Lord Giulio ! help my lord here !
 I doubt this boy's a devil. Two beside him

Stay and attend him—closely! We will bear
My lord unto yon bank. Bring out some benches,
And spread my lord a couch—Nay, lady, nay!
Hold not his hand so to your precious lips;
He will be better soon; (which yet I doubt;)
Look to the boy though.

Peasants. Ay! where is he?—where?
Where is the murderer?

G. Patience—patience, friends—
Treat my boy kindly:—O, Gasparo! now—
Now at *this* moment! yet would God I had
But mine own ruin to forgive thee.

C. Stay!—
Bear not the corpse away yet.—Off! unhold me! (*Breaks away.*)
I am a woman:—would ye keep a woman
From loving whom it likes her?

Peasants. How! a woman!

C. I am a woman—ay! a fond false woman,—
Yet to *one* true.—I have no envy now—
No jealousy, now my love is borne to his grave.—
O lady, let me grovel at thy feet
Imploring pardon—pardon:—yet, oh yet
Let me—let me go shut up those sweet eyes,
And pour my last life on those clay-cold lips,
My life which lingereth for that dissolution:
One sugar'd kiss in dying—oh! but one—
One from the dying to the dead!

G. What stir
Is this about me?—and what voice is that
Whose passioning tones have not been heard for years?
Camilla—coz—sweet coz—art thou too come?
Ha! in that dress! thou—*Thou*, Camilla? . . . oh!
(*Falls back.*)

T. Hast thou no thought for Thomasine?

G. My love.
Use my poor cousin kindly.

C. Not thy sweet,
Nor thy dear coz, my Giulio, now?

G. Oh yes!
Sweet coz, dear coz;—yet, cousin, my own death
I could have well forgiven.

T. Lady, lady,
Mine I had well forgiven,—do forgive,
Since that alone was meant.—But, lady, this—
This noble ruin . . .

C. Oh! angelic pair,
Thus let me, . . . no! I cannot! . . . yes! thus let me
Join your dear hands—Ah! but, Camilla,—she—
What must she do? Why weep thus—thus—oh thus!
How sweet are bitter tears!—my Giulio, turn
Away those pitying eyes—that pierce my soul!
Nay! nor thine, lady—fix them not on me
So chidingly—Oh! that yon drug should be
So past all aid!—Oh, that yon eyes should be
Fired, 'mid their tears, with the sharp pangs of pain!—
Oh that thy cheek, sweet lady, should o'erhang them,
So palely passionless—passioning so purely,
As bodes too well a threepold tragedy!
Oh that my guilty breath should utter forth
These cold, calm, callous words!—Forgive me, friends,—
Sweet friends, I see you do.—Wilt Thou—Thou, God?—

G. Hush up thy harrow'd heart, dear coz.—Thy hand
Hath given me bliss down here, and, up in Heaven,
Eternal life, and love, and Thomasine.
—My love in life, my wife in a better world—
I have some breath left,—let me hear thy voice
Sing me to sleep the sleep of sweetest dreams
That knows no night-mare.—Let mine ashes die
Here in thy requiem—and my fitting soul
Soar on thy wing'd Hosanna.

C. Oh! This—this
Of mine—oh! could a thousand hymns from it
Its fiend exorcise!

(*The harp is brought.*)

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Rest, my love, thy suffering clay,—
Soar, sweet spirit, soar to day;
Swiftly pass the purging fires that shall but show the man—
Swiftly scale the heavenly stairs, free from spot and stain—
There, mine own love, wait for me, nor long shall be thy staying,
Where, on Heaven's lowest orb, God's far-light is raying.

B. How movingly her faltering voice doth fail
Its music—yet more musical doth seem
Since feeling fathers the sweet fault.—But mark—
How my Lord Giulio on her swimming eyes
Gazes as he would grow there.—But, alas!
That guilt upon yon other face, which leans
So fair over his shoulder, should have spread
Idiocy's blank expression.—Still, again,
With fuller tones, she takes up her fine strain!

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Heaven from Heaven, and sphere from sphere,
Love together we shall clear;
Both at once, shall change come o'er our soon refining souls,
Both at once, equal from each, darkness from us rolls,
And the brightness breathed in men by God at his creation
Shines forth brighter and more pure till the consummation

C. Cousin—dear cousin Giulio—is't a spirit
You gaze on so? Faith, she is wondrous lovely.—
Is it an angel, Giulio?

G. My poor cousin,
God better thee! Sweet coz—Camilla, hush.

C. How prettily the harp sounds in mine ear,
And yet it hath no soul—as mine had once,
When my poor cousin, that is dead and gone,
Would touch it for me. Did you know him, sir?
Nay—do not tell me—for 'twere rude, you know,
To whisper now. Who can this lady be?
She 'gins again.—Would Giulio could hear her!

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)

Brother, bright as thou art I?
Beams as pure love from mine eye?
See the shining of the three, how from the throne it plays—
And the sunbright Cross above would blind the fleshly gaze;
Now our blue path softer grows, and starry fanes flash brighter,
And we breathe the odorous air freelier and lighter.

C. Are you not well, sir? Sure you feel some pain?
 G. Sweet cousin, no!—no pangs—but my breath fails,—
 I shall be rested quickly, if you place
 The pillow higher, that my head may lie
 A moment.

C. Ah! poor gentleman,—he calls
 Me cousin.—If I *had* a cousin now,
 How happy I should be. Well, well—but, sir,
 Let me just press the pillow down. 'Twill be
 The softer, sir. Nay, I don't think he breathes—
 My tresses stir not by his lips. Why, sure
 I know this face—sure 'tis my cousin's corpse.
 Oh! well may *he* not breathe. Hush! these are monks
 Coming for him I mourn for. Their song sounds
 So soothingly, yet so exultingly,
 He must be pleased to hear it in his death.

THOMASINE, (*Sings.*)
 Nor from weakness now I faint,—
 Transport hails thee, brother saint.
 Hark! seraphic wires are chiming i'the home of God and love;
 And the hours of Heaven timing, singing sunbeams move.
 Now the fullest chorus thundering, marks the eve of Eden—
 And my fix'd thoughts, dear, are sundering—my eyes with sleep are laden.

Beppo. She rests upon her harp, as if to wait
 The inspiration of sweet song,—and end
 The strain, that with such glowing eye—but weak
 And quivering lip, she breathed in this last stanza.
 Surely she hath not fainted! Heaven forefend—
 But it is something worse: Sped is the spirit
 That was so idolized.

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VOL. XVII.

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SIR EGERTON BRYDGES'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

WE know not well in what way to satisfy all our own feelings in reviewing these volumes. The author is a high-born and high-bred gentleman, of unspotted character, amiable we cannot doubt in all really important matters, and entitled unquestionably to respect as the possessor of very considerable talents, and various extremely elegant accomplishments. He is now well-stricken in years, and complains that he has been ill used by the world. Our inclination, therefore, would lead us, if he only were concerned, to speak of his work with nothing but kindness and respect. But we are constrained to say, that he who writes a book must be contented to have it considered in more points of view than one, and to add that the publication of Sir Egerton Brydges appears to us to be calculated to produce much more of evil than of good among those who are likely to read it.

These, to be sure, are not very many; but Sir Egerton is one, and perhaps stands at the head, of a class of persons, who, without having much influence individually, affect to no inconsiderable degree the general mind of the public, by the pertinacity of their united exertions. Above all,

such authors as this are extremely dangerous to young minds. Youths possessing some share of natural sensibility, but nothing like the strength of original genius or even talent, are induced to take up the views of persons who write in a tone extremely flattering to their self-love, and encouraged by their idle talk to make literature the business of their lives, to the total ruin, not of fortune merely, but of all peace of mind. The eternal *cant*, in other words, of Sir Egerton and his associates, is, that the public voice affords no rule whatever as to the real character of *new* works of literature—that criticism is nothing but mockery and malignity—that every one must rely entirely upon himself. To this is generally annexed some enunciation of a theory, than which nothing we conceive is more dangerous to young, sensitive, and imbecile minds: the theory, namely, that the only thing of real value in literature is the expression of what one actually feels in consequence of what one actually meets with in the world, and that art, arrangement, condensation, patient elaboration, revision, and correction, are only so many names for the trickery by which second-rate beings attempt

* Recollections of Foreign Travel, on Life, Literature, and Self-knowledge. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. London—Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-Row,—1825.

in vain to hide their deficiency in genius.

That one word *genius* has done more harm than anything in the vocabulary. It has been prostituted till it has lost all meaning. Not a beardless driveller in the land who does not expect, if he produces a sonnet on a rose-leaf, that we shall see *genius* in his bauble. Genius, so help us, inspires the leading articles of our newspapers—the small print of our Magazines is redolent of *genius*!

Sir Egerton himself is very superior in talents to those who run the greatest risk of being misled by his speculations, and ruined by following his example. He, moreover, although he rails at Lady Fortune, in good set terms, was born to a competent estate, and succeeded in middle life to a splendid one. It is no great matter, therefore, to him and his, that he has occupied himself from twenty to sixty-two in writing and publishing works, not one of which ever paid, we honestly believe, the paper-maker and the printer. But this is not the situation of many of those who, in opening manhood, feel the movements of literary ambition in the absence of that sort of power of mind and talent which alone can enable any man to gain anything like Fortune, or anything like Fame, worthy of the name, by devoting himself to the pursuits of literature as his *occupation*. We are sickened when we think of the multitudes of naturally amiable tempers that have been forever soured and embittered by the indulgence in such dreams.

Sir Egerton's primary object seems to be to show that what he calls *genius* is a thing that of necessity incapacitates a man for mixing in the ordinary society and business of the world, and that is injured and degraded exactly in proportion as the possessor suffers himself so to blend in the common stream of life. Now this is a doctrine exceedingly acceptable, no doubt, to many young persons who prefer lounging in a green lane over a Coleridge or a Collins, to the ignoble fatigue of copying briefs or pounding medicines. These are all, in their own estimation, lads of *genius*, and Sir Egerton Brydges, and all his knot, assure them that they will play false to God and Nature if they do not set their faces decidedly against the shop. We must quote a few of the passages in

which this sort of thing is inculcated, and see whether a few plain hints of our own may not rob them of their poison. Thus,

"Common business is but the conflict of, or with, shufflers and gamblers who play with loaded dice."

Again,

"I am only fit for the calm of domestic society; for solitude, musing, reading, writing, and a short and quiet stroll in the open air. If these are proofs of want of talent, or of inutility to life, I must submit. In the course of my life, I have been drawn at times a good deal into the vortex of business; but I have been as constantly its victim, as I have been engaged in it: the most stupid fellow always beat me;—and he beat me perhaps more easily in proportion to his stupidity: the sharp edge of my temper was always blunted, or turned back upon me by his callousness. I wish it had been my fate never to have mingled with the world."

Again,

"Men of business and professional men have no conception of anything done for general purposes."

Again,

"In the course of a long life, a strenuous author of genius accumulates a mass of golden ore, which puts him beyond much fear of being removed from the eminence that he has raised; loose, careless gatherings may slide from under his feet, or be shaken by the winds of caprice, or slights of thoughtless negligence; but perseverance will settle his labours into a firm and large consistence, sufficient both in size and strength to become durable.

"I have not the presumption to suppose myself one of this order; but I still go on to do my best; and by the uninterrupted performance of my daily task, to swell, though slowly yet with certainty, my not unvirtuous labours into something, which, by their quantity at least, shall have some weight. (!!) I cannot believe that many would have toiled with a spirit so unbroken under such mighty trials, as it has been my lot to endure. I cannot reason on my ardour for literature,—my reason would have abandoned it thirty years ago; but it is somehow a part of my being; I cannot separate it from me; I live for it, and in it; I rise to it in the morning; I go to my rest with it; and think of it at midnight, and in my sleep. I have, however, at last, almost laid books aside, and am conversant only with my own thoughts. These thoughts never fail me; every day presents them in abundance; and I hope with some diversity and no-

velty. I know with what anxiety I apply my thoughts, how much of intense-ness is spent upon them; and how deeply and sincerely I search for truth.

"It is human nature to find fault; and my endeavours have yet met with but sparing and rare encouragement."

Again,

"I do not think that men of the world can be poets."

Again,

"If nature does not implant the faculty and bent in us, we cannot be poets; and if it does, we cannot be men of the world. A wit is commonly a man of the world, because his field of action is placed in watching, elucidating, and exposing what lies upon the surface of human manners; but he has scarce ever any heart, any fixed opinions, or any deep judgment.

"I never yet read with the smallest emotion or favour the life of any poet, who had not a character marked, peculiar, or over-ruling. I can forgive eccentricities occasionally perverse; I can forgive some fitful indulgencies even of absurdity or folly; but I cannot forgive a cold, cautious, calculating, sneering, scornful prudence—what is vulgarly called *shrewd sense*: but it is nothing but an ungenerous, selfish, plotting, fraudulent, ambushed cunning; it never was, and never will, it cannot be, united, to imagination and feeling. There are those who would have everything treated lightly, as if it was to be admired or neglected at will or convenience; gone through with indifference, as it were for fashion; and played with, in a tone and manner as if it was done by a civil condescension from secret and mysterious greatness.—If poetry be a solid fruit of the mind, if it be an imbodiment of truth, then the pleasures and feelings in which it deals cannot be inapplicable to actual life."

Now what does all this amount to? Let us see who are the real great Geniuses of the world. Homer—does any one read him and believe that he was a man only fitted for, and accustomed to, a quiet fireside, and a stroll among the daffodillies? Æschylus—was he not a stirring politician and valiant soldier through life? Pindar—was he not a politician and a high priest? Thucydides—was he not an active soldier and statesman? What was Julius Cæsar?—Tacitus?—Cicero?—Sallust? Juvenal?—Was Dante a moper?—Was Bacon nothing but a man of contemplative genius?—Was not Milton a schoolmaster and afterwards a Secre-

tary to Cromwell?—Was not Shakspeare himself a merry good-natured player, who framed the very greatest works of human genius in the mere intervals of his professional labours?—Was not Swift a busy churchman and politician all through life? What was Clarendon?—What was Burns himself, (of whom Sir Egerton Brydges is so fond of speaking)—a ploughman, a farmer, an exciseman!—What is Scott?—has he not been all his life a lawyer, and is he not at this moment both a law-officer, occupied in that capacity the best part of the day, during the greater part of the year, and a great farmer and planter to boot, to say nothing of living eternally in company?

The only answer which THE MORNING SCHOOL can bring to all this, is an assertion that these men of genius have done what they have done in spite of their situations, and would have done much better things had they been merely men of genius. Now our rejoinder is not far to seek. Produce, ye of the quiet stroll, the names of the first-rate authors who belong to your school. Take the world from Adam to Macadam, and show us what you can bring forth.

You have, you admit, no *first-rate*. That you have, notwithstanding, a few men of real genius, *we* admit. You have Collins, Wordsworth, and one or two more; but it is our opinion, and we venture to say it is the opinion of all mankind, that all these would have been worth fifty times more than they are, had they been compelled to take a hearty part in the active business of life. As for Byron, we cannot permit you to claim him as a subject of triumph. He permitted some wounds of vanity (inflicted by base hands) to drive him out of the society for which he was born, and from the duties which his rank entailed on him. But even as it was, he only went from good company to bad, and bestowed on eternal journeyings, pistol-practisings, and gin-twist, the time which might have been, with at least as much advantage to his genius, bestowed upon the proper occupations of an English landlord and legislator. Do you suppose that his genius was more benefited by his secluded intercourse with Miss Guiccioli, than it would have been by a flirtation of equal intensity, carried on in Kensington Gardens, &c.? Do you seriously opine, that he wrote

better poems by drinking toddy with Medwin, &c., than he would have done, had he staid at home to imbibe sound constitutional port in Albemarle Street, or balmy Lafitte in Whitehall? Was Hollands safer for a man of genius than Holland house? Is the solitary indulgence of *chewing* more suitable to a man of *genius* than the soul-soothing conviviality of the cigarium? —But these refined people will not look whither their own theory would carry them.

Having in this way done their utmost to persuade young persons of the class we have indicated, to cut themselves off from the ordinary occupations of life as unworthy of *genius*, the next thing is to protract their delusion, by leading them to undervalue entirely the reception which their efforts in the walk to which they have thus exclusively devoted themselves, may happen to meet with from the public. This, however meant, is, in its effects, the most genuine cruelty. But let us see how the Leader (too good for the place) of the MOPING SCHOOL enunciates his dogma:

"There is something so perverse in our human destiny, that it seldom happens that the attainment of our desires satisfies us, even when they are rational. We wish for honourable fame, it seldom comes; but if it comes, we find scarce any enjoyment in it; it turns out to be a shadow. The absence of it is a grief, its presence is no happiness."

"It does not always fall on those who deserve it; witness *Milton*, who was very little noticed, and still less praised by his contemporaries; a neglect for which it is idle to attempt to account, by ascribing it to the prejudices entertained against his *political* character, because, till the Restoration, his politics would have recommended, not depressed, him; and yet the neglect of his poetry was always the same, though his *Comus*, &c. had been published at least twenty-five years before the return of Charles II. At the same time, numerous contemptible versifiers on both sides were in possession of great celebrity."

Again—

"He who has not the public with him will not have friends sincerely with him: he must be everything to himself. I dare say that Milton had not a friend in his own day who thought him equal to Cowley, or even to Waller; and that he looked down upon them, when such opinions were unguardedly let out, not per-

haps directly, but by inference from the tone of their conversations, with calm but pitying complacence."

Again—

"Sometimes fame falls where it is merited, as in Lord Byron's case; but not often! Lord Byron had, perhaps, a greater excess of it than ever happened to a real poet in his life; and it was the more extraordinary, because it was unwilling and extorted fame."

Again—

"*Collins* burnt all the copies of his inimitable *Odes*, because they would not sell; and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, after forty years, is not yet reprinted; and was long, I believe, a drug in the market. At the same time, Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* went through several rapid editions."

Again, more concisely still:—

"If the *vox populi* be the *vox Dei*, then the *vox Dei* is as uncertain as the blowing of the wind, which blows from the north to-day and from the south to-morrow."

Or thus:

"On what true genius has fame come in his lifetime equal to his deserts?"

Now, let us look for a moment at the examples which Sir Egerton has produced. Milton, in the first place, was, it seems, nobody in his own time. On the contrary, his intellectual power was acknowledged by everybody who was capable of understanding anything of the matter. He was known and celebrated all over Europe as one of the first of men, and he held in his own country the high office of conductor of all the foreign correspondence of Oliver Cromwell! But the *Paradise Lost* was not popular when it was first published, and therefore no poet ought to reverence the opinion of the public! Did it never occur to Sir Egerton, that the age in which Milton's poetry was overlooked was an age in which *everything* that had any connexion with the imaginative faculties of man was despised by those who had the guidance of the public mind in England? Was he ignorant, that if Milton, as a *poet*, was little thought of, then Homer, Shakspeare, every great poet the world had ever known, was equally the object of contemptuous indifference to the sour and malignant spirit of predominating fanaticism? Did he not know that that was the time also in which the Parliament of England sold by auction, to foreign-

ers, the most magnificent collection of pictures and statues that England has ever yet possessed, because they preferred a few paltry thousands to all the works of genius that humanity had ever treasured? As for Cowley and Waller, they were never popular until after the Restoration; they were both genuine poets, moreover, at the worst; and if it be true (which we prodigiously doubt) that they were more popular poets than Milton even then, what would this prove, except the intensity to which political feelings predominated, in an age which had witnessed the decapitation of an English king, by the hands of a cold-blooded faction, from which all Milton's genius had not been able to keep him aloof? What lesson can any poet of these peaceful days gather from this obvious anomaly?

Collins is another of his examples. It seems his Odes did not sell well just at first, and he burnt the lumber-copies! The fact is, that Collins died at thirty-six, within a very few years after his Odes were first published. Considering the very small extent of his poetical productions, and the very small class of readers for whom they were, or ever could be adapted, we think it no wonder at all that he should not have become in a moment the possessor of any very high and commanding degree of popularity. He *was* admired, however, by Samuel Johnson, and by all the best judges of his time; and we beg to ask whether he is now, or whether it is at all likely that Collins ever will be, a popular author with more than a very small circle of highly refined readers. He did not play for the great game, and he did not win it.

But "*sometimes fame falls where it is merited, as in Lord Byron's case, but not often!*" Here is the thunderbolt indeed. Not often!—Did Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pindar, Aristophanes, Menander, Aristotle, Plato, Demosthenes—did none of these men deserve the instant and consummate fame which their works brought them? Were Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Cæsar, &c., &c., all neglected classics? Was Dante—was Petrarch, "the friend of princes"—was Ariosto—was Tasso, *neglected*? Was not Chaucer the favourite of Edward?—was it not "the sweet swan of Avon" that winged

" ————those flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James?" Were Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Burke—were they all mere exceptions to the rule, that contemporary fame falls "not often" on those who merit it?

The fact is, that all our great English authors have been, as authors, eminently successful, with, at the utmost, the one exception, already (if it be one) sufficiently accounted for, of Milton. Chaucer made a fortune—the best test of *fame*; so did Spenser, (though he lost it afterwards.) Shakespeare died the richest man in Stratford upon Avon, and in the best house thereof. His granddaughter was a great heiress, and married into a great family; and it was in "the house that Will built" that Maria Henrietta held her court when she stayed at Stratford. Dryden was an imprudent man; yet even he made by his writings, *upon an average*, £500 a-year, from the time he commenced authorship till the day of his death; and that, if one thinks of the time, was no inconsiderable sum. In fact, it was quite equal to £1500 at present. Pope died as rich as a Jew—Swift ditto. Addison became a secretary of state through his literature only. Johnson did not make a fortune, only because he was the most indolent *great* man that ever the world saw.

At all events these men, and an innumerable company besides, had abundance of contemporary fame; and is it against this cloud of witnesses that we are to have a single, at the best second-class, poet like Collins, ay, or fifty Collinses, set up, as proving that the public may be right occasionally, but is almost always wrong?

We believe the fact to be, that the public has, in all ages of the world, erred much more on the generous side than the other; and that for any one given example of under-rated merit, we could, if it were worth our while, produce, at half an hour's notice, a hundred examples of over-rated merit. Pause, ye young men of *genius*, ere ye lay to your souls the flattering unction of Sir Egerton. Believe, if ye will, in the general, that

"There is nothing more magnificent than that calm self-confidence which, judging rightly of its own powers and merits, goes calmly on, not only without

a cheer, but in defiance of daily impediments and unappeasable opposition ;”

but do not quite so easily set it down that there is anything of the “calmly magnificent” about those efforts of your own genius which nobody cheers, those aspirations which meet with nothing but “daily impediments and unappeasable opposition.”

We mentioned in the outset, that one of their favourite notions was, that a poet could do no good except by painting directly from himself. This is continually recurred to.

“Had Lord Byron’s mind been only accustomed to a narrow extent of scenery, instead of what was at once most varied and most magnificent, his poetical inventions could never have possessed the splendour and sublimity which show such astonishing powers. Action and interest characterize his poetical inventions, as they characterize his life; all he writes is vivid emotion, and often burning passion. The figures come forth from the canvass, and stand embodied, with breath on their lips, and the blood trembling through their veins. The author knew by experience so much of what he painted, that his imagination always raised something like reality.”

Now, what does all this come to? Are Lord Byron’s murders, &c. a bit more *Vraisemblables*, horrible, black, appalling, than those of Shakspeare, who, honest man, never, that we know of, saw anything even of happy old England but what lies between Warwick Castle and Ludgate Hill? Is it not obvious that the intended compliment, were it merited, would turn out to be a virtual sneer? Is he not the greatest poet who can from *imagination* alone achieve the most? But, after all, what did Byron ever see of the characters that he has represented? He wrote about blood and daggers—but we doubt if ever he witnessed the shedding of anything more deadly than champagne. He enjoyed himself extremely in the Levant, for he was very fond of fine scenery, pretty women, pretty horses, and a real quid of tobacco.

The high contempt professed by our author and his friends for the *vox populi*, is naturally accompanied on the part of Sir Egerton Brydges with a sovereign disgust for almost everything that happens, in our own particular time, to be excessively popular. Lord Byron (and he is dead) seems to be the solitary exception; and novels are

par excellence the objects of utter scorn. Take the following specimen, which, but for other things to be hereafter noticed, might almost, we think, convict the writer of lunacy—

“What novel has outlasted the manners of its age? Who now reads Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Mackenzie, Burney, Radcliffe, Charlotte Smith? Who reads Boccacio, Don Quixotte, Gil Blas, Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe? Pompous editions of them are sometimes printed to look handsome on library shelves; but nobody looks into them, unless to inspect a new set of illustrative engravings. Nothing continues to be read for generations (not even history) but standard poetry of pure and rich ore.”

Who reads Cervantes, Fielding, Gil Blas, Gulliver, Boccacio, Julia de Roubigne, or Robinson Crusoe? But in truth this is too solemn folly. Who does *not*, except the Mopers?

Wit is popular, it seems; and wit itself falls under the ban of Balaam.

“Edward Phillips calls *EPIGRAM the fug end of poetry*; and we were always taught at school to consider Martial in the meanest class of genius; but it is always found, even among boys, to be the taste of those who have sharp practical understandings, and are adapted to the collision of society.

“There is no reason why a good thing should not be told in the most effective mode. But all literature, and all experience, prove that the worth and integrity of the *matter* is always sacrificed, where there is this sort of attention to the *manner*. Truth is never regarded, nor the genuineness of the ore, which is worked into these artful shapes. An inferior class of literati are thus brought forward, and given a sway which ought not to belong to them,—and *men of the world* are substituted for *men of genius*. These may be *clever* men, men of quick abilities, and lively adroit use of their abilities, but this does not constitute genius. Sheridan was a man of most extraordinary *cleverness* and pointed wit; what proof has he left of his *genius*?”

Did Sir Egerton ever read the *Critic*? But take him with his own men. Was not Homer the founder of comic satire, (if Aristotle may be believed?) Did not Euripides write the Cyclops as well as the Medea? Who drew Benedick and Falstaff? Who wrote Candide? Who wrote Don Juan? We are almost ashamed of ourselves.

But upon what principles do those who never read Cervantes, Swift, and

Boccaccio, write in their own proper persons? The whole of this book is full of such things as the following. Look back to the title of the work as we copied it, and pray consider them.

"My headach continues, but my task must not be abandoned. The mind, however, is at the mercy of this frail material tenement, and can work but imperfectly when the frame is deranged. The instant the intellect becomes clouded, a feeling of degradation falls upon the sensitive spirit."

Again—

"Positive illness has not often interrupted me in these letters,—but it has come upon me yesterday and to-day. My hand trembles, and I cannot make distinct syllables but slowly and with difficulty. A burning fever has been upon all my frame for six-and-thirty hours: it is a little abated; and I return to my task, lest the spell should be broken."

What think ye of this for a *whole letter*?

"For twenty successive days I have continued to write these letters. I must not break the spell,—and therefore register these few lines; though so much otherwise occupied that I cannot spare time for more."

The following is, if possible, still more exquisite.

"I have often spoken of myself in these letters, because *self-knowledge* is professed in the title of them to be one of the subjects treated: many will reject such a subject as inadmissible; but they who entertain it will probably think that I have said too little, rather than too much on it. I consider Montaigne's *Essays*, with all their faults, to be one of the golden books of literature: they are almost all about himself, his own opinions, sentiments, speculations, and habits." (O, modesty!)

But we really begin to feel that we have quoted too much nonsense from a book, which, after all that we have said, we have no wish whatever to represent as utterly valueless. It is indeed the greatest of all blessings that few *can* write much in this way from themselves, without writing something that the world will prize. But in spite of all his ridiculous theories, Sir Egerton Brydges is a man of talents, and having had the fortune to be born in a high station, and in spite of himself and his system to have mingled a good

deal in the course of his life with men of acknowledged eminence in the world, he has not been able to write a book under the title of recollections without giving us some chapters such as none can read without interest. In a late paper on Lord Byron, we had occasion to say some things about Sir Egerton which we would hope may serve as a sufficient introduction to certain passages which we are now about to quote from this, the really valuable portion of the present work. In point of fact we consider Sir Egerton to be exactly like Don Quixote, (but he will not understand us, since nobody reads Cervantes,) a madman upon one subject, and an extremely sensible person upon all others. Take him off his theories about genius, and poetry, and wit, and the *vox populi*, and Sir Egerton, restored to himself in a twinkling, thinks and talks in a style calculated to do him much honour. We do not mean to say that he talks so that every one must agree with him, or even so that we agree with him, (though we often do;) but that he always talks so as to be well worthy of a hearing.

Exempli gratia, take the following little excursion from Naples to London.

"Naples is, as a city, the most pleasant capital I have yet seen; and next to it, Florence. Of London it is not necessary to say here what I think; it would add to my enemies when there is no occasion,—and I have already more than enough. But I may say, that when young I never approached it without horror, and never left it without delight. I had an uncle, (the only uncle I ever remember,)—he lived to seventy,—the most cheerful and amiable country gentleman whom imagination can form,—a perfect sportsman,—the best rider of his day,—who, when he could no longer follow the severer chase of the fox, rode after his beagles with admirable skill till within three weeks of his death,—but caught a cold in his vocation, in a severe wintry day, which brought him to his grave:—he had been a member of the Middle Temple after he left college, and kept all his terms, and he was accustomed to say, that when he had mounted *Shooter's Hill*, and saw *Black London* in the smoke beneath him, he grew sick, his heart sunk, and his spirits never rose again, till, having mounted the other steep of the same hill, he could look back, and laugh his leave of it!

Yet he did not love mere solitude: he was the most lively and talkative companion whom I have ever known, of infinite humour, and some wit.

"I remember London such as it was when Miss Burney's Cecilia came out, and such as she describes it in that novel;—when the great public entertainment of the season was Ranelagh, to which no equal substitute has ever succeeded;—when the town was beginning to be very ridiculous with a thousand follies;—when East Indians and West Indians were, by their glitter, driving all the old families out of society; but when still they thought it necessary to perch upon landed property in England, and re-issue from it. The modern dazzlers are content to issue directly from the alley. (Indeed, stock-jobbing is now a principal employ of every great city in Europe; and even the small city of Geneva occupies itself with little else.) I need not dwell on the evil or the meanness of this species of gambling, which does not add an atom to the wealth of nations, but only transfers from one to another by a system of habitual chicaneries. I remember English society thus almost turned topsy-turvy: scarce a name that now flourishes in fashion had then been even heard of."

Sir Egerton, as we have a-
sion to see ere now, is no lover of the Beau Monde of modern London. Towards the conclusion of the present book, we have him thus denouncing it *pleno ore*.

"To define or analyse of what that little world consists is an utter impossibility. Its materials are so heterogeneous, whimsical, and irregular, that the very supposition of its existing by any principle is absurd. We know what it affects: it affects to consist of persons of the highest rank, birth, and wealth, who therefore are entitled to give the *ton* by the elegance of their manners, accomplishments, and habits. But, in fact, all who are acquainted with the world, can prove that it does not answer *any one* of these ingredients. It has, perhaps, some persons of the higher titles of nobility mixed up with it; but these very sparingly; and even then *almost* always of equivocal origin and character; and, without exception, of frivolous minds; all the rest are the bubbles of forward and usurping vanity, blown up by foolish arrogance and an unfeeling desire of distinction, hardened in its outset to all rebuffs.

"These little puffed-up parties, which

throw round themselves such a mysterious consequence, and obtain such an unfounded influence over the light-headed multitude, who stare and wonder without examining, do not gain their superiority without a great deal of finesse, management, and intrigue. They have their petty cabinets in which they exercise as much diplomacy, mean contrivance, and duplicity, as the politicians who govern states. They also call in the aid of political faction; which, in return, while it despises them, calls on *them* for its own purposes. I have heard of a silly countess thus made the head, that she might draw in the young, the light, the vain, and the weak.

"There is, probably, no capital in the world where all this has been so much played off as in London; and there are many reasons for it, arising from its extraordinary size, its mixed manners, and still more mixed population. Nowhere else is wealth so suddenly acquired; does it fluctuate so much; or has it so much influence: nowhere else are ranks so little marked, and men so little traced and contrasted from one situation to another. Even he who attends his warehouse or retail-shop in Wapping, of a morning, gives a splendid dinner or assembly in a fine house in a western square of an evening, or drives out in a beautiful equipage, with all its due accompaniments of servants and horses, without a suspicion that he is the same person. Money will do everything; the extreme vulgarity of his language and ideas, which cannot be shaken off, will be passed quite unnoticed in the highest company; and if it is thought that he can give his daughter fifty or sixty thousand pounds, a distressed duke will not hesitate to marry her.

"As, therefore, there is nothing in meanness of birth, manners, occupation, and character, which will keep a man out of leading society, he who is the greatest intriguer, and has the strongest stimulus to undergo the pain of servility, and various other disagreeable and degrading sacrifices, is the best qualified, and most likely to succeed, as an aspirant in the circles of fashion. There must always be a certain sprinkling of title and rank; but these are easily had among the more frivolous and trifling members of the very multiplied modern and mongrel nobility; and there will always be some stray fools from the highest, to disgrace their cast.

"The low aspirants though best qualified to succeed finally, will not gain a bloodless victory. It must be a task of long perseverance, and many rubs and

wounds. He must patiently, and with apparent indifference, endure a long series of provocations and insults; he must be obsequious, active, profuse, ostentatious, a slave to forms and etiquettes, reserved, mysterious, cunning, affected and false. A long service of this kind will at length accustom those to him on whom he has fixed himself; they will then submit, partly by habit and partly by necessity, to have him among them on terms of nearer equality. From that day he shares the influence of the cast over the uninitiated; and his tyranny is exercised in proportion to the cost of his power.

"Almost all the great families, at least all the manly and dignified members of them,—all persons of true genius or talent,—all who are engaged in solid occupations,—all who are employed in matters of state or legislation,—all pursuing grave literature,—all seriously addicted to grave and honourable professions,—keep aloof from these most contemptible trickeries of distinction. Temporary recruits are sometimes found from weak young men of good provincial families with good fortunes: but they almost always retire in disgust after the first vanities of youth are over;—sometimes, perhaps, with the inalienable incumbrance of a cast-off Lady Betty, or Lady Jane, who has outstood the market among her titled companions.

"It is true, that there are little wits and poetasters, who join themselves to these societies; and who think that what they say and write is to have a great additional value because they have been so admitted. And so it will have among those *coteries*, and this too will be extended a little beyond themselves; but it is all hollow, as themselves are; and will soon die, and be forgotten. I wonder these men have not too much pride, thus to be made tools of, and treated like mountebanks or conjurors.

"Though money will do everything in England, as to introduction and respect in society, it will not do it without the aid of a forward, intruding, unfeeling temper, and a great deal of arrogance, vanity, and pretension. To make it all a jumble of contradictions, aristocratical pride and insolence prevails at present more than ever; but while it is thus offensive to the meek and unpretending, it submits with incredible meanness to upstart riches and brass-faced intriguing adventurers; so that society at once incurs the opposite evils of aristocratic pride, new wealth, and impudent adventure, without the good of any of them. England is, at present, extraordinarily press-

ed by the irritable inconveniences of an illegitimate nobility;—I mean a nobility not standing on the true basis of such a privileged order. The union with Ireland has, in this respect, been a terrible blow on the English gentry."

Sir Egerton was for some years in Parliament, and his retrospect of that period must be interesting. We recommend in particular, to public notice, the passage concerning that much-injured great and good man, the late Marquis of Londonderry. His character was never so well drawn before in print.

"The six years I passed in Parliament,—1812 to 1818,—though not without their mortifications, were, perhaps, altogether, the most satisfactory of my life. They opened many new points of view to me, and occupied me practically in a manner not inconsistent with my former pursuits and habits of mind. In this station one is, or imagines one's self, nearer the source of action; and the opportunity of a closer inspection of public characters affords subjects of interesting observation, while the manner in which they to whom the management of affairs of state is committed exhibit talents, knowledge, or skill, teaches us practically how the world is governed. Constituted as London is, which is filled with an overgrown mass of miscellaneous population, the legislative function gives an opening in society, without which an individual, not of bustling and obtrusive manners, is likely to be buried and lost in society: here what is most actively eminent is commonly concentrated, though it must be admitted that it grows less so every day.

What first and most struck me in the House of Commons, was the extreme rarity, not only of great and eloquent speakers, but even of moderately good ones, and the number of those whose delivery was not only bad but execrable. Canning was the only one who could be said to speak with a polished eloquence; and he did not then speak often, and his speeches were at that time too much studied. Of the other speakers who took the lead, where the matter was good, there were many natural or technical defects: the accent was national, provincial, professional, or inelegant; or the voice was bad, or the language clumsy. Three of the most extraordinary have gone to their graves, by one singular and lamented destiny. Whitbread improved as a speaker, to the last: he was a man of strong head, always well informed, generally ingenious, sometimes subtle, occasionally eloquent, but not naturally of a delicate taste and

classical sensibility. He was almost always too violent, and sometimes tumid: his person was coarse and ungraceful, and his voice seldom melodious; and the whole of his manner betrayed too much of labour and art. He began too high, and soon ran himself out of breath.

"Sir Samuel Romilly was a very effective speaker on the topics which he handled: he was a most acute reasoner,—of extraordinary penetration and subtlety,—with occasional appeals to sentiment, and addresses to the heart; but still his manner was strictly professional, (which is never a popular manner in Parliament,) and it had also something of a Puritan tone, which, with a grave, worn, pallid, puritanic visage and attitude, took off from the impression of a perfect orator, though it never operated to diminish the great attention and respect with which he was heard. The veneration for his character, the admiration of him as a profound lawyer, the confidence in the integrity of his principles, and his enlightened, as well as conscientious study, of the principles of the constitution of his country, procured for all he said the most submissive attention; and they who thought him in politics a stern and bigotted republican, whose opinions were uncongenial to the mixed government of Great Britain, and therefore dissented *toto corde* from his positions, deductions, and general views of legislation and of state, never dared to treat lightly whatever came from his lips. He had a cold reserved manner, which repelled intimacy and familiarity; and, therefore, whatever he did, he did by his own sole strength.

"Lord Castlereagh belonged to a different order, and was cast in a very opposite mould. He had a most prepossessing air; and was, in manner, by far the most perfect gentleman I have ever seen. He had led an active and stormy life; and his abilities were at last tried beyond their strength, and beyond the strength of any mind. He was, in general, not a good speaker; sometimes even a bad one: but once or twice I have heard him, in the department of strength and manliness, speak better than any man in the House. I attribute, therefore, his general habit of confusion mainly to a want of self-confidence; for the times of success to which I allude were on his first return from the Continent in the summer of 1814, on concluding the peace, when he was greeted on his entry into the House by the universal cheers of all parties. This of course elevated his spirits, and he then spoke with the most unembarrassed fluency and vigour. He was

not a popular minister; and I firmly believe that this conviction hung, in common, a heavy weight upon his faculties. His abilities were, unquestionably, most ignorantly and absurdly under-rated; and when once accident makes a man a butt for the wittlings who pander for his opponents, it spreads a contagion through the light heads and hearts of the populace, which it is difficult to resist. An epigrammatist, having got his cue, goes on hammering his brains, year after year, upon one string: and if he can but have his jest and his point, and the applause of ingenuity for a clever distich, cares not for truth or justice, or how many poisoned daggers he fixes in the heart of another. Lord Castlereagh was laborious and well-informed: perhaps he was not quick enough to master all the various points which forced themselves upon his attention; and he had not that sort of convenient ingenuity which enables a man to skim the surface in such a manner as to disguise ignorance. He was apt sometimes to penetrate a little, when he had neither strength to go through, nor to extricate himself. He had had a great rise; but yet in no degree such as many of those on whom none of the odium which attended him fell. His mother was a *Conway* of the highest English nobility; his father's family had for some generations enjoyed wealth. His father's mother was the daughter of an East-India governor, of immense riches for those days. At the time of the marriage of Lord Castlereagh's mother, her father, the Earl of Hertford, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland: and Lord Castlereagh was brought up in England among the Seymours; and Lord Orford's letters will prove that he gave early indications of great talents. I never met with a man of less haughty and more conciliatory manners than Lord Castlereagh. I have encountered, and I suppose most persons have encountered, men, thinking themselves great, who have appeared as if they could not see one, as if one was covered with an invisible cloak, and was to them as if one did not exist; so lofty were their optics, and so high they carried their nose and chin; and yet these were not men of noble blood, high pretensions, and invested with high functions like Lord Castlereagh; men perhaps of some talent, but who seemed to think themselves gifted with an absolute *monopoly* of genius and talent. I do not think such men fit to govern the complicated machine of state, however they may excel in some single faculty.

"George Ponsonby was a very indiffe-

rent speaker, though he was put at the head of a party, and had been Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Perhaps he was worn out at this time, though not sixty; for his knowledge was scanty, his ideas were few, and he always treated a subject in a strangely narrow and detached manner, as if his whole ambition was confined to a few epigrammatic remarks.

"Francis Horner was a rising speaker, when he was taken off in the flower of his age. He was calm, rational, strong, and so argumentative and clear, as to fix the attention, and carry with him very frequently the conviction of a part of his audience against their will; yet he never rose to eloquence, and had always something of a professional manner.

"The manner of Wilberforce had a little too much of the pulpit. His voice was weak and shrill; and his person extremely unfavourable. But he had the prudence to speak seldom except on great topics, on which his opinions and arguments were, from the habits of his life, extremely desirable to be known by the public.

"Old George Rose spoke in a gossiping, garrulous manner, and never had the good luck to carry much weight with him; while his knowledge of details was always suspected of some party purpose.

"Tierney made his way by a fund of subtle humour and drollery peculiar to himself, which caused him to be listened to, not only without fatigue, but with eagerness and pleasure.

"The tone of Brougham's oratory is still in such daily exercise, that it is unnecessary to particularize it. It is often powerful, sometimes irresistible; but sometimes deals too much in exaggeration, and sometimes in verbiage. Its sarcasm and irony is not easily withstood. The accentuation is something peculiar, half Westmoreland and half Scotch; and he never loses the tone, expressions, and air of an advocate.

"Sir James Mackintosh's manner and language are admirable; but his voice is weak and unmusical, and his pronunciation retains a great deal of his Scotch birth.

"Peel is a clear, well-arranged, intelligent, and able speaker on points of business; but his voice is a little affected, and almost always tends to a whine.

"The present Chancellor of the Exchequer did not, at the time of which I am speaking, hold this important office. He then spoke seldom; but when he did rise, he always spoke with liveliness, talent, vigour, knowledge, and sound sense,

and with an extraordinary appearance of gentlemanly and honourable feeling.

"It is said that lawyers make bad speakers in Parliament; yet it must be observed, that most of the persons here named were brought up to the bar.

"While I sat in this House, I made great efforts to amend the Poor Laws; nor did I take less pains to get the cruel and unjust provisions of the Copy-right Act altered. I was not successful; but in both cases I had powerful and overwhelming parties to contend with. In the first, all the manufacturing towns, and all towns; in the second, the universities of the three kingdoms, and all their members. Now, when I contemplate the subject coolly, I wonder that I made the little progress which I did. I was in my fiftieth year when I took my seat, and this is much too late to indulge the hope of becoming a parliamentary speaker of any power. I did my best; but I rose very seldom, for my nerves were not strong enough to enable me to retain my self-possession, and bring together my ideas with sufficient strength and clearness to do justice to them. I have no reason to complain of want of candour here, for I was treated with quite as much candour as I deserved. Indeed, had I had as fair usage in the rest of my days as in Parliament, I should be unjust to be discontented with mankind, or with my lot in life. The gloom and plaintiveness of which I am accused would never then have been the inmates of my bosom. I witnessed slights, and jealousies, and rudenesses, even there; but such are the inevitable attendants of our human lot.

"There is much fatigue in attending strictly the multitudinous business of the House; and the late debates, prolonged till long after midnight, are often very wearisome; and the return home through the night-air, when the House, which is not large enough to hold conveniently all its members, has been crowded and hot, is very trying to the health.

"To encounter many things that depress, and many that disgust, is no more than must happen to us all, however we occupy ourselves. It is the same in private business, in literature, in pleasures;—everywhere intrigue, envy, jealousy, selfishness, corruption; everywhere combination and faction; everywhere quackery and charlatanism; everywhere pretension:—Nowhere simple strength and solid merit. But they who have not boroughs must engage in popular elections; and what fortune is secure against the costs of popular elections? Who are

fitted for the solicitude, the suppleness, the caprices, the insults, of a popular canvass? It is said, that men of genius and high abilities do not make men of business; this is true of the details; but in a legislative assembly, men of genius and originating minds ought to be intermixed in their due proportions. It is true, that government may not want such minds among them: they merely want a silent vote, and do not choose the interference or management of any measures but their own. It has been remarked, that no one can do anything in Parliament individually, and unconnected with the movements and technical arrangements of a party; what is done can only be carried, even through the early stages, by combination,—and parliamentary tactics are as necessary as the tactics of war. Inexperienced members get up, and make motions, and are led on by sanguine hope; but zeal, energy, and exertion, waste away with time; speakers of a subordinate power or success, who have commenced busily, gradually languish, and then lapse into silence. There are men who have sat in many Parliaments, and gone through the routine with such silent mechanism, that their very persons are scarcely known to ten members of the House. I have seen men come into committee-rooms, with whom others sitting on the committees have sat for ten years, yet on their entry have not recognized them to be members. For my part, though I knew the persons of a large part of the House, still there were many whom I did not know.

“How many have since gone to their graves, and several with whom I had daily intercourse; how many have withdrawn from Parliament, and betaken themselves to the shades of retirement, from the busy scenes where we used to forget, in the pressure of public business, our private cares and anxieties; where the day still brought with it some new excitement, and wholesome fatigue brought on the sound sleep from which we rose refreshed on the morrow! To deep sorrow, and the constant presence of the ghost of past injustice, how pleasant is the distraction of the images of crowded cities, and gentle occupation!”

“The Parliament which succeeded that in which I sat only lived a year, and then was dissolved by the King's death, in the spring of 1820. I was then at Florence, confined to a sofa, and I believe dangerously ill. During all the proceedings about the Queen, which took place soon afterwards, I was at Naples. I was glad

that I was out of the way of that most painful and harrowing question.”

The peculiar character of the author's mind shines out again rather amusingly in the following brief notice of a modern work, which he fairly tells us he had not read through at the time when he thought it necessary to indite his criticism. There is infinite simplicity of expression and great truth of feeling in the passage.

“I have for some time, nearly I believe, for two years, lost the habit or power of reading, which was a grand passion of my life; but on Saturday I accidentally took up a book lying on the table, which had been obtained from one of the libraries at Geneva, entitled *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*. I have read it about half through; and though the grand test is yet to come in the manner of conducting the other half, so far I have been very much affected and enchanted by it. It is written, I presume, by a Scotch poet of some celebrity; but I am six years behind in the incidents of British literature, for a few English books only reach us at this distance. It at any rate could not be written by any one but a true poet; for all its descriptions are genuine poetry of a high cast. It is one of those few happy productions which has left a thrill upon one's frame, that seems to change one's nature, and give new lights to the face of things around one. It has a decided originality; perhaps it has more elegance and gentle tenderness than force; and I am afraid that it now and then a little approaches to affectation in a few of its sentiments, and a sort of overlabour of pious reflection; but what touches me is the exquisite and tender delicacy of the descriptions, which are at the same time rich and brilliant; and a sweetness of moral pathos in many passages, which does not outstep nature, but enchains the reader by its deep simplicity. The delight of the suburban walks to those emerging from crowded streets, so beautifully touched by Milton, in the pas-

‘As one, who long in populous city pent,’ &c.

is dwelt upon by the present author with a brilliance of inventive fidelity which is at once new and perfect. The visit to the native cottages of Braehead from ‘the narrow lane and gloomy court,’ (see chapters xiv. and xv. &c.) will continue to be read by readers of sensibility and taste while the language lasts. There is no charm so thrilling, so profound and permanent, as the embodying these pure

and native images in association, with such virtuous and simple impressions of the heart and mind; it is one of the offices in which genius is most usefully and appropriately employed. I suppose that this work is stealing its *silent way* into eternity; for if it is finished as it is begun, it deserves it; but it shows how 'noiseless' true merit often is."

This is not a case in point—the volume thus eulogized having been much spoken of, and, from the first, very popular.

We shall now conclude with a passage which, if we could think we had said one unjust word in this paper, would make us blush as we transcribed it. We think there is a truth, a pathos, and a measured and even stately elegance about the last of the paragraphs we are about to quote, that cannot fail to conciliate every one who has a heart to be moved.

"I consider that the world has not been kind to me; and I do not bear it with the surly stern pride of Lord Byron. During my six years' absence on the Continent I have reason to believe that I have been sometimes treated with unprovoked disrespect by the hireling part of the press. I do not deserve it of them. They who live by literature owe me something. To me they owe the extension of their property in their labours to the end of their lives, if they survive the term of twenty-eight years; and this is surely in many cases a boon. I myself have already survived that term eleven years in my first publication; and in *Mary de Clifford** I have survived it four years. The late Mrs Elizabeth Carter survived her earliest publication sixty-seven years; so that in her case it would have extended her right the addition of thirty-nine years. I worked hard, and should (as most of the intelligent members of that Parliament will allow) have carried my point for the amendment of the Copy-right Act, in defiance of all the weight of the universities, had I not been cut short by the dissolution of the Parliament in June 1818. The professional part of the press, therefore, ought to spare me unmerited slights. But they may go on, if it answer their purpose in filling a *pitiful* article, when they have a task to perform before they can receive their daily pay; or when they can gratify the enmity towards me of some one who can be of use to them, and whose smiles they are court-

ing. Age has made me calm, and somewhat more resolute, and regardless of ungenerous or ignorant censure. First or last, what is true and just will find its due place; and if it be not so, no praise or flattery will long keep it afloat. Let it be that I over-estimate myself,—I injure no one but myself.

"If all those energies which still continue to burn on the verge of sixty-two are ill-directed and useless,—if they are a vapoury flame which produces neither warmth nor light, but glimmers, and flashes, and struggles, like wet fuel on a cold hearth, surrounded by damp and blights,—the cost of toil and strength is all to me,—the annoyance nothing to others.

"When I look back beyond the six years I have passed out of England, it seems a long and countless age, and the distance so great, that I can scarcely see distinctly the point whence I set out. I can never seriously and assuredly persuade myself that I shall see my native country again: perhaps my bones may rest there,—not as Lord Byron's have done, covered with glory, and intensely wept over by an awe-struck and idolizing people; but silently, and without notice, landed beneath the frown of that beetling and immortal cliff pictured by Shakspeare, and borne in humble obscurity a few short miles to the rustic church of the wooded hill, which is separated but a few paces from the neglected chamber where the light of this world first beamed upon me. I do not remember that I have visited that chamber for forty years; and it is almost as long since I slept in the house. If I reach England once more, probably I shall never have spirits to look upon those scenes again."

We earnestly wish Sir Egerton Brydges would be persuaded to write his own life. If he would in so far alter his old plan, as not to print everything, merely because he had once penned it, leave out all apologies for headaches, consider the theory of poetic art in general as already sufficiently discussed, and, in short, confine himself to what he has actually seen, heard, and felt, of the affairs of this world, (literary affairs included,) and their influence,—we can have no doubt that, with the opportunities he has enjoyed, and the talents he possesses, the *vox populi* itself would be the first and the loudest to welcome him.

* This little story appears to us to be by far the best of Sir Egerton's writings. It is quite forgotten, and really deserves to be reprinted.

TREMINE. A NOVEL.*

It so happened that we opened this book with every disposition to be disgusted with it. It had been puffed off in all the newspapers as the *avowed* work of the Right Hon. Richard Ryder; and after continuing to be so for a length of time, that renders it impossible to doubt the publisher's *connivance* at least, it was openly disavowed by Mr Ryder himself, under his own hand, and that in a style so broad and distinct, as to leave no sort of doubt, taking all the circumstances into view, that the whole story had been, from the beginning, a *wilful lie*. On opening the work itself again, we were disgusted, *in limine*, with an elaborately silly puff, in the shape of an *editor's* preface. No wonder that these things prepared one to play any part rather than that of the *Lector Benevolus*.

So much the higher, certainly, is the compliment which we now pay this work, in saying, as we do, without hesitation, that it has pleased us more than almost any one of the same class that has appeared of late years. It is manifestly the production of one who unites in himself the characters of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian. Throughout, it is written in easy and unaffected English—in many parts with admirable elegance—here and there with the felicity of genius itself. It is evidently the work of a highly-refined mind, and does not charm the less because it may be suspected to be that of an unpractised hand. The tendency of the story is excellent; the talent shown in many points of its management is great; and in this matter also, as well as in the style, it is impossible not to recognize occasional touches of that superior power which men reverence under the name of *genius*; because it, and it alone, takes possession of those that contemplate its energies, and fills and inspires them for the time, whatever of themselves they may be, with the actual presence and enjoyment of a state of mind that is felt always while it lasts, and often after it is gone, to belong, as it were, to the beings of another sphere.

Of this power, this work contains

something—that alone is sufficient to distinguish it entirely from the mass of new publications in the same at present ultra-popular department of literature; and, taken together with the merits of its admirable moral purpose and tendency throughout, to entitle it to be read by all who are in the habit of reading.

That it will be most extensively read accordingly, we cannot doubt; and there is the less occasion for us to occupy much space with it here. And indeed we should scarcely have thought it necessary to do more than we have already done, but for a strong feeling which we have that the impudent quackery of others must have excited a very general prejudice *against* Tremaine; in other and plainer words, our *knowledge* that it has had, and still has, a severe struggle to maintain against an almost universal notion of its being nothing more than one of Mr Colburn's "Works of the first Importance"—a notion which we are sorry to see some of our contemporaries, the critics, have been idle and base enough to do their best to confirm and establish.

The scope and design of the book may be described in few words. Tremaine is intended to represent the effects of want of regular occupation and serious purposes upon a mind gifted by nature with high talents, and not originally educated with a view to a life of independent wealth. He is a younger branch of a great English family, who succeeds, unexpectedly, in opening manhood, to all its honours and riches; and being thus thrown loose from the *necessity* of pursuing his studies, he vainly seeks relief for a mind meant to be active, in the dissipations of fashionable society, whose hollowness he is too clever not to see through; and, for a time, in the public business of Parliament, of which his habits are too delicate and shrinking to endure well the rubbing and turmoil. In either walk he meets with disgusts, and being at once very proud and very modest, considerably vain, too, and yet not the least in the world

* Tremaine; or, The Man of Refinement. 3 vols. London: Printed for Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1825.

of a coxcomb, in the ordinary sense of the term, he flies for refuge to one of his seats in the country, where he designs to shut himself up among his books and trees,

“ Oblitusque suorum, obliviscendus et illis.”

He carries, however, into his retirement, all the habits of personal luxury, which long indulgence has rendered natural to him, and sits down at the age of eight-and-thirty, handsome in person, graceful in manners, accomplished in mind, to enjoy the most splendid of hermitages, and pursue, for their own sakes, the cultivation of his literary and philosophical tastes.

This plan, of course, fails. Tremaine cannot do without the world, though the world can do very well without him. He thinks that he has tried both friendship and love, and found them nothing; but his heart is in the right place, and nature asserts her abhorrence of the void. He thinks, too, that he has sounded the depths of philosophy, and that he has convinced himself of the absurdity of a revealed religion. But here, too, he is quite mistaken, both as to what he has done, and as to what he really feels. His is too good, too honest, and far too feeling a mind to rest satisfied in scepticism. In a word, he flies from book to book, from listless indolence to ill-regulated exertion—solitude, uncertainty, languor, heart-sickness, weigh upon him; and, when his body is about to sink altogether under the burden of his mind, he is luckily compelled, by an important piece of business, to quit his magnificent villa of Belmont, and pay a visit to the old and grave seat of his ancestors, buried among enormous groves of antique oaks, in the heart of a beautiful and unsophisticated district of Yorkshire.

Here his cure is begun. He finds, in the rector-squire of a neighbouring parish, a friend of his early days, several years older than himself, Dr Evelyn. The Doctor is a widower, with a single lovely daughter, Georgina, just blooming in the perfection of early womanhood. Tremaine shrinks from them at first as rustics; but is, ere long, satisfied that real elegance has no necessary connexion with the air of Grosvenor-Square. He is in love long before he suspects it—far longer, he begins to suspect that it can be re-

paid, (for he has an oppressive sense of the difference between eighteen and eight-and-thirty)—and at last he follows the way of all flesh, and avows the passion which has already cured one half of his diseases.

To his great surprise, Dr Evelyn tells him, first, that he had long seen his condition; second, that he had already talked to his daughter on the subject, though he cannot repeat what has passed; and thirdly, that it is impossible that any alliance should take place while Mr Tremaine's opinions (never concealed, though never obtruded) upon the most important of all subjects, remain as they are. Tremaine solicits permission to have one interview with Miss Evelyn herself. This her father accords. We shall quote the passage in question; but observing that it forms the conclusion of the second volume of the book, we think it only fair to bring our readers acquainted a little with the author's manner, by laying before them, in the first place, a specimen or two of the materials of which these two volumes are mainly made up.

A great deal of room is occupied with mere conversations, and we must say that we know few or no novels where the interest is so well, so thoroughly, indeed, sustained—the dialogue bearing so great a proportion to the narrative.

“ A few moments ago we left Tremaine strolling up and down his great dining-room, with a Horace in his hand, which he read with more relish than he had ever done, since he had (what he called) shut himself up.

“ The sun blazed full upon the garden door, at which he stopt at almost every turn, alternately gazing at the glories it presented, and again communing with the agreeable heathen he was so fond of.

“ His nerves had never been so little irritated.

“ ‘ I know not how, or why,’ said he aloud, and looking abroad; ‘ but solitude seems to have peculiar charms for me this morning.’

“ ‘ What will you give me, and I'll tell you both the how and the why?’ said Evelyn, stealing in behind him.

“ ‘ I'm afraid it will baffle even your philosophy,’ said his friend, shaking hands with him.

“ ‘ No! it confirms it all,’ replied Evelyn, ‘ for it proves my favourite tenet of the necessity of earning our tranquillity. You have earned it for a little by the two

days' sacrifice you made to duty. It was a very painful one, I allow,' continued he, perceiving that Tremaine looked dissentingly; 'but, upon the whole, you behaved well, and for all your sour looks, "my dukedom to a beggarly denier" but your present placidity is owing entirely to the interruption there has been to the sameness of an unoccupied life.'

" 'I deny the unoccupied,' answered Tremaine, glancing at his Horace, 'and as to the sameness, I also deny that it can possibly flow the better for such an interruption.'

" 'That babbling brook yonder,' observed Evelyn, looking out, 'contradicts you better than I can: you see its natural flow is like the placid Arar, which you, and I, and Cæsar before us, have noticed and admired.'

" 'I know nothing of the Arar,' said Tremaine.

" 'Incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis, in utram partem fluit, judicari non possit.'

" 'How often (*per fines Eduorum et Sequanorum*) both you and I have admired the justness of this description!' continued Evelyn.

" 'Truce with your learning,' exclaimed Tremaine; 'for what has all this to do with solitude?'

" 'An illustration, merely,' said the doctor, 'the first that came to hand, but none the worse for that. You see the three or four little rocks, or rather mere stones, in the bottom of the brook, that impede its natural gentleness; and you also see how much the faster, how much more brisk, and lively, and petulant it flows; with what vivacity it sings, as it were, with joy, as it rattles from stone to stone, and how its increased rapidity continues for almost half a furlong, all in consequence of the little struggle to get free.'

" 'You are quite poetic this morning,' said Tremaine.

" 'Only a little oratorical,' answered the doctor; 'but in good truth it speaks a volume. The sessions are the rock.'

" 'On which I split,' said Tremaine.

" 'Too common-place,' observed Evelyn, 'and not correct either, for instead of splitting, I am sadly out if they have not sent you more merrily on your voyage.'

" 'You might as well duck me in the horse-pond, and say I was the happier,' retorted Tremaine.

" 'Perhaps a better remedy than all,' replied the doctor.

" 'But seriously, my old friend,' pursued the fastidious recluse, 'do you yourself think the scenes we went through

" 'That is not the point,' answered Evelyn; 'I do not think physic agreeable, but yet I'm forced sometimes to take it.'

" 'Then you own a bench of judges are a dose of physic.'

" 'It is for my purpose to do so,' rejoined the practical moralist, 'for physic makes me enjoy myself after it is over, and so do the sessions.'

" 'Then you had no pleasure; and if your mind had been in health, you would not have visited them?'

" 'Not absolutely so.'

" 'With your tastes, how could it be otherwise?'

" 'We did good,' replied Evelyn, 'and that was a palpable gain.'

" 'This may be very true,' said Tremaine, 'but you must allow that most of people whom we were compelled to associate with were quizzes; and I must laugh at a quiz wherever I find him.'

" 'Have a care that he does not laugh at you,' answered Evelyn; 'and, indeed, I question very much whether a hale constitution, and hearty though boisterous cheerfulness, have not a thousand times more reason to laugh, than a splenetic mind in a body sick with refinement?'

" 'You are cruel,' said Tremaine.

" 'Only a faithful friend,' replied Evelyn; 'besides, I'm jealous for the honour of the cloth, and my brother-magistrates; and as we slave without reward, to keep you in security, depend upon it the world will give us our due, though a fine gentleman refuse it. We ask who this fine gentleman is? what right he has to despise us? and we find, perhaps, that it is founded upon his wearing boots with white tops instead of brown, and being perfectly idle while we work.'

" 'My dear friend,' said Tremaine, 'you cannot suspect me of alluding to you!'

" 'Perhaps not; but I am no better than those to whom you did allude—perhaps inferior to them; many of them are worthy, some of them wise, all with a certain cultivation of intellect; uncouthness (where they are uncouth) soon wears off; and depend upon it, real usefulness must in the end meet with its reward, in real respectability.'

" Tremaine felt pushed—but rallying, exclaimed, 'what would you say to Dr Juniper passing up St James's Street, while White's or Boodle's were full of fashionable critics?'

" 'Why, though fashion is arbitrary enough,' answered Evelyn, 'she yet binds those only who choose to acknowledge her laws; now what if these grave personages were to laugh at fashion, as much

as fashion could for the life of her laugh at them?"

"Impossible!" said Tremaine.

"Not only possible, but I believe very true; for, *not being one of the sect*, they may at least despise as much as they are despised."

Tremaine smiled contemptuously.

"And yet for all that smile of contempt, it is the plain account," continued the Doctor; "and the honest sailor, who laughed at the Frenchman, for calling a hat a *chapeau*, was not more impotent in his criticism, than the critics you mention would be towards persons who are not their subjects. It is only the votaries of a particular deity, who can be hurt at having their incense refused; and a Protestant might as well be mortified at being refused holy water by the Pope, as that an unfashionable person, who thinks of higher, or even only of different things, should feel anything from the sneer of a *petit-maitre*."

"Very sententious, and very fine in theory," said Tremaine, "but always contradicted in practice: for however bold we all are in our closets and our gardens, (here the two disputants insensibly had strolled into the garden)—I say, however firm we may feel among our parishioners and our clowns, I fear the world resumes its hold upon us the moment we return to it: and though you have naturally the *maintien noble* belonging to your family, you yourself, my dear Doctor—"

"Would be quizzed," interrupted Evelyn, "in St James's Street; and you yourself would be afraid to walk by White's with me;—is that what you would say?"

"Not exactly the last, at least not now, whatever I might have done ten years ago."

"But the first?" said Evelyn.

"Why, if you did happen to be quizzed, I should like to know how, with all your wisdom, you would bear it," said Tremaine.

"I once was in that *most trying* situation," said Evelyn, drily.

"Now, amongst Tremaine's weaknesses, we have not concealed his love of fashion, spite of ten thousand professions, which all went to level it at the feet of philosophy. Often had he been known to say, that a wise man was always independent of a thing so fleeting, so intrinsically insignificant; yet no man more accurately than himself exacted, and paid the full measure of consideration which it demanded."

"Born a man of quality, though born also for something better, he gave a con-

sequence in the world to a thousand things, which in his closet he said were of no consequence at all.

"To be quizzed, much more to be what is called *cut* by any one, never, indeed, entered his contemplation; but had it so happened, though by a duke, or royalty itself, it would have been a *crimen læsæ majestatis*, never to be forgiven."

"With this disposition, he was not unobservant of that tyrannous power which certain sprigs of fashion, and certain men of wit, in the fashionable clubs, exercise over every body else, in all the points that are deemed legitimate objects of quizzing."

"Their despotism is so great, that not even he stopt to ascertain its real nature, or how it came to be acquired. It was enough that all bowed, or seemed to bow to it; and he had himself sat sufficiently often in the window at White's, to conceive almost as high an idea of its power, as a judge has of the dignity of the bench."

"His detractors (for he had them) went, indeed, so far as to say, the only man for whom he ever showed any real deference was a certain beau, who, spite of all his wants of birth, fortune, and connection, had, by the force of a masterly genius, acquired such an ascendancy over the dandies, as he called their sovereign."

"It is certain this beau had not spared Tremaine, who, he said, with all his claims to reputation, (which on the whole he was disposed to allow,) had yet an original defect in his education, in having studied the law. It was observed that Tremaine not only forgave this piece of temerity, but conceived a high respect for the genius, abilities, and powers of him who was guilty of it, and there was a sort of fashionable alliance between them ever afterwards."

"From all this, he was curious to hear the doctor's answer to his question, how he would bear quizzing at White's."

"They had now reached the lawn, and had fallen into a sort of lounging pace."

"I think," said the Doctor, with dry gravity, looking at his boots, and switching them with his whip, "I think I'm pretty well, even now, though an oldish sort of a person; and if I were this moment to pass through St James's Street, I really don't see the right which my Lord A. or B. would have to laugh at me; at least I might, with some exertion of philosophy, bear it—perhaps laugh at them."

"Oh! you are perfectly well," said Tremaine; "and with your dignity's hat, might even command respect."

" 'I'm afraid you flatter ; but give me leave to ask, what would be the effect if I were to appear in a grenadier's cap ?'

" ' You would be—not quizzed, but hooted.'

" ' And why more than Lord A. himself, who wears his in the same place every time he is on guard ?'

" ' He is in his place,' replied Tremaine ; ' you would be out of it.'

" ' Exactly so ; and you see, therefore, it is the being in and out of one's place, and not this or that appearance, that exposes one to be legitimately quizzed.'

" ' Legitimately quizzed ?' exclaimed Tremaine.

" ' Yes ! you see I give the subject all scientific dignity ; and, in truth, it is quite important enough to rank among the sciences.'

" ' I'm afraid you are now quizzing me,' said Tremaine.

" ' Far from it : I only wished to give due honour to what seemed to you of such importance. To proceed, then, I hinted that, for quizzing to take effect, there must be two parties, the agent and patient, the quizzer and quizzee.'

" ' Scientific indeed,' said Tremaine.

" ' But,' continued Evelyn, ' there must also be yet something inherent in both parties for the success of the enterprise ; something like wit, or at least some personal, or seemingly personal superiority in the quizzer, and some predisposition, or rather pre-adaption in the quizzed, to allow that he is quizzed.'

" ' I admire your precision,' said Tremaine.

" ' Well, then,' proceeded Evelyn, ' what if the quizzed (wrapt in his virtue and a good surtout) not only deny to himself the assumed superiority of the quizzer, but feel himself the superior of the two ?'

" ' Give me an illustration,' said Tremaine.

" ' The gay courtier in King Charles the First's time,' answered Evelyn ; ' he who plumed himself so much upon his fine clothes ; and because he had a better tailor, thought himself a better man than Oliver Cromwell.'

" ' You mean Sir Philip Warwick,' said Tremaine, ' and I remember the passage ; but what has it to do with quizzing ?'

" ' A great deal,' replied Evelyn ; ' for, in the place I allude to, he was the quizzer, and Oliver the quizzed. ' We courtiers,' he says, ' valued ourselves much upon our good clothes ; and when I first saw Oliver, he seemed a gentleman very

ordinarily clad, in a plain suit, made, as it should seem, by an ill country tailor ; his linen not very clean, his hat without a hatband, and his sword stuck on awkwardly.' Sir Philip says of himself, that he then vainly thought himself a courtly young gentleman, and was here evidently quizzing the man who afterwards became his master ; for I remember he goes on to say, ' And yet I lived to see this very person, (having had a better tailor,) and when I was his prisoner at Whitehall, appear in my eyes of a very comely presence.' Notwithstanding this quiz of him, Oliver, according to the quizzer himself, was very much hearkened to, and, as I humbly conceive, did not care one pinch of snuff for the sneers of Sir Philip at his country tailor.'

" ' You have a strange way of bringing in your readings !' said Tremaine. ' But I should like to have something still more practical ; you were going to tell me how you felt when you thought yourself quizzed. Come, let us have the time, place, and parties. As to the fairness of the account, that I think I can depend on.'

" ' I have no interest in giving any other,' said Evelyn. ' As to time, then, it was twenty years ago—as to place, the very spot we have just been talking of ; and the parties were the very people you quote as so redoubtable.'

" ' Well ! your fine feelings ? for at five-and-twenty, I do not apprehend they were the same as now.'

" ' Certainly not.—

*Lent absceus animos capillus,
Litum et rixæ cupidos protervæ.
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juvenis,
Consule Planco.—*

To tell you the truth, my first impulse was to knock them down.'

" ' Excellent !' said Tremaine ; ' you see in the world and out of it, are very different : and how did you get the better of this impulse ?'

" ' Why, at first, by a very simple process. It occurred to me, as there were half-a-dozen of them, it was not improbable I should be knocked down myself. After this, I fortunately asked myself rather a necessary question : namely, whether, in point of fact, they were really laughing at anybody, much less at me ?'

" ' That certainly was prudent ; but I thought you had proof !'

" ' No other than that they were in the act of laughing, and that their eyes looked at me, as I past by.'

" ' Rather slight,' said Tremaine.

" ' So slight, that after I had swallowed my impulse, I began to laugh too, for

being as great a fool as Scrub in the play; who said, I am sure they were talking of me, 'for they laughed consumedly.' My next question was, what I could have about my person, manner, or character, to be laughed at? and finding nothing, I laughed more at myself than I am sure they did, even supposing I had been their object.'

" 'I'm afraid,' said Tremaine, 'this, after all, does not apply; but suppose you had really been quizzed?'

" 'Why, had it been made manifest by rudeness, I should have been forced, in my own defence, on my first impulse.'

" 'But suppose,' continued Tremaine, 'it had been a mere mental quizzing, not manifest enough to be resented, yet evidently existing: has that ever been your situation?'

" 'It has,' returned Evelyn, 'but it was put down at once.'

" 'As how?' asked Tremaine.

" 'Why, by the very simple act of passing themselves in review in my own mind, as they were doing by me in theirs; and finding some of them to be fools, some knaves, and all of them profligates, I became the quizzer in my turn.'

" 'Surely,' said Tremaine, 'you do not treat the matter fairly; you cannot mean that all the young men of fashion are of this character?'

" 'Certainly not, and neither are all men of fashion quizzers; we are talking of the few, and I should say, the refuse of them, for such, in my day, were those who indulged in the license we are discussing. All of them were gamblers, and therefore profligate; most of them silly, and therefore contemptible; and some of them guilty of crimes for which they ought to have been hanged.'

" 'What can you mean?' said Tremaine.

" 'Adulteries and seductions,' answered Evelyn.

" 'Mere gallantry they would have phrased it,' returned Tremaine.

" 'Gallantry!' exclaimed Evelyn; 'how many crimes of the most fatal, as well as the most atrocious dye, are encouraged, and indeed permitted, under this horrible miscalling of names? But observe, I mean not simple gallantry, which is, however, bad enough in itself—I mean the most aggravated cases of deliberate destruction to the honour and peace of families; of ingratitude, cruelty, and even incest!—These are to be found daily among the quizzers whom you bid me fear.

Rather paint them in truer colours, and say they are themselves objects of pity, even should the world they have injured be able to forgive and forget them.'

" 'There was an impressiveness in Evelyn's tone and manner as he said this, which inspired Tremaine with the truest veneration for his friend; and during the pause which ensued, they reached the bridge over the little river which divides Woodington from Evelyn Hall, and took leave of each other.'

Another conversation, which takes place amidst Evelyn's solemn old rookery, is thus given:—

" 'You confess, then, you live in solitude,' said Tremaine, catching at the word, 'yet you had the choice of your life; why, therefore, blame me?'

" 'I live in the country,' replied Evelyn, 'but not in solitude.'

" 'Yet you own you are driven to converse with these common creatures of the air, whom every farmer's boy hoots at all day long.'

" 'I converse with Nature,' said Evelyn, 'whether in man or birds; you, it seems, only with man.'

" 'I avow it,' said Tremaine.

" 'And yet,' replied Evelyn, 'it is a comical way to converse with a gentleman, to run away from him.'

" 'I think,' said Tremaine, 'if Miss Evelyn pleases, I would rather converse only with woman, at least to-day; for your ride has put you in such bantering spirits, there is no getting you to be serious. Miss Evelyn and I agreed much better just now in the house, when we were by ourselves.'

" 'Mr Tremaine was very agreeable,' observed Georgina, 'and read Lord Byron charmingly.'

" 'I have no doubt of it,' said Evelyn, looking at them both.

" 'Strange! that a look should throw them both into a sort of consciousness incomprehensible to either.'

" 'I know nothing,' continued Evelyn, not perceiving it, 'so much mistaken as that whole subject of solitude. Zimmerman ran mad about it first, and nothing would content him but making all other people as mad as himself.' The Swiss, (mountebank Rousseau,) too, endeavoured to turn people's heads on it, though he never turned his own; for when the world let him alone, he never could bear it. Be quite assured of this,

* He, however, corrected himself in a second volume, in which he shows the dangers of solitude sensibly enough.

that solitude, merely *as such*, as it is not natural, so it cannot be agreeable.'

" 'Yet where is virtue so well preserved?' asked Tremaine.

" 'Say, rather, vice avoided,' answered Evelyn, 'for it is but a negative advantage at best.'

" 'Do you admit Robinson Crusoe to be a natural picture?' said Tremaine.

" 'Perfectly, as all Defoe's are remarkable for being.'

" 'He tells you that his soul never seemed so innocent, or so enlightened.'

" 'That was because Selkirk had no temptation to be otherwise, and had luckily been left with a Bible, which he had never before studied. But you will recollect that Selkirk was frightened at the animals about him, merely because they were not frightened at him; and when Robinson thought of none of his shipmates being saved, his perpetual cry was,—“ Oh! that there had been but one.” Even his parrot repeating “ Poor Robin Crusoe,” was sweetness to his ear.'

" 'What do you think of Bates?'† said Tremaine.

" 'Much more sensible and practical than Zimmerman.'

" 'Yet he has this passion!'

" 'No! he only advises a country life, which I should advise too. But even Bates requires that a man shall be properly qualified before he will allow him to retire, which I think the most sensible part of his whole book. “ There is no magical virtue,” says he, “ in fields and groves, no local inspiration which will elevate an *unprepared* mind from things natural to moral, from matter to spirit, and from the creature to the Creator.”'

" 'But,' asked Georgina, 'does Mr Tremaine think solitude and a country life synonymous?'

" 'Nearly so,' he said, 'for what had bores about them to interest or amuse?'

" 'And yet,' she observed—

'Some mute inglorious Milton'—

" 'Yes,' he interrupted, 'but he is “ mute, and inglorious,” and what am I therefore the better for him?'

" 'Was ever a man so despotically un-
ple?' exclaimed Evelyn; 'you fly the
ous you are angry with in town,
and you are angry because you cannot
find them in the country, yet even there
you will not seek them. The heart is the
same, however, everywhere, if you will

but study it—seek, and you will find the study even in a country village.'

" 'I suppose,' said Tremaine, drily, 'that is the reason your worship attends Belford market; a thing I could not have believed, if my young friend here had not told it me.'

" 'It only proves my sincerity in my creed,' returned Evelyn, 'and that I am not run away with by the cant about solitude because I live in the country. Human nature is there, as well as in a metropolis; and hence it is, I suppose, that a friend of yours and mine, who certainly never shuns the world, whenever he finds himself in a retired village, always asks, as the first question, which is the street?'

" 'That is almost as bad,' observed Tremaine, 'as another friend of yours, of whom I have heard it related, “ that were he to choose his life for amusement, he would keep a public-house by the wayside.”'

" 'If you mean the author of the Moral and Political Philosophy,† it is perfectly true,' said Evelyn; 'yet who had a more perfect knowledge of human nature?—who more shrewd in his observations upon it?—who so conversant with all its secret springs and windings? No, no, I want no apology for my supposed condescension in finding interest at a country market. In a word, my dear friend, if you are not happy in the capital, and seek the country for a cure, you will never cure yourself by living in that country as if it were a desert.'

" All were silent for a few minutes, when Tremaine, full of his subject, broke out, though in an under voice,—

" 'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

" 'Ah!' said the doctor, 'had the good duke found no other occupation or interest, no other tongues, books, or sermons, in short, no other *good* than in the trees, brooks, and stones, he would soon have hung himself.'

" 'Then what is it,' said Tremaine, 'that always makes those lovely scenes of the Forest of Ardennes so enchanting to every taste?'

" 'You, who are a poet, should be able to tell,' replied Evelyn, 'because it is lovely poetry. But I, who am a practical philosopher, demand something more for the duke; and, in truth, find it in the beautiful contrasts that fill this sweetest pastoral in the world.'

" 'Your meaning?' asked Tremaine.

" 'Why what, after all, is the *action* of the story?' replied Evelyn. 'What but the fate of the usurpation of his brother, the daily falling off of the followers of the one, and the accession of those of the other, till the right was reclaimed. All this, to be sure, was

" 'Under the shade of melancholy boughs,' and is only the more beautiful for it; but still here was enterprize, action, and interest, as well as trees, brooks, and stones, mingled together in the most agreeable alternation of light and shade.'

" 'Yet there is not a line or a word about what you call the action that can be remembered,' said Tremaine, 'and Shakspeare himself scarcely mentions it.'

" 'That was his skill,' returned Evelyn; 'his immediate object was pastoral, and there he and his reader revel together; we quaff it with delight, but the event of the fable is always on our minds, though secretly, and perhaps insensibly. Had Shakspeare propounded to himself nothing more than mere and absolute solitude, with no hope beyond it, it would have been absolute vacuity.'

" 'How comes it then,' pursued Tremaine, 'that all, even of the most illustrious rank, all that are eminent for powers and talents, as well as the most beautiful poets and the soundest philosophers, have all and alike concurred in the praises of retirement?'

" 'Praises, if you will,' answered Evelyn, 'but who *really* practised what he recommended? Horace, with all his charming rhapsodies about Lucretius and the Sabine farm, and his '*Oh! Rus, quando ego te aspiciam,*' was always sneaking to town, and then wrote to his steward that he was a very absurd fellow for not liking to stay in the country. As for your 'illustrious,' by which I suppose you mean ministers of state—'

" 'I do,' said Tremaine.

" 'To them, as a recess from application, while the fatigue of it is upon them, no doubt retirement is heaven. But let their minds recover their tone, and how eager are they to get back!'

" 'Nay, now surely you mistake,' cried Tremaine; 'for how many ministers have felt themselves most blest, nay, have thrown up their offices, to enjoy seclusion.'

" 'Not one that I know of,' said Evelyn, 'though many have affected a readiness to do so; none more than your hero Bolingbroke, who makes me laugh sometimes in his otherwise admirable

correspondence, to see, in the midst of his anxieties about Europe, an equally expressed anxiety to preserve bay trees for his villa; not, indeed, that this was either unnatural or foolish, were it not for the gross affectation tagged to the end of it.'

" 'I do not recollect what you mean,' said Tremaine.

" 'I think it is in a letter to Drummond,' pursued Evelyn, 'where he thanks him for these trees, and adds, "I cannot plunge myself so far into the thoughts of public business, as to forget the quiet of a country retreat, whither I will go *some time or other, and am always ready to go at an hour's warning.*" Now, out upon such half-faced professions!'

" 'Why question their sincerity?' asked Tremaine.

" 'He might believe himself sincere,' replied Evelyn, 'but he was all the time cankered with ambition to the heart's core.'

" 'I must not allow this,' cried Tremaine, 'of a man whose mind was only too elegant and philosophic; although so astonishingly able, that we cannot wonder the world had claims upon him.'

" 'That I should forgive,' returned Evelyn, 'if it was not for this affectation, which even Swift laughed at, as much as he dared.'

" 'Swift laugh at Bolingbroke!'

" 'He at least tells Pope, (whom my Lord had most charmingly gulled in more things than this,) "I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you have not gone through good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi.*" So much, then, for your retired poet; but the best is, Bolingbroke returns the charge, and says both to Swift and Pope, "if you despised the world as much as you pretend, you would not be so angry with it." Thus this grand triumvirate imposed upon one another; praised, and were unhappy in their retreat; growling at the world, yet not able to live out of it.'

" 'Come, then,' said Tremaine, 'I will give you a minister, who, if any one did prefer philosophy in retirement to a silly ambition, was certainly the man.'

" 'I long to know him,' cried Evelyn.

" 'Sir William Temple!'

" 'He was most like it,' observed Evelyn, 'but I doubt whether even he comes up to your proof; for, from necessity, he was always called back before he had tried the experiment. As to the ge-

nerality, a statesman flings up in a pet, and flies to solitude for relief; and for a little while he finds it.'

" 'And why not for a great while?'

" 'Because it is relief, only so long as he is under the stings of resentment, or while he thinks he is missed. When his disgust subsides, or he finds himself forgotten, he gets tired of venting reproaches to his trees on the ingratitude of the world, which reproaches the world does not care a farthing about.'

" 'You are alluding to Walpole,' said Tremaine.

" 'I am, and to his celebrated letter, supposed to prove a most philosophical love of retirement. "My flatterers here," says he, "are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, the chestnuts seem to contend which best shall please the Lord of the Manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie." I quite agree with his biographer, Coxe, that this indicates the very hankering after the world, which he wished himself and the world to believe he was without.'"

" 'I will not be bound,' cried Tremaine, 'by the example of expelled placemen, who, fixing their happiness on the smile of human beings like themselves, deserve all the mortifications they get. D'Argenson, for example, who whined and sobbed in banishment, at Les Ormes,† or even Lord Chatham, who, when he quarrelled with the King, or any of his brother politicians, used to fly to Hayes, in the mere hope of being brought back again. Such ministers as these have

little to do with real philosophy, and I refuse your authority.'

" 'Let me give you ministers more to your taste,' cried Evelyn.

" 'If you can,' said Tremaine.

" 'Sir William Wyndham, the great Pulteney, and lastly, the great Fox,' replied the Doctor.

" 'Fox?' exclaimed Tremaine.

" 'Even so; for the *noctes canaque atticæ* would not have been sought at St Anne's Hill, with such apparent gust, had he not thought to mark his resentment against the House of Commons, who would not be swayed by him into a secession. The measure had been tried some sixty years before, by Sir William Wyndham, and laughed at.'

" 'You are prejudiced,' said Tremaine, 'and cannot seriously think Mr Fox did not love his retreat.'

" 'That I do not say,'‡ returned Evelyn, 'I only mean to show that a patriot and a minister, whatever they may be called, are pretty much the same thing, and that the patriot man may fly off in a pet to solitude as well as the minister man. Both Mr Fox and Lord Bath came back when they thought they should succeed, in the same manner as Lord Chatham and Lord Temple; nay, I question if Sir William Temple himself did not enjoy his Sheen and his Moor Park the more from the frequent calls that were made upon him to leave them. To pursue our subject,' continued Evelyn, perceiving his friend was not disposed to reply, 'one lover quarrels with his mistress, he flies

* Upon this subject the reader will not fail to remember Horace Walpole's account of the retirement of that illustrious statesman, the Duke of Newcastle. His grace retired to Claremont, where, for about a fortnight, he played at being a country gentleman. Guns and green frocks were bought, and at last he affected to turn sportsman; but getting wet in his feet, he hurried back to London in a fright, and his country was once more blessed with his assistance.

† To a philosopher, or even a courtier, there is not a more useful lesson, or more interesting picture, than this poor man exhibits, as drawn by Marmontel, relating merely to what he saw and heard. "Oh! mes enfans," says he, "quelle maladie incurable que celle de l'ambition! quelle tristesse que celle de la vie d'un ministre disgracié! En me promenant avec lui dans ses jardins, j'aperçus de loin une statue de marbre; je lui demandai ce que c'étoit?"—"C'est, me dit-il, ce que je n'ai plus le courage de regarder;" et en nous détournant, "Ah! Marmontel, si vous saviez de quelle zèle je l'ai servi; si vous saviez combien de fois il m'a voit assuré que nous passerions nos vies ensemble, et que je n'avois pas un meilleur ami que lui! Voilà les promesses des rois! voilà leur amitié! et en disant ces mots ses yeux remplirent des larmes." He then (sad employment for his wounded spirit!) showed Marmontel the pictures of various battles, in which he had stood on the same spot with the king, and in one of which, when he had reason to fear his son was killed, Louis had shown him great sympathy. But oh, wretched change! "Rien," continued d'Argenson, "rien de moi le touche plus!" After this, he fell with his head upon the bosom of his daughter-in-law, which he watered with his tears.—Mém. Marmontel, tom III. p. 18. Distressing and degrading picture of human weakness under the prostrations of ill-regulated ambition; a slave to unworthy greatness! We blush for the Frenchman, and should for an Englishman under the same circumstances; only there is this difference between them, that the Englishman can only be displaced, not disgraced; for he can always fly to an opposition bench in Parliament. I have been at Les Ormes, and saw these battle pieces, but did not then know what recollections they had prompted; more cruel to a disappointed *ambitieux* than the deaths they commemorated.

‡ He would have been wrong if he had said it, for those who knew Mr Fox best, knew how sincere were his enjoyments at St Anne's Hill. Those who did not know him, may read Trotter's amusing account of him there for the proof. He was particularly fond of his geraniums, and used to boast of them to Lord Sidmouth, when speaker, and could always return to the subject of them with booted interest, amidst the most violent storms of party rage. He had never been more furious than one day in haranguing in Palace Yard, on what was called the gagging bills. Half an hour afterwards he came to the house, rocking from the mob, and went up to the speaker, who expected some violent motion, to tell him how sorry he was that his geraniums (some cuttings of which he had promised him) had been blighted at St Anne's Hill.—Ed.

to his country seat, and finds pleasure in abusing her to the winds; another is happy in her affection, but some cruel papa interposes difficulties; he flies too, in order the better to plan, in solitude, how to overcome the said difficulties, and meantime carves her name on the bark, and makes verses under all the trees in the neighbourhood. Both find relief for a time, because both in fact are engaged in their favourite occupation: but the *enragé* finds soon, that his sulkiness is no revenge; and the *bien aimé*, that being idle will not please papa; so the solitude becomes irksome to both, and is gladly abandoned.

"Papa understands the thing at least," said Georgina laughing; "I hope not by experience."

"Experience is the best mistress," replied Evelyn, "and I certainly recollect many a retirement to a house in a wood, in order to ascertain better than I thought I could from herself, whether your mother loved me or not. Those solitudes were charming, but short; I had others of a longer duration, and perhaps from better motives."

"I did not know you were such a disciple," said Tremaine.

"Oh yes," returned the Doctor, "I have often shut myself up."

"The occasion?" asked Tremaine.

"Why, wisdom's self, you know,"

*Of a sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.*

"But seriously, it was to recover the bent of my mind—I may even say of my virtue—when I had been sadly dissipated, as I too often was, and when ease, seriousness, books, and retired devotion, became absolutely necessary for my purpose."

"Georgina took her father's hand.

"An anchorite, I protest!" cried Tremaine: "had you lived in the fifth century, we should have had you in the desert."

"Indeed you would not," returned Evelyn, "for, having accomplished my purpose by restoring reflection, or by recovering the studies I was near upon losing, (in exchange, perhaps, for an Opera dance,) I sighed again for a communication with my species; and, indeed, often felt thankful to join the supper conversation of the people with whom I lived."

"And who were they?" asked Tremaine.

"A mere woodman and his wife," said Evelyn, "whose lodge was a mile distant from all other habitations, except of rabbits and tame pheasants, and whose

cheerful children were not unfrequently an acceptable diversion to a man, who, with all his resources, was growing tired of himself."

"I have heard, indeed," said Tremaine, "of being 'as melancholy as a lodge in a warren,'" but knew not how practically true the simile was. Yet you did this often?"

"I did, and may venture to say I was always the better for it. Many, at least, are the subjects I examined, both in literature and morals, in these temporary retreats, and the woodman's house was to me always—

Mihi me reddentis agelli.

"Your picture is at least pretty," said Tremaine, "and I only wonder your secession from the world was not of longer continuance."

"There was no occasion for it," returned Evelyn, "for I was not under any great disgust, like Timon; nor had I had a disappointment to madness, like Camillo; nor was I under the influence of religious melancholy, like Jerome. I simply wished to think, and to examine myself at leisure, which I could not do in a crowd; and when I had done this, I returned to the world."

The tone of all this, is, we think, exceedingly graceful, and envy no one who would turn hastily over such pages in the hope of a scene. We now give the promised important interview between Tremaine and Georgina, dreaded in *prospectu* by them both.

"Never were two people who loved, or did not love one another, so disconcerted at being left alone together, as Tremaine and Georgina.

"Her father's quitting the room seemed to plunge her into a difficulty, from which she could only be relieved by quitting it too; and this perhaps she would actually have done, had not Tremaine gathered courage to seat himself close by her; and seizing her hand with that one of his which was free, began the conversation he had so long meditated.

"My dearest Georgina," said he, "suffer me so to call you, even though it may be for the last time. Would to God I might add to it, my own Georgina."

"Georgina left her passive hand in his. "Your excellent father has, I believe, related to you the conversation I had with him in that eventful morning of yesterday."

"It was indeed eventful," said Georgina, looking at his wounded hand; "and you must have thought me shamefully ungrateful, not even yet to have inquired after the hand that so kindly saved me."

"Alas!" answered Tremaine, "I

thought not of that when I called the morning eventful: I was more selfish. I referred to what was of far more consequence than this trifling accident—I alluded to my heart's best secret; which, however conscious of it, I believe nothing would have torn from me, but the fear (groundless as it has turned out) of a younger and more suitable competitor for Miss Evelyn's favour: for, believe me, I thought that favour a treasure far too rich for me—Indeed, it is the dearest treasure under heaven.

“Georgina felt these words in her very heart, over which they shed a sweetness that was delicious, spite of all the disappointment which she feared might await her. It was perhaps this very sweetness that deprived her of the ability either of answering or of withdrawing the hand, which still remained in the possession of Tremaine: resting the other, therefore, on the back of her chair, she leaned her cheek upon it, and covered her eyes with its pretty fingers. She thus seemed all ear, and waited for him to go on.

“‘It is most true,’ continued he, ‘that when I surveyed your lovely beauty, joined to a goodness and good sense, an innocence as well as elegance of mind, such as I never saw equalled, I thought you would be the last best gift of heaven to him who might eventually gain you. To win, to obtain so invaluable a blessing, was the difficulty; and when I considered myself—I despaired.’

“He paused; and Georgina could answer nothing with her lips; but a slight, involuntary, and momentary, but still perceptible return to the pressure of his hand, seemed to ask him why he despaired.

“‘In many things,’ pursued he, ‘I thought we were alike—in many I wished, and in some I hoped we might be so. You opened my eyes, even more than your father, to my defects; and my days, from having been a burthen to me, ran on with a sweetness, a lightness, such as I never knew till I knew you.’

“Georgina was more and more penetrated.

“‘My proximity to you,’ continued he, ‘on all occasions, left me no doubt to what this was owing; and my heart daily and momentarily felt that you alone were the cause of it.’

“Georgina whispered rather than said, he was a great deal too good; but, affected by all this avowal of his admiration and his tenderness, a tear trickled through the fingers that still covered her eyes, which, devouring her as he did with his, he could not fail to perceive.

“His heart dilated with joy; and a delicious hope, which can be imagined only by those who have felt it, seemed to take

possession of him, spite of all Evelyn's prognostics.

“‘Yes,’ continued he, ‘I could have no doubt who and what was the sweet antidote to the canker which consumed me—out of humour with myself, with mankind, and particularly I fear with womenkind, until my sweet and lovely neighbour redeemed the whole sex, by convincing me I was wrong.’

“‘How deeply (suspecting no danger or disappointment, where I knew not at first that I had presumed to form a hope,) how deeply did I drink of this comfort, till my senses were overcome; and I have waked only to greater and more lasting misery than before.’

“‘Oh! Mr Tremaine,’ said Georgina, now finding her voice, ‘why all this?—what can your meaning be?’

“She stopt; and he instantly replied, ‘My meaning is, Georgina, that I cannot be the coxcomb to presume, that with such disparity of years between us, the friend and school companion of your father, I could ever obtain more than your esteem. To inspire you with those sentiments, that warmth and eagerness of affection, which yet I should be fool enough to look for in the person I sought for my heart's companion—to do this, I should despair.’

“‘Oh! if that were all!’ exclaimed Georgina, while a stifled sigh, amounting even to sobbing, prevented her from going on.

“‘In my turn, my dear Georgina,’ said Tremaine, ‘let me ask what can your meaning be?’

“‘Alas!’ answered Georgina, gathering strength and fortitude to proceed with her purpose, ‘how little would the disparity you talk of be, in my eyes, if there were no other cruel disagreement between us!’

“‘I will not affect to misunderstand you,’ replied Tremaine, ‘for I have gathered all from your father; but tell me, sweet girl, is it possible I have heard aright, and from your own lips—is it possible, (I beseech you to bless me again with the assurance, if true,) is it possible that I could really aspire to your love, were all these disagreements, which you call so cruel, removed?’

“Georgina immediately became again abashed, and returning to her former position, only covering her face still more with her hand, she asked, in a hesitating subdued voice,

“‘Does my present behaviour shew that Mr Tremaine's attentions can be unwelcome to me?’

“Tremaine's whole frame became at these words inflated with a joy which his life had never known. He raised her hand to his lips, and was very near throwing himself at her feet, when he exclaimed,

" ' Then all my soul has desired is accomplished, for all other difficulties are as nothing.'

" ' Stop,' said Georgina, assuming all her decision, and disengaging herself from his arms; ' we must not go on thus. Would to heaven the difficulties you speak of were really nothing! But my father has told you, and I confirm every word he has said, that if the tenderness you have avowed to me were even more dear to me than I own it is, it would be impossible to gratify your wishes, or my own, while you think of the most sacred, most awful things, as I fear you do.'

" ' What,' asked Tremaine, mournfully, ' has your father represented of my opinions?'

" ' Alas! I fear he is too accurate to have misunderstood, and is too just to misrepresent them: and we lament, if I may presume to join myself with him on such an occasion, what he calls the ruin of a mind as to sacred things, too noble, in everything else, not to inspire every one with the sincerest esteem.'

" ' Has he, then, related no particulars?'

" ' Oh! yes! but, I beseech you, spare the sorrowful account. To think that you own no providence, no care of the Almighty here, and still less hereafter, fills me with terror, only to be equalled by the grief of thinking that it is you who do this.'

" Her agitation, from mingled sorrow and tenderness, here became extreme.

" Tremaine was infinitely moved; his love was only more and more excited, and had he not been probity itself, he was ready to have fallen at her feet, and confessed himself, as to religion, of any creed she would be pleased to prescribe.

" But he *was* probity itself, and so wholly the reverse of hypocrisy, that to have gained the world's treasure, in this love-inspiring girl, he would not have assumed it for a moment.

" ' Oh! sweet and admirable girl,' he exclaimed, ' sweet as thy youth, and admirable as thy beauty, how shall I answer you so as to appease your distress, and yet preserve my own character with you for the honour you allow me? How can I show you the frankness you deserve, when by doing so I probably destroy my hope of you for ever? Have you really considered this matter? Is your resolution fixed? Is it the spontaneous act of your deliberate mind? or is it your father's counsel that sways you, not your own?'

" ' Oh, my own, my own,' replied Georgina—' for were it even possible, (which it is not,) for my father to have counselled me differently, such is my horror—oh! excuse me such a word—alas! that ever I should apply it to one who ———' her emotions prevented her from finishing.

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" ' Am I, then, an object of horror to you, Georgina?'

" ' The Almighty knows my wretchedness in using the word,' returned Georgina: ' I would say rather my terror, my grief—but whatever it be, it is so strong, lest the guide of my mind, as well as the master of my heart, should lead me into such errors, that were my affection fixed beyond all power to move it, I should dread, and would refuse to gratify it!'

" ' Noble girl!' cried Tremaine; ' but surely reasonable as noble, and, if so, will you not hear me?'

" ' Oh! gladly; yes, if you will confess we are mistaken.'

" Tremaine was severely pushed, in his turn. His heart's best hope hung on the answer he might choose to give to this one question. But his truth prevailed. Recovering, therefore, from the struggle, he contented himself with saying, ' of this we will talk farther; at present, I only wish to observe upon your fear that I should lead you into such errors. Whatever my opinions, (and I really know not that I have been correctly represented,) think not I would attempt to mislead you, or lead you at all. If, therefore, the most perfect freedom in your sentiments, uninfluenced by me; if the most solemn promise to abstain from even the assertion of my own in your presence; in short, a sacred compact, that the very subject shall not even be mentioned between us;—if this can insure your peace, and deliver you from your fears, by the honour you are so kind as to ascribe to me, I swear to adhere to such a promise in all the amplitude you can possibly prescribe. One exception, indeed, I possibly might ask of my Georgina, and that is, that I might be myself her pupil, until her innocent nature had so purified mine, as at least to leave no hinderance from prejudice to my arriving at truth. Lastly, should I really be thus blessed, and should our union increase the number of those interested, I would leave them all to the direction and tutorage of him in whom my Georgina would most confide—that excellent and pious man from whom she herself derives her principles, as her birth.'

" A proposal so congenial to her every feeling, so agreeable to her wishes, so soothing to her fears, so flattering to her hopes, so encouraging to all her prepossessions, made the most vivid and visible impression upon her firmness. It staggered much of her resolution, and had well nigh overpowered her whole purpose at once. Nor would, perhaps, the most virtuous, the most pious, have blamed, or at least refused to have excused her, had she yielded to terms so delightful to her heart.

" ' Oh! Mr Tremaine,' she replied, in a hesitating, irresolute, but at the same time the softest voice in the world, ' do not

thus use your power over the heart whose secret you have surprised. Tempt not, I implore you, the affection I have owned, and never will deny. Rather assert the generosity that belongs to you—that distinguishes you, I should say, from all other men whatever—and assist a poor weak creature, struggling to do what is right;—assist her against herself!”

“Ah! dearest Georgina,” replied Tremaine, “what an appeal do you make! and how could I withstand it, if really there were anything wrong or unreasonable in my proposal? But why shock me by the supposition, that I would tempt that purest of hearts to anything against itself? Why imagine that I, who would lay down my life to preserve any one of your principles, on which your honour or happiness depended, would, for a selfish purpose, seek to seduce those principles, or weaken the resolution that guarded them? Be more just to the man whom you have so exalted by your dear, your delicious confession.”

“Oh! talk not to me thus,” answered Georgina.—“You task my weakness to withstand what you know to be your strength, and which nothing but Heaven, in whose cause I feel I am a sacrifice, can enable me to resist,—if indeed I can resist it!”

“Tremaine saw all his advantage elicited by the frankness of this speech, and to his eternal honour let it be recorded, that he did not push it in the moment when perhaps the victory would have been his.

“Reflecting an instant, he took her hand once more, and with the elevation that was at times peculiar to him, and at the same time a calmness proceeding from the sincerity of his purpose, ‘My soft, yet noble girl,’ said he, ‘no appeal of this sort could ever be made to me in vain, even if I were not, as I am, penetrated with gratitude for your kindness, and admiration at the honesty which has disdained to conceal it. Let me not therefore endeavour to push you when off your guard, or surprise you into promises which your reason may hereafter repent. To avoid all this, and remove, indeed, from myself a temptation I cannot withstand, allow me to propose a reference of my offer to your father. In his hands even the dear prejudices of your heart in my favour will surely be safe, and should he decide for me, you cannot have a fear.’

“Georgina was penetrated to her heart at this honourable conduct. She looked at Tremaine with a confidence she had never ventured upon before. Her eyes fixed themselves upon him with an expression of affection, indeed, but so mingled with respect, that it amounted to little short of veneration. It is very certain that the world did not seem to her (with all his errors) ever to have contained a being like the man who then stood before her.

“She could only ejaculate that he was the most generous of friends, and that she accepted the proposal. Nor could she deny herself to the fond embrace on which he now for the first time ventured; a ratification, as he hoped, of a compact which would render them all in all to each other.

“Agitated and unnerved beyond every thing she had before experienced in her life, Georgina broke from his arms, yet with a softness which only made her ten thousand times more his than ever. She entreated for time and opportunity to compose herself.

“‘It will do me good,’ said she, ‘to be alone for a little while, to recall my scattered senses, which I seem to have lost. Heaven knows, I little thought to have seen this hour. It has been a bitter one to me.’

“‘It has been bitter,’ said Tremaine, ‘and yet there have been things in it that have made it the sweetest of my life. May I not hope that this sentiment is in some degree participated by my adored friend?’

“The words were gratifying to Georgina, yet she gave a deep sigh, and loosening her hand from his, and repeating that what she had confessed she never would deny, she said it was absolutely necessary for her to be alone.

“‘Here,’ added she, ‘I am really too much in the power of my feelings.’

“Tremaine, respecting her as usual, told her she could not express a wish that was not a command to him; and raising her hand to his lips, which she showed no disposition to oppose, he allowed her to retire.

“In point of fact, he had himself almost the same necessity for solitude, if not to recover himself, at least to deliberate what course to pursue. His first purpose, which was to seek his friend, and lay his proposal before him, he checked. It is impossible for him to agree to it, thought he, and then what becomes of this situation, which, with all its uncertainties, so delights me, that my senses are giddy with the thought of it!

“In truth, strange as it may appear, though nothing was less determinate than his prospect, there was no moment of his life that had ever appeared so delicious to him. Such is always the effect, when we love, of the first avowal that our love is returned. Dreading to lose it, Tremaine became absolutely afraid to meet the friend whom he at first so resolutely intended to seek. He was but a few paces off, for Tremaine had seen him loitering within call, during his conference with Georgina; yet his heart sank, when his mind inclined him to join Evelyn in the garden. Longing therefore to be alone, to hug himself as it were in the thought that he was beloved by her, whom alone of all the world he thought worth loving, and wishing besides for time

to examine himself more closely than he had ever yet done, in order to see whether he could not really in some degree approach the wishes of the adored of his heart,—he fairly shrank for the moment from his purpose, and ordering his horses to follow him, took the road on foot to his own park.

“As he passed up the avenue that led from the house, he could not help turning to take a view of what was now so much dearer than ever to him. Georgina’s chamber was in that front, and at the window at that moment, reclining with her head on her hand, and showing the whitest, and most graceful arm in the world—he beheld Georgina herself.

“Their surprise was mutually great at seeing each other again. Georgina’s in particular; and he could not help returning, if only to apprise her of his intention to pass an hour or two at home, after which he would have the honour of waiting upon her again. She bowed and kissed her hand, with the grace that always so enchanted him, and while he lingered in sight, at least as long as it was necessary, often did he turn to give and receive greetings, the proofs of the mutual understanding which now informed them.”

A great deal of misery follows this scene; but as no novel-reader can be at any great loss to guess what the end of all this is, we shall take leave to say nothing of the third volume of Tremaine, except, indeed, that few novel-readers will find in the *bulk* of it what they expect, and that no one will find, in any part of it, anything which he will not be greatly the better for reading. In truth, we could not quote from the volume at all, unless we quoted to a very great extent; and as to giving any idea of its contents without quotation, that is quite impossible.

[The greater part consists of dialogues on religion and scepticism. They are in general ably and admirably written, but we think our contributor quite right in not meddling with them. We should, however, be very glad to see the *matter* of them taken up in a separate paper.—C. N.]

There are many episodes scattered all over this novel—some of them serious, others humorous. In the delineation of social manners as they now exist, we have met with nothing better than some of the lighter sketches: indeed, one or two scenes in the second volume are quite as good as any in *Sayings and Doings*, touching upon ground very similar, and yet doubly amusing on account of the extraordinary con-

trast which they present to the *manner* of the popular author of that work.

As usual in all modern novels, there is abundance of stock material. All the subordinate characters are, in fact, of this class,—nothing can be more trite than the butlers, valets, housekeepers, retired spinsters, &c. &c. &c. of Tremaine. But Tremaine himself, Evelyn, and Georgina, are three characters fairly entitled to the praise of novelty. The first and the last of them to that of exquisite and original felicity.

On the whole, we can have no doubt that this work will enjoy a lasting, if not a noisy popularity, and unquestionably look forward with high hope and interest to the future exertions of the amiable and accomplished person (whoever that may be) that has written it.

Nothing would have been easier than to quiz his book; but seeing real excellence in the general, we cannot stoop to waste time upon particular points of absurdity. We may, however, just hint to the author of Tremaine, that he who has few incidents, is doubly bound to have his incidents natural—and, if possible, new;—and, to come to lesser matters, that he attaches a vast deal too much importance to hours of dining, and other matters of that order. He says it is ruin to dine according to the present fashion, at eight o’clock, and raves about the superiority of the “good old hours of three or four.” Did it never occur to the author of Tremaine, that

A rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;”

and that a pound of beef-steaks or cutlets, with all suitable appliances, at three o’clock, may be called *Euphonia gratia*, a luncheon, but comes home to the business and bosoms of men with all the substantial comforts of a dinner? *Transeant cetera.*

We cannot conclude without expressing our opinion that the author of this work owes, in the meanwhile, one duty both to himself and to the public. He *must* take some effectual method to convince the world at large, which he cannot expect to find equally candid and indulgent as we think he will allow us to have shown ourselves, that he has had no share in the vile and degraded quackery and

puffery with which the publication of Tremaine has been attended, and something of which has even found means to intrude itself within the boards of the book. But for this last circumstance, we should have thought silence the proper course ; but it, we frankly confess, appears to us to leave

a gentleman and a man of honour no alternative.

We shall be in no hurry, however, to form our final decision, for we have little doubt the fact will turn out to be, that the work has been transmitted from a foreign country.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

FAIR as two lilies from one stem which spring,
In vernal fragrance sweetly blossoming,
And liker far in form, and size, and hue,
If liker could be, the Twin Sisters grew.
Each limb, each joint, each feature could compare,
Exact in one with what the other's were ;
No look, no gesture, difference of mien,
Not e'en a speck distinctive, could be seen ;
And like as were their outward forms design'd,
So were th' internal workings of the mind ;
What could to one delight or pain impart,
Raised the same feelings in the other's heart ;
Now gay with hope, and now with pity mild,
They wept together, and together smiled.
If Anna spoke, 'twas often she exprest
The thought just forming in Maria's breast ;
And if Maria hasten'd to pursue
Some object, 'twas what Anna had in view.—
No wonder,—for the same maternal pang
Brought them to being, and they both did hang
On the same breast, and drew the nutrient stream
From the same fount ; one cradle nestled them.
Both frolick'd in gay childhood's rapt'rous years,
Undamp'd as yet by life's maturer cares ;
Close in each other's baby arms entwined,
With breast to breast, and cheek on cheek reclined,
And eyes, which beam'd infantine radiance mild,
'They seem'd of Heav'n, and, cherub-like, they smiled.
Together they did roam the mead or grove,
Chasing the gilded butterfly, or wove,
Of heath-flowers wild, a wreath their brows to deck,
Or daisy-spotted garland for the neck.

And as maturer seasons o'er them came,
And stronger glow'd within pure reason's flame,
Together they would scan the mind's wide range,
And share of thought the grateful interchange ;
Together Nature's volume wide explore ;
Together Nature's mighty God adore.
The mountain, forest, meadow, lake, and stream,
Gave varied joy. What was the world to them,
Its pomp, its bustle, and its idle toil !
Society did their enjoyments spoil,—
They needed not its aid—a world they were
Each to the other,—Why aught else prefer ?

But oft, alas ! the lily, in the spring,
Even in its prime of vernal blossoming,
Struck at the root by some fell canker's fang,
Fading, its beauteous head begins to hang—

So faded it with Maria ; the pure red,
 Soft-blended on her cheek, was seen to fade ;
 The tincture of her lip, of rubied hue,
 Where smiles once sat, now changed to sickly blue ;
 No longer full of life, no longer gay,
 With rapid strides came premature decay !
 Her former haunts could now no longer please,
 E'en the soft couch could scarce procure her ease.
 There Anna closely sat, and watch'd her eye,
 Aught that could soothe or aid her to supply ;
 All day she watch'd, and when the sufferer slept,
 Hung o'er her midnight couch, and silent wept.
 To cheer her thoughtful bosom Anna tries—
 " The spring again returns, bleak winter flies,
 Even now the golden crocuses are seen,
 And soon the woodlands will resume their green ;
 When you are well, delighted we shall rove
 The wood-paths through, and trim the hower we love."—
 " Yes, Anna, flowers will bloom, and grove, and plain, .
 All dormant nature spring to life again ;
 Grass clothe the ground, and blossoms crown the tree,
 But grove or plain will bloom in vain to me !
 It was my hope, that as one hour began
 Our beings, one should measure out life's span,
 But Heaven forbids ; to murmur would be vain ;
 A few short years shall make us one again."

Prophetic speech ! for now life's fading flame,
 Faint and more faint, did animate her frame ;
 Around she cast her eyes of deadly hue,
 On sorrowing friends, to bid a last adieu.
 A parting look she gave—she could no more,
 A throb—a long-drawn sigh—then all was o'er !

A thrilling pang of horrible despair
 Pierced Anna's breast, and marr'd all feeling there ;
 Long o'er the lifeless form she silent stood,
 With vacant gaze the beauteous ruin view'd ;
 Till her faint limbs no more her weight could stay,
 And all unconscious she is borne away :
 All strive to soothe and comfort her, but she
 Refused all comfort—" What is life to me ?"
 She cried ; then starting, gazed with anxious eye—
 " I come ! I come !—hark ! 'tis Maria's cry—
 Sure they won't place her in the damp cold grave ?—
 See, worms do feed on her—O mercy, save !—
 But yonder's she—how changed, how wondrous fair !
 And those are angel-seraphs with her there—
 I thought I ne'er should meet again with you,
 Give me your hand—now ! now !—adieu, adieu !"
 —Then from her troubled frame forthwith the spirit flew.

BROUGHAM ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.*

EVER since the days of Fox, our Whig and other friends of the "liberal system" have been addressing themselves principally and almost exclusively to the lower orders. They have passed by the better classes—the *educated people*—in scorn, and have called upon the poor and ignorant—the *uneducated people*—to decide on the most intricate constitutional questions, and the most complicated matters of general policy. To discover their reasons, we have only to look at what they have advocated; and to form a proper opinion of their conduct, we have only to place before us what was done by "the people" in the days of Radicalism. The general newspaper and hustings appeals, which were so potent a few years since, have lost their power, and therefore a new system is in course of establishment. This system is far more *scientific* and elaborate than the old one, and it will produce even greater mischiefs, if it meet with no molestation.

Our men of liberality follow a prodigious variety of callings; they are, among other things, political economists; and in this character they have contrived to separate the labourers from their employers, and to place the latter in the power of the former. The old opinion that the servant ought to be dependent upon, and under the control of, the master, is thrown to the dogs, to make way for the new and infallible one, that the master ought to be dependent upon, and under the control of, the servant. The repeal of the Combination Laws was a master-stroke in these sagacious people. It formed the mass of the labourers in the manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms, into connected associations, and rendered them not merely independent, but the masters, of their employers. While this grand first step was taking, our political economists carefully filled the labourers with the conviction that their employers were their tyrants and natural enemies; and of course no sooner were the laws repealed, than the two classes became

bitter enemies—the servants became the despots of the masters.

Having thus liberated the working classes from surveillance and control—having thus filled them with scorn of their employers—the next step to be taken was to put them under proper instruction; and therefore Mr Brougham supplies a scheme for the purpose. It would have been exceedingly impolitic to have given to his pamphlet its proper name—to have called it a plan for forming the labouring orders into a disaffected and ungovernable faction—consequently it bears the seductive title—"Practical Observations upon the Education of the People." It is, in respect of its ostensible object, a very sorry performance, and altogether unworthy of the talents of its author. Looked at as a scheme, it is miserably romantic and defective; and regarded as the history of an experiment, it withholds nearly all the information that could render it satisfactory. The philosopher and the statesman would be ashamed of it from its narrow, paltry, erroneous, and mischievous opinions; and the writer of genius would disown it, from its heavy, faulty, and incorrect diction. It is, however, in spirit and tendency, what every one who is acquainted with the learned gentleman's general conduct, would look for; and it is perhaps well enough calculated for promoting its *real* object.

We are quite sure that we are as friendly to the instruction of the working classes as Mr Brougham; and we strongly suspect that we are much more so. We, however, differ from him on almost every essential point of the subject. We cannot be ignorant that the educating of the working *adults* of a great nation is a thing without precedent, and on which experience throws no light, save what is abundantly discouraging. We cannot be ignorant that hitherto, whenever the lower orders of any great state have obtained a smattering of knowledge, they have generally used it to produce national ruin. We cannot be ignorant,

* *Practical Observations upon the Education of the People, addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers.* By H. Brougham, Esq. M.P. F.R.S. London, 1825.

when we look at our factions, that the lower orders will be surrounded with pernicious as well as beneficial instructors ; and when we look at human nature, we cannot be ignorant that they will generally prefer the former. We cannot be ignorant, that if in our endeavours to educate the working orders we injure their industry and morals, and give them tastes and habits discordant with their situations in life, we do both them and the empire very grievous disservice. These are facts which no "liberality" can impeach, which are above controversy ; they convince us, that however desirable the "education of the people" may be, it is a thing which, by mismanagement, might be rendered destructive to the nation ; and therefore that it ought to be commenced and proceeded in with the utmost caution and wisdom—that those who take the lead in it ought to be the objects of very great jealousy and unremitting watchfulness to both the government and the country at large.

Mr Brougham is so far from being cognizant of these facts, that he builds upon the reverse throughout his pamphlet. He flounders along at a furious rate, and can see danger in nothing, save the intermeddling of the government and the upper classes. The learned gentleman is, notwithstanding, called a statesman.

Thinking as we have stated, we in the first place hold it to be incontrovertible that all party-leaders—all violent party-men—all innovators—all teachers of things that tend to revolution—all who assail our constitution and general system—should be scrupulously prevented from interfering in any shape with the "education of the people." We make no exceptions ; we apply this to ALL parties. Such men may be very wise and able ; they may contend for things that are very necessary ; but still they ought, on no account, to become the schoolmasters of the people. They would think of nothing but making proselytes ; to this they would make all tuition subservient ; and instead of *educating* the people, they would fill them with party delusion and rancour, and combine them with political faction. The opinions and schemes of these persons are things to be *judged of by the educated*, but not to be *taught to the uneducated*, who cannot possibly decide whether they be right or wrong.

Holding this we say to be incontrovertible, we very naturally ask, Who and what are those who are modestly exalting themselves into the directors-general of the "education of the people ?" One is Mr Brougham, an Opposition-leader in the House of Commons ; a political-writer in the *Edinburgh Review* ; a lawyer ; and, without question, the most fanatical and outrageous party-man in the three kingdoms. Another, it seems, is a Mr Place, one of the writers of the *Westminster Review*. And a third, it appears, is Sir F. Burdett, another Opposition-leader in Parliament, and, next to Mr Brougham, the most fanatical and outrageous party-man in these realms. These are assisted by various other members of the Fox and Bentham schools. If these men were merely the active opponents of the ministry, it would positively disqualify them for directing the education of the people ; they are not only this, but they are likewise the active enemies of a very large portion of our political and social system. We suspect that not half of Mr Brougham's creed is before the world ; but, however, we know sufficient of it for our present purpose. On all great questions he differs from the leading Whigs, by pushing his opinions much farther into Liberalism than they do. In the present session, he has indirectly held up those to derision who dissent from the opinions of Thomas Paine ; and he regularly supports everything that the Liberals call for. We need not enlarge on the party creed of the Westminster Reviewers ; and in regard to Burdett, we need only say, that he is the father of Radicalism, and the advocate of universal suffrage and annual parliaments. These men can touch no earthly subject without tainting it with party politics ; they can say and do nothing without attempting to make proselytes ; their whole history proves that they would not bestow a thought on the education of the people, if they did not expect it to enable them to fill the people with their party opinions.

We of course maintain, that if such men as Messieurs Brougham, Burdett, Place, and Co. be suffered to direct the education of the people, they will pervert it into the misleading and deluding of the people—into a national curse ; we maintain that such men ought to be driven by the voice of the

country from intermeddling with the education of the people, or that such education ought, on no account, to be commenced; we maintain, that to be successful and beneficial, this education must be *exclusively* in the hands of men who stand aloof from party—who have no party interests—and who are without temptation—to pervert it into an instrument of evil.

We will now open the pamphlet—

“I begin by assuming, that there is no class of the community so entirely occupied with labour, as not to have an hour or two every other day, at least, to bestow upon the pleasure and improvement to be derived from reading—or so poor as not to have the means of contributing something towards purchasing this gratification.”—“It is, no doubt, manifest that the people themselves must be the great agents in accomplishing the work of their own instruction. Unless they deeply feel the usefulness of knowledge, and resolve to make some sacrifices for the acquisition of it, there can be no reasonable prospect of this grand object being attained.”—“But, although the people must be the source and the instruments of their own improvement, they may be essentially aided in their efforts to instruct themselves.”—“Their difficulties may all be classed under one or other of two heads—want of money, and want of time.”

Thus speaks Mr Brougham, and this forms his ground-work. He does not inquire whether the people have generally a natural relish of reading—or whether, if they have not, it be possible to endow them with such a relish; whether they, in general, possess sufficient capacity to understand and turn to profit what they may read—or whether the bulk of them are capable of being educated by such means as may exist, or be created for the purpose. On these matters he is silent. This is, we think, a radical defect in his publication; in our poor judgment, a statesman and philosopher would never have dreamed of publishing a line on the Education of the People, without giving these things a very ample discussion, in order to obtain a solid foundation for his scheme. Whatever may be Mr Brougham's reputation, he cannot satisfy us on a subject like this with assumptions and assertions. When the people are to

be “the great agents in accomplishing the work of their own instruction,” and when they are to accomplish this principally by voluntary reading, it must be proved to us that they will read and understand, before we can believe that they can be reasonably well educated.

It is unquestionable, that the natural powers of the poor are quite equal to those of the rich; and it is alike unquestionable, that they are not more than equal. The same variety in natural taste and capacity is to be found among the working classes which is to be met with among the upper ones. Now, how stands the question with men, in general, touching the love of reading? Perhaps one in fifty shows a decided passion for books from his childhood—perhaps one in twenty is led to love general reading by natural bias and habit conjoined—perhaps one in ten becomes a plodding, mechanical, general reader, for the sake of improvement, although he has scarcely any natural taste for reading—perhaps one in three finds pleasure in reading books of amusement, but cannot look into those of a different kind without falling asleep—and perhaps three-fifths of the people at large have no relish of reading, and cannot acquire any, so far, at least, as regards works of general instruction.

A strong thirst for the acquisition of general knowledge can only spring from such a share of natural ability as very few men are endowed with, and without this thirst, men will never read what is necessary for education, when their reading is altogether a matter of choice. There must be the ability to understand, or there will not be the will to read; and the mass of books, putting aside those of mere amusement, are above the understanding of the mass of mankind. A man, a poor as well as a rich one, must read a great deal before he can comprehend the style and allusions, and relish the thoughts, of our best writers. In addition to this, he must have a very strong memory, great powers of perception and judgment, and very accurate taste, or his reading will render him but little service. Many men of great genius have been unable to force themselves into the acquisition of general, and more especially of scientific, knowledge. The working classes are compelled to devote at least

twelve hours per day to labour, and they must either not read at all, or devote those moments to reading which are thought to be necessary for due recreation and rest. Even if they possessed the requisite powers of understanding, it cannot be expected that, with the fatigue of twelve or fourteen hours of severe labour upon them, they would devote their scraps of leisure to reading, if they should not either find it to be the most pleasant amusement within their reach, or feel it to be beneficial to their personal profit. With regard to amusement, there is, and for ever will be, the utmost difference of taste touching it; to the few, reading will be the most pleasant amusement; to the many, it will be a stupifying toil not to be thought of. In respect of personal profit, certain of the mechanics may be impelled by their avocations to study one or other of the sciences, though not to read for general knowledge; but the lower artificers, and the mass of the labourers, comprehending together the chief portion of the working classes, will find nothing in books connected with their callings, they will have no reason to hope that they can better their condition by reading, and very few of them will read at all.

Why is Mr Brougham a great reader? He was born with a taste for books, and the powers of mind necessary for understanding them. Instead of having to acquire his education after he began the world, and after his memory and other faculties were blunted by bodily labour, age, and the want of proper exercise, he was fully instructed in his youth, and he could comprehend any book whatever when he entered upon his profession. His avocations have been constantly of a nature to stimulate him to pursue general knowledge, and to assist him in the pursuit. He is a lawyer, a reviewer, a pamphleteer, a party-leader in the House of Commons, a candidate for the higher kind of office, &c. &c.; and, in all these characters, the possession of such knowledge is of the first importance in regard to both fame and profit. His various occupations are, in reality, the acquisition and use of general knowledge. When he is not reading, he is repeating, reasoning upon, or otherwise employing, what he has read;

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and rendering his farther reading a matter of imperious necessity. But whatever his advantages may have been in early life, and whatever his avocations may be, he would not be a man of much reading if he had not received from nature a literary genius and good abilities. Now, what is the case with the generality of working men? They are, by nature, men of no literary genius, and of ordinary capacity—they are put to callings which compel them to devote to labour almost every moment of their lives that is not wanted for rest, before they acquire sufficient knowledge of their native language to be able to understand well-written books. Their avocations call for no reading—rivet the mind on things that are hostile to it—afford no scope for the employment of knowledge, and are often very injurious to the memory, and the intellectual powers generally; and they can only find reading to be a toil, while they are anxious to spend their little leisure in amusement. It would be contrary to the laws of nature if Mr Brougham were not, and if the generality of readers were, partial to reading.

What we have said is abundantly proved, not only by other testimony, but by Mr Brougham's pamphlet. The learned gentleman's scheme is to form the working classes into "*Book Clubs*, or *Reading Societies*." This scheme, it seems, was carried into effect in Glasgow about twenty-five years ago; although it has been so long in operation there, it appears that not more than one-tenth, or one-fifteenth, of the working classes have associated together for purposes of reading and education. In Edinburgh, the proportion is not greater. In London, about a thousand working men are members of the *Mechanics' Institute*; that is, perhaps, about one in two hundred. In Liverpool, the number of working readers seems to be perhaps one in sixty or eighty. And it does not appear, that in any of the places specified by Mr Brougham, more than one in ten of the working classes can be induced to read. It must be remembered, that a working man must be a member of a reading society many years before he can be said to be educated. He can only, according to Mr Brougham himself, devote six or eight hours in the week to reading;

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and read—not study, and commit in substance to memory—but hastily read between ten and eleven volumes in the year. Of course he cannot read in effect one day in the week, or twenty-six days in the year; and with blunted faculties, and a mind distracted with the cares of life, he must be from fourteen to twenty years in reading that which a young man of uninjured powers, and free from the anxieties of business and labour, will read in a single year. These reading societies, therefore, cannot be like schools or universities, which impart education in a few years. The members must belong to them for life, or reap very little profit from them, and this justifies our calculations.

It is now of importance to know what those members of the working classes are who form these reading societies. Mr Brougham does not profess to make any distinction; he does not say that this portion, or the other, of the people cannot be educated; he asserts, that his scheme will “educate” the *whole* of the working classes. Certain of his coadjutors, indeed, say that it is only practicable to educate the inhabitants of cities and towns; and they thus doom the bulk of the people to eternal ignorance; but here they are opposed to the worthy lawyer. What he says, however, touching the country population, is anything but satisfactory. He speaks of parish, cottage, and itinerant libraries, having been established in England and Scotland amidst the peasantry; but he gives no information in respect of the rank of the readers; and we, therefore, suspect that these consist chiefly of the farmers, the small gentry, and the tradesmen. He evidently cares not a straw—we shall by and by guess at his reasons—for the education of the country people; and his attention is principally directed to that of the people of cities and towns. Now, what are the members of the city and town reading societies? Almost exclusively mechanics. The associations throughout are called Mechanics’ Institutions, or Mechanics’ and Apprentices’ Libraries, or Mechanics’ and Apprentices’ Libraries and Institutes; and their very names, therefore, declare, that labourers are virtually excluded, and have nothing to do with them. It is not said that a single labourer can be found among

the members of any of them; and the education which they profess to give is principally such as can only be useful to the higher classes of mechanics.

It is not necessary for us to prove, that the labourers, and those members of low trades, who, as well as the labourers, are excluded, of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and the other places, where these Mechanics’ Institutions have been established, form the vast overwhelming majority of the working classes. We may say, that they are in proportion to the higher classes of mechanics, as three, four, and five to one. Now Mr Brougham cannot be ignorant of this; he must know, that notwithstanding his boasts, no effective provision has been made in any of these places for educating the mass of the working classes; he must be aware, that, in London, the institution of which he is a member does not number among its “students” a single labourer, notwithstanding the myriads that surround it; that its very name implies that it is not meant for labourers; and that the education which it imparts, is as ill adapted as possible to the needs and comprehension of the labourer. Mr Brougham, we say, cannot possibly be unacquainted with this; and yet, in this pamphlet, which professes to unfold a plan for educating the *whole* of the working classes, he never mentions the labourers and lower artisans of the metropolis and other large places, and he labours to produce the belief that these mechanics’ institutions are educating *all* the working classes.

As Mr Brougham’s scheme of education thus practically leaves full three-fourths of the working classes of large places without any education at all, we will now ascertain which needs education the most—the quarter to which it is given, or the three quarters to which it is denied. The higher classes of mechanics, those whom the learned gentleman’s scheme will *exclusively* educate, are almost wholly the children of decent parents, who have been tolerably well brought up. The better trades require a premium with an apprentice, which none but parents who have a little money can pay; whether premium be, or be not, required, the parents have to supply the apprentice with clothes and pocket-money during his apprenticeship; and a master will rarely take a boy as

an apprentice who has not received such mathematical or other instruction as his trade calls for. In addition, scarcely any one will take a dull, stupid boy, as an apprentice, on any terms. The mechanics in question, therefore, when children, are reasonably well tutored; they are several years at school; and they are selected for the goodness of their parts. When they leave home, they enter the families of respectable masters, who guard their morals, and put many means into their hands for acquiring knowledge. When their apprenticeship expires, they obtain wages, which place them quite above the rest of the working classes. We suppose that the mechanics who belong to the London Institution have all from eighty to two hundred pounds per annum income; the mass of them, taking into account not only wages, but dress, and manner of living, have far better incomes than the mass of our officers, officiating clergymen, clerks, &c. &c. The greater part of them, between the ages of 28 and 40, become masters; get into good society; and are enabled to obtain books, and to resort to any sources of knowledge they please. Those, therefore, whom Mr Brougham will educate, are precisely those members of the working classes who need his assistance the least, and who would be intelligent and good members of society without him and his institutions.

Let us now look at those whom the learned gentleman's scheme excludes—at the labourers and low artizans—in truth, at the great body of the working classes. These are generally the offspring of very poor and ignorant, and often of very profligate parents. While children, they are taught scarcely anything at home, many of them are not put to school at all, and those who are sent thither, are perhaps taken away again as soon as they can stammer through the Reading-made-Easy. They leave home when they are little better than barbarians, to go to masters, who take small care of their morals, and who merely teach them to labour. They have no means of getting into other company than the lowest and the most ignorant; and they continue through life at the bottom of society. They are, therefore, precisely that portion of the working classes who are the most ignorant—whose need of good instruction is the

most urgent; and who are the most destitute of the capacity and means necessary for instructing themselves without assistance.

Now, if Mr Brougham, Dr Birkbeck, and Co. be really anxious for the education of the working classes generally, why do they in London pass by the tens of thousands of coal-heavers, carmen, dustmen, bricklayers, labourers, porters, and servants and labourers of all descriptions, tailors, shoemakers, &c. &c. in order to educate the better mechanics—men who, in comparison, are educated already? Recommendations to read cheap books, and to form themselves into reading clubs, will no more suffice for the former than the latter. Why do not these gentlemen devote their time and their money to the formation in different parts of the metropolis of reading societies among the labourers and lower artizans, as well as to the formation of mechanics' institutions among the higher mechanics? Why do they not specially recommend the formation of such societies in other large places, as well as of such institutions? Why do they give only worthless advice to the labourers, &c. when they give time and money to the mechanics? And why do they in effect proclaim to the world that they are educating the working classes generally by their mechanics' institutions, when they know that these institutions are not educating one-hundredth part of the working classes of the nation, and that they leave the remaining ninety-nine hundredths without taking any effectual means for educating them? We cannot tell; but we can discover that this education-scheme is at present as much a bubble as any scheme that can be found in the money-market.

We will now travel a little farther into Mr Brougham's pamphlet. In arguing that the money and time of the working orders should be economized as much as possible, he recommends the encouragement of cheap publications. He says—

“Lord John Russell, in his excellent and instructive speech upon *parliamentary* reform, delivered in 1822, stated, that an establishment was commenced a few years ago by a number of individuals, with a capital of not less than a million, for the purpose of printing standard works at a cheap rate; and he added that it had been

very much checked by one of those *acts for the suppression of knowledge*, which were passed in 1819, although one of its rules was not to allow the venders of its works to sell any book on the political controversies of the day. *The only part of this plan which appears at all objectionable is the restriction upon politics.*—"Why, then, may not every topic of politics, *party as well as general*, be treated of in cheap publications?"—"The abuses which, through time, have crept into the practice of the constitution—the errors committed in its administration, and the *improvements which a change of circumstances require even in its principles, may most fitly be expounded in the same manner.* And if any man, or set of men, deny the existence of such abuses, see no error in the conduct of those who administer the government, and regard all innovation upon its principles as pernicious, they may propagate their doctrines through the like channel. Cheap works being furnished, the choice of them may be left to the readers."

For the italics contained in this extract, we are accountable; our readers will divine our reasons for employing them.

Mr Brougham's pamphlet is expressly addressed to the working classes and their employers; its subject is that delicate and ticklish one, the education of the people, and still he here lauds a speech in favour of that which was so long the stalking-horse of revolution, and gives his readers to understand that the enactments which the deplorable events of 1819 rendered necessary, were "*acts for the suppression of knowledge.*" So impossible it is for party-bigots to touch any question without tainting it with party-politics. We need not say that his doing this is perfectly gratuitous, and it is not necessary for us to hold it up to the disgust of every honest friend to the education of the people.

We are so far from being hostile to the instruction of the working classes in general politics, that we think it a matter greatly to be desired. We wish from our souls, that every man in the nation would be made acquainted with the principles and working of the constitution, with the points of difference between it and the forms of government of other states, and with public interests generally. Every scheme of

education for adults which shall withhold information on these things will be highly defective: to prove this, we need only point to the pernicious misrepresentations which are daily dealt out to the people respecting them, and which can only be rendered harmless by proper knowledge. We would, however, confine this instruction strictly to general politics. It should consist wholly of naked facts, of accurate description, of things untouched by, and above the reach of, controversy. It should not comprehend a single word belonging to party; it should be instruction, and nothing else.

Our worthy lawyer, however, insists that, to educate the working classes, they must be made acquainted with every topic of party-politics by means of cheap publications. He maintains this by the most wretched reasoning that was ever employed in aid of a doubtful proposition. Our refutation shall be decisive. What is education? To educate a man, we must communicate to him knowledge—we must place before him truths, demonstrations, things that are not controverted—we must treat him as a pupil, and not as a judge. If we fill him with errors and falsehoods, we delude, but we do not educate him. Now, what are party-politics at the best? Controversies, disputes;—when a matter loses its controversial character, it belongs no longer to party-politics. They are the weapons with which bodies of men contend against each other for personal benefit, and they notoriously comprehend a vast portion of gross misrepresentation and falsehood on those points on which it is of the first importance that all men should be correctly informed. Yet, in Mr Brougham's judgment, party-politics, that is, the ignorance and profligacy, the scurrility and untruth, the dangerous schemes and doctrines of our factious writers, are to be crammed down the throats of our ignorant working classes as *education*; to educate the working man, we must put into his hands the writings of such people as Leigh Hunt, Cobbett, and Carlisle, Brougham, Bentham, and Bowring.

Every one knows that party-politics are not new what they were formerly. They no longer leave untouched the constitution, laws, and religion—the institutions and general principles of the country. The questions which

they raise, are, in amount, whether these shall or shall not be altered, reversed, or destroyed. Before the lower orders are instructed—while they are, even according to the admission of Mr Brougham and his friends, in the most deplorable ignorance—they are to have publications put into their hands which will make them furious partizans on questions like these. Our ploughmen, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, &c. after finishing the labours of the day, are to congregate together in the evening to *educate* themselves by deciding, not merely upon public abuses, and the errors of the ministry, but upon the changes necessary to be made in the principles of the constitution. If these changes do not mean revolution, they can have no meaning; the constitution would indeed be a miraculous thing if its principles could be changed without changing its shape and letter. If Mr Brougham be a political authority, the term “unconstitutional,” which is so eternally used by our politicians, ought to be no more heard of: it is commonly employed to point out something that is contrary to the principles of the constitution, and behold! these principles are themselves erroneous. If Mr Brougham be a statesman and a philosopher, those who are grossly ignorant of men and things, who are the most destitute of means of information, who are in the highest degree credulous and passionate, and who comprehend the physical strength of the country, are most fit and proper persons to be employed in taking to pieces and re-casting the laws and constitution. The learned individual does not say that these uneducated and of course ignorant mechanics, are to hear both sides, oh, no! The existence of the abuses, the errors, and the necessity for the changes, he assumes to be free from doubt; if, however, any man, or body of men, deny it, they may oppose to the cheap works that assert it, other cheap works containing their denial, and then—what? “Cheap works being furnished, the choice of them may be left to the readers.” The readers may choose between, but not read both; they may be made partizans, but they must not take measures for ascertaining the truth.

Now, what makes Mr Brougham, one of the most intolerant of men towards those who differ from him, so

excessively liberal as to permit his “students” to choose between the rival cheap works? He knows perfectly well which side they would take. In party-politics one party professes to be the exclusive friend of the working classes; it pretends to watch over their interests, and to fight their battles; it is constantly their sycophant and the slanderer of the upper ranks, and it always represents its opponent to be their enemy. This opponent, though it calls itself the friend of the lower orders, ever stands forward as the defender of the upper ones. In addition to this, the sentiments of the one side are far more palatable to the ignorant than those of the other. This has produced its natural effects. Tory publications have no circulation whatever among the working classes, and they cannot, in the nature of things, obtain any. Mr Brougham is well aware of this; he knows that the lower orders have been separated from, and filled with party-enmity towards, the upper ones; and that it is as certain that they will prefer the Whig and Benthamite cheap works to the Tory ones, as that the Whig will prefer the Morning Chronicle to the Courier, or the Catholic, Cobbett’s Register to John Bull. If evidence of this were necessary, the pamphlet furnishes it. Mr Brougham says of Hume’s History—“It is to be regretted that any edition of this popular work should ever be published without notes, to warn the reader of the author’s partiality when moved by the interest of civil and ecclesiastical controversy, and his careless and fanciful narrative, when occupied with other events.” Now the very man who thus declares that a sober historical work of high reputation, a work relating to past times, not misrepresenting for individual or party benefit, and only exhibiting a comparatively slight tinge of party-colouring, ought not to circulate, even among the educated, without notes to warn the readers of the author’s party-bias—the very man who does this, insists at the same moment that the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews, the Examiner, &c. &c. publications which display all the slander, misrepresentation, and falsehood, that party-spirit is capable of producing, which are very often written to gratify private animosity, and serve

personal and party cupidity, which notoriously emanate from the most furious, unscrupulous, interested, and fanatical party-men, which relate to the present, and which labour to produce political changes of the most sweeping and dangerous character—ought to be put into the hands of the uneducated—of the working classes—without a single note to warn the readers of the party-feelings of their authors. The reason is—Hume's party-bias happens to clash with that of the Edinburgh Reviewers. It is actually astonishing, that any imaginable degree of party-fanaticism could have led such a man as Mr Brougham into an inconsistency so astounding and humiliating as this. Nothing more can be necessary to prove, that if he were not confident that the "students" would reject every Tory publication without exception, he would protest with all his might against their being suffered to read a line of party-politics.

The working classes are now peaceable, but how long are they to continue so? Mr Brougham says, in this very pamphlet, that the present course of things is daily tending to lower wages and profits, and place these classes in opposition to their employers. Most people believe that a crisis is approaching. The principles of free trade, and the free circulation of trade-secrets, machinery, and workmen, must necessarily give the market to those who can sell the cheapest; they must necessarily produce the utmost degree of competition, and the utmost degree of competition must necessarily sink wages and profits, rents not excepted, to the lowest point. The lowest of wages and profits always have been, and, in spite of all the political economists in the world, always will be, attended with pretty general poverty and privation. Competition, poverty, and privation, have the most terrible effects on morals. Within the compass of a few years, the labouring orders have been greatly distressed, at one time by the scarcity of work, and at another by the lowness of wages, although work could be obtained. Now, if they are formed into reading societies, and are to have party-politics served out to them in cheap works, what will they read in the hour of distress? Let the history of

late years answer the question. Mr Brougham, no doubt, imagines that his scheme will fill their hands with the writings of his own party, but he is mistaken. The writers who will go the farthest, always will be, as they have ever been, the favourites of the multitude; and the "people," when they are embarked in party-politics, will ever turn in contempt from Brougham and Place, to read Cobbett and Carlisle. That a man who has lived in this country during the last seven years, should argue, that to educate the working classes, we must put into their hands such cheap works on party-politics as they may choose, is incomprehensible—it is so much so, that it is scarcely possible to avoid suspecting him of being the friend of revolution.

If party-politics were now what they were formerly; if they did not affect the attachment of the people to the political and social system of the country, and merely related to the superiority of one system of policy, or one Ministry, over another; still they would be very improper things to enter into the education of the working classes. Mr Brougham, we think, must know, from personal experience, that they have an irresistible tendency to engender feuds and animosities—to array friend against friend, and connexion against connexion—to blind the understanding and corrupt the heart—to divert the attention from wise and necessary pursuits—and to exercise the most pernicious influence over the fortunes. He admits that the working classes can only spare an hour or two every other day for reading, and he cannot possibly be ignorant, that if they acquire a taste for party-politics, these will engross the hour or two to the exclusion of other subjects. We need not say how this would operate upon the "education of the people."

Political economy has hitherto formed a part of party-politics, and it does this still to a certain degree. In it Mr Brougham asserts the working classes ought to be instructed—we believe to a certain extent in political economy, for it comprehends a number of old stale truths, which were familiar to all men before the name was ever heard of; but we say, that it combines with these truths many falsehoods, that it joins to some sound theory a great deal that is erroneous, and that, as a whole,

it will ruin this empire if reduced to practice by the government.

In addition, the political economists themselves are fiercely at issue, touching some of its leading doctrines. These doctrines bring into question a very large portion of our political system; they strike at some of the main pillars of British society; they seek the destruction of many sentiments and regulations, which in our judgment are essential for binding man to man, and class to class—for cementing together and governing the community. They are in their nature democratic and republican, hostile to aristocracy and monarchy, and they are generally taught by people who virtually confess themselves to be republicans. This is sufficient to convince us, that a large part of political economy is yet anything but knowledge, and that it is therefore unfit to be taught to the working classes. We say nothing against the tuition Mr Brougham mentions respecting population and wages, save that it is useless. The puffs which were lately bestowed on a lecture delivered at Leeds, amused us excessively. The worthy lecturer gravely stated to the working classes, that when work was scarce, wages were bad, when it was plentiful they were good, and that labourers had the best times when there were too few rather than too many in number. This was of course delivered in the jargon of the economists. It may be thought to be a very brilliant discovery by lawyers and newspaper-editors, but we are very sure that every labouring man in Yorkshire was acquainted with it before political economy existed.

We will now look at what Mr Brougham recommends in addition to party-politics and political economy, for the education of the working classes. This is almost wholly *scientific* instruction. In truth this education is generally called by its friends *scientific* education. He is silent touching the books which are read at his institutions, but he informs us that lectures on the following topics have been delivered at them: In London, on Chemistry, Geometry, Hydrostatics, the application of Chemistry to the Arts, Astronomy, and the French Language: In Edinburgh, on Mechanics, Chemistry, Architecture, and Farriery. The Lectures delivered at other places have been of a similar character. This has

no doubt a magnificent appearance on paper. An English labourer not only a statesman, but a chemist, a geometer, an amateur in mechanics, an astronomer, a linguist, and we know not what beside!—Mr Brougham must be the greatest of all conjurors. We are, however, *cui bono* men, and therefore we must have something more than this splendid surface to excite our admiration.

Mr Brougham, we assume, will concede to us, that education should be to the working classes a thing of use rather than ornament—that it is valuable in proportion to its usefulness; and that in it the useful ought to have the greatest, and the merely ornamental the least, share of attention. The education of these classes ought evidently to be divided into two parts—moral and professional. The same moral education will do for all, but the professional education must vary in its character to almost every individual. The moral education must precede, and form the foundation of the professional. Morals form the most precious gift that can be given to the labouring man, whether we look at his own interest or at that of the state. The working classes must be moral, or they will not devote their “hour or two” of leisure to “scientific education.” We, however, here mean the term moral education to include, not only what relates to morals in the more strict sense of the word, but such parts of general instruction as are not scientific. The knowledge which implants good principles of conduct, which details the feelings, habits, and modes of thinking, of the upper ranks, which dissipates ignorance, and gives a general acquaintance with men and things—with the world, which strengthens the reasoning powers, and enlarges the comprehension, and which forms what is understood by the term a sensible, well-informed, respectable man—This is the knowledge of which the working classes stand the most in need; and it must be given them, or scientific education will be to them almost wholly worthless.

Mr Brougham, however, neglects moral education almost altogether. He, indeed, speaks in favour of morals, and says, that they may be taught, but he neither recommends, nor makes any provision for such tuition. Very many of his institutions exclude re-

ligious books altogether; and what he is principally anxious about is, instruction in the physical sciences—in other words, instruction in the mechanical callings of life.

This is a capital error. Mr Brougham and the world call our ploughmen and mechanics ignorant. Why? Although they perhaps do not know a letter of the alphabet, speak in the most barbarous dialect, display the most uncouth manners, and have never been at school, college, or mechanics' institution, they are still, to a certain extent, men of education and science. If they have not been taught at these places, they have been taught in the field and the work-shop. The ploughman, notwithstanding the savage figure which he cuts in the eyes of the townsman, and although he is thought to be little better than a brute, is, in reality, a person of very considerable skill, and knowledge. In his calling there is but little division of labour; he must be able to plough, sow, mow, stack, &c.; he must know the different qualities of soil, and the different modes of cropping; he must be a judge of grain and cattle; he must be acquainted with the management of all kinds of live-stock. If all which the ploughman knows were printed, it would astonish those who are in the habit of laughing at his ignorance; it would comprehend no contemptible portion of several arts and sciences, and it would even display knowledge of which Mr Brougham himself is ignorant. From the division of labour, the mechanic knows far less than the ploughman; but, nevertheless, he is possessed of a great deal of what is in reality knowledge and science.

Why, then, are the ploughmen and mechanics called ignorant? Because they have not drawn their knowledge from schoolmasters and professors—because they know little of books—because their manners and habits are different from those of the people who call themselves so—because they possess little of what is called general knowledge. In reality, a man who is a lawyer, a chemist, an astronomer, or a mathematician, and nothing else, is as ignorant as they are. He is skilled in one kind of knowledge, they in another: their knowledge has perhaps required as much time and capacity for its acquisition as his, and perhaps is quite as useful as his to society.

Unfortunately, what he knows is comprehended in the term education, but what they know is not. Very many of the most learned and scientific of men are, in truth, most ignorant and incapable men, in everything save a single department of learning and science. A sailor seems to landsmen to be the most ignorant, uncouth, and idiotic, of human beings, and yet he possesses a respectable share of what is knowledge and science. The laugh is not all on one side. The ignorance and incapacity of the upper classes are a standing topic of derision with the lower ones. If strict justice were done—if every man in the state had credit given him for the extent and value of the knowledge that he possesses—the most ignorant part of the people would not be found among those whom Mr Brougham seeks to educate.

Now the learned gentleman seeks to educate the working classes, principally in those matters in which they have been educated already. He may carry this education a little farther in respect of theory, but we fear not in respect of practical benefit. Every mechanical, chemical, and other branch of knowledge that can be of use in the practical concerns of life, is already taught them by better teachers than he can supply. We will ever back the master and the workshop against the lecturer and the mechanics' institution, for communicating practical knowledge. In his system he has discovered that which the whole world has hitherto declared could never be discovered, viz. a Royal road to science. Thus, in teaching the working classes geometry—"enough will be accomplished if they are made to perceive the nature of geometrical investigation, and learn the leading properties of figure." We need not ask the man who is acquainted with geometry, what kind of a geometrician that labouring man would make who should be thus taught. Every boy receives a much greater share of instruction in geometry than this, even at a village school, who is intended for a calling in which a knowledge of it is necessary. Algebra, mechanics, &c. &c. are all to be taught in the same expeditious manner; they are to be taught, too, by books, and with little or no aid from schoolmasters.

What will those who are acquainted with these dry and abstruse sciences

—who know how much time and intellect is necessary for mastering them even when assisted by youthful faculties, an unembarrassed mind, and a good tutor—and who are aware that a mere smattering of them is almost wholly useless with regard to their application, say to this? They will call it miserable quackery. It is scarcely possible to make the mass of men masters of arithmetic after they pass twenty or twenty five; and the adult who can only devote an hour or two every other day to reading, who can barely read eight or ten volumes a-year, and who is at the same time dabbling in various kinds of reading, and various arts and sciences, will be about as good a geometrician or algebraist after, as before, receiving Mr Brougham's education.

But the learned gentleman's grand engines of education, are lectures. To those who are already well instructed in an art or a science, a lecture on it is of great service. It is a detail of what has been already comprehended, and it recalls it to, or imprints it more deeply on, the memory. But lectures are almost wholly useless for teaching working men, for the first time, the arts and sciences. To such men, a large part of the language, from the technical terms, must be incomprehensible, and this and the nature of the subject renders it impossible for it to be remembered. Where is the memory which will retain any portion worth mentioning of a course of lectures on a strange subject, for three months after its delivery? Even when a lecture bears upon the calling of a mechanic, he will derive no great benefit from it; it will bear upon the theory rather than the practice of his calling, therefore it will supply little or nothing that can be kept in the memory by daily use. But those whose callings are not at all, or very indirectly, connected with it, will forget the whole a week after hearing it. Every educated man knows, that not only full tuition, but the frequent use or study of any branch of knowledge,

is essential for keeping it in the memory; and that the mass of labourers may hear a course of lectures on any art or science every year of their lives, and still be unacquainted with it.

When it is remembered that a mechanic must have a very considerable share of previous instruction in an art or a science, and either a strong personal interest in it, arising from his occupation, or a decided natural predilection for it, to relish and profit by lectures upon it, it will be seen that the lectures which have been delivered at the different Mechanics' Institutions must have been perfectly worthless to the overwhelming mass of the mechanics in regard to useful and lasting instruction. When it is remembered how much patient study is necessary for acquiring a competent knowledge of any single art or science, and how little leisure the mechanics have for purposes of instruction, it will be seen that Mr Brougham's momentary tuition, imperfect treatises, and superficial lectures, will do scarcely anything towards giving the mechanics a scientific education. As to the labourers and lower artisans, it is clear that they are intentionally passed by; not a single lecture is given that is not evidently above their comprehension and foreign to their needs.

The learned gentleman, notwithstanding, in substance asserts, that, by his scheme, the working classes, not the higher mechanics only, but the labourers and lower artisans as well, will be, not merely "half-informed," but "well educated, and even well versed in the most elevated sciences"! This is the age of quacks, and really this outstrips Dr Eady. If any farther refutation be necessary, Mr Brougham himself shall furnish it. He says that the higher classes, to deserve "being called the *bettors*" of the lower ones, must now "devote themselves more to the pursuit of solid and refined learning; the present public seminaries must be enlarged; and some of the greater cities of the kingdom, especially the metropolis,* must not be left

* A scheme has been put forth for forming a University in London, against which we trust every friend to his country, and the sound and proper education of his countrymen, will array himself. If new Universities be wanted, let them be formed, but let them be formed in places remote from the din and frenzy of party-politics. In this political country, the students of a London University would be eternally assailed by the seductions of party-prints and party-leaders; they would be comparatively

destitute of the regular means within themselves of scientific education." Now the higher classes, if they cannot be accommodated at the public seminaries, or lack the funds for entering them, still possess infinitely better means of acquiring education than the lower ones, notwithstanding the Mechanics' Institutions and other contrivances of Messrs Brougham and Co. They receive a far better elementary education, possess far more leisure, have at their command far better libraries, can obtain the best books of instruction, and the most able teachers, and mix in the most intelligent society, which is one of the most efficient instruments of education. When this is the case, why is it necessary for the existing public seminaries to be enlarged, and new ones to be formed, to prevent the higher orders from being surpassed in learning by the lower ones? If the working classes can be thus miraculously educated by reading an hour or two every other day, skimming over eight or ten volumes per annum, and hearing an occasional course of lectures, how does it happen that the higher classes can only be educated by the old, long, laborious, and costly mode of education? Are the former blessed with a prodigiously greater share of intellect than the latter? No! Then here is Mr Brougham himself demolishing, according to his wonted custom, his own pamphlet.

Now those parts of education which the working classes in general need the most, and which are the farthest from their reach, he virtually rejects. We say virtually rejects, because, although he speaks of general reading, he lays his whole stress upon party politics, political economy, and the arts and sciences. These are to be taught the first; these are to be taught whatever may remain untaught. No lectures are delivered, and scarcely any are recommended which illustrate human nature, the differences between man and man, and nation and nation, the principles of society, the duties of individuals and communities, &c. &c., although such lectures would come home to the breasts of all, would bear powerfully on the interests of all, would tend greatly to enlarge the understanding and produce good conduct, and would in substance be far more capable of comprehension and retention than scientific ones. If the labouring orders are to become even smatterers only in "the most elevated sciences," they must devote to these their hour or two every other day for their whole lives; they must not look at any other knowledge; the days of miracles have ceased, and they must either acquire only a very little of science, or no other instruction at all.

Now comes the *cui bono*. If the working classes were well versed in party-politics, political economy, and

free from discipline, and they would always be among the most violent in political convulsions. At present the sons of all the better classes—of middling and wealthy commoners, tradesmen and merchants, as well as of country gentlemen of good blood, and Peers, are educated promiscuously and harmoniously together at our Universities. We need not dwell on the advantages of this. If one of the English Universities be more Whiggish than the other, this forms a division of party only, and not of class. But a London University would be scorned by the Aristocracy; it would belong wholly to the democracy, and it would, particularly if Brougham and Co. had any share in its formation, be the rival of the others in politics and religion too. Party-enmity towards the aristocracy, and the worst principles in respect of both politics and religion, would assuredly pervade it. We are very certain, that the education-mongers of the day would never dream of a London University if they did not mean it to be a political engine; in truth, the *Poet* who has put forth the plan, states that it ought to teach "liberal opinions." In regard to the expense of the existing Universities, could no regulations be formed for reducing it? When we see that the London students are to be boarded at home, and must necessarily be exposed to the gaming, beautiful women, costly entertainments, &c. of the metropolis, we are pretty sure that a London University would in the upshot be not less expensive than those of Oxford and Cambridge. Besides, every father—even the decent country farmer—wishes his son to be educated from home if possible. This is desirable on the score of due control, the eradication of injurious prejudices and habits, the acquisition of a better knowledge of the world, &c., as well as on that of family harmony.

If the Aristocracy be blind to the object of the education-men, woe to it!

the most elevated sciences, where would be the benefit? The two former would only encroach on their time to do the most grievous injuries to themselves and their country. He is the best and the wisest politician who keeps himself apart from party-politics, and who acts, not upon the romantic theories of men of the closet, but upon experience and the peculiar and distinct relations and circumstances of every subject that comes before him. The higher classes can manage public affairs much more beneficially without than with the lower ones. What would the latter gain if even they could become well versed in the most elevated sciences? To the mass forty-nine fiftieths of their knowledge would never leave them the least benefit of any kind; and it would encroach on their time, injure their industry, and disgust them with their avocations. Without the moral education of which we have spoken, the education that Mr Brougham recommends, would be upon the whole useless, and very often far worse than useless, while it would in itself, and without that of the learned gentleman, be highly beneficial.

One of the means recommended by Mr Brougham, is of so pernicious a character that we must not pass it without reprehension. He says, "There are many occupations in which a number of persons work in the same room; and unless there be something noisy in the work, one may always read while the others are employed. If there are twenty-four men together, this arrangement would only require each man to work one extra day in four weeks, supposing the reading to go on the whole day, which it would not; but a boy or a girl might be engaged to perform the task, at an expense so trifling as not to be felt."

We believe that there is not a master in the kingdom who would suffer his workmen to do this; if, however, there be such a one, we are sure that his suffering it would speedily bring him into the Gazette. A workman to do his work well, and a sufficiency of it, must devote to it, not only his hands, but his whole attention. If his ears and thoughts were directed to the book, instead of earning his wages, he would be a nuisance. A master finds it imperiously necessary both to keep everything from his men that might divert their attention from their

work, and to use stimulants to get this work properly performed. If popular education is thus to be made the parent of idleness and bad workmanship, it will soon be left without friends.

We proceed to a most important part of Mr Brougham's scheme. He states, "In forming these institutions, it is a fundamental principle to make the expenses be mainly defrayed by the mechanics themselves; it is another principle, in my opinion, equally essential, that they should have the principal share in the management."—"I have said that the independence of these undertakings, as well as their success, is to be considered. I really should be disposed to view any advantage in point of knowledge gained by the body of the people, as somewhat equivocal, or at least as much alloyed with evil, if purchased by the increase of their dependence upon their superiors." In conformity with this, he recommends that the committee of management shall be chosen by the whole of the "students," and shall consist of at least two-thirds working men. He thus gives the decision on every matter wholly to the working classes. We say nothing against the "fundamental principle," but the "principle of independence" deserves the utmost reprobation.

The chief duty which the committees of management have to perform, is to select the books and the lecturers. Well, the mass of the mechanics are grossly ignorant; they are assembled together to be educated; they know nothing of books, or the character of lecturers; very bad political and religious opinions notoriously prevail among them to an alarming extent; every one knows that a profusion of most pernicious publications would incessantly court their attention; party-politics are to form a part of their education; and yet they are to have the choice of their reading. The committee is to be voted for by the whole, so that it is scarcely possible for a well-educated, respectable man, to be chosen a member; and, at the best, such men can never form more than the contemptible minority. If, therefore, the mechanics think good to choose the most useless and pernicious works—if they think proper to have the writings of Bentham, Carline, Paine, Cobbett, &c., nothing is to exist to prevent them. Let any one recall to mind

what the working classes read a few years ago ; let him ascertain what they now read ; let him figure to himself what they will assuredly read in times of distress ; and then he will know what opinion to form on this matter. If the upper classes will give their time and money to establish reading societies like these, they will richly deserve all the calamities which it will surely bring upon them.

Mr Brougham asserts, that no evils have arisen from this plan in London and Glasgow, where it has been tried. In regard to London, the one-third of the committee, not mechanics, is composed of himself, Dr Birkbeck, &c. ; of men, who, from their reputation, rank, or loans to the institution, have the management as exclusively in their hands, as though they constituted the whole committee. They are men, too, who, it may be fairly supposed, would not admit any books whatever. But in no other place would the educated members of the committee obtain any such influence. In regard to Glasgow, he gives nothing but his assertion. He states that no books are excluded, save those on theology. Now we remember, that five years ago, the working classes of Glasgow were in a state of open rebellion ; they were among the worst-principled men in the nation, although the Mechanics' Institution had existed among them twenty years. In the last twelve months, they have proved themselves to be as low as any other part of the population, in regard to correct knowledge and principles. We do not know that this is to be ascribed, in any degree, to the faulty regulations of the Institution, but it certainly proves, that the Institution has had no effect whatever in giving education to the working classes as a whole. The Mechanics' Institutions, which are now forming, must yield better fruits than the Glasgow one has done, or they will be, at the best, perfectly worthless, touching the great end of education.

That a power should be vested in a certain number of the masters, and other members of the better classes, to exclude all improper publications from the Institutions, is unquestionable ; and that such a power would conduce greatly to the benefit of the mechanics themselves, and would interfere in no degree with their just independence, is alike unquestionable. To form the

people into bodies for purposes of reading, and to give them the exclusive power of selecting their books, when it is known that they are grossly ignorant—that their principles are, to a great extent, very questionable—and that the press constantly teems, more or less, with seditious and infidel publications—with publications striving to array the lower classes against the upper ones, and to dissolve society, would be, in fact, to prepare the most efficient scheme of national ruin that has ever yet been devised, prolific as latter times have been in such schemes. That such a scheme should have been put forth by a senator, by one who is called a statesman, and who aspires to become one of the leading rulers of this nation—and that it should be applauded by a portion of the upper ranks, shows, alas ! that education is most deplorably needed in other quarters than among the working classes.

Considering the object of this pamphlet, and the character of those to whom it is especially addressed, a spirit pervades it of the most reprehensible description. The party-fanatic peeps forth in almost every page. The author assumes the mask of the plebeian, scatters around him sneers against the upper orders, covers them with jealousy, and does quite sufficient to convince the labouring ones that they ought not to be listened to, or trusted. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to divest ourselves of the belief, that one of the main objects of the pamphlet is, to divide, and sow discord between servant and master—the lower ranks and the higher ones. In one part Mr Brougham makes a fierce attack upon almost every description of charitable institutions, and calls upon their supporters to abandon them, and give their money to his reading and debating clubs. His call will, we trust, be scorned as it deserves. These shallow visionaries, who call themselves political economists, thus eternally labour to harden the heart, destroy sympathy between man and man, and crush that spirit of benevolence, charity, and generosity, which forms so glorious and beneficial a part of the English character. This character, which has so long formed so proud and resplendent an example to the rest of the world, is to be beaten down into a vile and stinking compound of party-politics and the love of

money—of demagogue and pedlar's fraud and stony-heartedness. We say, and we know its truth from personal observation, that the mass of their charges against charitable institutions, and more especially against the poor-laws, is false. The Englishman, however, is a creature of passion, and although they may be able to give him the heart of a monster, they will not be able to give him one of marble. In another part, the learned lawyer introduces some wretched and hackneyed stuff respecting tyrants, bigots, intolerance, and superstition. No one but the bigotted and intolerant slave of party would have ever dreamt of using it in an address to the working classes and their employers on education.

Upon the whole, the summary of Mr Brougham's scheme is as follows :

It makes no effectual provision for the education of the village population, and its author evidently feels no solicitude for such education.

It makes, in effect, no provision whatever for the education of the labourers and lower artisans of cities and towns, and it only supplies education to the higher of the mechanics—to that part of the working classes which has the least need of it.

When all the institutions are formed which it is calculated to form, not more than twelve or fourteen thousand members will belong to them in all Great Britain. These must belong to them for life to be imperfectly educated, and, of course, the mass of the working classes must still be without education.

The education which it will give to the contemptible few will be confined almost exclusively to party-politics, political economy, and the arts and sciences. If they devote every moment of their leisure to these for life, they will become only imperfectly acquainted with them, consequently they will have no time to bestow on the acquisition of other kinds of knowledge.

A large portion of this education will assuredly be highly injurious to the mechanics, and the remainder will as assuredly be utterly useless to the vast mass of them. They will scarcely acquire any of that knowledge which they need the most, and which would yield them great benefits. It does not appear that the working classes of Glasgow, as a whole, possess more scientific knowledge, after twenty-five

years' tuition, than those of other places ; but it does appear that there are yet among them some of the most ignorant and worst-principled of the British people.

The scheme, according to reason and experience, is calculated to take the working classes from the guidance of their superiors, and place them under that of literary traitors ; to give a stimulus to those abominable publications which have so long abounded, and fill the hands of the mechanics with them ; to make these mechanics the corrupters and petty demagogues of the working orders generally ; to dissolve the bonds between the poor and the rich, create insubordination, and foment those animosities which unfortunately prevail so much already between servants and masters ; to give to times of national trouble and distress the most terrible consequences ; to injure industry, good workmanship, and morals ; to make the mechanics, who, to a great extent, hold in their hands the elective franchise, in almost all open places save counties, the slaves of the worst kind of faction ; and to bring the most grievous evils upon the working classes themselves, as well as upon their superiors.

The scheme, from its perfect indifference to the education of all the labourers save those who possess, or are likely to possess, political influence, and from the bitter party-spirit which pervades it, has manifestly been got up for party-purposes principally.

Such is Mr Brougham's scheme for the education of the working classes. We will now suggest some of the alterations and additions which are imperiously necessary for rendering it worthy of the least countenance.

In the first place, exclude, as we have already said, all leading party-men, no matter whether Tory, Whig, Burdettite, or Benthamite, from all share in the formation and management of the reading societies. Such men should be suffered to do nothing whatever beyond subscribing their money. Education is not a party-matter ; it has nothing to do with party, and it cannot be touched by party-leaders without ceasing to be education—without being transformed into a national plague. Of course, Messieurs Brougham, Burdett, Place, &c. and even the Marquis of Lansdowne, must be dismissed.

Mr Brougham intimates that this pamphlet forms a portion of a larger work which he is preparing on Education. If this work exhibits as much erring theory, imperfect detail, fallacious assumption, bad party-spirit, pernicious doctrine, unphilosophical reasoning, and unstatesmanlike policy, as the portion before us exhibits, we will tell him that it will neither add to his reputation, nor benefit his country.

In the second place, take effectual measures for educating the working classes generally—the labourers, &c. as well as the mechanics. The publication of cheap works, and recommendations to form themselves into reading societies, will not suffice for the labourers. Their betters must be as active in forming societies among them, as in forming mechanic institutions among the mechanics.

In the third place, adapt the education to the needs and occupation of the individual. As the working orders have already received a sufficiency of mechanical and scientific education for the exercise of their respective callings, begin with the moral education—with that of which they are nearly destitute, and which will yield them the greatest benefits. Care must be taken to make their reading at the commencement blend as much amusement as possible with its instruction. General History, Biography, Poetry, selections from the Essayists, the descriptive parts of Astronomy, Geography, Natural History—all works of instruction that form interesting narrative, or curious description, should have the preference. We think that even to those who move in good society, novels yield much more than amusement; but we know that to those who are confined to the lowest society, novels are most instructive. They have a fascination which no other books possess; they give a taste for reading when all other books fail; they make the bad reader a good one, enable him to understand good composition, purify his taste, implant good feelings, fire the ambition, and convey far more knowledge of the principles, manners, regulations, habits, and character of good society, than any books whatever. The mass of the lower orders are bad readers, and understand very imperfectly the language of books, and we would put no-

vels—of course good novels—into their hands, if for no other purpose, than to give them a taste for reading, to enable them to read well, and to understand books of more importance. Our readers will understand what books we would recommend when we say that they should be such as are necessary for rendering men intelligent, well-principled, moral, and respectable.

We think it to be quite as necessary for the female part of the lower orders to be educated as the male portion. The female is a most important agent in every class of society, but more especially in the humble ones. Female modesty and virtue form one of the main pillars of morals, and one of the chief sources of human happiness. The wife of the poor man has, not only his peace and the chief management of his income, but the care and instruction of his children in her hands; and the interests of these children alone render it essential that she should be capable of imparting to them good moral and religious principles, and good habits and manners, both by tuition and example. The love of reading is, we think, more general among women than men. As much care should therefore be taken to supply the one sex with books, as the other. The wife would very often read when the husband would not; she would read to him, or communicate the substance of what she read in conversation, and he would thus receive much instruction which he could acquire by no other means.

In the fourth place, when the working classes have received due moral instruction, then and not before give them such additional mechanical and scientific instruction as they may need. Do away with the showy lectures which are worthless to the mass of them, and instead, class the “students,” and let each class have a proper tutor. Let those to whom chemistry is useful, have a chemical tutor, those to whom mechanics is useful, have a tutor in mechanics, those to whom geometry is useful, have a tutor in geometry, and so on; but let every class be restricted from dabbling in various arts and sciences, and confine it to that one in which it needs instruction. Lectures may be given on Moral Philosophy, Political Philo-

sophy, Astronomy, &c. but only on such subjects as are interesting in nearly an equal degree to *all*.

In the fifth place, let the working men subscribe, let them vote for the committee, let them even constitute two-thirds of the committee, but by all means, let a power be vested in proper hands to keep from them all improper books. Without this, popular education will only be a public curse. If an impartial newspaper can be found, let it be taken, but exclude all the cheap party publications that Mr Brougham recommends.

Generally speaking, these things

must be kept constantly in sight, and to them education, in every point, must be made subservient—the protection and promotion of industry, subordination, and harmony, between the higher and the lower ranks—and the inculcation of sound and beneficial principles of general conduct.

After all, let no one believe the predictions of Mr Brougham and his friends, or be too sanguine as to the results. General information requires as much intellect, leisure, and toil, for its acquisition, as it ever did; and human nature remains unchanged.

FREE TRADE.

We who look, not at men, but at principles and institutions, and who have a mortal dislike to sweeping alterations in either, may be pardoned if we examine the change which our commercial system is undergoing, instead of joining in the laudations which are heaped upon it from all quarters. We should not care to make it the subject of any observations, but we see that it is made the source of much delusion, and that attempts are making to render it the lever for again hurling the agriculturists into ruin.

Perhaps at no former period did this great empire possess so abundant a share of prosperity as at present. Every interest is flourishing. The manufacturer is glutted with orders, the merchant is loaded with business, the ship-owner is making large profits, the shop of the tradesman is full of customers, the farmer is beginning to thrive, and the labourer, generally speaking, is fully employed at good wages. That man has not a drop of British blood in his bosom, who can contemplate this without the throb of joy; and who can witness attempts to tamper with it, to make it the subject of experiment, to cut, twist, disjoint, and disorganise it in order to saddle it with untested theories, without dislike and apprehension. We are a strange people; the only things that we seem to have a deadly aversion to, are content and enjoyment.

In the reduction of duties, not protecting ones, and to the abolition of all formalities and restrictions, not necessary for protection, we are undoubtedly as friendly as any man in the

kingdom. We offer Ministers the warmest praise for what they have done in these matters. Duties of revenue never formed any part of what is called the restrictive system, and they were never considered by any one, save perhaps a few overgrown traders, whom they rendered to a certain degree monopolists, as anything but necessary evils. It ought not to be needful for us to say this, but this reduction and abolition—things which were always as palatable to the friends of the restrictive system as to other people—are trumpeted forth as portions of a *new* system, directly the reverse in all points of the old one. This we think does much mischief. It confounds things, which in their nature are perfectly distinct; it prevents the country at large from perceiving where the *new* system begins and ends, and it leads the mass of men to believe that, because the part of what is done which they understand, is clearly wise and necessary, the part which they do not understand, is equally so.

The restrictive system, as it has lately existed, may be thus given in the words of Adam Smith.

“Restraints upon the importation of such foreign goods for home-consumption, as could be produced at home, from whatever country they were imported.”

“These different restraints consisted sometimes in high duties, and sometimes in absolute prohibitions.”

The new system, although it differs greatly from that which Smith recommended, and although it departs in a

much smaller degree from the old one than many people imagine, professes to give freedom to trade, to admit all foreign goods, and to place the foreign producer, all things considered, on a level with the English one in the English market.

The old system up to the present times was always supported by all practical men, by all Ministers, by all whose interests it peculiarly affected—by all who wished to promote the trade and prosperity of the country. Under it the country rose to an unprecedented height of wealth, greatness, and grandeur. It is yet supported by all practical men, for every interest sets its face against the new one, when it is threatened to be placed under it. Now this system may most certainly have been a false one, but if it have, it is the most astonishing and incomprehensible thing in the world, that it should have seemed to be the most wise and beneficial one for centuries to all experienced and able men—to all who had a mighty personal interest in its reversal. Active, enterprising, calculating men are not generally stone-blind for so long a period to their own profit. It may have been a pernicious one, and the country may have risen to its present state, as it is said, in spite of it, but if this be correct, it is amazing that the country has been able to struggle through so many appalling difficulties to such greatness. It may have been injurious to trade, but if it have, it is wonderful that our traders have to be actually forced from it, into one of benefit and riches. This we own, bewilders us; the more especially as we hate paradox, as we think that the right will generally appear to be the right, and as we believe that the wrong will always be proved to be the wrong, by a much shorter period of experiment than several ages. If this system had led to the loss or great injury of our trade, we should have known how to deal with it; but when we glance at the prosperity of trade, we are really at a loss how to decide. The jokes and laughter, therefore, which were lately bestowed upon it in Parliament, gave us little pleasure. We thought that some who joked, and many who laughed, had never proved themselves to be much wiser than their ancestors; and that as it had so long

been united with the habits and affections of the country, it might, if unworthy to live, have been put to death with due decency and solemnity. We believed that as it was the offspring of those who bequeathed to us the most magnificent inheritance that nation ever possessed, and as it had produced no great number of irremediable calamities, it might have been consigned to the tomb, without any derision being cast on the folly and ignorance of its parents.

It has long been a dreadfully puzzling problem to the political economists, how to make two nations that produce almost exactly the same commodities trade with each other—or, to make the matter more intelligible, how to make two farmers buy and consume each other's corn. They have had no trouble with states that produce dissimilar articles—the farmer and the woollen-manufacturer, or the shoemaker and the tailor, are always ready enough to buy and sell with each other. Far be it from us to say that the matter presents no difficulties. Smith, who was a man of sense, depth, and honesty, and who could not sit down to write gross absurdities, handles it in the only way in which we apprehend it can be handled successfully. He advises that there shall be no prohibitions, that there shall be no protecting duties beyond what may be sufficient to tax the foreign producer of an article equally with the home producer of it; and that as these countries will produce various articles, each ought to discontinue the production of such as the other can produce at a cheaper rate. To put the matter in a clearer light, two farmers both produce wheat, beans, barley and oats; but the one can produce wheat and beans, and the other barley and oats, cheaper than the other. The wheat and bean man, therefore, is to discontinue the growth of barley and oats, and the barley and oat man that of wheat and beans, and then they can trade together. So we can manufacture wool at a cheaper rate than another nation, and the other nation can manufacture silk at a cheaper rate than ourselves; we, therefore, are to abandon the manufacture of silk, and the other nation that of wool. This scheme is intelligible and practicable, but it certainly did not

require the skill of a conjuror to devise it.

Two great objects with Smith were the destruction of monopolies, and the establishment of the greatest degree of general cheapness. Now, it is manifest, that if this scheme were generally carried into effect, it would place almost everything under a close and gigantic monopoly, and keep prices nearly at the maximum. Instead of producing and protecting competition, it would destroy it. If it were to be established at this moment, what would be the consequence? We should ruin and root up the chief manufactures of most other countries. For a moment, while we were doing this, there would be competition and cheap selling; and then, having a prodigious market before us, and no competitor, we should demand monopoly prices. If this should produce attempts to re-establish the ruined manufactures abroad, our manufacturers would lower their prices, destroy their infant rivals, and then again charge in a way becoming monopolists. It is notoriously among the tactics of traders to sell at a prodigious loss, to ruin their rivals, if they see a possibility of doing it; and in this case they might accomplish it, and still get a profit. So, if the corn-market were thrown open, the foreign growers would at once ruin the English ones: this would make bread cheap for a moment, and then render it past buying. If high prices caused the English farmers again to cultivate, they would be again ruined.

To prevent monopoly among individuals, there must be a number of producers of the same article; they must be placed on an equality; they must be able to bring their article to market at the same price; and they must produce what will fully equal the demand. If one can undersell all the rest, he ruins them; he then produces less than they all produced united; he keeps the supply short, and he charges what he pleases. If his neighbours see that he makes enormous profits when he has the market to himself, still no one will dare to commence against him, if he possess the ability to undersell, from being able to produce cheaper than any one beside. It is so with nations. Now, almost every nation has certain articles which it can sell cheaper than all other nations, but it is a mighty fallacy to suppose,

that if all other nations were to abandon the production of these articles, and were to make this one the sole producer, the monopolist of them, they would be enabled to get them the cheaper. If we give a monopoly to our own manufacturers, we may have to pay more for an article than another country would charge; and yet it is pretty certain, that, if we gave the monopoly to that country, we should have to pay still more than we pay at present.

If we give a monopoly to our own traders, we give it to a multitude of rival individuals, who enter into active competition, and who keep the market abundantly supplied; but if we give it to a nation, there is comparatively no competition, and the demand can scarcely be satisfied. If we can undersell the continental producers of cotton goods, it by no means follows, that the continent would be more cheaply supplied with such goods, if resigned wholly to our manufacturers.

If this scheme had been constantly acted upon, we, from other nations having got the start of us, should hardly have had any manufactures. Nothing but the restrictive system could have planted and brought them to maturity among us. We should have had little to export save agricultural produce; we should have had little commerce; and we should have been among the least of the nations, not in one thing, but in everything.

We therefore can see no weight in the argument, that, in granting a monopoly to our manufacturers, we necessarily have to pay higher prices than we otherwise should, and divert labour and capital from the most profitable mode of employment. Even admitting that a nation could import certain articles at a much lower price than it can manufacture them at, still it may be most wise in that nation to continue the manufacture. It may be most wise in an individual to sink a large sum annually for a term, in order to obtain a great return afterwards. Many men pay a large part of their incomes, for their whole lives, to Insurance Companies, to secure a certain sum for their children; and this is not thought folly. A land-proprietor sometimes takes land which leaves him a certain rent, expends an enormous capital in planting it, and then has it

on his hands for many years before it will produce a shilling, and yet this is, perhaps, the most profitable mode that he could adopt. For many years after this nation began to manufacture, the people had to pay much higher prices for manufactures than they could have imported them at, and yet who will say that the money, thus sacrificed, has not been returned pound for farthing. In regard to drawing labour and capital from the most profitable mode of employment, that may be for a time the most unprofitable mode, which may be afterwards the most profitable one. The history of our manufactures abundantly proves this. To assume that if labour and capital be driven from one mode of employment, they can find employment in another, is to assume that there can be no limit to the employment of both; and this is clearly refuted by our present condition, regarding Britain and Ireland as a whole. We cannot produce corn so cheaply as other countries, and, of course, we ought to discontinue, to a certain extent at least, the production of corn. This would throw a vast mass of agricultural capital and labour out of employment. Well, but the foreign corn would take a large additional quantity of manufactures out of the market. If it did, the manufacturers have already sufficient capital among them to meet the additional demand. There would therefore be no room for that of the farmers; and one-tenth of the labourers, thus thrown out of employment by the aid of machinery, would perform the additional labour. When we look at this, we doubt much whether any additional demand worth speaking of would be created for manufactures, from the injury that the home-market would sustain.

An immense mass of vituperation is heaped on other nations, because they follow the restrictive system, and will consume dear goods of their own rather than our cheap ones. This is mighty foolish. They raise by it the expenditure, but then they likewise raise, in a greater degree, the income, by increasing the value of, and the demand for, labour. If they incurred an immense loss by it, it would still be a loss incurred for the sake of adequate eventual profit. These nations are already entering upon their harvest; they are acquiring capital, and in se-

veral articles of manufacture competing with us in both quality and price. Can any one prove that they could have done this without the restrictive system, that this system in the end will not enable them to rival us in almost everything, and that they have not acted in the wisest manner so far as regards themselves?

The system would be less erroneous if an equality in national benefit existed among the cheap articles of different nations—that is, if the corn of Poland were as generally valuable to Poland, as the manufactures of Britain are to Britain. This is not the case, and if the system were followed, the peculiar articles of one state would enrich it, and those of another would keep it eternally poor.

We of course see great reason to think, that if Smith's system were adopted, it would put most principal commodities under national monopoly, that instead of promoting production and consumption, it would greatly injure them, and that instead of producing general cheapness, it would produce general dearth. Yet this is the system which the economists of the day zealously recommend as the only one for destroying monopoly, promoting production and consumption, and producing cheapness. We see much reason to believe that if the restrictive system were destroyed, the cheap producer would become a dear one, that although it forces production, it keeps the market far more plentifully supplied than it otherwise would be, that it in reality causes a great deal of present competition which would not exist without it, that it forms the chief source from which effectual competition for the future must arise, and that although it produces much comparative dearth, it produces a vast portion of real general cheapness. This, however, is the system which the economists execrate for producing monopoly and high prices.

We have in substance said, that to produce full and lasting competition in the market of the world, the same articles must be produced by more than one nation, and the competitors must be enabled to come to market on exactly the same terms. If there be but one producer, there can be no competition, and there will be no full supply; if one competitor can ruin the others, that competitor becomes the sole pro-

ducer and the monopolist. Upon this our *new* system seems to be founded, and of course it differs very widely from that of Smith, although its authors use his language. Prohibition and favouritism are abolished; and protecting duties are laid on the most foreign commodities, varying in their amount on almost every article, to place, as it is said, the foreigner and the Englishman on about the same footing in the market. Without this equality, it is evident that the one must keep the other out of it. Two grocers, to maintain lasting and regular competition, must be enabled to sell at the same price.

Many of those who hugely laud this new liberal system, as it is called, certainly utter some very odd nonsense respecting it. In the very same breath in which they panegyricize it, they declare that the capital and industry of England will still monopolize the market; or, in other words, they say that to change an old law for a new one that will have exactly the same operation, will be amazingly beneficial. Now, to substitute one prohibition for another, cannot, we think, add anything to the freedom of trade worth rejoicing over. Much praise is lavished on the reduction of a protecting duty from eighty to thirty-five per cent, although it is by no means clear that thirty-five will not operate now as eighty did formerly. It is, however, due to the authors of this system to state, that they say it will bring foreign manufactures into the market, and we are bound to believe them. In truth, if it do not, in what will it differ in effect from the old one? If it do not, how can foreign nations, as they say, bring us their manufactures, and take ours in exchange? If they have not abolished, not only prohibition, but partiality, they will produce a competition that will have no solid foundation—that will fall to the dust as often as it is raised—that will be one of fits and starts, and gluts and ruin. Their system will still be one of restrictions; it will be a continuation of the old one in everything save in being far more mischievous. We must therefore assume that it will keep the foreigner constantly in the market as the efficient competitor of the Englishman.

Every tongue is actively employed in abusing monopoly, and crying up competition. Now close monopoly is pernicious enough, but the extreme of

competition is far more so. If this extreme be only found in a few articles it appears to be beneficial, but why? It does not affect general income, while it diminishes in a small degree general expenditure. But if it prevail generally, it strikes not only at general prices, but at general income. It sinks not only the market, but wages and profits to the lowest figure. It is a prolific source of fraud and bankruptcy; it dissipates capital and throws labour out of employment—it is a public curse. The extreme of general cheapness must ever produce the extreme of general poverty, when it flows from the extreme of competition. If in one nation everything were placed under a monopoly, and in another everything were constantly exposed to excessive competition, the former would thrive, while the latter would sink into ruin.

The political economists, who certainly fall into far more inconsistencies than might be wished, while they declaim so unmercifully against monopoly and restriction, and eulogize competition so lavishly, yet admit that wages and profits must be reasonably good, or public wealth cannot be accumulated. As excessive competition is the destroyer of both, this is in effect saying that it ought not to exist. Smith says that a nation should endeavour to buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible. This is exceedingly true; and it evidently shows that he thought it would be a very bad system for a nation to endeavour to sell, as well as buy, as cheaply as possible. Now, how can Smith's advice be complied with? The nation must create competition as far as possible in what it buys, and it must destroy competition and make itself a monopolist as far as possible in what it sells. We know of no other method. This was the method of our fathers; it constituted the soul of the restrictive system.

Our producers generally have had a monopoly of the home-market, but how has it operated? Utterly unlike the monopoly of an individual or a company. Every trade has been in the hands of a number of unconnected rival individuals who have constantly kept competition at its proper height, and who have very often pushed it much higher. At all times these individuals have laboured to produce in the most economical manner, they have rarely got more than fair profits, and they

have frequently cut against, until they ruined, each other by cheap selling. What are called bad times, flow in reality from excessive competition. The demand for labour has not ceased, but the sellers of it are too numerous, therefore they sell at a price which starves them. Consumption has not ceased, but demand is narrowed until producers are too numerous; these must sell, they have to force a trade, they sell at a loss, and they become bankrupts. What are called the best times, flow in reality from competition being languid. Demand is good, because the sellers are not too numerous—because the buyers, rather than the sellers, press upon the market. The restoration of the equipoise between buyers and sellers bridles competition and changes bad times to good ones; the increasing of the sellers until they outweigh the buyers, changes good times into bad ones.

Our producers, notwithstanding their monopoly, were in a most miserable situation; the labourers were starving; the farmers were in insolvency; the traders and manufacturers were so disproportionately numerous, that they were cutting against and ruining each other on all hands, by underselling, when such a stupendous piece of good fortune was thrown upon them, as they must never again expect to meet with. The immense trade of South America came into their hands first; this revived the home-trade, and the latter came into the commercial and manufacturing market, in want of everything, and with plenty of money to buy with. This speedily reduced competition; it changed the balance in favour of the seller; and times, from being very bad, became very good.

It might have been expected that this comparatively sudden and gigantic increase of demand, or in other words, that this instantaneous and immense addition made to the number of buyers, when not one ready-made seller was added to that of the sellers, would have cleared the market in a moment, and in most articles a scarcity, and raised prices to an enormous height. This, however, has not happened; prices have risen much; but still those of most articles can only be called good; supply has fallen very little, if anything, short of demand; the producers, generally, are getting fair, rather than extravagant profits. We are now precisely in that state in which

the political economists say a nation ought to be. Labour is fully, but not extravagantly remunerated; the profits of stock are good, but not excessive; consumption is great; general plenty prevails; competition yields all its good, and none of its evil; prosperity is seen everywhere; and immense additions are daily made to the public wealth. To supply the whole of our individual and national needs better, and to place the whole of our individual and national interests in greater harmony, is a downright impossibility. What a nation can want more than this, we cannot tell. Happy, thrice happy, would it be for us if we could be satisfied with it!

In this state of things, the foreigner is to be brought into the market; not the foreign buyer, but the foreign seller; not the seller of such things as we do not produce, but of such things as we do produce. He is to come not to exchange, but to increase competition; not to raise demand, but to add to supply. This, we are told, will add greatly to our trade and riches. At the first glance, it seems a clumsy paradox; and the more it is looked at, the more it seems a clumsy paradox. It is not often that great truths, relating to the common concerns of life, wear so paradoxical an appearance on close inspection.

If it were likely that the buyers would keep gaining upon the sellers, and that supply would soon be below demand, and prices be perniciously high, this would be very wise. But the reverse of this is certain. Our sellers were able to meet the immense additional demand without previous preparation; they possess capital and labour, without limit, for increasing production; they are already gaining upon the buyers; and the certainty is, that, were they to retain their monopoly, competition would soon be too high among them, and prices, if not too low, at least would be the lowest remunerating ones. The admission of the foreigner, therefore, is not necessary to prevent the ill effects of monopoly, while it is certain to produce or inflame those of competition.

But it is said that the foreigner will be compelled to take our manufactures in exchange for his own; or, in other words, that he must buy as much as he sells. We cannot see that this, if true, would yield any benefit. He who gives a hogshcad of sugar to a

grocer for a similar hoghead, does not, we think, add any benefit to the trade of that grocer. It is true, that the foreign manufacturer who brings silks will take cottons; but then another will bring cottons and take silks. All trades are to be open; all kinds of manufacturers are to come; and although each may take articles different from those he brings, still, in the aggregate, it must be the same to ourselves as exchanging one hoghead of sugar for another. Let it be ever borne in mind that this is not to be a trade between nation and nation for dissimilar articles; that it is not to be a trade in which we, not as individuals, but as a whole people, are to barter things that we produce for things that we do not; that it is not to be in effect a trade between the agricultural population and that of towns. This trade already exists; this trade was always warmly cherished by the old system. The *new* trade is to be practically one in which the towns are to supply the villages with corn as well as merchandize; and the villages, the towns with merchandize as well as corn; it is to be practically a trade between tailor and tailor for clothes—between shoemaker and shoemaker for shoes.

But no such compulsion will rest on the foreigner; on the contrary, a compulsion will rest upon him to prohibit him from taking our goods in exchange for his own. We have thrown open our own home-market; but we can go no farther. That of other nations is closed to us, and it will remain so. His government will not permit him to carry back our manufactures; and therefore, if he take goods at all, he will take certain raw articles which we import. This may benefit certain feeble interests that have but little influence on the nation, but it will scarcely increase the import-trade; for it will diminish the demand of the home-manufacturer, to the amount of that of the foreign one. The latter will, however, take back chiefly money. This, say the economists, will be nearly the same as taking goods. We cannot believe them. The foreigner will come principally as a seller. He will scarcely add a single back or mouth to consumption; in so far as he may sell, he will displace our capital and labour; he will diminish our means of buying, and the money that will be paid to him

would otherwise be paid to our own manufacturers. The trade in tea may be of benefit, but it is a clear addition to our other trade; we buy for money, but then it is an article which we do not produce, and which we cannot get elsewhere for goods.

The trade with the foreign manufacturer will be perfectly different.

What we are doing, therefore, seems to amount to this. Putting out of sight the reduction of the wine duty, &c. which do not enter into the question, we are removing such restrictions *only* as press upon the foreign manufacturer. We are removing none that press upon our own, either at home or abroad. The latter is fully supplying the market at as low prices as he can well charge; and the certainty in the future is, that, if left to himself, he will overstock rather than understock it. The certainty, as far as certainty can go, is, that, without the foreigner, supply will exceed demand, and not demand supply. In this state of things, we are bringing the foreign manufacturer into the market; we are multiplying not consumers, but producers; we are increasing what is likely to be superabundant, and decreasing what is likely to be wanted.

It is said that this will mightily increase trade. We have looked at it again, and again, and again, yet we have not been able to perceive it. If the foreigner should bring only such goods as we do not produce, and should exchange them for such as we do, this would, we can see clearly, benefit trade; but this kind of traffic is out of the question. If the competition which this will raise would lower prices without lowering general income, it would benefit trade; but every one admits, that if prices be lowered, rents, wages, profits, general income, must be lowered in proportion. It must sink revenue in at least the same degree as expenditure. Without the addition of a single soul to our population from abroad, an immense mass of foreign manufactures, similar to our own, are to be constantly poured into the market from abroad. These are to be exchanged chiefly for money, rarely for our manufactures; and the money received for them is to be expended in other nations, in consuming the produce of other nations. Now if a large addition were to be thus made in the next month to the stock of silks, or

woollens, or cottons, in the home-market, we cannot see that it would have any other effect beyond causing a glut, and doing trade grievous injury. We cannot see that it would add to consumption if it lowered income equally with price. We cannot see that it could be sold without injuring the sale of our own manufacturers to its amount; and that it could be made regularly, without throwing much of our capital and labour out of employment. A certain demand will only employ a certain share of capital and labour; and if new capital and labour be employed to satisfy it on one side, an equal portion of the old must be left idle on the other. If a London shoemaker send shoes to a village to be sold, he does not thereby cause the villagers to wear more shoes; if he sell what he sends, the village shoemaker sells so many pairs less, and he is thereby the less able to consume the produce of his neighbours. Our own producers have again and again rendered themselves too numerous, and overstocked the market, and the consequences have always been bankruptcy and distress. We really cannot see that different consequences will follow, because the number will be rendered too great, and the glut will be caused by foreigners. We cannot prevail upon ourselves to believe that those who will bring more manufactures similar to our own into the market than they will take out—who will, in reality, bring many, and take scarcely any out—and who will add nothing to consumption—can, by any possibility, benefit the trade of England.

But, say the economists, if our manufacturers cannot stand their ground, they must find other employment for their capital and labour. How admirably consistent this is with the outcry that was raised a very few years ago against all who wore foreign manufactures! We shall, we are pretty sure, in a few months, see every one turning up his nose at British manufactures, and arraying himself in foreign ones. *Liberality* is working mighty miracles. But where is this other employment to be met with? This new system is to operate not upon one, but upon all trades; and even now, millions of our capital cannot find employment, and the labourers in Ireland are nearly starving.

It is said that competition, (which,

by the by, is spoken of as though our manufacturers had never before been exposed to it,) will perhaps be the parent of beneficial inventions and discoveries. Alas! the hope of this forms but a poor basis for legislation, that affects vitally all the great interests of the nation. The genius from which such inventions and discoveries flow, scarcely appears in the world once in a century. But if it do, where will be the benefit? According to the economists, there should be no monopoly of workmen, or machinery, or anything else. All should be equally possessed and known by all nations. According to the new system of trade, the Englishman and the foreigner must stand on an equality in the market; if the former, by any inventions, gain the advantage, the restrictions on the latter must be relaxed to counterbalance it. Without this, free trade cannot exist. If our manufacturers, by inventions, can undersell the foreign ones, they drive the latter out of the market—the competition is ended—and the old system of exclusion is virtually re-established. The competition is to be kept up—prices are to be kept at the lowest—~~income is to sink with price—and,~~ of course, no inventions and discoveries can make any alteration. Do our manufacturers get better, or so good, profits now, as they did before their best machinery was invented?

Our most valuable trade must ever be that with nations which produce commodities different from our own—with such nations as those of South America. By giving to the foreigner a portion of the home-trade, we at the same time give him an equal portion of this trade. The consumption of the raw articles here will be greatly decreased, and the exportation of manufactures for the purchase of these raw articles abroad must be decreased in proportion. The foreigner will need a much greater supply of the raw articles, and he will export a much greater quantity of manufactures to buy them with. We shall thus throw away just as much of our best foreign trade, as of our home-trade.

The home-trade has ever been the grand instrument for enabling our manufacturer to carry on his operations in the foreign one. Now this is to be thrown open to the foreign manufacturer, and while this is the case, the latter is to enjoy the monopoly of

his own market. We speak only from reflection, when we say, that if a scheme could be devised for giving the advantage to the foreign manufacturers, for filling them with capital and skill, and for putting the chief trade of the world into their hands, this is that scheme.

It has been said by high authority, that the supply of iron falls far below the demand. Now, if this were likely to be the case, not for a few months but a number of years, if capital and labour were so fully employed that none could go to the iron-trade without leaving more profitable employment, then it might be very wise to throw this trade open. But we have a vast portion of capital and labour unemployed, and the probability is, that if the trade were not opened, a very large share of both would instantly enter it, and the supply would be almost brought to equal the demand. No additional supply, however, of British capital and labour is to be suffered to enter the trade; on the contrary, the capital and labour of Sweden are to be resorted to, to furnish the iron that may be lacking. We really cannot see, that leaving our own capital and labour idle to employ those of Sweden can benefit our trade. There is another consideration. A few years since, when the Baltic was closed against us, doleful lamentations were heard on all hands, because the supply of certain articles almost essential for our national existence was cut off. Our Birmingham and Sheffield trade was to be destroyed, the navy was to be ruined, and we know not what other calamities were to happen. Having made ourselves independent, we are sick of it; we want a change, therefore we are resuming our dependence.

The economists declare, that the more our neighbours get—that the more we enrich them—the more trade they carry on with us, and the more we increase our trade. This, applied to nations generally as it is, is the most perfect fable that was ever flung in the teeth of history. When we were poor, we bought almost everything of the continental nations; as we got rich, we bought less and less, and now we buy a very few, comparatively trifling articles, of them. France is by far the richest of the continental nations, and yet she buys literally nothing of us. Rich as we are, we

should buy nothing of France; but she happens to produce two or three articles that we cannot produce ourselves. Russia, Germany, &c. when they were poor bought the most of us; as their wealth has increased, they have bought of us less and less. The acquisition of riches by us, in many instances, injured the trade of our neighbours; the acquisition of riches by several other nations, has injured our trade greatly. To say that this has been owing to the restrictive system, is to furnish no answer. The economists declare, that although most of the continental nations are acting upon this system, still if we fill them with wealth we shall make them the better customers.

The cause of this egregious blunder may, we think, be discovered. In a country town one of the inhabitants is a grocer, another a draper, and a third a hosier; the rest of the inhabitants are generally employed in agriculture. So long as each of the three confines himself to his particular articles, the increase of the wealth of the others increases to a certain extent his trade. If he must sell to them to the amount of what he buys of them, the more he buys of them the more he will sell. But if each be a general trader, if each be a grocer, draper and hosier, the increase of the wealth of one injures the others; it enables him to undersell them, and deprive them of connexions. If one of them buy of the others, he benefits them and injures himself to the extent of his purchase; if they buy of him to the same amount, it is in reality but the exchange of one halfpenny for another. So among nations, one may manufacture silks, another woollens, and a third cottons. So long as each confines itself to its particular manufacture, its enriching the others will increase its own trade. They will be to it not producing but consuming nations; *i. e.* they will only consume and not produce what it produces. But if each manufactures silks, woollens and cottons, an increase of wealth to one does the others injury; it enables it to gain their connexions. If one buy of the others without selling in return, it injures its own trade, and promotes theirs to the same amount; if they buy of each other, it is but the exchange of one halfpenny for another. By increasing the wealth of such nations as those of South Ame-

ric), we increase our trade so long as these nations abstain from producing what we produce, but no longer. By increasing the wealth of rival nations, we do our trade great injury. It may be said too, that by increasing the wealth of a poor European nation, we are pretty sure to exalt it into a rival.

This difference the economists will not see; they make no distinction between a customer and a rival tradesman. Their reasoning holds good so far as regards nations that produce dissimilar articles, but no farther. Their scheme if established, would certainly have the effect of confining every nation to its peculiar article, but it is not established, it cannot be, and if it could, it would, as we have already said, place everything under national monopoly, and, allowing for the ruinous consequences of frequent gluts, keep prices at the maximum. To maintain necessary competition, more than one nation must produce the same articles; these must be rivals in the great market of the world; and it is not more in the nature of things for them to buy of each other, than it is for two shoemakers of a village to buy shoes of each other.

Smith admits, that although we may make another nation a better neighbour in time of peace by enriching it, still we thereby make it a more dangerous enemy in time of war. To a fighting nation like ourselves, there is something in this well calculated to cause reflection. It may show, that in times of prosperity, it may be most ruinous policy to add to the trade and wealth of another nation, even though by so doing, we add to our own trade and wealth. We really think that we are far more likely to lose than to gain by increasing the trade and wealth of such countries as France and Russia. We cannot discover what profit we are to reap in the end from our efforts to give fleets to other nations, when in a few years America will be nearly able to cope with us on the ocean single-handed, and when, as far as probability goes, she will be assisted by the most powerful European fleets in case of war. We are inclined to believe, that to sacrifice every other public interest to trade, at a time when trade calls for no sacrifice, and is in a state of unexampled prosperity, is to do trade itself the greatest possible in-

jury, saying nothing of other matters. He, alas! is but little fitted to contrive for this great empire who can see nothing but its trade.

If the new system, however, had affected the manufacturers alone, we should have remained silent. They certainly are acting in a way which would deter any honest man from fighting their battles. The economists, and every one else, protest, that our manufacturer cannot enter into competition with the foreigner without lowering his prices, and that he cannot lower his prices unless his expenses of production be lowered. His profits must remain the same, he cannot buy the raw article cheaper, therefore the only means must be to lower wages. Wages, it is asserted, cannot be lowered if corn be not lowered, and of course a clamour is got up for the reduction of corn.

Everyone knows that the farmers and their labourers have been for years in a state of ruin and misery; that only a single year has elapsed since they began to emerge from this state; that the wages of the agricultural labourer are yet little more than half those of the manufacturing labourers; that the farmer is so far from getting exorbitant prices that he only gets good remunerating ones, and that his profits are far less than those of the merchant and manufacturer. Every one knows this, yet no one will acknowledge it. The merchants and manufacturers, men who are overburdened with trade, and who are making large profits, meet, and without making a single inquiry as to whether the farmer can sell for lower prices or not, they call for that which would re-plunge him into ruin. They do this that they may retain their present trade and rate of profits. They declare, that their labourers, many of whom are earning twenty-five, thirty, forty, and fifty shillings weekly, are starving from the high prices of corn; and they demand that which would, in effect, though not nominally, continue to those labourers these wages, while it would sink the pittance of the husbandry-labourer to salt and potatoes. This is indecent—it is cruel—it is scandalous.

The farmer, it is said, enjoys a monopoly; in the strict sense of the term, he enjoys no such thing. So soon as his prices exceed good remunerating ones, the market opens itself for fo-

reign corn. Even according to the new system, the manufacturer has in effect the same monopoly that he has. It is said, that in reality he taxes the country: those who say this, ought to go to some schoolboy to know the meaning of the word tax. He fully supplies the market at prices which are barely proportioned to the prices of other articles, and his profits are lower than the generality of profits. Rents are rather below than above what they ought to be according to general prices. The Canada farmer is just admitted into the market, and yet nothing will do but the admission of the farmers of the whole world. The avowed object of this is, not to keep prices stationary, but to sink them. Before it is proved that the manufacturers will have to lower their prices, when it is known that they are paying for high wages to many of their workmen, and before the cost of a single article is reduced to the farmers and landlords, the latter are to be compelled to sacrifice their fair and just property.

The economists are at issue touching the way in which foreign corn should be admitted. Some will allow a protecting duty, and others will not; although the latter find nothing to quarrel with in protecting duties of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty per cent to the manufacturer. The protecting duty, however, is to enable the foreigner to sell much below the present prices; if it did not, his admission would be useless. Before a single grain of foreign corn came, corn would therefore sink very much below its present value. This would of itself throw many labourers out of employment, and cause much distress. Many farmers are bound by leases—many could obtain no immediate allowances from their landlords—many are yet in embarrassments, and few have been able since their days of distress to provide anything for emergencies.

We have at present sufficient corn for our consumption; if any came from abroad it would bring with it no consumers; machinery, which eats no bread, would chiefly fabricate the goods to be taken in exchange. It could only at first operate to cause superabundance. Every one knows that an overstock does not sink prices in proportion to its extent; that a very small one will sink them forty or fifty per cent—will

cause a glut—create forced sales—and spread general ruin. The first foreign corn therefore that came, would act as an overstock; it would, we think, from the present rage for speculation, and the abundance of corn in many foreign parts, be a very large one; and it would, we apprehend, render prices ruinous to the foreigner as well as the Englishman. The destruction of the home demand would scarcely, we think, benefit the manufacturer, particularly if at the same moment he had to struggle with a glut of manufactures caused by the foreigner.

When any excessive supply renders the price of manufactures ruinous, the manufacturers instantly discharge their men and cease producing. This in a few months relieves the market. When they begin again, they employ but few men, and produce but little; they can proportion supply to demand. So if, in the next few months, the foreigner were to glut the market with manufactures, our manufacturers would cease to produce, and the distress would not extend beyond a few months. When they began again, although they might not be able to prevent the foreigner from retaining much of their former trade, still they all could continue in business although each must do much less. This would throw a vast portion of capital, and a vast mass of labourers, out of employment, but it would leave employment to the masters; the masters might not be able to get fortunes, but they might get bread. With the farmers it is and would be wholly different. No matter what glut may be in the market, the farmers go on producing the utmost grain; and nothing can prevent them from doing this save absolute ruin. They are compelled to do it. They cannot rid themselves of rents; they can only reduce, in a trifling degree, their expenses; their land, if laid waste, would lose its fertility; they cannot act in concert; and however ruinous prices may be, they still feel that they do the best for themselves when they produce the greatest possible quantity. If therefore foreign corn kept constantly arriving, the whole of the farmers could not keep in employment by each producing less. A large number, with their families and labourers, would be thrown upon the other trades, which are already fully stocked, and which would then

be overstocked with capital and labour.

The more knowing of the economists admit that foreign corn would force an equal quantity of British corn out of the market; and they say that our poorer corn-land should be laid waste. This would, on their own showing, throw a large part of the agricultural population out of employment. Now if the manufacturers retained their monopoly, the importation of foreign corn, by increasing the call for manufactures, might, after first involving this part of the population in misery and ruin, find it employment among the manufacturers. But then at the same moment the market is to be glutted with manufactures as well as corn—at the same moment a large portion of manufacturing capital and labour is to be thrown out of employment as well as of agricultural. It is by no means certain that the foreign corn would be paid for by manufactures; Mr Malthus, a short time since, thought that we should be supplied chiefly by France; and were this the case, our manufacturers would not benefit much by the importation.

When we see that most of the foreign farmers, as well as labourers, wear almost any wretched clothing that will cover their nakedness; that they live chiefly upon rye-bread and potatoes; that they are scarcely better consumers than the Irish peasantry; and that they are at the mercy of poor, griping landlords; we really think that their demand would form but a miserable compensation to our trade for the loss of that of the British ones.

Were the first years of ruin and distress, and of course of disaffection and convulsion, over; and were the market divided between the foreign farmer and the English one; the price would give to the latter barely bread and water, while it would give to the other good profits. The protecting duty is to reduce the price of English corn to the lowest figure, while it is to advance that of foreign corn. The agricultural capital, therefore, of this country, would stand still; that of foreign countries would increase. The increase of population would be met by an increase of foreign corn, and in all gluts the foreigner would have a great advantage over the Englishman. Our dependence on other nations, or, at the best, rival nations, for bread,

would be at the first great, and it would keep increasing. We really cannot think, that for us to place ourselves at the mercy of France and other nations for bread, will be good policy. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that it will be very ruinous policy.

Ireland is just beginning to breathe; what would be the effect of a reduction in the corn market on Ireland?

Some of the economists say that the opening of the ports would raise the price of corn abroad. No doubt it would; but how far? Only to the figure of admission. If it raised them above, the additional demand would cease. This would give a great stimulus to foreign production, and in the course of a season or two, the foreign would be able to sell so low as to drive the Englishman out of the market without a higher protecting duty. If corn is to be raised in price abroad to keep the foreign manufacturers out of our market, we really think it would be much wiser to give our manufacturers a monopoly by legal prohibition rather than by the ruin of our agriculture. We would say much more on this point respecting corn, but our limits forbid us.

After saying what we have said, we shall no doubt be hugely reproached for our want of *liberality*. This will give us no concern whatever. When it shall be demonstrated to us that liberality is the only test that we should use on all occasions, we will then assuredly use it, and no other, but until then, we shall use the tests that our fathers used. We shall look at wisdom, honesty, and expediency, and not at all at liberality. Liberality is a very good thing in its place, but it is not to be employed for all purposes. It frequently makes people poor, but it rarely makes them rich. We are, however, to use it to acquire riches; we are to give away trade and wealth, that we may increase our trade and wealth. We shall have some faith in this, when we see the sun shower gold upon us, and the moon diamonds, as they whirl over us, but not before. We cannot approve of that liberality which seeks to increase the trade of other nations by diminishing, not only nominally, but in reality, the income of the vast majority of our population;—we cannot approve of that liberality which, to increase trade, seeks

to plunge our agriculturists into distress ;—we cannot approve of that liberality which, to increase trade, seeks to make us dependent on other nations for both bread and raiment ;—we cannot approve of that liberality, which, to secure their present prosperity to the traders, to the comparatively contemptible few, seeks to involve the vast overwhelming majority in distress and privation.

After all, we may be in error ; perhaps the fact that Parliament, the English world, and the statesmen of Cockaigne into the bargain, are against us, shows that we must be in error. We are, however, not convinced that we are so, and we are not among those who can suppress their own opinions to repeat the conflicting ones of other men. The new liberal system may be the right one, but we are convinced that the most powerful book in fact, and argument, that the world ever saw, might be written against it. We care not what may be said of production creating consumption. Our hair is not yet whitened with age, and yet we have seen sufficient with our eyes to convince us, that a great reduction of prices must inevitably produce a vast portion of ruin and distress ; and that to bring a large quantity of manufactures and corn into the market, when it is already fully stocked, must

produce a fearful measure of national calamity. The question, however, is now in a way to be decided by experiment, and we shall look forward to the issue with quite as much confidence as those whom we oppose.

It must be borne in mind, that we assume, that the new system will operate in the way predicted by its authors. If it do not bring the foreigner into the market, if it continue the prohibitions, our reasoning will not apply to it ; it will only be the old system with a new name. It must be remembered too, that we speak in favour of the reduction of duties of revenue, and of the abolition of restrictions, not necessary for *protection. These are, in reality, the only restrictions that press upon our trade, in our poor judgment.

In conclusion—Parliament, in a time of general harmony, has thought proper to take measures which are arraying one great interest against another ; in a time of unexampled prosperity, and when not a single interest needs assistance, it has thought proper to take measures which are unsettling all the leading interests of the empire. If we cannot applaud the wisdom of this, we certainly devoutly pray that it may produce none of the evils that we anticipate.

THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. IX.

WE had slept about four or five hours, and the short hours of the morning were beginning to be lengthened, when our slumbers were disturbed by the arrival of a messenger from the advanced picquets, who came to inform us that the enemy were moving. As we had lain down in our clothes, with all our accoutrements on, we were under arms, and in column, in five seconds. It was not, however, deemed necessary that any advance on our part should be instantly attempted. We remained, on the contrary, quiet in the church ; but standing in our ranks, we were perfectly ready to march to any quarter where the sound of firing might bespeak our presence necessary.

We had stood thus about half an hour, when a second messenger from

the out-posts came in, from whom we learned, that a blue light had been thrown up within the enemy's lines, and that their fires were all freshly trimmed. "Is it so?" said some of our oldest veterans ; "then there will be no work for us to-day—they are retreating ;" and so sure enough it proved. As soon as dawn began to appear, a patrol was sent forward, which returned immediately to state, that not a vestige of the French army was to be found. Their outposts and sentries were withdrawn, their baggage was all gone, and the whole of the right wing had disappeared.

The fact was, that Lord Wellington's scheme had succeeded according to his expectations. The right of our army, after some very hard fighting, turned the enemy's left ; took posses-

sion of most of his redoubts, and got into his rear; which compelled Marshal Soult, sorely against his inclination, to abandon a position more tenable than any which he had yet occupied. Towards his right, indeed, as I have already mentioned, it would have been little short of madness seriously to have attacked him; nor could his left have been broken, but for the skilful manœuvring on our part, which hindered any reinforcements from being sent to it. This object being attained, however, to remain, at least with safety, even for a single day longer, on his ground, was impossible, and hence Soult only showed his wisdom and sound judgment by seizing the first favourable opportunity to retire.

The intelligence of the enemy's retreat was received, as such intelligence is usually received, with great satisfaction. Not that we felt the smallest disinclination to renew the battle—quite the reverse; but there is something in the idea of pursuing a flying enemy, far more exhilarating than in any other idea to which the human mind gives harbour; and this we experienced, on the present occasion, to its full extent. We had scarcely learned that the French troops had deserted their works, when an order arrived to advance; and that we prepared to obey with the most hearty good will.

Whilst the men were swallowing a hasty meal, preparatory to the commencement of the march, I went, with two or three others, to visit the spot where we had deposited such of our messmates as fell in the battle of yesterday. It is not often that a soldier is so fortunate—if, indeed, the thing be worth estimating as fortunate—as to be laid in his last rest in consecrated ground. Our gallant comrades enjoyed that privilege on the present occasion. The soldiers had collected them from the various spots where they lay, and brought them in, with a sort of pious respect, to the churchyard. Here they dug a grave—one grave, it is true, for more than one body; but what boots it? and here they entombed them, carefully tearing up the green sod, and carefully replacing it upon the hillock. For my own part, I had little time to do more than wish rest to their souls; for the corps was already in motion, and in

five minutes we were in the line of march.

It was as yet quite dark, consequently objects could not be distinguished at any considerable distance; but the farther we proceeded, the more strongly the day dawned upon us. Having cleared the village, we came to a bridge thrown across a little brook, for the possession of which a good deal of fighting had taken place towards evening on the day before. Here we found several French soldiers lying dead, as well as one of our own men, who had ventured too far in pursuit of the enemy. A little way beyond the bridge, again, and to the left of the road, stood a neat chateau of some size. This our advanced party was ordered to search; and, as I chanced to be in command of the detachment, the office of conducting the search devolved upon me.

I found the house furnished after the French fashion, and the furniture in a state of perfect preservation; nor did I permit the slightest injury to be done to it by my men. The only article, indeed, which I was guilty of plundering, was a grammar of the Spanish language, thus entitled, "*Grammaire et Dictionnaire François et Espagnol—Nouvellement Revû, Corrigé et Augmenté par Monsieur De Maunory: Suivant l'Usage de la Cour d'Espagne.*" Upon one of the boards is written, *appartient à Lassalle Briguette, Lassalle.* The book is still in my possession, and as our count are now at peace, I take this opportunity of informing Mr Briguette, that I am quite ready to restore to him his property, provided he will favour me with his address. Of course, Monsieur Briguette, like all the rest of the civilized world, reads *Maga* regularly.

The room from which I took the volume just alluded to was the library, and by no means badly stored with books. I had not, however, much time to decipher the title pages, for, independently of the necessity under which I lay of pushing forward as soon as I had ascertained that none of the enemy were secreted here, my attention was attracted by a mass of letters scattered over the floor. The reader may judge of my surprise, when, on lifting one to examine its contents, I found it to be in the handwriting of my own father, and ad-

dressed to myself. It was of a later date, too, than any communication which I had received from home ; and beside it were lying about twenty others, directed to different officers in the same division with myself. This let me into a secret. The house in which I now stood had been the official head-quarters of Marshal Soult. A courier, who was bringing letters from Lord Wellington's head-quarters, had been cut off by a patrol of the enemy's cavalry ; and hence all our epistles, including sundry *billet-doux* from fair maidens at home, had been subjected to the scrutiny of the French marshal and his staff.

Leaving other letters to their fate, I put my own in my pocket, and, stuffing my volume of plunder into my bosom, pushed on. About a hundred yards in the rear of the chateau we arrived at the first line of works, consisting of a battery for two guns, with a deep trench in front of it. It was flanked, both on the right and left, by farm-houses, with a good deal of plantation, and a couple of garden walls, and would have cost our people no inconsiderable loss had we been fool-hardy enough to attack it. This battery was erected just upon the commencement of the rising ground. On passing it, we found ourselves on the face of a bare hill, about the length, perhaps, of Shooter's Hill, and not dissimilar in general appearance, the summit of which was covered by three redoubts, connected the one with the other by two open batteries. As we passed these, we could not but remark to ourselves, how painful must have been the feelings of the French general, when he found himself compelled to abandon his works, without an opportunity being given of putting their utility to the proof ; and we, of course, paid the compliments, which were his due, to our own leader, who, by his judicious arrangements, had rendered these works perfectly unprofitable.

We had just cleared the entrenchments, when a cry arose from the rear, "make way for the cavalry." Our men accordingly inclined to the right of the road, when the 12th and 16th light dragoons rode past at a quick trot, sending out half a troop before them to feel their way. The object of this movement, as we afterwards found, was to hinder, if possible, the destruc-

tion of the bridge at St Jean de Luz. But the attempt succeeded only in part, the enemy having already set fire to their train.

"Push on, push on," was now the word. We accordingly quickened our pace, and reached St Jean de Luz about nine o'clock ; but we were too late to secure a passage of the Nivelle ; the bridge being completely in ruins. Our cavalry had reached it only in time to see the mine exploded which the French troops had dug in its centre arch ; and hence a halt became absolutely necessary, till the chasm thus created should be filled up. The effect was remarkably striking. The whole of the first and fifth divisions, with the King's German legion, several brigades of Portuguese, and two divisions of Spanish troops, came pouring up, till the southern suburb of St Jean de Luz was filled with armed men, to the number of, perhaps, twenty or thirty thousand.

It is, probably, needless for me to say, that we found St Jean de Luz, for the most part, abandoned by its inhabitants. A few indeed remained ; and these consulting, as under such circumstances people are justified in consulting, their own safety only, welcomed us by waving their handkerchiefs from the windows, and shouting, *Vivent les Anglois*. Those who thus met us were, however, of the lowest description, all the gentry and municipality having fled ; though they, too, returned after a few days, and placed themselves under our protection. They were faithfully guarded against insult ; nor were our soldiers permitted to exact anything from the inhabitants without paying for it whatever was demanded.

Whilst we were waiting till the bridge should be so far repaired as to permit the infantry to cross, I happened to stray a little from the main street, and beheld, in a lane which ran parallel with the river, a spectacle exceedingly shocking. I saw no fewer than fifty-three donkeys standing with the sinews of the hinder legs cut through. On inquiring from an inhabitant the cause of this, he told me, that these poor brutes, being overloaded with the baggage of the French army, had knocked up ; when the soldiers, rather than suffer them to fall into our hands in a serviceable condition, hamstringed them all. Why

they were not merciful enough to shoot them, I know not; unless, indeed, they were apprehensive of causing an alarm among us by the report; but what their caution hindered we performed. The poor creatures were all shot dead ere we advanced.

The town of St Jean de Luz covers about as much ground, and, I should guess, contains about as many inhabitants, as Carlisle or Canterbury. It is divided into two parts by the river Nivelle, which falls into the sea about a couple or three miles below, at a village, or rather port, called Lecoq. Like other French towns of its size, St Jean de Luz is not remarkable for its air of neatness; but there is a good market-place in it, two or three churches, and a theatre. The Nivelle, where it flows through the city, may be about the width of the Eden, or the Isis; it is rendered passable, and the two quarters of the city are connected, by a stone bridge of three arches; besides which, the stream itself is fordable, both for cavalry and infantry, at low water. When we came in this morning the tide was up, but it had been for some time on the turn; and hence, in about a couple of hours, we were perfectly independent of the repairs. By this time, however, the broken arch had been united by means of planks and beams of wood; but as the junction was none of the most firm, it was deemed prudent to send the troopers through the water, whilst the infantry only should cross by the bridge. Along with the cavalry was sent the artillery also; and thus, by noon, on the 11th of November, the whole of the left column had passed the Nivelle.

We had hardly quitted St Jean de Luz, when the weather, which during the entire morning had looked suspicious, broke; and a cold heavy rain began to fall. This lasted without any intermission till dark; by which means our march became the reverse of agreeable, and we felt as if we would have given the enemy a safe-conduct as far as Bayonne, in return for a permission to halt, and dry ourselves before a fire. But of halting no hint was dropped, not was it till our advanced-guard came up with the rear of the French army, posted in the village of Bedart, and the heights adjoining, that any check was given to our progress. As it was now late, the

sun having set, and twilight coming on, it was not judged expedient to dislodge the enemy till morning; in consequence of which our troops were commanded to halt. There was, however, no cover for them. Only a few cottages stood near the road, and the tents were at least fourteen miles in the rear; this night was accordingly spent by most of us on the wet ground.

From the moment that the rain began to fall, we remarked that the Spanish, and in some instances the Portuguese troops, setting the commands of their officers at defiance, left their ranks and scattered themselves over the face of the country. Whilst this was going on, I have good reason to believe that several horrible crimes were perpetrated. Of the French peasants, many, trusting to our proclamations, remained quietly in their houses; these were in too many instances plundered and cruelly treated by the marauders, who were, I suspect, urged on to the commission of numerous atrocities, by a feeling far more powerful than the desire of plunder—revenge—a strong and overwhelming thirst of vengeance, drew, I am convinced, many to the perpetration of the most terrible deeds; indeed, one case of the kind came under my own immediate notice, which I shall here relate.

About three o'clock this afternoon, a temporary check took place in the line of march, when the corps to which I belonged was about two miles distant from Bedart. A brigade of cavalry alone was in front of us; a Portuguese brigade, including one regiment of *caçadores*, was in our rear. Whilst we were standing still in our places, the *caçadores* regiment, breaking its ranks, rushed in a tumultuous manner towards two or three cottages on the left of the road. The officers with the utmost difficulty recalled them, but a few individuals, as the event proved, succeeded in their effort of insubordination. These, however, were not noticed at the time, and it was thought that all were where they ought to be.

A little way, perhaps a couple of hundred yards in front, stood another French cottage, surrounded by a garden, and perfectly detached from all others. In about five minutes after order had been restored, we heard a female shriek come from that cottage. It was followed by the report of a

musket, and ere we had time to reach the spot, another shot was fired. We ran up, and found a poor old French peasant lying dead at the bottom of the garden. A bullet had passed through his head, and his thin grey hairs were dyed with his own blood. We hastened towards the house, and just as we neared the door, a *caçadore* rushed out, and attempted to elude us. But he was hotly pursued and taken. When he was brought back, we entered the cottage, and to our horror, we saw an old woman, in all probability the wife of the aged peasant, lying dead in the kitchen.

The desperate Portuguese pretended not to deny having perpetrated these murders. He seemed, on the contrary, wound up to a pitch of frenzy. "They murdered my father, they cut my mother's throat, and they ravished my sister," said he, "and I vowed at the time, that I would put to death the first French family that fell into my hands. You may hang me, if you will, but I have kept my oath, and I care not for dying." It is unnecessary to add that the man was hanged;

indeed, no fewer than eighteen Spanish and Portuguese soldiers were tucked up, in the course of this and the following days, to the branches of trees. But I could not at the time avoid thinking, that if any shadow of excuse for murder can be framed, the unfortunate Portuguese who butchered this French family, deserves the benefit of it.

I have said that the greater part of the left column spent this night in no very comfortable plight, upon the wet ground. For ourselves, we were moved into what had once been a grass field, just at the base of the hill of Bedart; but which, with the tread of men's feet, and horses' hoofs, was now battered into mud. Here, with the utmost difficulty, we succeeded in lighting fires, round which we crowded as we best might. But the rain still came down in torrents, and though our *lad* arrived shortly after with the cloaks, and rations of beef, and biscuit, and rum, were issued out to us, I cannot enumerate this among the nights of pure enjoyment, which my life, as a soldier, has frequently brought in my way.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN I awoke next morning, I found myself lying in a perfect puddle, beside the decaying embers of a fire. The rain had come down so incessantly, and with such violence during the night, that my cloak, though excellent of its kind, stood not out against it; and I was now as thoroughly saturated with water as if I had been dragged through the Nivelle. Of course, my sensations were not of a very pleasant nature; but I considered that I was far from singular in my condition, and, like my comrades, I laughed at an evil for which there was no remedy.

Having remained under arms till day had fully dawned, we began to make ready for a farther advance. When we lay down on the preceding evening, several brigades of French troops were in possession of the village of Bedart. These, of course, we laid our account with attacking; but on sending forward a patrol, it was found that the village had been abandoned, and that Soult had fallen back to his entrenched camp, in front of

Bayonne. Our parade was accordingly dismissed, and we remained in the same situation for about four hours; when the arrival of the tents and baggage invited us to make ourselves somewhat more comfortable. For this purpose the brigade was moved about a quarter of a mile to the left of the main road; and there, on a skirt of turf comparatively sound and unbroken, the camp was pitched.

In the immediate vicinity of the tents, stood a small farm-house, or rather a large cottage, containing three rooms and a kitchen. Hither a good many of the officers, and myself among the number, removed their canteens and portmanteaus; till no fewer than forty-five individuals, including servants as well as masters, found a temporary shelter under its roof. I am sure, after all, that I was not more comfortable here than I should have been in my tent; but I fancied that to sleep upon a bed once more, even though that bed was a French one, would prove a luxury; and I made the experiment. It is needless to add,

that the bed contained whole hordes of living occupants besides myself; and that I presumed not again to dispute with them the possession of their ancient domain.

From the 12th to the 17th of Nov. nothing occurred to myself, nor were any movements made by the left of the British army worthy of being repeated. The rain continued with hardly any interruption during the whole of this time, rendering the cross roads utterly impassable for artillery, and holding out no prospect of fresh battle, or fresh adventures. It was, indeed, manifest, that the troops could not be kept much longer in the field, without material injury to their health, which began already to be threatened with dysentery and ague. Nor is it surprising, that the case should be so; for the tents were not proof against showers so heavy and so incessant as those which fell; and canvass, when once completely soaked, admits water to pass through like a sieve. The consequence was, that our men were never dry, and many began to exhibit symptoms of the complaints above alluded to.

Under these circumstances we received, with sincere rejoicing, an order in the evening of the 17th, to strike our tents at dawn next morning, and to march into winter-quarters. The rain descended, however, in such torrents, that though a temporary inconvenience promised to lead to permanent comfort, it was deemed prudent to delay fulfilling that order, for at least some hours. We accordingly remained quiet till about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th, when the weather breaking up, and the sun shining out, our camp was struck, and we turned our faces towards the cantonments which had been allotted to us.

Having cleared the few fields which intervened between the situation of the camp and the high road, we left Bedart behind, and took a retrograde direction towards St Jean de Luz. We had not, however, proceeded above five or six miles, and were still a full league distant from the town, when we filed off by a narrow cross road towards the left, and made for a piece of elevated country, over which about half a dozen farm-houses were scattered. These were assigned to the corps

to which I belonged. We accordingly halted on a sort of common, near the centre of them, and having cast lots as to which house should fall to the share of the different companies, Graham, myself, and two others, with about one hundred men, took possession of one, with which we were perfectly satisfied.

It would be difficult for an ordinary reader to form any adequate notion of the extreme satisfaction which soldiers experience, when first they establish themselves in winter-quarters. As long as the weather continues fine, and summer suns shed their influence over it, there are, indeed, few places more agreeable than a camp. But it is not so after the summer has departed. I have already hinted, that against heavy and continued rains, a tent supplies but a very inadequate shelter. A tent is, moreover, but a narrow chamber, in which it is not easy so much as to stand upright, excepting in one spot; and where all opportunity of locomotion is denied. Then it furnishes little protection against cold, to light a fire within being impossible, on account of the smoke; and hence the only means of keeping yourself warm is, to wrap your cloak, or a blanket about you, and to lie down. Occasionally, indeed, I have seen red-hot shot employed as heaters; but the kind of warmth which arises from heated iron is, at least to me, hardly more agreeable than that which is produced by charcoal. In a word, however enthusiastic a man may be in his profession, he begins, about the end of October or the beginning of November, to grow heartily tired of campaigning; and looks forward to a few weeks' rest, and a substantial protection against cold and damps, with almost as much pleasure as he experiences when the return of spring calls him once more into the field.

The farm-houses in the south of France, like those in the neighbouring country of Spain, are rarely provided with fire-places in any other apartment besides the kitchen. It is, indeed, customary for families to live, during the winter months, entirely with their servants; and hence the want of a fire-place in the parlour is not felt any more than in the bedrooms. I observed, likewise, that hardly any maison of the kind was fur-

nished with glazed windows ; wooden lattices being almost universally substituted. These, during the summer months, are kept open all day, and closed only at night ; and I believe that the extreme mildness of the climate renders an open window, at such seasons, very agreeable. On the present occasion, however, we anticipated no slight annoyance from the absence of these two essential matters, a chimney and a window, in our room ; and we immediately set our wits to work for the removal of both causes of complaint.

Both Graham's servant and my own chanced to be exceedingly ingenious fellows ; the former, in particular, could, to use a vulgar phrase, turn his hand to anything. Under his directions we set a party of men to work, and knocking a hole through one corner of our room, we speedily converted it into a fire-place. To give vent to the smoke, we took the trouble to build an external chimney, carrying it up as high as the roof of the house ; and our pride and satisfaction were neither of them trifling, when we found that it drew to admiration. I mean not to commend the masonry for its elegance, nor to assert that the sort of buttress now produced, added, in any degree, to the general appearance of the house ; but it had the effect of rendering our apartment exceedingly comfortable, and that was the sole object which we had in view.

Having thus provided for our warmth, the next thing to be done was to manufacture such a window as might supply us with light, and, at the same time, resist the weather. For this purpose we lifted a couple of lattices from their hinges ; and having cut out four pannels in each, we covered the spaces with white paper soaked in oil. The light thus admitted was not, indeed, very brilliant, but it was sufficient for all our purposes ; and we found, when the storm again returned, that our oil-paper stood out against it stoutly. Then, having swept our floor, unpacked and arranged the contents of our canteen, and provided good dry hay-sacks for our couches, we felt as if the whole world could have supplied no better or more desirable habitation.

To build the chimney, and construct the window, furnished occupation enough for one day ; the next

was spent in cutting wood, and laying in a store of fuel against the winter. In effecting this, it must be confessed, that we were not over fastidious as to the source from which it was derived ; and hence a greater number of fruit trees were felled and cut to pieces, than, perhaps, there was any positive necessity to destroy. But it is impossible to guard against every little excess, when troops have established themselves in an enemy's country ; and the French have just cause of thankfulness, that so little comparative devastation marked the progress of our armies. Their own, it is well known, were not remarkable for their orderly conduct in such countries as they overran.

I have dwelt upon these little circumstances longer, perhaps, than their insignificance in the eyes of my reader may warrant ; but I could not help it. There is no period of my life on which I look back with more unmixed pleasure, than that which saw me, for the first time, set down in winter quarters. And hence every trifling event connected with it, however unimportant to others, appears the reverse of unimportant to me. And such, I believe, is universally the case, when a man undertakes to be his own biographer. Things and occurrences which, to the world at large, seem wholly undeserving of record, his own feelings prompt him to detail with unusual minuteness, even though he may be conscious all the while that he is entering upon details which his readers will scarcely take the trouble to follow.

Having thus rendered our quarters as snug as they were capable of being made, my friend and myself proceeded daily into the adjoining woods in search of game ; and as the frost set in, we found them amply stored, not only with hares and rabbits, but with cocks, snipes, and other birds of passage. We were not, however, so fortunate as to fall in with any of the wild boars which are said to frequent these thickets, though we devoted more than one morning to the search ; but we managed to supply our own table, and the table of several of our comrades, with a very agreeable addition to the lean beef which was issued out to us. Nor were other luxuries wanting. The peasantry, having recovered their confidence, returned in

great numbers to their homes, and seldom failed to call at our mansion once or twice a-week, with wine, fresh bread, cyder, and bottled beer; by the help of which, we continued to fare well as long as our fast-diminishing stock of money lasted. I say fast-diminishing stock of money, for as yet no addition had been made to that which each of us brought with him from England; and though the pay of the army was now six months in arrear, but faint hopes were entertained of any immediate donative.

It was not, however, among regimental and other inferior officers alone, that this period of military inaction was esteemed and acted upon as one of enjoyment. Lord Wellington's fox-hounds were unkennelled; and he himself took the field regularly twice a-week, as if he had been a denizen of Leicestershire, or any other sporting county in England. I need not add, that few packs, in any county, could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were of the best breed, or of the gayest appearance: but what was wanting in individual splendour, was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the commander of the forces; the General-in-Chief of three nations, and the representative of three sovereigns; but the gay, merry, country gentleman, who rode at everything, and laughed as loud when he fell himself, as when he witnessed the fall of a brother-sportsman.

Thus passed about twenty days, during the greater number of which the sky was clear, and the air cold and bracing. Occasionally, indeed, we varied our sporting life by visits to St Jean de Luz, and other towns in the rear; and by seeking out old friends in other divisions of the army. Nor were we altogether without military occupation. Here and there a redoubt was thrown up, for the purpose of rendering our position doubly secure; whilst the various brigades of each division relieved one another in taking the outpost duty. A trifling skirmish or two, tended likewise to keep us alive; but these were followed by no movement of im-

portance, nor were they very fatal either to the enemy or ourselves.

The position which Lord Wellington had taken up, extended from the village of Bedart on the left to a place called Garret's House on the right. It embraced various other villages, such as that of Arcanques, Gauthong, &c. &c., between these points, and kept the extremities of the line at a distance of perhaps six or seven miles from each other. To a common observer it certainly had in it nothing imposing, or calculated to give the idea of great natural strength. On the left, in particular, our troops, when called into the field, occupied a level plain; wooded indeed, but very little broken; whilst at different points in the centre there were passes, easy of approach, not defensible in any extraordinary degree. But its strength was well tried, as I shall take occasion shortly to relate, and the issue of the trial proved that no error had been committed in its selection.

Of the manner in which the right and centre columns were disposed, I knew but little. The left column consisting of the first and fifth divisions; of two or three brigades of Portuguese infantry, one brigade of light and one of heavy cavalry was thus posted: The town of St Jean de Luz, in which Lord Wellington had fixed his quarters, was occupied by three or four battalions of guards; its suburbs were given up to such corps of the German legion as were attached to the first division. In and about the town, the light cavalry was likewise quartered; whilst the heavy was sent back to Andage and the villages near it, on account of the facility of procuring forage, which there existed. The Spaniards again had fallen back as far as Irun, and were not brought up during the remainder of the winter; but the Portuguese regiments were scattered, as we were scattered, among a number of detached cottages near the road. In the village of Bedart was posted the fifth division, with three or four pieces of field artillery, and the men and horses attached to them; and to it, the duty of watching the enemy, and keeping possession of the ground on which the picquets stood, was committed. Thus along the line of the high-road was housed a corps of about fifteen thousand infantry, twelve hun-

dred cavalry, and a due proportion of artillery ; all under the immediate command of Sir John Hope.

In direct communication with the head of this column, was the light division, under the command of Major-General Brown Allen. It consisted of the 52d, 43d, and 95th regiments, of a brigade or two of caçadores, and mustered in all about four or five thousand bayonets. These occupied the church and village of Arcanques, situated upon a rising ground, and of considerable natural strength. Beyond this division again, lay the 4th ; in connexion with which were the 3d, the 7th, and the 2d divisions, whilst the 6th took post a little in the rear, and acted as a reserve, in case a reserve should be wanting.

I have said that Lord Wellington's head-quarters were in the town of St Jean de Luz. Here also Sir John Hope, and several generals of division and of brigade, established themselves ; and here all the general staff of the army was posted. Of course the place was kept in a state of warlike gaiety, such as it had not probably witnessed before, at least in modern times ; but everything was done which could be done to conciliate the affections of the inhabitants ; nor was the slightest outrage or riot permitted. Such is the manner in which the British army was disposed of, from the 18th of November, when it first went into cantonments, till the 9th of December, when it was found necessary once more to take the field.

CHAP. XI.

I HAD been out with my gun during the whole of the 8th of December, and returned at a late hour in the evening, not a little weary with wandering, when the first intelligence communicated to me was, that the corps had received orders to be under arms at an early hour next morning, when the whole of the army should advance. In a former chapter, I have hinted, that a continued tract of rainy weather drove Lord Wellington earlier than he had designed, and against his inclination, into winter-quarters. The consequence was, that the position of the army was not in every respect to his mind. The right, in particular, was too far thrown back ; and the course of the Nivelle interfered in a very inconvenient degree with the communication between it and the left. We were accordingly given to understand, that the object of our present movement was merely to facilitate the crossing of that river by Sir Rowland Hill's corps, and that as soon as this object was attained, we should be permitted to return in peace to our comfortable quarters.

In consequence of this information, Graham and myself made fewer preparations than we had been in the habit of making on other and similar occasions. Instead of packing up our baggage, and ordering out our sumpter-pony and faithful Portuguese, as we had hitherto done, we left every-

thing in our apartment, in its ordinary condition. Strict charges were indeed given to the servants, that a cheerful fire and a substantial meal should be prepared against our return in the evening ; but we put up neither food nor clothes for immediate use, in full expectation that such things would not be required.

The night of the 8th passed quietly over, and I arose about two hours before dawn on the 9th, perfectly fresh, and, like those around me, in high spirits. We had been so long idle, that the near prospect of a little fighting, instead of creating gloomy sensations, was viewed with sincere delight ; and we took our places, and began our march towards the high-road, in silence, it is true, but with extreme good will. There we remained stationary till the day broke ; when the word being given to advance, we pointed forward in the direction of Bayonne.

The brigade to which I belonged took post at the head of the 1st division, and immediately in the rear of the 5th. This situation afforded to me, on several occasions, as the inequalities of the road placed me, from time to time, on the summit of an eminence, very favourable opportunities of beholding the whole of the warlike mass, which was moving ; nor is it easy to imagine a more imposing or more elevating spectacle. The entire left wing of the army advanced, in a single continuous column, by the main road, and covered, at the most moderate computation, a

space of four miles. As far, indeed, as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen except swarms of infantry, clothed not only in scarlet, but in green, blue, and brown uniforms; whilst here and there a brigade of four or six guns occupied a vacant space between the last files of one division and the first of another. The rear of all came to the cavalry; but of their appearance I was unable accurately to judge, they were so distant.

We had proceeded about five miles, and it was now seven o'clock, when, our advanced guard falling in with the French picquets, a smart skirmish began. It was really a beautiful sight. The enemy made, it is true, no very determined stand, but they gave not up a rood of ground, without exchanging a few shots with their assailants; who pressed forward vigorously indeed, but with all the caution and circumspection which mark the advance of a skilful skirmisher. The column, in the meanwhile, moved slowly but steadily on; nor was it once called upon, during the whole of the day, to deploy into line.

When the light troops of an army are engaged, as ours were this morning, the heavy infantry is necessitated to march at a slow rate; whilst, ever and anon, a short halt or check takes place. These halts occurred to-day with unusual frequency. The fact, I believe, was, that Lord Wellington had no desire to bring his left into determined action at all. This object was fully attained as long as he kept the right of the enemy in a state of anxiety and irresolution, but the ground which we gained was in no degree important to the furtherance of the sole design which he had in view. Of course, the tardiness of our motions gave a better opportunity of watching the progress of those connected with us; nor have I ever beheld a field-day at home, more regularly and more elegantly gone through, than this trifling affair of the ninth of December.

It was getting somewhat late, perhaps it might be three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when our column, having overcome all opposition, halted on some rising ground, about three miles from the walls of Bayonne. From this point we obtained a perfect view of the out-works of that town, as well as of the formidable line of fortifications which Soult had thrown up,

along the course of the Adour; but of the city itself, we saw but little, on account of several groves of lofty elm and other trees, which intervened. It will readily be imagined that we turned our glasses towards the entrenched camp, with feelings very different from those which actuate an ordinary observer of the face of a strange country. That the French marshal had been at work upon these lines, not only from the moment of his last defeat, but from the very first day of his assuming the command of the army of Spain, we were quite aware; and hence we were by no means surprised at beholding such an obstacle presented to our farther progress in France. But I cannot say that the sight cast even a damp upon our usual confidence. We knew that whatever could be done to render these mighty preparations useless, our gallant general would effect; and perhaps we were each of us vain enough to believe, that nothing could resist our own individual valour. Be that as it may, though we freely acknowledged that many a brave fellow must find a grave ere these works could come into our possession, we would have advanced to the attack at the instant, not only without reluctance, but with the most perfect assurance of success.

The sound of firing had now gradually subsided; the enemy having withdrawn within their entrenchments, and our skirmishers being called in to join their respective corps. The left column, dividing itself according to its brigades, had taken post along a ridge of high ground; and our men, piling their arms, set about lighting fires in all directions; when I wandered from the corps, as my invariable custom was, in search of adventures. I had strolled forward for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a more perfect view of the enemy's lines; and was stepping across a ditch on my return, when a low groan, as if from some person in acute pain, attracted my notice. I looked down into the ditch, which was, perhaps, four feet deep, and beheld three human beings lying at the bottom of it. They were all perfectly naked, and two of them were motionless. On farther examination, I found that they were three French soldiers, of whom one only was alive; and he lay bleeding from a severe wound in the face, a mus-

ket-ball having broken both cheek-bones. He was, however, sensible ; so I ran for help, and he was carried by some of our people to a neighbouring house. Here the poor fellow, whom his own countrymen had stripped and deserted, was well taken care of by his enemies ; but he had suffered so much from exposure to cold, that all attempts to preserve his life, were vain, and he died in about a quarter of an hour after his wound was dressed.

In the meanwhile, Lord Wellington putting himself at the head of a small corps of cavalry, and, attended by a few companies of light infantry, proceeded to the front in order to reconnoitre the enemy's works. This he was permitted to do without any farther molestation than arose from the occasional discharge of a field gun as he and his party presented a favourable mark to the gunners. But neither he nor his followers received the slightest injury from these discharges, and by six in the evening he had effected every object which he desired to effect. Orders were accordingly issued for the troops to fall back to their former quarters, and the main road was again crowded with armed men, marching to the rear, in a fashion not perhaps quite so orderly as that which distinguished their advance.

A heavy rain had begun about an hour previous to this movement, accompanied by a cold wind, which blew directly in our faces. Darkness, too, set rapidly in ; the road soon became deep and muddy from the trampling of the multitude of men and horses which covered it ; and something like an inclination to grumble, began to arise in our bosoms. Perhaps I need not tell the reader, that between the infantry and cavalry in the British army, a sort of natural antipathy exists ; the former description of force regarding the latter as little better than useless, the latter regarding the former as extremely vulgar and ungenteel. I was myself an officer of infantry ; and I perfectly recollect the angry feelings which were excited at a particular period of the march, when the corps, weary, wet, and hungry, was rudely ordered, by a squadron or two of light troopers, to "get out of the way, and allow them to pass." Recollect, good reader, that the rain was falling as if it had come from buckets ; that each infantry sol-

dier carries a load of perhaps fifty pounds weight about his person ; that our brave fellows had walked under this load, upwards of fourteen miles, and were still six long miles from a place of rest ; and you will not wonder that these troopers were saluted with "curses not loud but deep," as they somewhat wantonly jostled their less fortunate comrades into the deepest and dirtiest sides of the way. I must confess that I shared in the indignation of my men ; though, of course, I exerted myself as much as possible to prevent its being more openly displayed.

Never has any saloon, when brilliantly lighted up, and filled with all the splendour and elegance of a fashionable assembly, appeared half so attractive to my eyes, as did our own humble apartment this evening, with its carpetless floor, its logs of wood arranged instead of chairs, and a few deals, or rather a piece of scaffolding, placed in the centre, as a substitute for a table. A large fire was blazing on the rudely-constructed hearth, which shed a bright glare over the white walls ; and our unpolished table being covered with a clean cloth, over which were arranged plates, knives, forks, and drinking-cups, gave promise of a substantial meal, and of an evening of real enjoyment. Nor were our hopes blighted. We had just time to strip off our wet and muddy garments, and to substitute others in their room, when a huge piece of roast-beef smoked upon the board, and summoned us to an occupation more agreeable than any which could have been at that moment proposed to us. Then our faithful valets had taken care to provide an ample supply of wine ; a bottle or two of champagne, with claret of no mean quality, which, with a little French beer, brisk, and weak, and well flavoured, served exceedingly well to wash down the more solid portions of our repast. To complete the thing, a few of our most intimate companions dropping in, soon after the fragments had been cleared away, our cigars were lighted, and the atmosphere of the apartment became speedily impregnated with the delicious fumes of tobacco ; in sending forth the clouds of which, no other interruption took place, than was produced by an occasional uplifting of the wine-cup to the

lips, and an expression or short ejaculation, indicative of the perfect satisfaction of him who uttered it. I have seen many merry and many happy days and nights both before and since, but an evening of more quiet luxury than this, I certainly do not recollect at any period to have spent.

At length the fatigues of the day began to tell upon us in a degree somewhat too powerful for enjoyment. We had been under arms from four in the morning till nine at night, during the whole of which time, no opportunity of eating had been supplied to us; nor had we been permitted to unbend either our minds or bodies, in any ef-

fectual degree. Like other animals who have fasted long, we had all gorged ourselves as soon as the means of so doing were furnished; and hence, the sensation of absolute rest, degenerated gradually into languor, and sleep laid his leaden fingers on our eyelids. I do not believe that half a dozen sentences of ordinary length had been uttered amongst us, when, about eleven o'clock, our last cup of wine was drained off; and from our guests departing each to his own billet, we betook ourselves to our pallets. I need not add that our slumber was thoroughly unbroken.

LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

No. I.

MANY thanks, my dear North, for your kind inquiries. So much time has elapsed since any correspondence passed between us, that I am not surprised at the anxiety which you express touching my health. Thank God, I am not amiss, considering that, like yourself, I am not a boy; and have spent forty good years in a warm climate. But enough of personalities—Let me to business.

You ask me what I think of the state of affairs in India? whether the results of the Burmese war, the mutiny of the troops at Barrackpore, and the recent attempt to assassinate two British functionaries in open court, alarm me? You ask me whether or not I believe, that the natives of India are really attached to their European rulers? whether our system of government is, and always has been, such as to entitle us to such attachment? and hence, whether a permanent continuance of our authority in Hindoostan may be calculated upon?—These are grave and important questions, which involve far too many considerations to be rashly entered into. But I will endeavour to reply to them one by one; and if my view of things shall chance to differ from the view which you have hitherto entertained, all that I can expect is, that you will give to my reasonings an impartial consideration, and then treat them as they shall appear to merit.

I have no hesitation to say, that I con-

sider the aspect of things in British India, at this present moment, as exceedingly alarming. Never, perhaps, was any war more needlessly, or more rashly entered into, than that in which the India Company are involved with the Burmese. The Burmese, according to every account, had offered no such insult to the local authorities as that an immediate appeal to arms was necessary, at a time when no adequate preparations for the prosecution of a war had been made. Exercising, as they were surely entitled to exercise, the common privileges of an independent state, they had indeed brought under subjection to themselves, sundry principalities, totally unconnected by any tie of allegiance or confederacy with us; and they had farther taken possession of a barren island, to the sovereignty of which, we, it appears, lay claim. But they had made no inroads upon our territory, nor committed any ravages in our fields; and if they conceived that, to the island in question, their title was equally valid with ours, can we wonder at their demurring to comply with our very peremptory command that it should be evacuated? Yet because they hesitated in meeting our wishes, expressed, as such wishes generally are, not in the mildest of all terms, we declared war upon them—and what has been the consequence? Whilst a handful of soldiers were sent against them, just competent to carry the stockades

upon the banks of the river, at a season, too, the most sickly of any in the whole year, the chief seat of our government was left absolutely unguarded; inso-much, that had the enemy pushed a body of troops across the country, as at one time there was reason to apprehend he would have done, a clear passage lay open for him to the very gates of Calcutta. But let the matter of the Burmese war rest. It was madly, perhaps unjustly, entered into; but being begun, it must be prosecuted to a close.

It is not, however, this war, nor its unavoidable consequences one way or another, which alarm me, half so much as the mutiny at Barrackpore, and the attempts recently made to assassinate two of our civil servants. True, the war must be hurtful to us, let it end as it will; for if we succeed, an accession of territory will be acquired by an empire already too extensive; and if we fail, we shall be driven from the Peninsula. But there is greater ground of terror by far, in any symptom of rebellion among our native subjects, no matter how slight, than in the issues of military operations, concerning which little doubt can be entertained. I dislike this mutiny much. The ostensible cause of it is indeed contemptible enough; but is the ostensible cause, the real cause? The ostensible cause of the mutiny in 1807, was an indiscreet order respecting the dress of the Sepoys; but who knows not that the real cause was a dread of innovation upon the religion of the country? And why may not a more powerful feeling than that which is assigned be the true parent of the mutiny at Barrackpore? If so, as I, for one, cannot but suspect, where will we end? One regiment, it appears, and it the most determinedly mutinous of all, has been disbanded. By this means two or three hundred men, trained to arms, and disciplined after the European fashion, have been let loose upon the country; nor can we doubt, that, if matters have approached the crisis of which I confess myself to be apprehensive, they will turn the knowledge which we have conveyed to them against the instructed.

Even the mutiny at Barrackpore, however, startling as it certainly is, comes not upon me with so decided an appearance of danger, as the reported attempt at assassination. That a Eu-

ropean magistrate should be openly shot at, while sitting in his own cutcherry, by a Hindoo, is an occurrence so novel, that I am almost inclined to doubt its validity. When I was in India—and it is now little short of fifty years since I first entered the service—such an event would have caused a sensation of dismay and astonishment throughout the whole of the provinces, whilst he who talked beforehand of its possible occurrence, would have been derided as insane. Are the Hindoos beginning to discover, that thirty thousand European residents are incapable of retaining one hundred millions of natives in subjection any longer than those hundred millions shall choose? Is this the species of knowledge which our schools and our missionaries have conveyed to them? Or is it that the yoke which we have so long placed around their necks, begins to gall too acutely? I know not; but if either the one or the other of my suspicions be well founded, our Eastern empire already totters to its fall.

But perhaps you will assert, that the natives of India, so far from feeling the government of Europeans as a yoke, hail it as a blessing. Such, I am quite aware, is the popular language of the day. The missionaries, good men, in the simplicity of their hearts, talk, in their various reports, of the contented and happy state of the country. They speak of crime, indeed, as being most abundant; of robberies, murders, thefts, decoitries; of falsehood, forgery, unchastity, and even drunkenness, abounding everywhere. But these things they attribute entirely to the innate depravity of the people, who will not become honest, industrious, and peaceable, in spite of all that the British government has done for them. The following quotation from the 5th number of a work entitled "*The Friend of India*," will convey to your readers a tolerably clear notion of the sentiments which our well-meaning missionaries are anxious to disseminate. From this it would appear, not only that our government has proved in the highest degree conducive to the political welfare of India, but that it is acknowledged by the natives themselves so to have operated; indeed the zealous compiler of the statement more than insinuates, that the establishment of

that government has occurred under a direct interference of Divine Providence. Though very unwilling to occupy too much room with a transcript from another periodical work, I am equally unwilling to destroy the force of another man's reasoning; so I give you the whole.

"India is at length in peace. After eight centuries of almost uninterrupted war and confusion, a handful of distant islanders, borne thither, to use the emphatic language of the natives, on a raft of plantain trees, have restored to it the blessings of external security and internal repose. *During all these centuries it has been the prey of anarchy; every page of its history has been dyed in blood, and almost every year of its existence has been witness to some scene of invasion or plunder. Previously to our entrance, the last, the most remorseless of its despoilers, the Mahrattas, had made such rapid strides to empire, that its ancient government had already sunk beneath the weight of their encroachments: and had we not interposed at that conjuncture, there is every probability that they would have subdued the whole of the Mogul Empire. But in the short space of sixty years, the natives have beheld all the enemies of their repose fall one by one beneath the superior power of a foreign race; and are at the present time accumulating wealth, in the confident expectation that it will devolve in quiet and uninterrupted succession to their posterity.*

"So mighty and rapid a change in the condition of one-sixth of the human race, has no parallel in history, whether we consider the comparative number of the conquerors, or the means by which it has been achieved. No empire of such magnitude has ever been acquired with so small an effusion of blood, and in no case have the principles of equity been so immediately recognized as the principle of government.

"In our native land it is scarcely popular to ascribe the conquest of India to Providence, from a recollection of the scenes developed during the trial of Mr Hastings. This feeling is honourable to our national character;

every stain of which is viewed with indignation. To the first conquerors of India, its vast wealth, suddenly opened to them as by a magic wand, operated perhaps too powerfully for mere human virtue. It was a difficult and a delicate situation, in which an extraordinary share of vigour was required to resist the temptation of substituting Asiatic morality for Christian probity. There were doubtless at that period deeds perpetrated, which it would ill become any one to palliate in the least degree. But we ought not on this account to shut our eyes to the consideration, that in the entire conquest of Bengal fewer lives were lost than in a single expedition of the Mogul Princes, or in the protection of this province from the Mahrattas during the vigorous reign of Aliverdi;* and that the natives of the country, so far from considering our occupation of their country as an act of infamy, view the first conquerors with admiration and respect.

"To the natives themselves the destruction of the Mussulman power was a dispensation of unalloyed mercy. Instead of incessant internal war and confusion, they now behold the whole continent consolidated under one steady, vigorous government, and enjoying the long-lost blessings of peace and security;—instead of lawless oppression, they behold the arm of the law impartially extended over both great and small;—instead of the perpetual rebellions of those invested with power, or employed to collect the revenue in the different provinces, they behold so firm a system of government established, that the most distant native Zemindar is constrained to consider himself as much under the control of the governing power, as those who live within the circle of the Mahratta ditch;—instead of the interminable intrigues and the contests for dominion among the various branches of the royal family, they perceive Governor succeed Governor with so much tranquillity, that it is long before the news of the event extends to the natives in the various parts of the country;—and instead of every man's seeking to conceal his property when acquired by his

* Aliverdi Khan, the brave Soobah of Bengal who preceded Surajah Dowlah, and struggled with the Mahrattas during nearly the whole of his reign; i. e. from 1740 to 1756.

industry, so completely have we changed the complexion of affairs, that the natives, vying with each other in displaying their wealth at public festivals, invite their rulers to behold their magnificence! Was such a thing known in India during the reign of the Mussulman dynasty, when, to use another native expression, no man ventured to clothe himself in clean apparel, for fear of directing the scent of his masters to his store? *To the natives, then, our supremacy has been a complete deliverance, a national emancipation from tyranny and oppression.* Had we ourselves been subjected, as a nation, to a similar state of oppression for more than seven centuries, and been thus suddenly delivered from it, we should not have hesitated to describe so signal an event as the interposition of Divine Providence on our behalf.

"A new era, then, has dawned upon India, *equally unexpected by its inhabitants and by the nation thus made the instruments of their deliverance*; an era of unprecedented tranquillity, and we trust one of mental improvement hitherto unknown in India. Such events never occur without the manifest interposition of the divine hand, —without that peculiar conjunction of circumstances which are the result of infinite wisdom and goodness in joint operation. The establishment and predominance, in the very heart of Eastern Asia, of a mighty influence fed by the principles of pure Christianity, is not a matter of such trivial importance to mankind, as to justify our referring it wholly to the agency of human passions. An event so important to the destinies of so many millions of our fellow-creatures, would in any circumstances have been deemed the work of divine Providence; how much more so when the events which have concurred to produce it are of so peculiar a nature! *As these events are now recorded in the page of history, they may be made the subject of the most cool and impartial examination.* We shall therefore be excused if we briefly notice the *peculiar circumstances* which have distinguished the establishment of British power in India; and if we in any instance anticipate the work of the historian, it will be because such an anticipation evidently tends to the full establishment of a truth, which, if it be indeed such, must be of the highest importance to India, that the agency of Divine Pro-

vidence is clearly visible in ~~some~~ events which have contributed to place India, with all its millions, in its present connexion with Britain.

"1. India has been known to Europeans for three centuries. The first commercial establishments were formed by the first naval power in the world at that time, and were proportioned to the important station which the Portuguese then occupied in Europe. — Other nations also, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the French, and even the Danes, formed settlements in India, far exceeding in importance our first establishments there. But though the Indian continent exhibited the same rich and inviting aspect to all these nations, yet, with the exception of the French, they never formed any extensive and permanent establishment on the continent itself, but confined themselves almost wholly to its commerce. After the various newly-discovered regions were thrown open by Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and the great navigators of the age, these nations subdued other countries, and in some of them they planted colonies, as did the Spaniards in South America; but the continent of India, feeble as was its government, none of these nations ever touched; they merely hovered over its shores, without even dreaming of establishing their authority on the continent of India. The formation of a European empire in Eastern Asia, seems to have been peculiarly reserved for the most insignificant of these early adventurers. Now it does seem somewhat singular, that all these maritime nations, so anxious for colonial establishments, for territorial acquisitions which might further their commercial views, should, in the height of their power, have been constantly baffled or held at bay by these feeble native princes, —and that, in process of time, another nation should find so little difficulty in subduing the whole continent of India."

"2. The obstacles which were constantly thrown in the way of territorial acquisition and conquest, *by the ruling authorities in Britain*, may augment our surprise. We came to India in search of trade, and have acquired an empire, containing at least thrice the number of subjects found in the mother-country, in spite of acts of Parliament, and perpetual remonstrances from the directors of that body of Merchants to whom everything in

It belonged. Few nations have ever been so assiduous in encouraging the acquisition of territory, as we have been in *discouraging* it in India. We scarcely think the page of history will furnish a parallel to this course. Of nations urged on to conquest, we have examples in abundance. The conquests of Rome were made with the full sanction of the senate and the Roman people; nor was it till a thousand years after the foundation of the city, and nearly three hundred after they had outlived the spirit of liberty, justice, and all the virtues, that, finding their empire too unwieldy, they gave up some few of its most distant provinces for the sake of preserving the rest. The conquest of Spanish America, nearly three centuries ago, was urged no less by the ardour of the nation and the thirst of its monarchs for gold, than by the spirit of private adventure; nay, so far did the lust for conquest and empire prevail in the Spanish monarchs, that repeated grants were obtained from the Vatican of regions then but imperfectly discovered. Nor are these solitary instances; the love of conquest may be traced in almost every nation both ancient and modern; but these are adduced, because their foreign conquests have the closest analogy to our Indian acquisitions. For princes and nations, then, to pant for territorial aggrandizement, has in it nothing strange or new; but it is strange for a nation continually to discountenance this spirit in the strongest manner; and still more strange, that, in the very face of all these prohibitions, without the national strength being ever put forth for this purpose, a mighty empire should have grown up amidst the anxieties and the habits of commercial speculation. It is not that the British nation has conquered India; rather, unavoidable circumstances have at length almost subdued the *national* aversion to this conquest. Into these, and the influence inseparable from them, were we gradually introduced, in protecting our commercial interests, till we found that to recede would be tantamount to a total abandoning of all future interest in India of any kind whatever.

" 3. It is also remarkable, that the natives seem to have been fully prepared to submit to a foreign government, administered with equity, and

breathing a spirit of benevolence, by a long series of sanguinary dissensions between their own petty sovereigns, and unceasing oppressions under the Mussulman dynasty. The standard of the Crescent was anything rather than the standard of peace and tranquillity. Seven centuries of continuous and remorseless oppressions had fully paved the way for their quiet submission to a foreign empire which brought with it peace and security. Hence every sensible and reflecting native feels bound to us by the ties of interest; because he knows that the removal of our sway would be the death-warrant of that security for his family and property which he now enjoys: it would instantly let loose on his country all those disorderly and unprincipled minds which are now held in restraint through the superiority of our power. To Bengal itself the removal of our supremacy would be instant destruction; nearly swallowed up by the Mahrattas, before we delivered it, whom ALIVERDI himself, with all his energy and resources, could scarcely repel, its wealth and influence, which, under British sway, have been rapidly accumulating for these sixty years past, would instantly render it a prey to the more warlike tribes of Hindoosthan, into whose hands it would fall, like a ripe fig into the mouth of the eater. Nor, if these lawless Hindoo tribes were by any reason repelled, could anything within human view prevent the horrors and oppressions of the Mussulman dynasty from again pervading the whole of Hindoosthan. So evidently hath divine Providence rendered Britain the deliverer and preserver of India, a fact which cannot escape the notice of every well-informed Hindoo.

" 4. The undisturbed quiet which now reigns throughout India is equally matter of astonishment. The armies of ACKBER and AURUNGZEEB, the most vigorous of the Mussulman princes, were perpetually occupied in quelling insurrections in various parts of the empire; whereas under the British sway, all we hear of a petty Zemindar's occasionally opposing government, is only like a random shot after a mighty victory. This circumstance alone is of so peculiar a nature, that it ought not to be overlooked. The closest research into the annals of

India will present us with no state of tranquillity, order, and good government, like the present, from the time the Hindoos have been embodied as a nation. This fully warrants our considering the establishment of the British supremacy in the East as brought about by the interposition of Divine Providence for some great and important purpose. These astonishing circumstances, which never met before in the history of India, bespeak something beyond the reach of mere accident, and render it a duty to look abroad and see whither this mighty revolution tends; for as no situation in life is without its duties, there may be duties demanded of us in these extraordinary circumstances, to neglect which might involve the highest degree of criminality.

"A new scene of operation has, within these last thirty years, developed itself to Christian Europe, in which Britain has taken the lead. Such efforts have been made for the removal of human misery in its various forms, and such vigour has been infused into these efforts, as no preceding age of the world has witnessed. With little exception the energies of mankind have hitherto been devoted to the spread of misery. In our land these energies are now devoted to the extension of that knowledge which has the most immediate relation to human happiness, directed as it chiefly is to that sacred volume, which 'converts the soul,' and 'is able to make it wise unto salvation.' The extension of British power, therefore, is now tantamount to extending the circle of British benevolence. In these circumstances, must it not strike the most superficial observer, that the astonishing augmentation of our empire in the East, at the precise period when exertions so unprecedented are thus made to remove the miseries of mankind, carries on its very front the emblems of peace, improvement, and happiness, respecting India? We, for nearly a hundred and fifty years, previously possessed establishments in India, but establishments distinct from all influence in the country; nor during the whole of this period do we seem ever to have cast an eye on its continent, with the hope of obtaining supreme influence there. While the elements of benevolence, however, were working their way into the great

body of the people at home, a train of circumstances, as unexpected to us, as they are extraordinary, has been placing in our hands, almost against the will of the great body of the nation, the absolute command of one of the largest empires in the world. Had this been done for us within a few years after the charter was granted to the Company by QUEEN ELIZABETH, we might have permitted two centuries ingloriously to pass over us without any effort to improve the condition of India, to remove its mighty mass of misery, to stop that moral pestilence which has for so many ages withered human happiness throughout the whole of that vast continent. But feeling as Britain now does, this cannot be the case. We cannot remain two centuries more in India without making her a participator of the rich blessings we ourselves enjoy. The feelings of the British public have become too philanthropic, its views too extensive, its energies for benevolent exertion too great, and its interest in the happiness of India too strong, to render this possible; and as it is certain that, notwithstanding our own ignorance of their circumstances, and the yet almost unbroken influence of those depraved habits and principles which have hitherto prevailed throughout the country, India has already derived more benefit from British sway than from that of any or of all the foreign nations to which she has ever before been subject,—to deny the Almighty Disposer of events any share in the plans which have led to a result already so happy for India, and which bids fair, in due time, to secure its universal improvement, is to deny Him all interest or concern in the happiness of his rational creatures. Even to individuals in our native land, who have shed a single ray of benevolence over the family of man, we cannot deny our warmest admiration. The historian of this age, when he reviews its transactions, will feel pleased to escape from battles and bloodshed, to those peaceful efforts of benevolence by which ignorance and delusion have been dispelled, and happiness diffused among so great a portion of our fellow-creatures. With these feelings towards even fellow-creatures distinguished for beneficence, we cannot deny to the Great Father of mankind the tribute due to his goodness; still

less can bring ourselves to deny that one great plan of benevolence is evident in all the events which have contributed to place India in the hands of that nation to whom are now given, in so eminent a degree, both the power and the will to seek its highest improvement and happiness. To suppose that the throne of the house of Timur, the supreme rule over sixty millions of people, has been transferred to the first among the nations of Europe in civilization and sound knowledge, for the sake of transmitting a few bales of silk or cotton, or a few chests of indigo, across the ocean, is no less unworthy of the wisdom than the goodness of Him who is 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,' and whose 'tender mercies are over all his works.' The idea is inadmissible; and we cannot resist the conviction that all these events, which have been insensibly accelerating the progress of our arms in India, have had a direct aspect on its moral improvement; nor will such an admission in the least derogate from our national glory. Let it not be said, then, that a nation, 'blessed as we are in all that mankind esteem great, pre-eminent in the arts of civilization, and in possession of the only genuine Revelation of the Divine Will, have neglected such an opportunity for blessing so large a portion of the great human family. We cannot measure the scale of our duties by the scale of commercial relationship. We are attached to India by higher and nobler ties. We have everything to bestow,—and she has everything to receive. For her then to be united by the ties of gratitude and of interest to a country overflowing with institutions for removing the miseries of mankind, is the happiest event yet to be found in her history. *It is nothing less than an evident and decided interposition of Divine Providence in her favour.* And for our own country, raised to such a pre-eminence in those pursuits which dignify our nature, what can we desire more noble and excellent, than for Divine Providence thus to have placed under her fostering care and protection, one of the largest empires in the world,—a central region, from whence knowledge of the highest kind, with all its attendant blessings, may branch forth throughout the whole of Eastern Asia."

In reply to all this, I have no hesi-

tation to say, that India was not the prey of anarchy during eight centuries" previous to the establishment of the British authority; that the natives are not "at the present time accumulating wealth, in the confident expectation that it will devolve in quiet and uninterrupted succession to their posterity;" that it is perfectly absurd to assert, that "the principles of equity have been immediately recognized as the principles of our Oriental government;" that nothing can be wider from the truth, than that the natives "view the first conquerors with admiration and respect." I have no hesitation in asserting, that he who can believe, that "to the natives our supremacy has been a complete deliverance—a national emancipation from tyranny and oppression;" that "a new era has dawned upon India, equally unexpected by its inhabitants and by the nation thus made the instrument of this deliverance"—meaning thereby an era of happiness; that "every sensible and reflecting native feels bound to us by the ties of interest, because he knows that the removal of our sway would be the death-warrant of that security for his family and property which he now enjoys;" that the wealth and prosperity of India have been rapidly accumulating for these sixty years past;" and that "the closest research into the annals of India, will present us with no state of tranquillity, order, and good government, like the present, from the time the Hindoos have been embodied as a nation,"—I have no hesitation in asserting, that he who can believe all this, must be thoroughly ignorant of the subject on which he professes to pass an opinion, whilst he who gives utterance to it, without believing it, must have some other motive in view than that by which he professes to be guided.

Far be it from me to impeach the good intentions of those by whom the system of government at present in operation, throughout the greater number of our Indian provinces, was invented; on the contrary, I am quite convinced, that a more humane and well-intentioned statesman than Lord Cornwallis never lived. But good intentions are not, of themselves, sufficient to render any man an able politician, whilst the peculiar customs of India, customs which even now are very imperfectly known, and which,

in the year 1793, could hardly be said to be known at all to any native of Great Britain, rendered it utterly impossible for Lord Cornwallis, or any other person, to introduce any novel constitution into the country, which would not be productive of misery, rather than of benefit, to the Hindoos. In a word, I mean not to reflect, particularly, either upon Lord Cornwallis or his coadjutors; on the contrary, I give to the framers of the Anglo-Indian government full credit for liberality of sentiment and humanity of design, but I think I shall be able to bring forward abundant proof, that never was any system of government less adapted to the condition and sentiments of the governed, than is that which prevails in British India to the sentiments and opinions of the Hindoos.

That the system of government established in 1793, should have been permitted to go on, unquestioned, and almost unexamined, during a period of upwards of thirty years, is one of the most astonishing circumstances connected with the history of our country. Is it that no servant of the Company has been conscientious enough to start a doubt as to its efficacy? or have all such doubts been carefully kept secret? By no means. The records at the India House, as well as the official papers of the House of Commons, teem with the remonstrances and protests of some of the ablest men, who have filled high and responsible situations, both civil and military, in British India. But of these hardly any notice has been taken, at least till lately, even by the persons most concerned; whilst to the public at large their very existence is absolutely unknown.

In the meanwhile, the most monstrous as well as the most erroneous opinions of the native character, are everywhere entertained. Open any popular work of the day, and you will find the unfortunate Hindoos represented as a body of men the most depraved, and the most vicious, that ever existed; nay, it is not very long ago since such a description of them was given by an honourable member of the lower House of Parliament, as no man can peruse without a shudder; nor can it be denied, that the official dispatches from India are but too much occupied with the detail of crimes committed, or that the jails of the country are

crowded with prisoners. But what is the cause of this? The innate depravity of the people, say our popular authors, and their horrid religion. The followers of such a religion always have been, and always must be, cruel, lascivious, treacherous, mean, and rapacious; utterly unworthy of confidence, totally unfit to be intrusted with power. Is it so? I apprehend not; and I am very certain that this opinion of their unworthiness to be placed in situations of responsibility, operating, as it has operated, to their entire degradation in their own country, has done as much to corrupt the morals of the people of Hindostan, and to alienate their affections from their present rulers, as any other step which we have taken, in our adjustment of the affairs of British India.

I am not going to panegyryze the morals of the Hindoos, even whilst they lived, many centuries ago, under their own patriarchal governments. Every thinking man must acknowledge, that soundness of religious faith, and purity of morals, naturally affect each other; and hence, that the worshipper of Vishnu cannot be expected to act, under every combination of circumstances, with the same stern integrity and uprightness which distinguish a real Christian. But I do say, that the political condition of India, even at the present time—the regular distribution of its inhabitants into trades and professions—their acquaintance with almost all the useful, and many of the ornamental, arts of life—and, above all, the books of ethics and of jurisprudence extant among them, abundantly prove, that whatever may be the case now, there was an era in their history, when vice and virtue were effectually distinguished from each other, and the latter prevailed, at least in an ordinary degree, over the former. One moment's reflection must, indeed, convince us, that no tribe could emerge from savagism, far less grow up into a nation, in which the moral virtues were not, to a certain extent, fostered by public authority. Were all men to speak falsely, mutual confidence would be destroyed; were the marriage tie universally disregarded, there would be an end to domestic relations; were all traders dishonest, every species of commerce would cease, and society itself must fall to pieces. It is, however, a well-

established fact, that the various Hindoo nations were under fixed laws and a regular government, many ages before our ancestors had left their forests; and that if we except occasional periods of anarchy, such as have occurred in all countries, and will probably occur again, their civil and political institutions effected, and long continued to effect, all the purposes which civil and political institutions are anywhere meant to effect. Like their religion, these were, it is true, of a very peculiar nature; but under them the people cultivated their fields in peace, and bartered their commodities without dread, and performed all the other functions of social life, with as much openness as any other set of men with whose history we are acquainted. Under these circumstances, it is not, I apprehend, either just or prudent in us, in forming an estimate of the moral excellency or depravity of the Hindoos, to examine only the doctrines of their religion; far less are we authorized in pronouncing that people utterly vicious and depraved, because we find certain practices permitted amongst them, of which we cannot approve.

It is, however, asserted, and I fear justly asserted, that the natives of India are, in general, depraved. The question, therefore, is, were they always so, or is their depravity a thing of late growth? This is a question not so difficult to answer as some might imagine, while much depends upon the answer which we obtain. If it be true, as some of the ablest servants of the Company assure us, that vice, instead of diminishing, has increased in India under the British rule, to what are we to attribute the circumstance? To the religion of the country?—No, surely, for that is the same that ever it was; but to the inefficiency of our government, in its perfect inapplicability to the state of society in the East. Under their native rulers, religion and law were so thoroughly united among the Hindoos, that the precepts of the one were invariably enforced by the execution of the latter. We have divided them—Professing to innovate in no essential point upon established customs, we have thoroughly revolutionized the country. We have altered the landed tenure throughout our whole empire, creating land-owners

where none before existed, and depriving of their paternal estates men, whose fathers had held them for ages. We have established a code of laws, of which the mass of the people are, and always have been, profoundly ignorant; we have stripped of their authority a whole host of hereditary magistrates, thus degrading them in their own eyes, and in the eyes of their countrymen; we have, in short, unhinged society, and now we wonder that the Hindoos are not virtuous. And what is more ridiculous still, we attribute all their vices to their religion!

Perhaps the age in which we live has arrived at a degree of knowledge sufficient to be told, that religion, properly so called, exerts, and can exert, comparatively but little influence over the general behaviour of the great mass of any people. The vulgar, in the most polished nations of Europe, are not to be guided by promises of happiness, and threatenings of misery in another world, unless these promises and threatenings be, at the same time, supported by a dread of punishment in this. Take away the wholesome restraint of human laws, and who will contend that murders, robberies, and violence, would not ensue, even in England, or that any nation under heaven would long continue virtuous, which had no other direction than religion? Over the enlightened portion of the community it is indeed true, that religion imposes many restraints which human laws neither can nor ought to impose, and that, among all classes, it adds weight to the injunctions of human authority, by creating what we are wont to term principles of rectitude; but, after all, the terrors of the law operate much more effectually in repressing those vices which disturb the peace of society, than all the injunctions of the gospel, pure and impressive as they are. If, however, such be the case with a religion divine in its origin, such must equally be the case with a religion which is false; nor can we for a moment suppose, that the Hindoos now are, or ever were, guided in their general behaviour by a sense of religion alone. No; they enjoyed, as I have already said, for ages before we knew them, fixed laws and a regular government; and these, though certainly less excellent than our own, deserve to be impartially considered, ere

we can make up our minds as to the natural or superinduced depravity of our Indian fellow-subjects. Of these, however, we have deprived them; and what has been the consequence?

Besides, though as firm a believer in Christianity as any man living, and as anxious to see the cross everywhere erected on the ruins of paganism, I am not quite so enthusiastic as to deny, that even Hindooism is better than no religion at all. As far as the peace of society is affected, Hindooism, though infinitely short of perfection, must be acknowledged to be better than atheism. Amid many monstrous and incredible fables, all of which, by the way, are matters of speculative faith, rather than of practical operation, Hindooism contains various important truths. It teaches that there is a heaven and a hell, and that the former shall be the reward of virtue, the latter of vice. It is, moreover, so thoroughly interwoven with all the functions and operations of common life, that he who professes it cannot, for a moment, be forgetful of its precepts. The Hindoo is continually a religious being; it is, especially, of the important truth just alluded to, that he is reminded, when he rises up or lies down, or goes forth, or returns to his home: and he must be singularly warped by prejudice who will contend, that such reminiscences are calculated to corrupt the morals of him who receives them. It is true, that various rites and ceremonies are, if not positively, at least somehow, enjoined by Hindooism, which our purer religion has taught us to regard as hateful in the sight of God; but even these are deprived of much of their innate depravity, when the motive which dictates their performance is taken into consideration; and whilst the opportunities of performing them occur but rarely, they exert no permanent influence over the general character of the people. Of this description are the customs of burning widows upon the funeral pile of their husbands; of sacrificing infants, by casting them into the Ganges; and of lying down to be crushed to death under the wheels of the car of Jugger-naut. These are indeed practices which no Christian can contemplate without horror; but be it remembered, that they are of comparatively rare

occurrence; that they give no tone to the national character of the Hindoos, than whom it was till lately admitted, that there never lived a race of men less addicted to cruelty, in the common affairs of life. With respect to lasciviousness and unchastity, again, nothing can be more preposterous than to attribute these vices to a whole people, merely because their temples are adorned with naked human figures, and the Lingam forms one of those images to which they pay worship. Between the feelings of devotion and lust there is surely no trace of connexion, and the poor heathen who worships the Priapus, only offers up his prayer to the god of fruitfulness; neither is he in any degree affected by the sight of objects, which, to our more refined and unnatural senses, are disgusting. Sir William Jones has well remarked of the Hindoo race, that "it never seems to have entered the heads of the legislators or people, that anything natural could be offensively obscene; a singularity which pervades all their writings and conversation, but is no proof of depravity in their morals;" nay, such is the force of habit, that even Christians themselves soon learn to look with the most perfect indifference on spectacles, which, on their first arrival in the country, both shocked and disgusted them. Besides, it is quite evident, from the general tenor of their most sacred precepts, that the Hindoos are not rendered unchaste, if indeed they be unchaste, by any of their religious injunctions. Among the laws of Menu, the following holds a pre-eminent station: "To a man contaminated by sensuality, neither wisdom, nor liberality, nor sacrifices, nor strict observances, nor pious austerities, ever procure felicity." Nor is chastity the only virtue which the institutes of Menu, and other sacred books of the Hindoos, distinctly recommend. These sacred books unquestionably contain the leading principles of morality, imparted in all the varied modes of fable, apothegm, and allegory, and clothed in the characteristic graces of oriental diction. The duties of conjugal life, temperance, parental affection, filial piety, truth, justice, mercy, reverence for the aged, respect for the young, hospitality even to enemies, with the whole class and category of minor offices; these are not

only strongly enforced, but beautifully inculcated by their Vedas and Puranas.*

I have said that it is not my inclination to panegyricize the morals of the Hindoos, during any period of their history. Like other nations, they have, no doubt, supported the ordinary proportions of good and bad members of society; and, like other heathen tribes, all have erred in their ideas of the Supreme Being. But to imagine that not a single virtue flourishes among them—that all the men are treacherous, and all the women unchaste—is just as glaring an instance of prejudice, as it is to hold an opinion directly the reverse. Such, however, are the sentiments of a vast proportion of the British public; and such is indisputably the principle upon which the Anglo-Indian government is founded.

Not to swell my letter by detached reference to a multitude of different works, I will merely draw your attention to a speech delivered in the House of Commons, in the year 1813, by William Wilberforce, Esq., and afterwards published. The object of that speech was, to impress upon the government of this country the vast moral obligation under which it lay, of sending out hosts of missionaries to convert the population of India to the religion of Christ. I give Mr Wilberforce ample credit for the most humane and benevolent intentions; but why, in his zeal to carry his point, launch out into such sweeping abuse of one hundred millions of his fellow-creatures? and why distort the language of other men, so as to impress it, by hook and crook, into his own service? To the testimony of Bernier, as far as it goes, he is perfectly welcome, though I confess that I have looked in vain through the pages of the French voyager for any such declaration, as that the natives of India possess little which belongs to humanity except the form. Every man who has read these interesting voyages must be aware, that Bernier, residing constantly at the court of the Mogul, had but little opportunity of making himself acquainted with either the moral or political condition of the people at large. Neither shall I pretend to call in question the truth of his re-

mark, that “Lord Cornwallis proved by his conduct that he considered the natives as unworthy of all confidence; that he never reposed any trust in any one of them, nor placed a single individual, either Hindoo or Mahomedan, about his person, above the rank of a menial.” Alas! this is one, at least, of the evils consequent upon his lordship’s administration, of which the natives most loudly and most justly complain. But that the hon. member for Bramber should have enrolled the names of Paterson, Stracey, and Dowdsewell, among his authorities, is indeed astonishing.

The reader is particularly requested to bear in mind the following sentences, which Mr Wilberforce adduced in the House of Commons as conclusive of the fact, that, in the opinion of these three gentlemen, the natives of India are innately depraved, and consequently, that exertions too great or too immediate could not be used to propagate among them the doctrines of Christianity. First, we have an extract from Mr Paterson’s answers to the Police committee, dated 30th August, 1799, running thus: “As a picture of human degradation and depravity can only give pain to a reflecting mind, I shall be as brief as possible, consistently with the necessity of furnishing the required information. Their minds are totally uncultivated; of the duties of morality they have no idea; they possess in a great degree that low cunning which so generally accompanies depravity of heart. They are indolent and grossly sensual; they are cruel and cowardly, insolent and abject. They have superstition, without a sense of religion; and, in short, they have all the vices of savage life, without any of its virtues. If we look a step higher, we find the same total want of principles, with more refined cunning; no attachment but what centres in self, for the ties of relationship seem only to render inveteracy more inveterate. Even the honest men, as well as the rogues, are perjured. The most simple and the most cunning alike make assertions that are incredible, or that are certainly false.” In like manner, Judge Stracey (Strachey) is made to say, “No falsehood is too extravagant or audacious to be ad-

* See the substance of the Speech of Charles Marsh, Esq. p. 49.

vanced before the Circuit Court. Perjury is extremely common." And again, "They are probably somewhat more licentious than formerly; chicanery, subornation, and fraud, and perjury, are certainly more common." "The lower classes are, in general, profligate and depraved. The moral duties are little attended to by the higher. All are litigious in the extreme, and the crime of perjury was never, we believe, more practised among all ranks than at present."

It is somewhat surprising that a man possessed of that acuteness of mind which confessedly belongs to Mr Wilberforce, would have subjoined to the preceding quotations a remark like the following. "Before we dismiss the long and melancholy train of witnesses, whose estimate of the moral character of the natives of India I have been laying before you, let me beg that you will attend carefully to two considerations, which are applicable to almost all the opinions which I have adduced. These are, first, that the statements you have heard, are all of them the opinions of intelligent respectable men, formed and given, *without reference to any particular question*, which happened for the time to interest and divide the public mind," &c. Now the very terms in which these opinions are expressed, furnish ground for at least suspicion, that such could not possibly be the case. Nor will he who has already arrived at that opinion, find himself, on farther inquiry, mistaken. The real truth is, that these opinions were, one and all of them, delivered with reference to a particular question, which, at the time, very powerfully agitated the minds of the Court of Directors, namely, whether it would be wise to extend to certain newly acquired provinces, those financial and political regulations which had been introduced by Lord Cornwallis into the old. The questions, to which they are partly in reply, were proposed for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the operation of these regulations had proved beneficial to the native population; and the answers themselves, as shall be shown in the proper place, all go distinctly to prove that the new system had depraved the people, and destroyed all sense of morality and rectitude among them. This may itself show how little reliance is to be placed

upon the authority of writers, who deal in invective, or abuse by wholesale.

But a few more of the same gentleman's arguments may not be amiss. He has quoted from a judicial letter from the Court of Directors to Bengal, dated April 25, 1806, the following sentences; and drawn from these quotations the conclusions that this very letter recommends as the sole remedy for existing evils, an increase of missionaries throughout the East. "The nefarious and dangerous crime of perjury, we are much concerned to find, continues to prevail in all directions, and even increases to such a pitch, as to baffle and perplex the judicial proceedings of the courts, so that the judge receives all oral testimony with distrust, and is frequently obliged to investigate the character of the witness more closely than that of the criminal." And again, "The little obligation attached by the natives to an oath, seems to proceed, in a great degree, from the nature of their superstitions, and the degraded character of their deities, as well as almost the entire want of moral instruction amongst them; and this points to the necessity of other remedies, as well as to the most rigorous punishment of a crime so hurtful to society as perjury." Now, what will the reader say, when he is informed, that this increase of perjury is caused by an error in our system, which requires oaths to be taken far too frequently, and such oaths, too, as no respectable native can be persuaded to pronounce? Lord Cornwallis, having discovered that the "Ganges water" is esteemed as the thing most sacred by the Hindoos, came to the hasty determination of requiring all persons examined upon oath, to swear to the truth of their statements by it. But the very pronouncing of such a vow is looked upon by the Hindoos as a consignment of themselves to everlasting torments; no matter whether it be taken in support of a truth, or of a falsehood; and hence, none will appear in our courts as witnesses in any trial, except those, who, having no value for their souls, are utterly regardless whether they speak truth or falsehood. That the Court of Directors alluded to this, and to the necessity of effecting some change in a matter so important, will hereafter be more

clearly shown; whilst the moral instruction alluded to, has reference to the overthrow of native schools, which, among other effects ruinous to this country, our system has occasioned.

But glaring as these misapprehensions on the part of our distinguished philanthropist are, his perversion of Mr Dowdsewell's meaning is even more extraordinary. "I quote the following passage from Mr Dowdsewell's Report on the Police of Bengal," says he, "in order to counteract that strange and most unjust persuasion, which has been attempted to be diffused, that the Hindoos are a gentle and humane people."—"Were I to enumerate only a thousandth part of the atrocities of the Dacoits, (a sort of hereditary robbers,) and of the consequent sufferings of the people, and were I to soften that recital in every mode which language would permit, I should still despair of obtaining credit solely on my own authority, for the accuracy of the narrative." "Robbery, rape, and even murder itself, are not the worst figures in this hideous and disgusting picture. Volumes might be filled with the recital of the atrocities of the Dacoits, every line of which would make the blood run cold with horror."

Will the reader believe that these very sentences, which are quoted as conclusive proof of the natural cruelty of the Hindoos, are in reality no more than parts of a chain of reasoning, the purport of which is to show, that by rudely destroying the native institutions, and introducing nothing effective of our own in their room, we have plunged the country into crime and misery? Such, however, is the truth; as will be clearly shown by and by, when the very same words are again quoted in connexion with their context; and supported by other authorities, who deliver themselves even more plainly, and therefore more strongly.

I have already trespassed so much upon your time, that I will not add to that fault, by bringing forward, as I might easily do, a whole list of names, all of them of the highest respectability, and all favourable to the moral character of the Hindoos. Our own ancient but delightful old traveller, the v. Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Thomas Rowe, when ambassador at

Delhi, delivers himself very warmly on this subject.

"For our living in East India," says he, "it is with as much freedom and safety in our journeys and tents when we travel; in our houses when we are more fixed, as if we were an army of banners appointed for our guard, or as if the vines and fig-trees under which we there sit, were our own." See page 170. "The truth is, that the people there in general, are very civil, and we never had any affronts or ill usage of them, if we did not first provoke them." He adds, indeed, "that if we did, they would not well bear it," but even in recording an instance of offence taken, he records, at the same time, the great placability of the natives, and their readiness to overlook an affront which is unintentionally thrown upon them. Of their extraordinary fidelity to their masters, he makes mention in these terms: "I have often heard it observed of the Welsh, that they are *optimi servi*, but *peissimi domini*; ill masters, but good servants. I shall not further inquire into the truth of that proverbial speech: but for this people I can affirm, that they are excellent servants, who are as much at the command of their masters, as the people of Israel, after the death of Moses, were unto Joshua." Thus, "if they be commanded to carry letters of a sudden many miles distant, from one place to another, they yield obedience in this, as to all other the commands of their masters, without regret or dispute, but doing the wills of those who employ them." "Those Indians I named before, are as faithful to their trusts unto whomsoever they engage, to the English as well as to others, that if they be at any time assaulted, they will rather die in their defence, than forsake them in their need. So that I am very confident, that if an English merchant should travel alone with a very great treasure in gold and jewels, both or either, from Surat to Labror, which is more than one thousand English miles, and take those Indian servants only for his company and guard, and all they knew what he carried with him, he paying them their wages, they would be so far from injuring him of the least penny of his wealth, that whosoever besides should attempt his spoiling, must make a way

through their blood before they should be able to do it." P. 183. In many other virtues besides these, the same author declares that they are habituated. "For the temperance of very many, by far the greater part of the Mahometans and Gentiles, it is such as that they will rather choose to die, like the mother and her seven sons, mentioned in the second of Maccabees, and seventh chapter, than eat or drink anything their law forbids; hating gluttony, and esteeming drunkenness, as indeed it is, another madness, and therefore have but one word in their language, (though it be very copious,) and that word is *mest*, for a drunkard and a madman." P. 148-9. Again, "And here I shall insert another most heedful particular to my present purpose, which deserves a most high commendation to be given unto that people in general, how poor and mean soever they be; and that is the great and exemplary care they manifest in their piety to their parents, that notwithstanding they serve for very little, yet if their parents be in want, they will impart at least half of that little towards their necessities, choosing rather to want themselves, than that their parents should suffer need."

Mr Terry speaks in the highest praise of the industry of the Hindoos, their exactness in making good all their engagements, "their justness in trade," their fair dealing, &c. and sums up all by exclaiming, "Surely for moral honesty it is most true, that even those heathens I have named marvellously exceed us." P. 255.

The sentiments of M. Duperron correspond precisely with those of Mr Terry; neither are Mr Orme, Mr Halhed, Sir William Jones, &c. &c. backward in bearing testimony to the good qualities of the Hindoos; whilst even the Abbe Dubois, though surely not prejudiced in their favour, speaks of their women, at least, as being "naturally chaste," and the marriage-tie between persons of the higher casts, as "indissoluble." All these writers, with numbers whom I have not named, may very fairly be opposed to Mr Wilberforce's authorities.

But look we to the statements of official men in modern times; what say they touching the eligibility of natives to fill offices of trust?

Sir Henry Strachey, in his answers

to certain queries sent out by the Court of Directors, which will be found in Vol. II. of Selections from Records at the India House, page 52, thus expresses himself:—

"Let native judges be well paid, and they will do the duty well; of this I feel the strongest conviction. When I speak of a liberal salary for a native judge, I would be understood to mean somewhat less than one-tenth of the salary of the European judge."

"It is my opinion, that all the judicial functions of Bengal might gradually be thrown into the hands of the natives, if such were the pleasure of the Company, and that the business would be as well conducted, under our regulations, by the natives as by the Europeans, in some respects better, and at one-tenth of the expense."

"I am of opinion, that, with respect to integrity and diligence, the natives may be trusted with the administration of justice,—I think no superintendence of Europeans necessary."

"If the natives are not qualified for these, or any other offices, I conceive the fault to be ours, and not theirs. If we encourage them, if we allow them to aspire to high office, if we pay them well, if we raise them in their own estimation, they will soon be found fit for any official employment in India. I beg to repeat what I long ago, in substance, said upon this subject, that the natives are depressed and humiliated, being confined by us to subordinate and servile offices. Although their education is most defective, and ignorance and credulity pervade all ranks, especially among the Hindoos, they are, nevertheless, found to acquire easily the requisite qualifications for the duties which we are pleased to intrust to them. From temper, habit, and peculiar circumstances, they are in many respects fitter for the office of a judge, than ourselves. But we place the European beyond the reach of temptation. To the native, a man whose ancestors, perhaps, bore high command, we assign some ministerial office, with a poor stipend of twenty or thirty rupees a-month. Then we pronounce that the Indians are corrupt, and that no race of men, but the Company's European servants, are fit to govern them."

The sentiments of Mr Neave are in

every respect the same. In reply to question 9, (See a volume entitled *Court's Queries*,) namely; "Are you of opinion, that the natives may, in respect to integrity and diligence, be trusted with the administration of justice?" that able servant of the Company remarks, "I am of opinion, that the natives, in respect to integrity and diligence, may be trusted with the administration of justice. Ally Ibrahim Khan is an instance in point; he was chief judge of the city of Benares, and deservedly obtained a high reputation. There were also two other judges, Molony Omxoola, and Mahommed Nizir Khan, of whom I have every reason to speak well, during the time they came under my notice, as assistant to the President at Benares."

I will refer you to but one authority more on the present occasion, lest both you and your readers should grow weary of the discussion; and when I name Sir Thomas Munro, I shall, I conceive, have done enough. That gallant officer and profound politician speaks, not in one place only, but everywhere, "of the quietness, the integrity, and the perfect fitness of the natives, to fill any office of trust." One of his observations is, that in many parts of the country, where our system has not operated, the morals of the people would do honour to any European nation; but as I shall have occasion to give you his own words in a future letter, I will not quote them here.

I have now, I trust, said enough to vindicate my fellow-subjects of India, from the sweeping condemnation which is continually passed upon them. Of private anecdotes, I might copy for you hundreds, all creditable to the natives, and all well authenticated; but with such men as Sir Henry Strachey, Mr Neave, and Sir Thomas Munro, to appeal to, I will not weaken my argument by turning to authorities less exceptionable. Yet in spite of all this, I freely acknowledge, as every man who knows India must acknowledge, that a more melancholy picture of human depravity is nowhere to be met with. What has brought it to this?—Sir Henry Strachey shall again answer for me.

"Since 1793," says he, "crimes of all kinds are increased; I think most crimes are still increasing." "That crimes have not increased still more, is owing to the providential occurrence

of a number of years of plenty; in any calamity of season, I have no doubt crimes would increase to a most alarming degree." "Drunkenness increases. The lower castes, who are almost the only drinkers of spirits, are, I think, getting rather more licentious in their manners, and less scrupulous on the score of religion." "They no longer consider the laws as a part of their religion. I do not even see that with us law and morality have much connexion. The vices and crimes of the people proceed from their poverty and ignorance, and I do not conceive they are likely to grow much richer or wiser, while the present state of things continues." "Persons who have occasion to attend our cutcherries, get into bad habits." Speaking of the intercourse of the natives with Europeans, Sir Henry asks, "whether the morals of the people are in any respect improved by these causes; whether they have not learned all the low arts of chicanery, imposture, and litigiousness, peculiar to an English court of justice, without a particle of plain-dealing, firmness, independence of spirit, or useful knowledge of any kind; whether they do not reap all the evil and none of the good; whether they do not imbibed those principles of the European character, which tend only to impair the mildness and simplicity of their own?" "Moreover, I would appeal to those," he adds, "who, from their situation or habits, are accustomed to consider these matters with attention, whether there have not, of late years, been introduced, and extensively established, professions, heretofore almost unknown; namely, those of informers, intriguers, suborners, and false witnesses; whose sole occupation is that of preying on their fellow-creatures, and whose long career of impunity convinces them, that honesty is the worst policy. And if such is the case, can we doubt to whom we ought to attribute this change of character?"

Again, "Whenever I observe in the behaviour of the natives symptoms of insolence, ill-nature, brutality, litigiousness, drunkenness, (which I confess I very seldom do,) knowing these qualities to form no part of the national character, I cannot help entertaining a suspicion; that they have either contracted them by their intercourse with low Europeans, which, in most situations, can hardly happen, or that

our system, somehow or other, has a tendency to produce them."

"Perjury," says this able and unprejudiced man, "is still increasing;" and he thus accounts for it: "The objection of almost every Hindoo of credit and respectability to swear by the Ganges-water, which is insisted upon in the criminal courts, prevents their appearing as prosecutors or witnesses; whence, as I have already stated, it unavoidably occurs, that only the worst description of persons, those who set all moral and religious obligations at defiance, are found to frequent our courts of justice."

I have now lying before me such a mass of official documents, all speaking the same language, and all attributing to our system of government the demoralization and misery of India, that I feel absolutely at a loss which to select. In due course of time you shall have so many of them, as will no doubt astonish the public. In the meantime I shall conclude my present letter with a long extract from a judicial minute made by Lord Moira; which bears date October 2, 1815. It will be found in a printed volume of Parliamentary papers on India affairs, from 1810 to 1819, at the 157th page.

"In the review which the preceding remarks naturally lead me to take of the practical effect produced by our judicial system on the character and happiness of our native subjects, I am reluctantly compelled to confess, that its operation appears not to correspond with what was to be anticipated from the judgment of those who framed the machinery of our judicial administration, or from the uprightness of those who execute its details. We seem to have accomplished a revolution in the state of society, which has, by an unexpected fatality, proved detrimental to general morals, and by no means conducive to the convenience of our government. Since the first institution of a Zillah Adowlut, in the year 1780, and even from the more regular organization of them in the year 1798, a new progeny has grown up under our hand, and the principal features which show themselves in a generation thus formed beneath the shade of our regulations, are a spirit of litigation, which our judicial establishments cannot meet, and a state of morality certainly much deteriorated.

"If in the system itself, or in the practical execution of it, we should be found to have relaxed many ties of moral or religious restraint on the conduct of indivi-

duals; to have destroyed the influence of former institutions, without substituting any check in their place; to have given loose to the most froward passions of human nature, and dissolved the wholesome control of public opinion and private censure; we shall be forced to acknowledge that our regulations have been productive of a state of things which imperiously calls on us to provide immediate remedy for so serious a mischief.

"The habitual disregard of the obligations of an oath among the natives, has perhaps been increased by the operation of our judicial system, and is accordingly considered by some of the judges to be confined to the persons who frequent our Adowluts. There is some consolation in the idea, that a part of the community is not yet contaminated by this dreadful vice; and the further diffusion of this infection might perhaps be obviated by a less indiscriminate and loose mode of administering oaths. If recourse to the solemn invocation of the Deity's name were to be heard only on the most important occasions, the most impressive mode of appealing to the conscience of the witness would be adopted, and the laxity of morals, which arises from oaths being made too common, would be repressed.

"Another consequence of the indiscriminate mode in which all persons, of whatever rank of life, are subjected to the same form of examination, is the aversion which the higher classes evince of appearing as witnesses; and the fact is stated by the Judge of Padden, and the provincial court of Patnu, that men of this description have been known to have paid the debt in dispute, and otherwise to incur considerable expense, rather than attend the court. I am aware that the courts are vested with a discretion of dispensing with the corporal oath of such persons; but it must also be recollected, that the courts are vested with a power of committing to close custody, on the requisition of the parties to the suit, any person refusing to be sworn, whose evidence may be stated to be material; and there can be no wonder if he should prefer purchasing, at any fine, an exemption from attendance, to running this risk. I have not been able to ascertain at all to my satisfaction, whether the objection of these persons be simply to appearance in a public court, or whether it extend to taking an oath under any circumstances. We have the precedent of the case of quakers in England, that British jurisprudence has, for the furtherance of justice, found it expedient to compound with prejudices; and the practice of taking

evidence under a commission from the Court of Chancery, where illness prevents the attendance of a witness in court, might be ground for a compromise with any class bound by known religious principles to bear testimony only in private.

"The advantage which is known to have been taken, some years ago, of the aversion of the Hindoos to taking an oath, by the native practitioners in the Supreme Courts at Calcutta, commonly described by the name of *Bubnillins*, may already have found its way into our *Adowluts*, and it is not impossible, that persons might be summoned as witnesses with no other view, than to extort money from their fears and prejudices.—There can be no doubt, that the facility with which charges of the most heinous nature were formerly received in our criminal courts, was soon converted by the natives into an instrument of extortion, as well as revenge; and there may be reason to apprehend, that the checks since imposed against false or exaggerated accusations, may not have proved a sufficient protection from the consequences of original arrest, which, in a mind of acute feeling, are not compensated by subsequent acquittal, and which are, of course, attributed by the sufferer to the laws themselves.

"A judicial administration, which knows no respect of persons, which makes no distinction between the prince and the peasant, between the Brahmin and the Soodur, cannot be popular in India; and we accordingly find, that the greatest boon which we can bestow on our feudatory *Jagheerdurs* in the western provinces, is exemption from our regulations. Time and better acquaintance with those principles of pure equity on which we proceed, will correct this; but the correction will begin in the gradual obliteration of the distinctions of caste, now as obstinately upheld by the superstitious ignorance of the lowest, as by the policy of the highest. It is impossible not to see how fast the reverence for these distinctions wears out among those who have much communication with us. A considerable improvement has certainly taken place on the point to which I have been referring, by the modifications that have been adopted in civil processes; but it occurs to me, that greater attention might, in the practice of the courts, be paid to the distinction of ranks, and to the prejudices of the natives in that respect, without trenching on the fundamental principle of extending equal justice to all.

"Another effect of our system, is the

disgust which it gives to the higher classes of natives, in the loss of all prospect of respectable provision under the economical scale of our native establishments. The door to official emoluments, and to stations of dignity, is necessarily closed against the natives by the exclusive employment of the covenanted servants of government; but if the sense of their exclusive possession of the land should not be a sufficient counterpoise for the reservation to ourselves of the advantages of service, perhaps some farther alleviation to the feelings of persons heretofore of rank and consideration, and who still possess property, might be found in the grant of titles and dignities by the British government, and in certain honorary exemptions and privileges. The promotion of distinguished persons not heretofore ennobled, either on the grounds of public service, or of personal merits, to rank and honour, would, on many substantial accounts, be highly expedient.

"The present state of landed property in Bengal, may also be brought under review, as connected with the judicial administration; since it appears to have originated more from the practical operation of legal decisions, than from the fiscal regulations of this government. The powers which have been assumed by the auction-purchasers universally, and probably by the original proprietors also, as in the instance stated of the *Rajah of Burstwin*, under the cover of summary suits, the still more summary process of notice of ejectment, have completely destroyed every shadow of right in the tenants, and reduced a happy and comparatively rich peasantry, to the lowest state of indigence and penury.

"It can, I believe, admit of little doubt, that no part of our system of government is more unpopular than the measure of public sale of land for the recovery of the arrears of revenue; and that, in the indiscriminate and extensive recourse which has been had to this harsh measure, a greater revolution has been effected in the landed property of India in the course of a few years, than what the lapse of centuries will be found to have produced under the Mahomedan governments. The effects which have attended the extension of this system into the western provinces, immediately on their coming under our authority, are forcibly described in the Report of the Judge of *Allahabad*, and will be noticed in my Report on the several subjects relating to revenue which have been brought under my notice.

"The same indigence and penury are

stated by the acting magistrate of Furruckabad to exist in those provinces also; and the description, if meant to extend beyond the class of professional mendicants, and the redundant population of great towns, may, perhaps, apply to the tenants in the large estates, where the same causes as are above described will be productive of the same effects. But the bulk of the agricultural population, connected with the hereditary property of the soil, certainly exhibits a very different picture.

"I cannot either omit noticing the effect which the duty on spirituous liquors appears to have produced on the morals and habits of the people at large. The principle of the tax is clearly unexceptionable, and its name and existence in India are anterior to the establishment of the British government; but its operation, instead of being a check upon an existing vice, (as it was intended to be,) has been to diffuse that vice more generally. Instead of being considered as an instrument of police for the preservation of morals, it has been followed wholly as a source of revenue; and the consequence is, that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors and drugs has not only been encouraged where it already existed, but has been introduced into districts where it was hitherto unknown, and extended in other districts beyond the limits of the principal cities to which it was formerly confined. In looking for a remedy to these evils, the moral and intellectual improvement of the natives will necessarily form a prominent feature of any plan which may arise from the above suggestions, and I have, therefore, not failed to turn my most solicitous attention to the important object of public education."

Though not essentially connected with the above, I subjoin the following observations of the same personage, on the subject of conversion, lest any of your readers should imagine that he is friendly to missionary operations.

"To those who are anxious to propagate amongst the vast population of this empire, the inestimable lights of true religion, it may be confidently maintained, that there is no hope of success, but by rendering the people capable of understanding that which is proposed to them. Open the minds of the rising generation by due instruction—give them the habit of reverencing the principles which the

Christian doctrine enjoins, without stimulating the parents into opposition by touching on points adverse to their superstition, and their inevitable rejection of beliefs irreconcilable to the reason which you will have enabled them to exercise, and repugnant to the probity which you will have taught them to admire; this must render certain their transition to the path you wish. As it is, their ignorance ensures their tenaciousness of their earlier impressions, and pledges their implicit submission to the dictates with which the Brahmins would counteract the object, were they alarmed into contest. The progress, to be effectual, must be patient and silent; like every other beneficial change, it must rise out of the general sense of society, and not be imposed upon it; and to produce that sense, I know no mode but education.

"The decay of religious endowments and public seminaries is noticed by several of the magistrates; and the decline of morality is stated to be a subject of reproach against us by all the natives, whom birth and education have inspired with concern for the good order or well-being of society."

I profess not to agree with the writer of the preceding minute in every particular. His notion of taking the fancy of the natives, by bestowing upon them titles of honour, will not be perused without a smile by those who are acquainted with the constitution of Indian society. But the document clearly proves, that our government has been anything rather than a blessing to the natives of Hindostan. It proves, too, that "The Friend" of India, and the missionaries in general, really know nothing about the state of the country concerning which they write. By what particular errors we have rendered our administration the very worst under which the Hindoos have yet lived, I shall explain to you on some future occasion.

In the meantime, be not surprised if you hear of a general rebellion in the East. Never was that country so thoroughly overrun with missionaries as at present. You may rely upon it that men already ripe for revolt, on account of political grievances, will soon be driven into open hostility by such violent attacks upon their religion.

Yours most truly,
AN OLD INDIAN.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND THE AMERICAN MINES.*

HERE is a pamphlet which we intend to gut, to turn inside out, and pin over our pages. Like all honourable M. P.'s, we disclaim having any share in any of the American mines—not a sixpence in the

Anglo-Mexican,
United Mexican,
Colombian,
Imperial Brazilian,
Rio de la Plata,
Peruvian Mining,
Chilian, do.,
Anglo-Chilian,
General South America—

not a rap in the Real del Montes—not a marvedi in the Guanaxuato or Catorree Vein; and therefore what we are going to say is as unbiassed and rigid as a decree in Banco Rhodamanthi.

There has been an immensity of stuff vented about the danger and gambling of the new joint-stock companies of various kinds. To people who know a thing or two, it was evident that there was a prodigious quantity of exaggeration in the statement of the sums gambled. Millions sound magnificent and lofty on paper—shares

“Rise and fall, and rise again,
Wild and disorderly,”

as Sir Walter remarks, when speaking of another speculation—a sensation is produced in the market—and all for about L.500 in actual coin. We remember once being well acquainted with the mess of a Highland regiment, the members whereof possessed genealogies far larger than their purses—and in order to accommodate both, when compelled to play against one another before strangers, they entered into a regulation that a pound betted meant sixpence—and accordingly a man might lose a dozen points; and as they played long whist, that is a good deal of losing for an evening—nominally for L.12, but really for six shillings. The latter was sufficient inroad, we own, on his purse, whenever it occurred, but it did not sink him into the utter ruin which would

have attended the payment of the former plum-like-looking sum.

So in the Stock Exchange: whereof, if we please, we could tell some queerish stories. But it pleaseth us not. Why should we tell you, my gentle reader, what ought to be learned by your own experience, if you have any business in money-dabbling—and if you have not, where is the use of enlightening the dark lantern of your intellectual faculty with what concerns you not? If you want information, go, as Southey says—

“Go thou and seek the house of stock;
We to the moorlands after cock.”

Our words may be taken for it, that the people of England may be let alone to do what they please with their money. Few are there about the mountain of Cornhill who can be addressed in the language used by the Hibernian orator when he mistook a jackass for a bull.† It gives our hearts very few pangs to think of the devastation which will fall on the pockets of the unwary youths who are deluded between the hours of four and half past four every evening, under the shadow of Gresham's Grasshopper. If a row comes, then let him die; let him be kicked out of the ring, bleeding and battered. What, in the name of Plutus, brought him there? Go—go—my lad—you're broken, are you? beggared? ruined? undone? Sir, there are a great many ways open to you, to obtain an honest livelihood. Join Mr Shiel's countrymen, and mend the ways, under the hard, but not stony, eye of London Macadam. Write articles—burn houses—murder men, women, and children, sparing not even the infant at the breast; slaughter Scarlett; reduce Lady Lauderdale to ashes; traduce Lord Charles Somerset for being the son of Duke Neddy Seymour; send immense ships through uncut canals; spread horror through the land, at a penny a-line, for the diurnal press. Go as waiter to a tavern, or tutor to a young gentle-

* An Inquiry into the Plans, Progress, and Policy of the American Mining Companies. London: John Murray!! Albemarle Street!!! 1825. pp. 88.

† Viz. “Soft is your horn.” An Irishman, in his cups, thought he saw a bull, but on taking him by the horn Paddy found it was a jackass's ears. “Soft is your horn, honey,” cried he.—Jon. Bee. *in voce*, p. 162.

man literarily disposed; in fact, sir, the world is wide. But we ask you again, what, in the name of Alecto, and Megæra, and Tisiphone, ever brought you to the Exchange? People may take our word for it, we repeat, that there are few to whom this question will need to be addressed.

However, the cry was raised, and among those who joined in the lament, chimed in the Quarterly. In its last Number, it shed salt salt tears for the innocent and unsuspecting Jews and Gentiles who were buying shares in the American mines. Our hearts were beginning to bleed for these tender and simple-minded individuals, when this pamphlet was stuck into our fist, and on perusing it we felt somewhat reassured that those helpless and uncognoscent beings would not be entirely swindled out of their money by the gold-finders of America.

Whoever wrote it is an ugly customer. He gives his one-twas into the bread-basket of the Quarterly in a manner most Ticklerian. If not Timothy himself, he must have studied under that great master. We recognize the touches of that able hand—that bloody and relentless old butcher—that Djazzar Pacha of Southville. He artfully does not say a word about his intention till the sixty-ninth page. The most inveterate Quarterly man might read the first five dozen and eight pages without suspecting that he was to be knocked off his pins in the very next. We can perceive the leap which the unhappy individual who perpetrated the review on rail-roads, &c. must have given when he met it. It must have been like the kind of feeling which he would have experienced, if after bowing most politely to a civil and well-dressed gentleman, he discovered that the object of the stranger's morning call was to arrest him at the suit of a tailor. We must let the pamphlet man speak for himself.

"The Quarterly Review has this moment been put into our hands. It contains an article on the Rail-Roads, which is prefaced by some pages on speculations of foreign growth, consisting chiefly of loans of money to, and pretended associations for working the mines of the various new governments of South America—Colombian, Mexican, Brazilian, Chilean, and Peruvian.

"We do not notice the remarks 'on the speculations of foreign growth,' merely

ly because they have been sanctioned by the classical cover of the Quarterly, but because in these remarks, we think, that all that has been alleged, and all that is being alleged, against the American mining companies, may be found condensed, with the addition of a little more prejudice, and a great deal more ignorance.

"They are, indeed, very happy specimens of the glorious art of random writing, an art which, it would appear, consists of detailing false statements in a flippant style, and drawing deductions, with singular acuteness, from premises of your own creation.

"We make no observation on the sentiments which the Reviewer expresses, either with regard to our financial arrangements, with what he scientifically terms Mexico and the other states of South America, or upon the political situation of those governments. After the conduct of the present administration, it is no longer necessary to prove to the British nation, that these governments exist, and we are satisfied, that the British nation will feel very little anxiety about the payments of their dividends, if they are conscious that these governments do exist. Nor shall we trouble ourselves to prove, that Bolivar and Canterac are 'anything more than two straws,' which the Reviewer somewhat shrewdly insinuates may be the case. We will answer, from the news which has lately arrived from Peru, that the Liberator does not care one straw about the hero of the Madrid Gazette, the 'guardian of the standard of Castile'!

"We make no remarks either upon the elegance of the Reviewer's style, or the accuracy of his geography; the profundity of his political views, or the novelty of his political economy."

"There is a kick in the kidneys! It certainly is awful, to hear a Quarterly Reviewer calling Mexico a South American state. Barrow ought to take him in hands without delay. Let us go on, however.

"But we feel it an absolute duty to make a few observations on the remarks contained in this article, on the 'pretended mining Associations.'"

"The Reviewer commences with the usual complaint of the facility with which names of notoriety are obtained, for the direction of a new company, containing, as he facetiously terms it, 'a considerable sprinkling of M. P.'s.' 'These original proprietors,' it seems, 'have a due regard for their own particular interests; if the shares (of which they are the largest holders) bear a premium, (which those of

the most unpromising speculation are almost sure to do, on their first appearance in the market,) they sell out, and, their object thus obtained, start upon some fresh game; if the concern lingers on, and fresh deposits are required, the unfortunate holders, unable to pay, or fearful of larger demands, are compelled to sell; the price of the shares then falls, and on further calls being made, the luckless purchasers get out as well as they can, by selling at a considerable loss; the next holder does the same; and thus they go on progressively in their descent, till they reach their proper level at zero, or nothing, when the bubble finally bursts, and the whole scheme explodes in empty air, like the infamous Poyais fraud, or King Ferdinand's repudiated bonds.

"Very shocking indeed! but, unfortunately, not true. If the Reviewer can point out to us a single company in which this farce has been acted, we will, most willingly, join our feeble efforts in assisting the exposure of the conspiracy, and ensuring the punishment of the conspirators. As for the 'infamous Poyais fraud,' this is not the first time that that poor scapegoat of a loan has been brought forward, according to the principles of the philosophy of induction, to warn good simple people from trusting what the Reviewer terms 'Mexico, and other states of South America, revolutionary governments, the honesty and permanency of which remain to be proved.'

"We make no remark on the Spanish Bonds. If money is not to be lent on the credit of an ancient and hitherto honourable nation, we know not by what terms security is to be defined. The obstinacy of the monarch, and the poverty of the kingdom, may combine at present to uphold, by a shallow subterfuge, their dishonourable conduct; but that ultimately these engagements must be fulfilled, we have no more doubt, than that there will be a day when 'fair Castile and Arragon' shall acknowledge a milder sway, and be governed by a wiser system.

"The Spanish loan was not introduced by 'a considerable sprinkling of M. P.'s,' who experienced the benefits of being original proprietors, but by wealthy merchants, who staked much of their fortune on the security it offered, and, by the event, were considerable losers.

"We are not ever desirous of meeting the assertions of anonymous writers by a counter-statement as bold and apparently as groundless; but, on the present occasion, we will state, that after much diligent inquiry, we have every reason to be-

lieve, that the directors of the American Mining Companies are the most considerable holders of the shares of the respective companies whose affairs they manage, and possess many shares, which they have purchased at considerable premiums.

"But," says the Quarterly Reviewer, 'the frenzy of speculation appears to rage highest among the mines of South America, from whose bowels the *'aurum irreperitum'* which the Spaniards have left, because the Spaniards had ceased to find it profitable, is to be dug out by means of English capital, English men, and English machinery.' To prove this frenzy of speculation in South American mines, the Reviewer, as usual, quotes a North American one, and triumphantly demands 'to what will not men persuade themselves, when we find that a single share of a certain mine named the Real del Monte, on which L.70 had been advanced, rose to a premium of L.1400 a share, or L.2000 per cent?'

"A certain mine, named the Real del Monte! we shall hear, we suppose, next of a certain mine named the *Guanarato*! Is it possible that the Reviewer, who talks so boldly of 'the frenzy of speculation, and of modern speculators, who take not the trouble to inquire into what has been or what may be;' is it possible that he can have mistaken a whole mining district for a single mine?

"The Real del Monte notice terminates with an elaborate peroration, to which is appended this note, a note to which we beg to call the reader's most particular attention:

"The Stock Exchange history of this wonderful mine is this. It belonged to a private gentleman of Mexico, who derived such wealth from it, that he made a present, during the last war, of two seventy-four gun ships to the King of Spain. We could another tale unfold, respecting this golden bubble and its flappers at the west end of the town, 'where news from the mine' is regularly manufactured, from St James' Street down to Charing Cross, to catch the city gulls, who in return lay their daily bets for the gentlemen of the west.

"This private gentleman here alluded to in this Stock Exchange history of this wonderful mine, is Don Pedro Tercero, better known as Count de Regla. The story here related of him, is as well authenticated as any one in modern history, and is given with many more particulars by Humboldt. Humboldt is a great authority, and it shows, at any rate, the discrimination of the Stock Exchange,

to found their tales upon the data of the learned Baron. But why say we the data of the illustrious German? There is another authority, supposed to be of as great weight, and which, being an English one, it is more probable the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange followed, when they related the history of 'this wonderful mine.'

"The following is an extract from a celebrated publication, which may throw some light upon this tale:—

"Don Pedro Tereros, Count Regla, one of the richest men in Mexico, drew from the mines of Biscaina,* between the years 1762 and 1774, a net profit of more than a million sterling. Besides the two ships of war, one of 120 guns, and the other of 74 guns, which he presented to the King of Spain, he lent to the government of Madrid five million francs, which he has never been repaid. The works erected on his mine cost him more than 400,000 pounds sterling, and he purchased estates of vast extent besides, and left money to his family, in amount only equalled by the bequests of Count Valenciana."

"Here is a gorgeous account! why 'the Stock Exchange history of this wonderful mine,' is mere prose to this! What are their two second rates to a net profit of more than a million sterling, to two ships of war, one of 120 guns, and five millions of francs to the Court of Madrid to boot, and four hundred thousand pounds sterling expended in his mines, and the purchase of vast estates and enormous pecuniary bequests besides?"

The best jest is coming.

"We anticipate the questions of our readers.—From what authority is this taken? from some contemporary writer? from some fond chronicler of the glories of the Regla family? Oh no! it is derived from a very different source. It is not put forth by 'republican governments, the permanency and honesty of which remain to be proved;' it is not promulgated by the agents of 'the pretended associations, to work the mines of Mexico and the other South American states.' This glowing account, this magnificent statement, may be found detailed as indubitable fact, in the *Quarterly Review* itself, for last April!!"

This is bad management, Mr. Coleridge—you ought to keep the nug in better order. This crossing and jostling never will do. Still our unre-

lenting pamphleteer proceeds throwing in the whip-cord.

"Moreover, that Review quotes the report of Señor Alaman, the identical individual who now presides over the foreign direction of the United Mexican Mining Association, to show, that the present state of the Mexican mines arises only from the revolution of 1810, which, to borrow the words of Alaman, as quoted by the Reviewer, 'began in the districts in which the richest mines are situated, and their proprietors were the first victims.' The revolution broke out in 1810, and the report of the Minister Alaman, as quoted by the *Quarterly Review* of last April, states 'the product of Guanajuato previously to 1810, to have been greater than all the mines of Peru together, amounting to upwards of 5,000,000 of dollars.'

"By the massacre of some,' says Alaman, 'by the ruin of others, from the war and the excessive requisitions, by the scarcity of money, and the consequent want of utensils and necessaries to continue the works, the mines ceased, as it were, almost in a moment.'

"And yet these are the mines which, in the present Number of the *Quarterly Review*, are described as having been quitted by the Spaniards, because 'the Spaniards had ceased to find them profitable.'

"Alaman, as quoted by the *Quarterly Review*, proceeds—'The inundation of the mines has been the inevitable consequence of their abandonment during the war. The working of them cannot be resumed until the water has been discharged, and to effect that, the miners of Mexico, poor in the midst of riches, have neither the machinery required to accomplish it, nor the capitals to procure them.'

"Does this passage require any comment? To supply this capital have the Mining Associations been formed, and we shall see what may be the effect produced by this supply of capital, in the opinion of Alaman, the minister of finance.

"The continual wars and civil dissensions have so laid waste that beautiful country, that nothing is to be seen but poverty and devastation, where before fertility and opulence were displayed. The total ruin of many rich families, the emigration of others, and the continued sufferings of all, have paralysed industry, which cannot be revived, from the want

* Biscaina is the finest vein of the Real del Monte. The most valuable of its mines are situated on this vein, as the Valenciana, Rayas, &c. of Guanajuato, are situated on the *veña madre*.

of those capitals which have either been destroyed or exported. *It is only by the importation and prudent application of new capitals, that Mexican splendour and prosperity can be revived.*

"It may be thought unnecessary for us, after the foregoing pages, to analyse all the opinions, and to notice all the remarks, of the *present* Quarterly Reviewer. 'We know,' says the Reviewer, 'that the old Spaniards, who undertook to work these mines, were mostly ruined, so that it became a common saying, — "a silver mine brings misery, a gold one ruin."

"Whenever the Reviewer is about imputing a statement particularly incorrect, we observe that he always begins by '*we know.*' As to the old Spaniards who were ruined, we appeal to the wealth of the Valencianas, the Reglas, the Agartados, the Rayas, and the whole of the Mexican nobility, the wealthiest in either hemisphere, to prove the falsity of this statement; and as to the *quarman saying* which is quoted, *proh Juppiter!* had the Reviewer ever lived in Cornwall, he would have been familiar with a million of these sage apothegms on all kinds of mines and minerals, and yet would have been surrounded by mines being worked in all directions.

"It must, in the nature of things, says the Reviewer, 'be years before any returns can be made.'

"Why must it? We have shown that the Valenciana mine, a very few months after it was taken by the Anglo-Mexican Association, weekly produced silver to the amount of 5000 pounds sterling, and that other mines are also very productive, and to judge from the report which we have noticed, a speedy dividend may be anticipated; ay, a speedy dividend from those very *South American* mines which, according to the Reviewer, 'there has never been any serious intention of working' mines which he describes 'as being within the bills of mortality, and the richest veins of which "crop out" in St James's and the Stock Exchange.'

"We have nearly done with the Quarterly Reviewer, but he tempts us for a moment longer. At the end of his vituperations appears the following note: — 'We consider, as an exception from these remarks, the Company established under Mr John Irving, Mr John Innes, Mr Hart Davis, &c., for working the Brazilian mines, and other purposes; their names (most of the others have no names) are a sufficient guarantee against all imposition. The mines of Brazil are, be-

sides, easily accessible, which those of the Cordilleras are not.'

"Oh, most consistent Reviewer! but just now, who bewailed in more piteous accents, who denounced in direr terms, the modes by which 'the dozen names of notoriety' were obtained for the direction of these associations? who described with more conceited chuckling 'the considerable sprinkling of M. P.'s?' and now the names of certain individuals are 'a sufficient guarantee against all imposition.' Mr John Irving, Mr John Innes, Mr Hart Davis, and the mysterious &c. (*ignotum pro magnifico*) are, no doubt, most respectable personages; but what appears to prove that these names are not as shamefully prostituted, and as scandalously obtained, as the long list of eminent senators, merchants, and bankers, who form the boards of direction of all the other mining companies?

"The Reviewer, as if conscious of his inconsistency, endeavours to extricate himself by a parenthesis, a very awkward thing to have recourse to at any time: — '*(most of the others have no names)*' — what can this mean? Has he forgotten 'the dozen names of notoriety and the considerable sprinkling of M. P.'s?' Perhaps this discriminating Reviewer, this man *emuncipæ naris*, is aware that the shares of the 'new Brazilian' are unapportioned, or is satisfied with the apportionment? Certainly the following sentence is very suspicious, it is scarcely a puff collateral: — 'the mines of Brazil are besides easily accessible, which those of the Cordilleras are not.' But what signifies facility of access where mines may not exist? The product of Brazil was chiefly obtained by stream works, and a company is already formed to farm them. But is the Reviewer aware that all the celebrated mines of Mexico, the most accessible in America, are situated on the Cordilleras?

So much for the Quarterly Reviewer. Next time we meet him, his geography and his style may perhaps be both improved, and as his researches respecting Mexico and the other states of South America are more extended, his views as to their present situation may become more correct, and his conclusions as to their future prospects less erroneous."

That will do, we rather imagine. It is a stomacher. See that the Reviewer is put to bed, and rubbed with a dry towel. Have him bled over the eyes, and watch him well during the night. Perhaps he may come to in a week's time, but he never will do any more

for the ring. By the way, that wipe about the Brazilians was capital. Confess, O thrice-badgered bullwether of Mahomet! that you have been dabbling in the fun yourself. Do not be afraid that we shall blame you for it, for it would show a symptom of reason.

After this castigation, our pamphleteer goes off to jollify himself with a dram of political economy, taken neat. He and we part company, and we go back to look for metal more attractive. We shall find it in his 38th page, &c. Depend upon it, reader, it is worth your notice.

"Unfortunately there is a set of individuals in this world who are very desirous of gaining property without working for it. They have what they consider 'enough to speculate on,' but loss to them is annihilation. These people used to speculate in the funds; these people may endeavour to ruin themselves in the mines; and did neither stocks nor mines exist, they would operate on hops, as they have done, or in colonial produce, as they are doing. Is the wisdom of our Imperial Parliament to devise plans for the preservation of these financial suicides? Are we to commit the great blunder of despotic states, and legislate for the individual? Are we, like the Eastern Caliph, to forbid any bread being made in Bagdat, because one watch, in one of the suburbs, has sold a poisonous compound for the staff of life?"

"In these pages we can but glance at the principles of legislation, and of the *esprit de loi*, give but the most spiritual essence—but without further inquiring whether *folly* is subject to *taxes* for the legislature; and whether by the law of England *fraud* is sufficiently punishable, we may as well examine a little into the wonderful stories of profit and loss which daily meet our ears.—We promise our readers some instruction; it may be, some amusement.

"If any of our readers will take the trouble of walking to a place now very much in fashion, *the City*, not *the City of London*, but a space of ground consisting of about 400 square yards, and covered with counting-houses and alleys, *the City* par excellence, *the City*, *the City*; if when there he will further take the trouble of being introduced to one of the individuals by whom the business is carried on in *the City*, is chiefly transacted, and ask him what has been doing in the 400 square yards, covered with counting-houses and alleys, for the last ten years,

he will be answered immediately, 'why, making money, to be sure, what else—the manufactory of millions is not a thing of an hour, although we do it pretty quickly in the nineteenth century.' Our friend will also discover that the profits which have accrued by managing the American mines in the market are not of an extraordinary nature, that they have not exceeded, nay, not equalled, the sums which have been made for the last ten years by other speculations, and by managing other undertakings, and he will learn that Mexican mines and Colombian pearl fisheries have only succeeded to Mexican bonds and Colombian loans. When he has listened to the sublime accounts of the stupendous fortunes which have been made for the last ten years within the 400 square yards, he will naturally ask himself the reason why so little sensation has been excited out of the ground covered with counting-houses and alleys, by all this accumulation of wealth and manufactory of millions? Why it was not till *the mines* were introduced that any other persons but the lodgers in the alleys and renters of the counting-houses participated in the profit or the plunder?

"Good reader! kind and curious gentleman! who have thrown off your evil habit of lounging 'to walk into the city!' we will tell you. There was something invidious in the character of a stock-jobber, there was something disreputable in the character of a loan-monger, there was something, in short, in watching the turn of the market, that would never have suited Upper Brook Street or Grosvenor Square. The game was thus confined to a set, much to their dislike, who wished to see the money-market more frequented and more patronised by the 'West End,' than the apparition of an occasional marquess, or a jobbing honourable, would imply.

"When the mines were brought forward, the opportunity seemed at hand: there was nothing invidious in the character of a mine-jobber, there was nothing *unbecoming* in watching the turn of a mine-market; it was compared to purchasing an estate, and was called patronising infant liberty and liberal principles, and there was something gorgeous and aristocratical in the idea of succeeding to the possessions of the Valencianas and the Regias. The new speculations were published not for the Jews only, but for the Gentiles also,* and the *West End* rushed to anticipate the spoil.

"Then began the game. We heard of Lord Knows-Who lounging upon

'Change, of Sir Frederick Fashion's Colombian curriole, and of the Hon. Mr. ———— condescending to become a Director of the 'New Company.' The mines were *la chose*, they were the *sujet* at concerts, conversaziones, and clubs. 'The University' looked with that supercilious yet anxious air which its members, chiefly young barristers and 'alternate evening lecturers,' are so conversant with, on the mining article in the Courier;—the *Union* was suspiciously acquainted with 'how shares left off,' and scandalous stories were told of puffing and panting members gaining *Pall Mall East* with the latest intelligence; and the hebdomadal *assemblies* of 'the *Athenæum*' diversified their usual topics of conversation, strictures on modern literature, and their own execrable wines, by an occasional inquiry 'after the state of the market.'

"Then it was that the *dinere out*, and such small deer, those human frivolities who, when comedies were written, were immortalized under the names of *Hiss*, and *Plume*, and *Flutter*, did their duty. A mining story was as regularly expected with the second glass of *Johannisberg*, as a dissertation on the operative legalities, or the latest piece of scandal served up with the sauce piquante of modern exaggeration, and jewelled beauty listened, if not to tales 'of Africa,' at least 'to golden joys.'

"In the course of a very short time a whisper was about town, that the Earl of Grosvenor was a great holder of American mining shares. Exaggeration echoed the whisper; 'and soon the noble peer had gained a plum.' With a hundred thousand pounds the Rubicon is passed by modern tattlers, and each day doubled the peer's profits.

"Then Mr. Adam, the king's counsel, (rash man!) had it in his power to realize 250,000L. on his shares, and would not.

"We had the misfortune once of being in the Court of King's Bench. We remember being seated near this learned gentleman, and while we were admiring the acuteness and erudition with which he argued a very knotty point of law, we saw marked on his brief, *ten guineas*. Now we did marvel that this individual, who considered that a quarter of a million was but the commencement of his profits, that this lord of Mexico should, for some rascal counters, sit in a horrible close court, refer to digests, learn indices by rote, and in short-hand and with a bad pen make learned notes on unintelligible evidence. We left the theatre of his arguments and actions; we met

one whose step is better known in Bond Street than Cornhill, but who now, with an eye beaming with exultation, was returning from his morning walk into the city. He was full of the gorgeous fortune of Sir William Adams, Knt., late oculist extraordinary to his majesty. The cavalier, it seems, with a financial prescience, which would entitle him to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, if Mr. Robinson ever cease giving those annual Arabian Night entertainments, in common parlance called *budgets*, had purchased in the outset a large quantity of the Mexican mining shares. But, unlike Lord Grosvenor, or the rash but fortunate Mr. Adam, Sir William had condescended to realize a profit of L.180,000 on 'a very trifling quantity,' determined, 'come what come may,' either to become the richest individual in Europe, or to retire on the respectable independence of L.8000 per annum. The tale was passing strange, but who in the nineteenth century will play the Pyrrhonist?

"But, as half London has said, but if there have been these great profits, there must have been equally great losses. The dilemma is not good, or rather it is nought. An original holder of these shares might have sold them at a profit of L.100 per share, and yet might have sold them cheap. We have not created this objection merely to destroy it; we have ourselves heard it made some dozen times by people of education and of the world.

"But Lord Grosvenor arrives in town, and, actuated by the purest and most honourable motives, or, perhaps, apprehending legislative interference, and imagining that on account of his awful wealth he might become the first victim of an ostracism, was desirous of informing the public, through the medium of the noble possessor of the woolpack, "THAT HE NEVER HAD HELD OR BEEN INTERESTED IN A SINGLE SHARE OF THE AMERICAN MINING COMPANIES!!!"

"The rumours increasing, Lord Grosvenor felt it his duty in his place in Parliament, to inform the public, that he HAD NOT HELD OR BEEN INTERESTED IN A SINGLE SHARE IN THE AMERICAN MINING COMPANIES, and took the opportunity of delivering some very statesmanlike observations on the subject.

"Meanwhile Mr. Adam was calling on his friends, for the purpose of informing them that the reports which were afloat, as to the immense sums which he had made by speculating in the

American mines, originated from THE SIMILARITY OF HIS NAME TO THAT OF SIR WILLIAM ADAMS, and that he had the misfortune of not having it in his power to realize a quarter of a million.

Oh fortunati, sua si bona nōrint!

"Sir William Adams followed up these explanations by publishing a pamphlet, justifying himself for not realizing a single mine share, and giving his reasons to his numerous friends for persisting in this line of conduct.

"Now here are three stories, which have created an extraordinary sensation in this good metropolis; here are three individuals who were supposed to have participated more than any others in the immense profit which was said to have been made by speculating in the shares of the American mines. Of these three stories we find every one to be false; of these three individuals, we find that two never possessed a share, and that the third never sold one; and, consequently, that these three individuals, who, to have had it in their power to realize the profits which it is said they were enabled to do, must have possessed among them nearly the majority of the mining shares, never made a gain of one single soul.

"If then these stories are true, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that of the number of mining shares which were in existence, a considerable number, perhaps a moiety, were not producing any ruinous consequences.

"If these stories are false, we may, perhaps, doubt whether the 'ruinous consequences' ever resulted.

"But are these all the tales, if not as entertaining, quite as miraculous, as the Milesian, with which our country has been gorged, alas! sat to satiety? Oh no! Is there not 'the clerk of the eminent banking-house,' who, when Christmas approached, and was supposed by his kind masters to be anticipating for his faithful services an increase of salary, and indulging in the paradise of an additional ten pounds per annum, humbly, most humbly, informed his employers, that he was under the necessity, with exceeding sorrow, (he had nothing to complain of,) of retiring from their service for, (his friends had been so kind,) unfortunately, he had been induced to realize the mining shares which had been originally allotted to him, and had been so unfortunate as to have the fortune, (his friends had been so very kind,) of realizing L.50,000!! Oh, brave clerk! oh, most eminent banking-house! What must be the masters of such a servant? such a miniature millionaire!

"Now, reader! this story is not like my Lord Grosvenor's; it arises not from an unnoticed report and from common conversational amplification—this story is not like the fortunes of Mr Adam, and arising from a mistake—this story is not like the one of Sir William Adam, and partly founded on fact—no! no! this story is from beginning to end an unalloyed, unsophisticated, pure, and unexaggerated fabrication. It came into existence not in the shape of an *on dit*, it was not engendered by rumour and pampered by exaggeration, but it burst into being with all its noxious qualities about it, a complete, a perfect, an intentional lie!

"Yet these are the stories which are the subject of interest in every quarter of the metropolis, we may say in every part of this country—that have been repeated by newspapers, that have disturbed the quiet of domestic circles, that have disgusted men with their honourable and arduous employments, and, finally, credited as material and veracious consequences, become subject-matter for legislation, for laws, which, if put in force, will tend to enervate, perhaps to destroy, the energies of this country, and we shall see the prosperity of Great Britain, and of a whole hemisphere, sacrificed to Fear which is founded on Falsehood.

"The truth is, that for a couple of days all the country were buying shares in the American mines. There was no reason for the excessive demand, and a fearful re-action might have taken place, but Avarice preserved us from the misery which Insanity might have produced. Waiting for further profits, the world missed those which already were unreasonable, and the losses which were incurred by a very few simpletons, who bought at the highest, are, we sincerely believe, all the 'ruinous consequences' which have resulted from the 'late great depreciation in prices' so much talked of and so much wondered at."

Is not that pleasant and graphic?—a famous story-teller, by the word of a quill-driver. Why does he not send us articles for our Magazine? A man of his taste must know that writing a pamphlet is throwing away time, for nobody reads it. Writing for us is well employing time, for everybody reads us. He has done a great deal of good by exposing the futility of these stories, which are so current in the Eastern and Western worlds of London. The stories of my Lord Grosvenor, or

Mr Adam, or Sir William Adams, will not pass muster any more.

From the book to the bookseller is an easy transition. There is an immensity of good sound pluck in John Murray's publishing the tirade against the Quarterly. How their Reviewer will take it, we know not; neither do we care. The imprint of Albemarle Street will, we should think, appear there the unkindest cut of all. Would Constable publish a pamphlet against the ba-laamitical essays of the Edinburgh? We doubt it; for we remember how he wrote a most indignant letter to Sir

R. Philipps for having dared to hint a word of dispraise against that somnolent miscellany in his muddy Magazine; which letter, by the way, Sir Pythagoras printed. If Constable has a mind to print a pamphlet of the kind alluded to, we can furnish him with one at five minutes' notice. We shall prove, to his satisfaction, that the Reviewer of Theodoric is an ass, and the Reviewer of the Chancery Court a rogue. If that will not satisfy him, we shall turn our hands to the whole of his contributors, *en masse*. The hint may be worth his notice.

A FRAGMENT.

Go!—when by the world deserted,—
When thy dearest hopes are blighted,—
When those who loved thee once have left thee,—
When fate of all thou lovest has left thee,—
When the thought of those, who are long since dead,
Recalls to thy mind the days that are fled,—
Go!—in the silence of the night,
In the soothing calm of the woe moonlight,
While all around is tranquillity,
And gaze—upon—the boundless Sea!

W. G. M.

BEAR-BAITING AND MR. MARTIN'S BILL.

MR. MARTIN'S "Bear-baiting" bill has been thrown out by the House of Commons; and, looking to some of the details of it, perhaps no other result could be expected; but, inclined as I am to think, that, in principle, it must eventually succeed, I have been sorry to see it so decidedly opposed by many individuals whose opinions I feel a high respect for. The arguments (in the short discussion which took place in Parliament) used by those who support the existing system, were not new. Their main reliance seemed to be on what they called a "partial justice" in Mr Martin and his friends—that they attacked the vices of the poor, while those of the rich were to remain unmolested; and to this was appended an attempt at comparison between the practice of torturing animals in corners for gain, and those active, manly diversions, which we have been used to recognize as the "sports of the chase."

Now, if I spoke merely as the advocate of the poor, my first request should be for leave to discharge my clients entirely of all that interest in bear-baiting

and brutality, with which some of their friends seem so anxious to endow them. I doubt that the poor should have their share; but, in getting this exclusive right and title to the bear-bait, they get a great deal more than their due. Enough, even of a man's right, is as good as none. This solicitude to preserve the privilege of the poor, (where it happens to be a privilege kicked out, so *abominably* by everybody else,) is no more than an old song played on a new key—a new version of the ever-blessed apothegm of "the Billington" and "the Bull," upon which I may perhaps presently have a word. But the fact, if we are to argue upon facts, is not as the friends of the poor are so good as to state it. It is not the poorer classes who either have, exclusively, or desire to have, their "bull." On the contrary, at least a large proportion of the money which supports the "dog" and "monkey" fighting, and encourages the horse-chauvins, minor pugilists, brother-keepers, and other miscellaneous who trade in it, comes from the pockets of persons who certainly, as to

means, cannot be ranked among the lower classes of society; and who frequently, from their birth and fortune, (if not from their taste and worthiness,) are qualified, and entitled, to move among the higher.

Now, how far the desiring to make particular diversions the particular property of particular classes, may be the readiest course to maintain good understanding and good feeling throughout a community, this is a question which I will not stop just now to try, because I must absolutely have a word with that famous dictum of "The Billington, and the Bull;" premising, that I take it to be a sentence as free from anything like reasonable meaning or deduction, as the most peremptorily turned Irish antithesis that ever Catholic orator imposed upon an audience by.

"The higher orders have their Billington," are the words; "and why should not the lower orders have their Bull?" That is as much as to say, it is a justification of one person to commit a murder, because another chooses to hear a song?—"The higher orders have their Billington, and why should not the lower orders have their Bull?"—If I were to say, "The people in St James's blow their noses, why should not the people in St Giles's set their houses on fire?" would not my proposition, bating the alliteration, be just as logical as that of Mr Windham? Certainly, if it is to be contended that every man has a right to his "taste," both these sentences become axioms, and we repeat the whole statute-book immediately. But, is it worthy to talk of the "taste" of the lower classes, in a matter where that taste happens to be scandalous to decency and humanity, when we punish, by law, any taste they may feel for the act of carrying a gun—shoot them if they have a "taste" for walking through a park or a plantation—and even make their "taste" for washing their bodies in the main ocean corrigible, by an action of trespass from the lord of the manor, who has a right of soil in the barren sand, between the water-mark, over which they pass?

If I question the right of any man, and it is a point on which I will have a word again before I conclude,—to answer Mr Martin's bill by a sweeping charge of cruelty and stupidity against the whole working population of the

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country, still less can I admit any value in the parallel attempted to be set up between such sports as hunting and shooting, and the ignoble, sedentary barbarities which we desire to be relieved from. The understanding may be puzzled by sophistry; but I ask whether the heart of every man does not acknowledge a broad distinction between the practices?—Where is the fox-hunter—although he hunted a fox to death every day through the season—would consent to cut a fox into quarters, after catching it alive? Though he preserves the breed wild in his woods, avowedly for no other purpose than that of destroying them, will he throw out the cub which has been petted in his house to be worried by dogs in the court-yard, for his amusement? There is some difference between slitting a man down (even though it should be done rather needlessly) in the heat of battle, and murdering him, in cold blood, two days after he has been made a prisoner.

Nine-tenths of the quality of every act of violence depend upon the relative conditions of the thing that strikes, and the thing that suffers; and there is a disposition common to our nature—to long as we will only give nature her fair play—to spare those objects with which we are familiar, and those which lie, confessedly, at our mercy. A gentleman may follow his pheasant in the field, but what would he said of one who had a taste for shooting the same bird in a poultry-yard?—If a partridge be wounded, and escapes, true, the bird suffers; but that suffering forms no part of the fowler's intention. He meant to kill his game; by accident, he has only wounded it, and it is left to die probably in great misery. But would there be no difference between this chance, and his going out daily to wound birds for sport, or to roast them alive (having taken them) for a wager, before a slow fire?—If the distinction between these two acts be no more than imaginary, then half the distinctions we set upon daily are little else; and yet they are very valuable distinctions, and we should be much worse off than we are if we went to work without them.

The old woman who sets a "killing trap" to catch her mice, lest she should be tempted to liberate them after having taken them alive, compasses precisely the same end (as far as the ex-

tion of the mice is concerned) with the unwhipped archin, who would make a gala of drowning them in a pail of water; but the feeling under which the old woman acts, has conducted to the bringing up that archin to years of mischief; and the feeling under which he acts, (unless repressed by castigation,) is by no means an unlikely one to conduct him to the gallows.

And the propensity, let it be observed, is quite *not generis*, which leads to these inflictions of premeditated torture upon living animals. Crowds run to witness an execution; but they are only spectators of the horrible scene, not contrivers of, or contributors to it. There is hardly a man whose vulgar curiosity has brought him four or five miles to see how a fellow-creature can die, (for this is the true foundation of the impulse,) who would not go back nine times in ten with the loss of the spectacle, if the granting a reprieve depended upon himself?

It is a totally different taste and appetite by which those individuals must be guided, who pay their money, expressly, to purchase the protracted agony of a helpless and unoffending creature.

Mr Martin's story of the French surgeon, Dr Magendie—I hope that some part of Mr Martin's statements as to that affair were incorrect. It casts heavy imputation upon Dr Magendie—one which he should by all means contradict or explain away, if he can do so; and one which the letter of Dr Shiel has by no means (in my view) entirely got rid of. For, if there be a latitude to be allowed, so there must be a limit set, to the rights of philosophical research. A man who should feel very decidedly, and very sincerely, that some new and important principle in science would be developed by the experiment attributed to Dr Magendie—such a man might be justified in executing it, (though, even then, I doubt whether I could make that man my friend,) but if there were any good reason to believe that a view to profit, or to notoriety, had contributed to the commission of the act, I confess I should say that both the individual who performed, and the spectators who permitted it, would deserve little better than to be excluded from society for ever.

And, to the displays of “animal fighting,” against which Mr Martin's bill is directed, there is this especial circumstance of objection, that the spirit of cruelty, in which they begin, is aggravated a hundred fold, nay, often to a height scarcely credible, by the heat of gambling, and the spirit of pecuniary gain. It is not possible to imagine a spectacle during which all the damnable passions of the human heart are called into more venomous activity, than during one of these “pit matches,” as they are called—say, for instance, between two bull-dogs—at which, from two to three hundred persons, of all classes, will assemble to deprave themselves. Of course we may take it for granted—such a contest lasts, not only until all chance of victory, but all possibility of it on one side, is physically at an end. While there is life there is hope; twenty guineas are depending; and, therefore, until the falling combatant is motionless, we must not talk about cessation. But the thing goes beyond this. There is a ceremony very familiar to cock-fighters, called “pounding,” which signifies the laying, or laying heavy odds upon any improbable event. When the losing bird is beaten, according to the laws of the game, ten to one they still be betted that he cannot possibly win; and, after that, we put in an *intermissionem*, until one fowl or the other is entirely destroyed. The dog-fighters, in hope of clearing one bet by another, frequently resort to a “hedge” of this same description. I happened once to witness an instance, where two dogs of great power and courage had been matched against each other. The animal that lost, in this case, fell from want of teeth, which had been destroyed by age and previous combats. After the fight had lasted three-quarters of an hour, and when he was lying quite defenceless in the ring, a butcher called out to “take him away.”—“He'll be killed in another three minutes.”—“Five to two he is not killed in.” The proprietor of the animal. The bet was accepted. The beaten dog, quite unable to move, was deliberately torn to pieces by the victor; the only difficulty to winning the wager, arising from the unwillingness of the latter to attack him too after he entirely ceased to make resistance.

It is too "liberal" an argument, when scenes of equal atrocity with this are occurring every day; to tell me, that, in the common course of life, our cruelties are eternal. I desire only to do by one vicious practice that which is already done by a hundred others; we know that we cannot eradicate, but we will not allow the making a trade, or a matter of public exhibition, of them. Who is there, when he votes for shutting up a gaming-house, that imagines he can thereby get rid of gaming? But he discourages the practice, nevertheless, and removes the ready temptation to it. What a fact it is, that we should apprehend a set of men as vagrants who exhibited a comedy in a shed, or a back kitchen; but that the public morals are held perfectly secure, so long as they confine themselves to the impaling cats upon the spits, or red-hot pokers!

I have already observed, that people feel something surprised at the quarter from which the successful opposition to Mr Martin's bill—that is to the principle of it—has proceeded; and the more so on account of some intimations which have lately come from pretty nearly the same authority upon the subject of prize-fighting. For myself, I think (always under correction) that the peculiar hardihood for which the English are distinguished, does arise, in great measure, out of their early taste for boxing—a taste which these prize contests probably contribute something to the fostering and keeping up; but, under any circumstances, I cannot understand the humanity of being shocked at seeing two sane and sober men punish each other, for sums of money, until either thinks it convenient to leave off; and, the next moment, feeling no aversion to witness and assist in the most abominable tortures inflicted upon two unfortunate quadrupeds, who are neither interested in the result of their own warfare, nor even free agents as to the limit of its continuance!

It is said, that we must wait with patience, and let the efforts of education correct these errors which we seek to curb. I think, looking at what education has already done, that it is going a little too far to talk of gracing the common people of England, by licencing them to throw at cocks, or be delighted with the sufferings of

bears and badgers. Why should a man of fortune affirm, that the carpenter who works in his house is incapable of any other enjoyments than those which are coarse and unintellectual; and what public diversions have the higher orders in England from which the lower orders are shut out, or into which they do not fully enter? As regards the question of taste, the novels of Sir Walter Scott are read as eagerly in garrets as in drawing-rooms—as much thumbed by the meanest artisans, as dogs-eared by the finest ladies of London. As regards the question of cost, these bear-baiting entertainments which are charged upon the lower orders, (but to which I doubt if they are much more deeply given than their betters,) are among the most expensive, in the way of public exhibition, of any which the town affords. The people who fill the galleries at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres, are as well entertained, (and very nearly as well accommodated,) for their shilling, as those who pay seven shillings to go into the boxes. Nine in ten of the public exhibitions of London are to be seen for the payment of a shilling; four in five of them—all the theatres, except the Italian Opera-House—are accessible for the cost of sixpence; while from eightpence to three shillings is the common fee for looking at two knaves in the Fives-Court, who gather halfpence and affect to bruise one another; or for setting a terrier on to worry a miserable ape in a cellar, kept by some returned transport of Tottenham-Court-Road, or Tothill-Fields.

I am at a loss to conceive how, practically, any beneficial result can be expected, from accustoming men to resist those common feelings of our nature which impel us to relieve misery, at least wherever it is present to us. Unless humanity be a vice, and one which should be got rid of, there is mischief in accustoming the community to look lightly, and still more to look as a matter of entertainment, upon pain and suffering in any shape. I ask for no interference with private fight; all I wish is, to get rid of the profit which accrues out of public exhibition. I do not say punish me (unless as common disturbers) every two blackguards who set their dogs to fighting in the streets; but I say—stop the trading—binder the outcasts

of society from making an idle livelihood, by using the people to displays of bloodshed and brutality.

For the argument, that, should we abolish these practices, others of equal cruelty will necessarily remain, it might as justly be said, because, in defiance of all law, there will still be fraudulent traders, and fraudulent debtors, we should make no law against burglary, or against the public picking of pockets.

I do look upon the plea, that the lower classes of the people are especially interested in this question, as little else than an insult to the persons whom it professes to support. The lower classes in any country, and at any period, would be morally degraded by the acceptance of such a boon as is offered to them; and I am strongly of opinion, that the great proportion of those of England need only see the gift in its proper light to have as little desire for it as they have necessity.

Of Mr Martin's plan, taken in its full extent, the difficult part is already accomplished. It did seem to be a nice question what should amount

to ill treatment of a coach-horse; but the law has passed upon that subject, and is found to work perfectly well. In the performance of the remaining duty, that of forbidding, as an incentive to low gambling, and a matter of public display, the practice of those inhumanities, which, in the business of life, we have already taken steps to check, no practical difficulty whatever, I should conceive, could arise. I am quite sure that the enactment, during twenty years, of such a law as Mr Martin proposes, would render its continuance after that time entirely unnecessary. The people need only get out of the habit of ill-treating even brutes, to feel very speedily the cruel injustice and impropriety of it. Such a change might be accomplished, without the slightest loss or inconvenience arising to any living creature. And the attainment of it would, I believe, go very far to rid the tempers of the people by degrees of that touch of ferocity, which is one of the few blemishes that, compared with the habits of our neighbours, have too long sullied the English character.

TITUS.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XXI.

To Malachi Mullion, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. Sec. of G. North, Esq. E.B.M.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I am pretty certain that the Westminster Review will not do; and I confess I am rather sorry for it. I have done my best to gain for it notoriety, by writing as much about it as I possibly can, but I fear in vain. It sells wretchedly. But that old Bentham, Mill, and one or two others, pay the deficit, Baldwin would not publish it another day. It is now a Review, supported, like other charitable or uncharitable institutions, by voluntary subscription. How long this will last, is more than I can say; not knowing how far the rage of proselytising may carry the pursers of the concern. One of their reviewers made a most admirable observation some numbers ago, that, in periodical literature, every unpaid contributor is an ass. How thrice double an ass, then, must that contributor be, who is not only unpaid, but out of pocket by his articles! No

doubt it must be some bribe to have Jerry Bowring's writings inserted anywhere, used to pay the Morning Chronicle sometimes to let him jargonise in a column; and it is to Bowring, that he should get some additional fee for putting Jerry's language into English. A page of Benthamite would ruin the Review; and therefore Bowring, being translator-general of all horrible and unheard-of dialects, is properly selected to do the Jeremiahs into a readable tongue. He succeeds tolerably well. We can see the ferocity and malignancy of the old Jacobin expressed in a clear and intelligible style.

You may ask why I am sorry that a Review, for the principles of which I must have so thorough a detestation, should be unsuccessful. For this reason, then.—I acknowledge no system of governing the country—of directing its energies—of guiding its population

—as being sound and pure—but this one. I disclaim every system, no matter how plausibly devised, or by what men of talent supported, which does not recognize the perfect safety of the monarchical principle, as defined at the Revolution of 1688; or, better still, by the constant working of government ever since—the firm acknowledgment of an aristocratical body to poise the democratic branch of the constitution—and the establishment of a regular church. You, who know me, will not for a moment imagine that because I do not add to these bases of government a proviso for a fair representation of the people in the House of Commons—a perfectly upright and rigidly impartial system of judicature—and a code of laws, equal in protection to all—that I mean to exclude these important branches from my *beau idéal* of a government for England. Far from it, indeed. If a terrible day should come, in which the prince on the throne should dare to invade these our rights, my side should be chosen—my feeble efforts added to those who would vote the throne vacant, and endeavour to fill it by a monarch who would better know the duties of his high office. I have not set them down here explicitly, because I party whose opinions I am now discussing, do not differ with me in these particulars. The only quarrel we should have, would be about the King, the Lords, and the Church. Now, Doctor, holding these institutions as integral parts of our system, firmly believing them of vital importance to the happiness and good government of the nation, and knowing, from experience, that any attempt to overthrow them would open a scene of blood, plunder, and misery of all kinds—I look on every one who wages war against them as an enemy to his country, or one who would seek his own personal aggrandizement, or follow out his own peculiar views of politics, without any regard to consequences. These enemies are of two kinds—(I pass the minor subdivisions)—the Whigs and the Radicals. The latter party has, within these few years, lost their greatest support in losing the mob. Plenty of which see, who know what has been taught by all the records of history, always said, in contradiction to the flimsy and raw school of

the mock science of Political Economy, *must follow peace*)—has arrived at the time when *we* said it would arrive—the accidental flip which the cause of Radicalism got by the assistance of the unfortunate Queen, has passed away with that unhappy lady's life—and John Bull is content. Having, therefore, lost the brute strength which hurried them up, they have now invaded with rude foot the fields of literature, which, while they had the voices of the multitude in their favour, they contemptuously had left to the Whigs. Here, then, we literary Tories can meet them—this is an arena in which we can contend without being liable to be refuted by the knock-down argument of a brick-bat.

This is one reason why I wish to see such Reviews as the Westminster; the other is, that, hating the Radicals much, I hate the Whigs more. You will not ask me why; but if you print my letter, others may inquire. Briefly, then, the Whigs have some remains of power in their hands—the Radicals have none. The Whigs, carrying a mask of affection for institutions which they hate with a rabid ferocity, may, under this mask, impose on those whom the undisguised hatred of the Radicals could not deceive; for instance, there are few who would not recoil from the ravings of the brute who reviewed Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, while many would smile over the same infamies vented by the smirking and namby-pamby mouth of Jeffrey; and lastly, we can see what the Radicals aim at, while the designs of the Whigs are muffled under cloaks, impenetrable to the eyes of those whose optics have not been rendered acute by long observation.

Moved by these considerations, I grieve that the Radical organ is not prospering; and am sorry to see it not able to meet that worn-out concern, the Edinburgh, in the market. It would give me sincere pleasure to see Blue and Yellow prostrated by its bloodier colleague. Wherever the Westminster men have taken Jeffrey's little people in hand, they have crushed them with a flip. So far as writing is concerned, the Westminster is infinitely, beyond all compare, superior. As to what the people of that class call reasoning, it transcends them by a thousand de-

gree. Compare, for instance, the fine jackanapes airy, jaunty, trashy, puppy article of Tom Macaulay on the West Indies, in the last Edinburgh, with any of the straight-forward, cool-headed, and, I must add, cold-hearted diatribes of James Mill; or match poor little Jeffrey, prating and gabbling away, saying nothing at all, in thirty pages of close printing, with the death-dealing periods of his reviewer in the Westminster; or, in short, compare any two articles together, and you will see just the difference that exists between a cur and a bull-dog—animals equally disagreeable, and equally desirous to hurt and offend, but differing most materially in their powers of doing either.

As I wish, therefore, for the longevity of the Westminster, I shall give it a few gentle hints as to the causes of its acknowledged want of success. First, then, it is too full of politics—too prosy—to be generally readable. We have politics enough in every newspaper. We have them served up hot and-hot in the Houses of Lords and Commons—we find them the staple commodity of every debating club in the empire; and though custom has rendered it necessary that every periodical should take a side, and, in consequence, now and then give us a manifesto of its principles, it is quite too much that such manifestos should occupy the entire work. Secondly,—which, indeed, is only a branch of the first,—it has not published any literary papers of any consequence, and therefore has no name in our literature. It has hardly condescended to give us even popular science. Now this is a most injudicious line of acting.

Suppose we analyse the Number before us. We have the Law of Libel—Schlegel's Political Opinions—the State of Italy—Exportation of Machinery—the Corn Laws!!—Prison Discipline—Emigration—and the Quarantine Laws—all politics, with the exception of the last, which is mixed with medical and scientific considerations. With these the bill of fare is made up by a paper on magnetism, much more in place in a scientific journal, as Brewster's; and one literary paper—a dull review of a stupid book about Hamble, which nobody has read or cares about. Is this attractive to anybody? As if this were not enough to damn

the interest of the Review, mark the time at which they have chosen to publish it. Just when ministers had found it consistent with the interest of the country to make changes in the management of certain parts of our affairs, which it would before have been inexpedient to attempt, then rise up these men to recommend them, after they have been done. For example, in the article on the Libel Laws, which opens this number of the Westminster, great stress is laid on packed Special Juries. Now, that they were so packed, is false—a direct, open falsehood; or, at best, a mere dream of the diseased brain of old Bentham. Well, sir, in the meantime Mr Peel, to put down the possibility of even this paltry objection, had presented to the House of Commons a bill, by which all possible chance of packing is prevented for ever; and the upright reviewer is obliged to put in a fly-leaf, to say that

“Since our article on the Law of Libel was printed off, Mr Peel has come forward with his new measure concerning Special Juries. High as our opinion of the present measures had previously been, this measure raises it far higher. Their commercial reforms, though of the greatest conceivable importance to the community, involved no sacrifice to themselves; as far as trade is concerned, the interest of rulers and that of the community are the same, and in serving the public, they were, at the same time, and to the same extent, serving themselves. But there is now exhibited a phenomenon scarcely paralleled in history—a government voluntarily giving up power, which (in spite of the assertions of the ignorant and the interested) was exercised, and, till very lately, most efficiently exercised.”

Is not this puffing of ministers admirable?—Pass we the last assertion—I am one of the ignorant and interested, who deny the packing altogether—but do not pass by this fine eating of words, this absolute provelling before ministers, from the author of an article, who, some sheets before, had been haranguing against them all manner of corruption, in fact, and tyranny still worse, in inclination.

As to the Libel argument, as I have often said, I agree (on quite different grounds, however) with the Radicals. I hate Libel actions. They bring the obscure into notice; they give a false value to petty reasoning; they invest scoundrels with the character of mat-

tyrs; and are a sort of tacit confession that we cannot put those fellows down by any arguments but those of power. I hope I shall never hear of another *ex officio* against any of the people of the press. Let such folk as Professor Leslie appeal to twelve Edinburgh shopkeepers, and a wise old judge, to prove his knowledge of oriental languages, when not one of judge, jury, or scarcely witnesses, knew a letter of the tongue they were engaged about; but do not let us commit the absurdity of assigning the defence of all our constitutional principles to the stray verdict of any twelve honest and dandelpated individuals who may be picked up in Westminster. We are on firmer ground, I flatter myself.

As for Schlegel, I do not know much about him. His lectures are clever, and cleverly translated; but he does not appear to be a man whose opinions will have much influence out of Germany, or even in it. There is some clever criticism, and some jacobinical spite, in the Review before us.

Article III.—The Magnet has no attraction for me. It may, however, be cleverly and scientifically managed for anything I know; but I imagine the multitude of review-buyers will feel as I do.

The next article, on Italy, is written in a very puppy style indeed. I to have been in the Edinburgh it consoles me to think that it quite knocks up all the fine reasoners, who, like Hobhouse, Lady Morgan, &c., sigh over the oppressions suffered by Italy, and curse the Holy Alliance for not restoring those admirable governments which formerly prevailed in the garden of Europe. Hear our Radical commenting on Vissieux's clever book.

"Under the ancient republic of Genoa, the Patricians seem to have exercised the most uncontrolled oppression over the inferior classes. In suits at law, for instance, a common citizen had no chance against a nobleman, for, although the courts might condemn the latter, he was generally able to bid defiance to the law. In proof of this he relates a most horrible, and, we would fain hope, impossible story, of a bailiff serving a writ for debt upon a Genoese nobleman, who immediately seized the unfortunate officer, and beheld him alive in a heated oven. The name of republic applied to the ancient governments of Genoa, Venice, Lucca, and the other Italian states, must not mislead us with regard to the real meaning of that term. They were

crushed beneath the oppressive power of an Aristocratical Oligarchy, by whom, collectively and individually, every sort of injustice and tyranny were practised with impunity. The people possessed no representation and no freedom; their personal liberty, their actions, speech, writings, and press, were under complete restraint, and the system of petty domestic espionage that went forward, made them even more intolerable than could have been the tyranny of mightier powers. 'The Genoese flag is now free and respected everywhere; while under their ancient government, they did not dare to lose sight of their native shores, except in well-armed vessels, for fear of taken by the Barbary corsairs, and l to Algiers and Tunis, there to end days in slavery and despair.'"

Nay, more—even the great Napoleon, who is the god of the idolatry of these consistent reasoners, does not come in for more direct panegyric. Under this able chief,

"With respect to civil justice and policy, all commerce was prohibited, as a crime punishable with death. Trade was consequently at a stand. Artisans were ruined. The natural produce of the soil rotted, neglected and unused. By the Milan decrees of December 17th, 1806, that famous climax of injustice and oppression, all English goods, imported at antecedent periods, when their importation had been lawful, were sequestered. The warehouses and shops of the merchants and shopkeepers were rifled of the goods they had lawfully imported, and honestly paid for; and without any compensation to the owners, who were frequently, by the seizure of their stock, reduced in one day from competence and honest industry to beggary and crime, they were piled in the market-place and burnt. And this took place from the Po to the Tiber! Men were afterwards publicly executed for importing a few bales of English goods, or holding correspondence of any kind with England. With respect to freedom of thought and discussion, it is well known that the press was under the most complete bondage, reduced to a mere engine of despotism; the restrictions upon writing were carried to the most severe, and often ridiculous height, so that the most harmless, nay, sometimes the most salutary remarks, drew down vengeance on the unwary head of the luckless scribbler. Mr. Vissieux gives an amusing instance of this."

"The editor of a weekly journal of Milan, called 'Il Corriere delle Dame,' which was chiefly filled with accounts of the fashions, and with light poetical effusions, giving also a brief summary of the news of the week, extracted from official journals, happened to insert in one of his numbers the following words: 'The des-

tinies of Etruria appear to be arrived at their maturity." This passage was shown to Napoleon, who, offended that his views should be made known before the time, ordered the editor to be confined in a mad-house. This was executed, and the unfortunate editor was very near losing his reason in sober earnest, from the company into which he was thus forced.—Vol. I. pp. 293, 294.

"Another ill-fated scribe, Gioja, of Piacenza, although he had previously written a whole book in praise of the French, having published a little pamphlet, laughing at some of the ministers, was instantly banished the kingdom of Italy. Lampredi, a third journalist, having ventured to make some remarks on the *style* of a funeral oration, composed by one of the counsellors of state, was summoned before the police, severely reprimanded, and ordered never, on any account, to presume to criticize the compositions of any member of government. The indignant writer immediately left the kingdom. But it would fill volumes to give any adequate idea of the gigantic, yet minute tyranny, of the iron rule of the French over Italy. Beneath a despotic and military law; a band of slaves, which drained the country of its wealth to support foreign wars; a conscription, which tore fathers, and husbands, and sons, from the bosoms of their families, to perish in distant lands; a domestic dominion of foreigners, ignorant of their language, their laws, their customs, and their prejudices; the Italians beheld property confiscated, commerce prohibited, literature annihilated, arts withering amid wide-spreading poverty and ruin; and even their proudly-cherished treasures of painting and sculpture transported to other realms, to grace the palaces of their masters! What had they in compensation for these new evils? Better roads, and a stricter police! It is quite a mistake to suppose that the French government was liked by the people of Italy. The most determined and bloody, though hopeless resistance to it, was manifested from first to last by the peasantry. From the Tyrol to the farthest mountains of Calabria, insurrection, like a hundred-headed Hydra, no sooner was put down in one place than it showed itself in another."

Yet the cruel and hard-hearted tyrant who did all this is Mr Hobhouse's hero, and the lamented of Sir Richard Phillips.

Article V.—*Exportation of Machinery.* Another article too late for Huskisson is *doing*, while these gentlemen are *saying*. Why does not this reviewer favour us with his opinions as to the propriety of suppressing the laws against witchcraft, or say something smart against the existence of mixed abbots?

Article VI.—*THE CORN LAWS!!!!*
—Oh, Ceres, Ceres! would you were with your daughter Proserpine!

Next enters Jeremiah himself, *in propria persona*, mounted on his own hobby—prison discipline. Jerry invented a roundabout, to trap all sorts of malefactors, whom he divided into 756 species, or some other equally exact and practical division. This plan a Quarterly reviewer demolished, and here is the answer in a review of James Mills' article in the Supplement, concocted by the immortal commentator on Bacon. It is pleasant to see these brethren in arms clawing one another. I hope, Doctor, that when I publish my long-expected work, you will review it yourself, and pronounce me "the distinguished author of the Letters to Renient Literary Characters," as is done here. A whole work should be written "On the mutual Puffery of the Reviewers—its Scope and Tendency." I have abundant materials gathered for the purpose, and they are at your service. There is some sense and some nonsense in this article, but I had rather extract the attack and defence of Jeremiah.

In 1793 or 1794, Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon attracted a good deal of attention. Sir William Blackstone and Mr Eden again interested themselves in the subject, and the 34 Geo. 3. c. 60, was passed; under this act fifty-three acres in Tothill Fields were purchased for L.12,000, and conveyed to Mr Bentham, and he also received L.2000 from the Treasury, to enable him to make preparations. It can hardly be doubted that Sir William Blackstone and Mr Eden, in coming forward at this time, thought they were advancing their favourite design of a penitentiary; but, in truth, the statutes of the 19 and 34 Geo. 3d were totally inconsistent with each other. The Panopticon was not only not a penitentiary, but its principle was directly opposed to it. It was fortunate for the country that this also fell to the ground. We do not desire to go out of our way to say anything harsh of Mr Bentham, as the inventor of a prison system, and we by no means intend to insinuate that he dealt with the government on illiberal terms; but his scheme appears to us to have been wholly visionary—to have been without any proper checks, or lasting securities—relying solely on his own personal character, abilities, and responsibility; and addressing itself to the reformation of criminals, upon principles unsound and unphilosophical. If it had been tried, it could not have succeeded, and, in its ill-success, might have ruined, or, at least,

indefinitely retarded, the progress of the great cause of Prison Improvement.—P. 427, 428.”

“To this the Reviewer replies by wit—O ye gods—what wit!—but no fact whatever. But Jerry at last loses temper, and concludes with this precious bit.

“Truly, the situation of this reviewer is most unfortunate, much more deplorable even than that in which he supposed Mr Bentham to be placed. Mr Bentham, divested of philosophy, might rely upon ‘his own personal character, abilities, and responsibility.’ But the reviewer, alas! upon what can he rely? Concerning his ‘personal character’ and ‘responsibility,’ we are entirely in the dark. As to his ‘abilities,’ if we are to judge from his article, they will scarcely enable us to dispense with ‘proper checks,’ or ‘lasting securities.’”

How cool the patriarch is—not vexed in the least. You see, Doctor, he despises these fellows.

Article VIII.—Emigration—Pretty fair, but horridly prosy. It is, however, well worth reading.

The ninth article, on Roaden’s Kemplie, is as dull and stupid as the subject. Author and reviewer are equally good—and yet the latter, with that strange perversion of instinct which we often see among the inferior animals, attacks the former. The reviewer should forbear; remembering that that poem, which commemorates the ex-

ploits of kindred spirits, lays it down as a rule,

“That dunce with dunce is barbarous civil war.”

Of the last article—The Quarantine Laws—I am an incompetent judge; but I think it clever and decisive of the question. In this I am glad to be borne out by the testimony of the Morning Chronicle, who pronounces it an able article. You may be sure, Doctor, that this is an impartial testimony, when I tell you, that the Westminster Review pronounces that eminent print to be “a journal in which we have now been long accustomed to look for excellence of all sorts.”

—“Arcades ambo
Et cantare paræ, et respondere parati.”

Finally, and to conclude, if the Westminster wishes to go down, it cannot take a better way of accomplishing its end than by collecting such articles as these in its last. Why I shall be sorry for such a consummation, I have said already.

And here, farewell—for now the western sun

Stings lengthening shadows from you mountain old,

The tedious labour of my day is done,
My voice is wearied, and my tale is told.

Yours,

T. T.

Southside.

A FAIR PLACE AND PLEASANT.

A FAIR place and pleasant, this same world of ours!
Who says there are serpents ‘mongst all the sweet flowers?
Who says ev’ry blossom we pluck has its thorn?
Pho! pho! laugh those musty old sayings to scorn.

If you roam to the Tropics for flowers rich and rare,
No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones there;
If none but the Rose will content ye, ’tis true,
You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones too.

But prithee, look there—Could a Serpent find room
In that closewoven moss, where those violets bloom?
And reach me that woodbine—You’ll get it with ease—
Now, Wiscara! where are the thorns, if you please?

I say there are Angels in every spot,
Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them not,
That they’re guardians assign’d to the least of us all,
By Him who takes note if a sparrow but fall.

That they’re aye sitting near us, around us, above,
On missions of kindness, compassion, and love—
That they’re glad when we’re happy, disturb’d at our tears;
Distress’d at our weaknesses, failings, and fears.

That they care for the least of our innocent joys,
Though we’re cozen’d like children, with trifles and toys;
And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones too,
Where snake never harbour’d, and thorn never grew.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINE-DRINKING PEOPLE,
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIFFLE ;
 " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

Sederunt.—NORTH, TICKLER, MULLION, ODOHERTY.

(Time—The Gleaming.)

MULLION, (singing.)

Coming through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She's draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye !
 O Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry,
 She's draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye !

Enter Hogg, (singing.)

Coming through the rye.

MULLION and HOGG, (first and second.)

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body
 Need a body cry ?

CHORUS—O, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming down the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken ?

CHORUS—O, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

HOGG.

Leeze me on ye—ye're aye at the auld wark, lads.

NORTH, (after a general shake.)

Take a chair, my good fellow.—Have ye dined ?

HOGG.

Only once ; but I think I can make a fend till supper-time. Whare's the Bailie ?

MULLION.

I have just been reading his letter of apology. He is too busy to trust himself here to-night. The month is advancing, you know.

HOGG.

And a bonny-like month it has been. I has a month's mind to gie the Bailie a touzle when we foregather. Him turned ane o' the Pluckless too !—Oh fie ! Oh fie ! What will this world come to ?

ODOHERTY.

What do you allude to?—I have not seen Ebony these two or three days; but the last time we met, he was well-mounted, and seemed in high feather every way.

HOGG.

Muntit!—Him, and a' the lave o' them, should munt the creepie chair, I trow, for what they've been doing—Votin' their freedom to that hallinshaker Brougham!—Deil mean them!

TICKLER.

Come, I believe our good friend did as much as a single individual could well do. But the Provost and all were agreed about the thing.

HOGG.

O, vera weel; if he protested, that's another matter—I am dumb.

NORTH.

Heaven bless us, James!—You rusticals make a wonderful fuss among yourselves about smallish concerns. Was all this fiery face of yours about giving Mr Brougham the freedom of the city of Edinburgh?—Poh! nonsense, James.

HOGG.

Nonsense yourself, Mr North. It was a black-burning shame, it was; and that I se stand to, tho' ye should a' take the ither gait.—(Aside.) There's something in the air, surely.

NORTH.

Ha, ha, ha! What a rumpus about nothing!—Brougham and the Bailies!—Ha, ha, ha!—Make your tumbler, James. You'll come to your wits by and by.

HOGG, (aside.)

I think ye've won past yours, my carle!

MULLION, (aside.)

Hush, James.—North's quizzing all the while, man.

HOGG.

I dinna understand some folk's ways. What gin ye're only just jceering at me a' this time, Mr North?

NORTH.

Not just so neither, my dear. I confess, that in one point of view, I take this business in quite as serious disgust as yourself; but the ludicrous of it, the merely ridiculous, predominates.

MULLION.

Not over the peasant.

ODOHERTY.

As if the sense of ridicule interfered in any way with the sense of disgust.

TICKLER.

In me, for one, the Whigs have the knack of exercising both of them in most harmonious unison.

HOGG.

I can laugh as weel as anybody at the silly doings of harmless creatures o' ony species. But I cannot laugh at speeders, or vermin, and dirt o' that order. I hate the Whigs.

NORTH.

There's the mistake. Now I, for my part, only despise them; and I find no difficulty in despising them, and smiling at them at the same time. You are with me, Timothy?

TICKLER.

To the backbone.—But, after all, this is merely a dispute about vocables, or at best about the feelings of different moods. Many's the time and oft, I'll be sworn, that Jamie Hogg's honest hatred melts, or swells, if you like that better, into as balmy and soul-soothing a calm of noble contempt, as even Christopher, The Imperturbable, would desire to be indulged with in a summer day.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, or a winter night either, which is a much better thing.

HOGG.

That's as it may happen, Captain. But ye see, Mr North, ye should really

have mair consideration for folk frae the landwards. Dear me, man, I dinna see a newspaper every day, like you in the town. I just get some ae bit account o' onything that's been gaun on, and maun either take my yeditor's opinion, whilk I would be sorry to do, or make up ane for mysell. I thought this had been a business that had set a' Edinburgh in a perfect low. Sae did Watty Brydone, and a' Yarrow water, for that matter.

TICKLER.

Come, come, Christopher—after all, 'tis we that are in the wrong. Believing as you did, you were quite right, James, in feeling as you did. You could not be expected to divine the utter humbug of all this, especially as the Scotch papers seem to have given into the mystification, *uno ore*. There's even James Ballantyne now—does not even he publish a Supplement—a Supplement, forsooth!—on purpose to give the world of the Weekly Journal a more plenteous bellyfull of this Brougham balaam?—You take in that paper, Jamie?

HOGG.

Ay, my nevy sends't out to huz. And we've the New Times too; but then we only get them ance a-week; and than they're sic a bundle, that I canna take heart to begin wi't amast. Aught or nine papers a' at ance! It's ower meikle for ony ordinar stamach. The Journal's as meikle as I can weel manage. I read naething else about the Brougham matter, however.

TICKLER.

My dear friend, you must buy the "Report from Authority"—the regular concern—the pamphlet. Your library will be incomplete, if you don't.

NORTH.

My dear Hogg, we have joked enough about all this. The truth is, that I perfectly agree with you. I think the Bailies were asses to offer Brougham their freedom—I think Brougham was an ass to take it—I think the Whigs were mean rogues to give out that the dinner was not to be a political one, and that the few Tories whom they took in were magnificent asses for their pains—the whole affair was a *betise* from beginning to end, and the only difficulty is to say who was the greatest *déte*.

HOGG.

What's bait?

NORTH.

Beast, Hogg, beast.

HOGG.

Od, man! if ye but kenn'd hoo I like to listen to you when you speak plain sense and plain English, ye wad neither quiz folk, nor haul in a Latin word (or a Greek ane, gude kens whilk you wad,) when your ain mither-tongue would serve the turn; but I'm no meaning to interrupt you—hand on, hand on, sir,—it does me gude to hear you.

ODOHEART.

Curse the Bailies!

TICKLER.

Amen!

MULLION.

Simultaneously.

Ditto!

HOGG.

Thou hast said it!

NORTH.

Come, come, you're too severe—pass the bottle, Secretary.—The Bailies are good men and true—they have but made—no heel-taps, Timothy—a blunder for once. *Humanum est*.

TICKLER.

Mere cowardice, sir—I beg your pardon, the word now-a-days is conciliation.

HOGG.

Consilygation, an ye like, Southside.

TICKLER.

A fairish emendation, i'faith.

ODOHEART.

Pro Porkson delinc, lege, meo periculo, Porron.

HOGG.

Hoots ! hoots ! haud ye to the Bailies, Mr North. Silly bodies !

NORTH.

Why, yes—in sober truth, James, what does all this sort of thing come to ? Brougham is a clever fellow certainly, and a gutter-blood, and I for one should have had, in one view, no objection at all to the magistrates of Edinburgh paying him a compliment of more value than this. But what is the return ? Any thanks ? Any gratitude ? Not at all, Hogg—nothing of the kind. He and his crew have insulted these people all their lives, and they will continue to insult them. Who can be fool enough to suppose that a piece of parchment, with the *Nisi Dominus Frustra* upon it, will alter in any respect the old settled aversions of the sulkiest creature that ever growled ? Not I, for one.

HOGG.

Nor me, for anither.

TICKLER.

Depend upon it, nothing ever meets with gratitude which is felt and known, or at the lowest penny suspected, to be extracted from fear.

NORTH.

Certainly not. The Bailies are Tories. Brougham will comb their ears whenever he can.

MOLLION.

I take it, they wanted to buy his forbearance in relation to some paltry little job—I don't mean *job* in its bad sense—that they have in hand—their *improvements bill*, for example.

NORTH.

That's too bad. No, no, I consider this doing of theirs, as just one of the doings, and sayings too, in which the Tories as a body seem at this present to be indulging to a pretty considerable extent. But I submit that the compliment in this case was paid—the submission vouchsafed, that is—not to Brougham personally, but to the Whigs of Edinburgh itself as a body. The Provost and Bailies thought more of your James Gibsons, your Cockburns, Jeffreys, and so forth, than of anybody so much out of their own sphere as Master Brougham.

HOGG.

And what for should onybody think about them ?

NORTH.

Indeed, my dear fellow, it is easier to put such questions than to answer them. The fact is, that the Tories don't stick together for each other, and till they learn to do so, they will individually, and even as knots, remain to a certain extent at the mercy of the other faction—that faction whose geese are always swans—that faction who have chosen to vote all their idiots clever men—and all their clever men great men.

HOGG.

I am a simple man, I allow ; but I confess I really would like to hear what it is that they say Brougham has done.

NORTH.

My dear, he has done nothing ; that they admit. But he has said a great deal, and that they wish us to take as good coin.

TICKLER.

He *has* done something, Kit ; but I won't interrupt you just yet.

ODONERTY.

I don't know anything he ever *did* except about the poor Queen, and that I thought might as well have been left out of the account.

NORTH.

The talk at present afloat about Brougham's gigantic mind, awful powers, terrific eloquence, crushing vituperation, withering sarcasm, &c. &c. &c. is, you may rely upon it, the merest gabble.

TICKLER.

Agreed.

NORTH.

A clever man—and a clever speaker—who denies that ? But he is *great* in nothing. Neither in intellect, nor in character, nor even in eloquence. The

man's soul is prosaic—his character nothing—his eloquence, all that they talk of as the grand part of it, is mere vulgar slang and rabid rhodomontade.

HOGG.

His soul prosaic?—That's news. Who ever said he was a Poet?

NORTH.

No, no, you mistake me, James. I mean to say that his soul wants all the noblest and highest points. He is a cold, rancorous, sour, disappointed man, and hatred is his ruling passion. He is a mere beast of prey—and more of the Tiger than the Lion, I guess.—He never makes any impression, sir, when he is really met. Nobody would characterize Canning as an *awful* orator, and yet he squeezes the life out of Brougham The Thunderer whenever he has a mind.

TICKLER.

Would that were oftener! Canning is too fine a gentleman for some parts of his office—too delicate—too contemptuously squeamish. Londonderry, whose speaking was nothing to Canning's, did Brougham's business, on the whole, better.

NORTH.

Much. Whenever Canning pleases, he makes Brougham look and feel extremely ridiculous—and there is an end of him for the nonce. But Lord Castlereagh treated him with high, settled, imperturbable scorn, and Brougham could never look at him without trembling. You pay a club-armed savage too much respect when you run him through with a beautifully-polished lance. He bleeds, runs, and sulks. But the mace is the true weapon for him.

TICKLER.

Was it not fine to hear Harry Cockburn, or some such Castiglione, telling a parcel of Auld Reekie riff-raff, that Brougham had taught the world in what way despots should be talked of in a British Senate?

NORTH.

Ay, indeed—Robbers, ruffians, and Gentlemen of Verona!—These are fine flowers of speech.

DOBHERTY.

And great is the heroism of uttering them, about folks a thousand miles off, and a million of miles above one.

TICKLER.

Thersites was a hero.

MULLION.

I confess I was scarcely prepared to find Brougham audacious enough to play the thunder-claimer over again, so soon after that squabash of Canning's; for that surely was a squabash.

TICKLER.

Yes, so it seemed. But you see Canning had not, after all, laid in his whipcord deep enough.

MULLION.

Why, what would you have had him say?

TICKLER.

What would I have had him say! Sir, I would have had him crack no jokes about any such puppy. I would have had him fix his eye—Heavens, what an eye it is! (*if he knew it!*)—on this Brougham, and say,—The honourable member claims the merit of having instructed the ministers of England how to serve her in peace. Why does not the same sage and hero claim the merit of the peace itself? God knows, he had been calling on us long and loud enough to make peace with France. We partook in his thirst for peace—we beat our enemies, and then we had it. We did not follow the advice of our master, to crouch before the footstool of Buonaparte—we knocked down throne, and footstool, and all—and then we got what we wanted. There is seldom much dispute in this world, as to what is absolutely good. We all agreed in wishing for peace at the time when he thundered submission in our ears. We all wished for extension of trade—repeal of taxes—and acknowledgment of South American Independence, as early as the beneficent character of these things became apparent to this gentleman's enlightened glance. But we had to do that which he had only to talk about. We had to overcome the obstacles and dif-

faculties which he had but to sneer at. This is the way I would have treated him, had I been one of his *pupils*!

ODOHERTY.

One man says, it would be a fine thing to have an instrument by which we could see the stars; another, who may, perhaps, be supposed to have formed the same notion at least as soon, happens to invent a telescope. And Galileo is the *pupil*!

NORTH.

Why, after all, Canning said something not very unlike all this. The short and the long of it is this—

TICKLER.

The difference between the Broughams and the Ministers, whose capacity they sneer at, and whose merits they claim, is exactly the same—as that between a dream and a reality—or, rather, between madness and genius. Sir, I have no toleration for all this egregious humbug. But it was well fitted, no doubt, for the swallow of the rag and tag who, I understand, constituted all but a very small minority in this dinner-party in George's Street.

MULLION.

Why, I take it for granted they have placarded, for our behoof, as many names as they durst well show;—and these are not many.

ODOHERTY.

Nor great. One young Lord—Glenorchy,—a good fellow.

MULLION.

Whom, by the way, I was amused to see talked of the other day, in one of the London papers, as one of the *few literary characters* in the House of Commons.

ODOHERTY.

Very good;—then there's an honourable somebody Haliburton, whom nobody ever heard of before—and Sir Harry, honest man—and Raith—and then, plump, you come at once upon a few talking barristers, and feeing writers—and there's your roll of magnates.

TICKLER.

I beg your pardon, Sir Morgan. You forget your friend Mr Leslie.

ODOHERTY.

O, very true—I had overlooked the Professor.

HOGG.

Deil tak thae blethering skytes, the Embro lawwars—I wonder what they think themselves—Scotland here and Scotland there!—Is a' Scotland in the Parliament Close, I wonder?

TICKLER.

Why, it would seem as these gentry thought so; but, seriously, it is a pleasant thing to see such a failure as this. "Dinner in Scotland in honour of Henry Brougham, Esq. of Brougham-Hall, M.P."!!! And, after all, the concern to turn out to be a mere meeting of the clanjamphrey!

NORTH.

One is pleased to find our nobility and gentry showing a proper respect for themselves. But, indeed, what could have been expected?

MULLION.

How could gentlemen parade themselves where they were to hear such orators, as the Jeffreys, &c. are not now a-days ashamed to hunt in couples with? Cranstoun, you see, staid away. A bad headach.

NORTH.

He had the same, if you recollect, at the Pantheon.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes, Cranstoun is an aristocrat to the backbone. All the water in Clyde will never wash his blood out of his veins—nor his pride out of his heart neither.

NORTH.

No, nor his cold scorn out of his clear blue eye, when it chances to rest upon a spouting mechanical.

TICKLER.

Ay, or even whether there was no mechanical in the case. Imagine Cran-

stoun—or since he *was* there—imagine Ferguson of Raith—one of the completest gentlemen in Britain—imagine his feelings when Cockburn, after having called for a bumper to THE KING, and another to the Duke of York, said, “Now, gentlemen, a *real* bumper!” and so gave Squire Brougham of Brougham-Hall.

ODOHERTY.

Pleasant and genteel.

TICKLER.

Such weaver wit must have delighted the galleries. Quite Cockburnian!

ODOHERTY.

Brougham approves of the Greek eloquence. This would suit his fancy, no doubt.

HOGG.

He was aye a very vulgar speaker that Hairy Cobren. I could never thole him wi’ his lang precenter-like drawl—and his pronoonciashin—it’s elean Coogate. But faith there’s few o’ thae lads ony great deacons at that depairtment. There’s Jeffrey himsel, wi’ his snipp, snapp, yirp, yerp—the body pits me in mind o’ a mouse cheepin.

ODOHERTY.

Ha! ha!

TICKLER.

Clever fellow as he undoubtedly is, what a blockhead, after all, is Brougham, when you come to think of anything like prudence—Here you have these idiots drinking him in thunders as the leader of the Opposition—and him nolo-episcopari-ing that with a most amiable degree of simplicity—and then, at the same meeting, every one of the three estates of this empire is openly and ferociously insulted. A pretty leader for the real old Gentlemen Whigs of England, if there be any of them remaining.

NORTH.

Ay, truly, Tickler.

TICKLER.

Let us see how the account stands. First of all, Parliamentary reform is given by an obscure Edinburgh bookseller, and drunk with three times three—the whole speech being one libel upon the House of Commons as now existing. Then we have Brougham himself openly, and without disguise, calling the House of Lords a “den” of corruption—declaring in round unequivocal terms, that the majority of Peers who voted the Queen guilty, did so “against their own feelings,” and “in violation of their own avowed principles, merely because their master commanded them.” Nay, you have him spouting about “ALL the arms of EACH of the powers and principdoms of the state, united with ALL THE TOWERS of DARKNESS and INFAMY against INNOCENCE and LAW.” These, I think, are the man’s *ipsisima*. Now, what does this really come to? Is it more or less than this “LEADER of the Opposition” expressing his belief that the majority of the Peers of Britain are the meanest, most cowardly, lying slaves in the world—personally so—each man a liar and a scoundrel in his secret heart—dead to all honour—lost to every principle that makes the character of a man respectable? Why, sirs, we all understand that people in Parliament vote with their party now and then, upon general political questions, without having examined the matter and made up their opinion strictly from and for themselves. But this had nothing in common with such cases as these. Here, sirs, was a solemn court of justice, a tribunal gravely constituted for judicial, strictly judicial, purposes. Here was the highest court of justice in Britain called upon to decide upon evidence, whether an individual lady had, or not, been guilty of a certain crime. And here is a man who coolly—years after—expresses his conviction, that the greater number of the judges who composed that court, were capable of laying their hands upon their breasts, and solemnly saying GUILTY, when their hearts prompted to NOT GUILTY—capable of ruining a woman, a lady, a queen—of ruining her by declaring her to have forfeited the honour of her sex—merely because *their master* commanded them so to do. Is this the language of one whom the Whigs of England recognize as their Leader? I think not, indeed!

ODOHERTY.

Ay, and consider what that word *master* means too. Is not this meant for the King? Does not Brougham distinctly accuse his Sovereign of being capable of wishing and commanding such injustice?

NORTH.

Perhaps, by *master*, he meant only the minister. But that, after all, in the circumstances of this particular case, comes to nothing. It is, and it must be, universally felt to be a distinction without a difference.

TICKLER.

And yet this is a man whom people talk of as fit to be a Minister of England! Sir, this man has irrevocably, by that one speech, had he never uttered another in his life, ruined himself in the eyes of all who are capable of weighing things, and their results, with calmness and candour. No gentleman of England, be he Whig or not, can say henceforth that this man could be the confidential servant of George IV.

ODOHERTY.

As to the Duke of York, they have taken pretty good care to settle the matter as to him in the last Edinburgh Review.

NORTH.

And as if this were not enough, we have moreover all through this meeting, from beginning to end, a deliberate system of abuse, rancorous, foul, contemptuous abuse, kept up against the Church of England—here is another fine cord for the leader of an *English* opposition to dwell upon.

TICKLER.

Ay, and we have even a Mr Somebody—I forget his name—a foulmouthed little Edinburgh shopkeeper, however—suffered to insult the Bench of Bishops directly and without circumlocution. God pity these people. I wish the Bishop of Chester had a seat in the House of Commons.

NORTH.

I wish half a score like him had with all my heart. But the Bishop himself has come in good hour and day into the House of Lords. Ah! Gentlemen, ye will soon see how Bloomfield will tell there. Already that pert goose Lord King knows his master. Already Lord Holland feels the bit too.

ODOHERTY.

It gives me pleasure to observe, that the real old aristocracy of the House of Lords keep well aloof from this system of attack upon the Church. The people who rail at the Bishops, and even sneer, as it seems, at them, on the score of want of hereditary rank—who are they? Not your high old Barons of England, Mr North—no, no—but *novi homines*, sir—your Hollands—your Kings—people who have scarcely, in the proper sense of the term, a single drop of noble blood in their veins.

NORTH.

Why, there is, after all, a great deal of truth in what my good old acquaintance Sir Egerton Brydges says in his last book about our Modern Peerage. I wish he would write an essay on the subject. We want exceedingly something like a lucid, intelligible, popular analysis of the real history and pretensions of our titled families. The peerage books, &c. are all mere trash, got up from the contributions of the people themselves—just like our own old Nisbetts, Douglasses, and so forth. Nobody knows whether any given word of theirs be or be not an utter lie, unless they give an authority, which they are all of them particularly shy of. I shall write Sir Egerton anon this—or rather, I shall ask his crony Kempferhausen to do it for me. (*Rings, and orders, supper.*)

HOGG.

Weel, I own I'm just as weel pleased wi' our ain Kirk. At ony rate there was nae whipping and scourging at her at this dinner. That's ae guid thing; however. Eh, sirs, what oysters!

ODOHERTY.

Why, Hogg, do you good Presbyterians really believe that the same people who are now attacking the Church of England, would not make short work with the Kirk of Scotland too, if they had once carried the greater object?—Sir Henry Moncreiff is a good man, which I hope almost all your clergymen are; and he is, moreover, a gentleman, and a man of the world, which, I take

it, few of them have much pretension to be; but surely, surely, the Reverend Baronet might as well keep what you call "a calm sugh" upon certain points.

TICKLER.

Deluded dupes that these men are. The Church Establishment of Scotland would not stand one single hour after the downfall of that of England. Why, the greater part even of the Scotch aristocracy and landed men, (the infinitely greater part of them,) are not members of the Kirk of Scotland at all. They are, as all their forefathers were, Episcopalians. They yield, as their ancestors did, to the voice of the majority of the gross population; and they have every reason to be well satisfied with the excellent character and services of the Presbyterian clergy. But it is surely rather too much of a joke, to suppose that two-thirds, at least, of the landlords in Scotland, being really members of the English Church themselves, and having witnessed the overthrow of their own Church—the Church of their own affections and reverence—would, after that event, on any terms, consent to the existence of any Presbyterian *Establishment* here in poor little Scotland.

NORTH.

I don't believe that the majority of even Sir Henry's own side of the Kirk entertain any feelings but those of aversion and suspicion in regard to the present assailants of the Church of England. Many of what are called the wild men, are as sensible, learned, and judicious men, as any among their adversaries; and I am glad to see, that in the late tumults about Pro-Catholic and Anti-Catholic petitions, in their Presbyteries, Synods, &c. the most sturdy Anti-Catholicism has been evinced here and there by these Ultra-Presbyterians, who have, in this way, shown themselves to be animated with the real spirit of their Presbyterian predecessors.

TICKLER.

Glad!—Why so?—I thought you had been rather Pro-Catholic yourself, North.

NORTH.

Why, Tickler, there are two or three words to that. I hate Catholicism, sir. I consider it as a base and degrading superstition—hostile to the progress of nations, in knowledge, in virtue, in all that deserves the name of religion. I certainly consider it as a religion which every honest *Presbyterian* is bound to hold in especial horror: and I hate to see bodies of men deserting their old character. But when you come to talk of *me*, Tickler, why, I fairly own that there are many things to be taken into view ere one determines what ought to be done about the Irish and English Catholics, as matters now stand.

HOGG.

Oh hang a' Papists!—I hate the very name o' them.

TICKLER.

Nonsense, Hogg; you know nothing of the matter.

ODOHERTY, (*aside*.)

Multum dubito—I vote with the Chaldean.

NORTH.

Nobody can have a greater respect for many individuals of the Catholic body, dead and living too, than myself. But this is nothing to the point. The fact is this, Tickler—The Catholic religion was dethroned, both in England and in Scotland, in spite of the adherence of the greater part of the population at the time; *because it was felt by the intelligence of the nation to be a bad religion, and, above all, dangerous to the civil well-being of the state.* Now, what was done? Strong penal laws were enacted; and in the course of no great space of time, the Catholic population of Scotland dwindled into a cypher, and that of England into all but a cypher. Well, the Catholic religion was dethroned in Ireland on precisely the same grounds; and penal laws of exactly the same kind (I speak as to the principle of the thing, not as to minute particulars) followed the erection of a Protestant Church Establishment in that island. These laws were bad laws, if you will. I don't mean to defend them, or to go into any argument about them, *pro or con*. But whatever they were, they had a strong, a prodigious effect—that no one will deny. Under the influence of their operation, the most intelligent classes of the Irish population came, ere long, to belong almost exclusively to the Protestant Church. Little or nothing remained with the proscribed faith, but the dregs of the people. Such was the situation of affairs when the penal laws began to be repealed, and I beg you to consider for a moment what the consequence has been. The Catholic popu-

lation, quiet and peaceable so long as the penal statutes remained in unbroken vigour, have followed up each concession by a new, a louder, a more turbulent manifestation of discontent.

ODOHERTY.

How could it be otherwise?—The first retrograde step the legislature took, conceded the principle of the whole business.

NORTH.

Exactly—and therefore that first step was wrong. But though you, as a sturdy Orangeman, O'Doherty, will not easily concur with me, the conclusion I draw from the whole history of the affair, most assuredly is, that it is idle to stand out now for a few comparatively trifling points, after the great body and pith of the penal laws have been broken through and dissipated. You have suffered them to get a great deal too much; that is *absolutely* true: But it by no means follows that you should not, *therefore*, give them a little more. I consider, in short, what they have been bothering us about of late years as mere baubles, compared with what they have been suffered to take possession of. You have unbound the brute—will he do you the less harm because you won't take off the collar to which the chain *used to be* attached? No, no—we have gone too far.—*Facta est alen.*

TICKLER.

If it be necessary either to advance or to retrograde, I, for one, should vote for the latter alternative.

ODOHERTY.

Your hand, Tickler. I would rather clap on the chain again, than attempt to soothe an animal, whose blood all experience has shown to be essentially and irreclaimably savage.

NORTH.

You push my argument—and my poor figure especially—a great deal farther than I meant. But let us drop the unpleasant subject. Dr Mullion, the bottle is with you, sir.

TICKLER.

Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose a toast—fill “a rāal bumper,” as this Mr Cockburn hath it—I give you John, Earl of Eldon, Chancellor of England—at this moment, with God's good grace, the best bulwark of the law, the faith, and the constitution of our country. Long may he continue to fill the high station he has held so long and so honourably! Long may the solid weight of this great and venerable man's intellect and character be found stemming the flood of envious innovation—that foul flood, that would fain be bloody too, if it could—The Lord Chancellor!

OMNES (*rising.*)

The Lord Chancellor!—God bless him!!! (*three times three.*)

HOGG (*sings.*)

“I'll maybe live to see the day
That hounds sall get the halter,
And drink his health in usquebae,
As I do now in water”—hem!

MULLION.

What, Hogg? have you finished your mutchkin already, single-handed too? Well, well. (*rings, and acts upon the Shepherd's hint.*)

NORTH.

There—all right now, James. Toss off a glass of the neat article, and tune your pipes for a song proper. What will ye give us?

ODOHERTY,

No more of those old Jacobite trash, I hope.

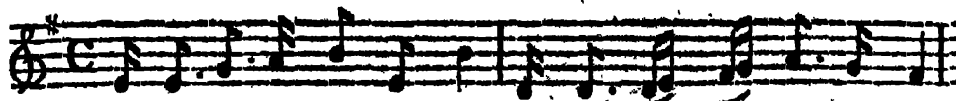
HOGG.

Weel, weel, let me mak my tumbler first. I'll sing you a sang of my ain, Sir Morgan, baith words and music; but before I do that, I think I may gie my toast, too; and, after a' that's been said, I'm gaun to gie you just Mr Brougham himself—for there's nae dog sae black that is has m'or a white hair on't—and he's a jolly lad, a tway-night chiel, even by his ain account o't. In that capacity I beg leave to propose Mr Brougham's health, and lang may he continue to set ae gude example to thae lean-sided deevils, that he's ower clever, and ower jovial, too, to belang rightly to—Henry Brougham!

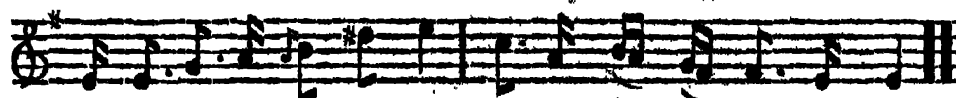
OMNES.

Mr Brougham! (*all the honours.*)HOGG (*sings.*)

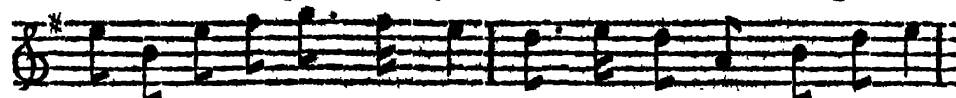
THE LAIRD O' LAMINGTON.



CAN I bear to part wi' thee, Ne-ver mair your face to see?



Can I bear to part wi' thee, Drunken Laird o' Lam-ing-ton?



Can-ty war ye o'er your kale, Tod-dy jugs, an' caups o' ale,



Heart aye kind, an' leel, an' hale, Honest Laird o' Lam-ing-ton.

He that swears is but so so,
 He that lies to hell must go,
 He that falls in bagnio,
 Falls in the devil's frying-pan.
 Wha was't ne'er pat sith to-word?
 Never lied for duke nor lord?
 Never sat at sinfu' board?
 The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

He that cheats can ne'er be just;
 He that prays is ne'er to trust;
 He that drinks to drauck his dust,
 Wha can say that wrang is done?
 Wha was't ne'er to fraud inclin'd,
 Never pray'd sin' he can mind?
 Ane wha's drouth there's few can find,
 The Honest Laird o' Lamington.

I like a man to tak' his glass,
 Toast a friend or bonny lass;
 He that winna is an ass—
 Deil send him ane to gallop on!
 I like a man that's frank an kind,
 Meets me when I have a mind,
 Sings his sang, an' drinks me blind,
 Like the Laird o' Lamington.

NORTH.

Thank you, James. Never heard you in better voice. By the way, Mullion, you said there was a poem in praise of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in your bag—I wish to hear it—now's your time.

MULLION.

In the anonymous bag, sir?—O yes, I recollect it—(*reads.*)

LAUDES ROBINSONIANÆ.

HAIL, ROBINSON ! by whose indulgent care
 I drink my port at half-a-crown a-bottle ;
 Nor, after that is done, need now to spare
 Two more of claret, just to cool my throttle ;
 Though Hume impute this consummation rare
 To his harangues on figures and sums tottle,
 With me his vile conceit shall ne'er prevail
 To cheat thee of thy praise—All hail ! all hail !!

Here I would fain persuade my Cockney friends,
 In reading this effusion, to refrain
 From spouting it aloud ; such practice tends
 To mar the meaning—For I scarce would deign
 To *malt**—You know my friend Sir William sends
 Girls to the deuce, with whom such habits reign,—
 And, in your mouth, my Ode could scarcely fail
 To prove a lucubration on *Hall ale*.

Ale, to be sure, was not to be despised,
 When claret costs five times its weight in copper,
 And economic policy advised
 Occasional employment of the stopper
 Between each round—But, now 'tis unexcised,
 A moment's pause were very far from proper,
 And who, that could drink claret by the pail,
 Would ever deign to name the name of ale ?

" These are my sentiments," as Peter says,
 After a speech upon the general question ;
 That's my opinion, which whoe'er gainsays,
 Just let him try which best promotes digestion ;
 Or if, ma'am, towards ale your fancy strays,
 It is a thing I'm sorry I've distressed you on,
 Affairs of taste we needn't come to scratches on,
 But if you *will* have ale, apply to Aitchison.

I only beg leave strongly to object
 To the vile practice, much I fear too common
 With some, who are so blind and incorrect,
 As to take both, which can agree with no man ;
 These soon begin the claret to reject ;
 No wonder ! e'en the stomach of a Roman
 Such horrible commixtures would inflame,
 And then the worst is, claret gets the blame.

But all this by the bye—I now return
 To the right subject of my lucubration ;
 I had been showing how we ought to spurn
 At Hume's attempts for his *mis*-calculation,
 The praises due to Robinson, to earn—
 To whom alone this truly grateful nation
 Will give the meed of honour justly due,
 And not to Hume and his convicted crew.

For me, I neither know, nor wish to know,
 A word about the science of finance ;
 But think it is not difficult to show,
 If taking duties off the wines of France

* To *malt*, an elegant expression for drinking beer. The tasteful Baronet was heard to say, "'Pon my soul, an uncommon fine girl—but, by heaven, *she malts* !"

Has made the price of claret fall so low,
A truth which catches toppers' eyes to glance,
Lest by the measure the Exchequer loses,
We ought to drink Lafitte in double boozes.

The thing is plain—I ask you if it isn't
Our duty, both in policy and gratitude,
Tending to cheer our palates at the present,
And to preserve the nation's glorious attitude?
And would it not, d'ye think, be very pleasant
To Robinson to know we do so? That it would!
Therefore, at once get doubly larger glasses—
Or fill them twice as often—or you're asses.

Up, up, then, sparkling ruby! that's the thing!
Dear Robinson! Indulgent Chancellor!
Thy praises ever grateful will I sing—
Nor only sing—for henceforth I will pour,
Duly as my libation to my King,
One tip-top overflowing brimmer more
To thee, my boy! and thus promote the sale—
And please myself and thee—Dear Robinson! All hail!!

NORTH.

Very fair verses. Don't lose them, Mullion.

ODOHERTY.

A fit conclusion to the Laird of Lamington.—You are certainly a very decent Bacchanalian Bard, Shepherd; but I am sorry to have bad news to tell you, man—You are no longer at the top of that tree—a new competitor, James,—a terrible fellow, sir; O Jemmy, prepare for the worst!—Yes, it is, it is true—you are dethroned!

TICKLER.

Are you puffing yourself, Sir Morgan?

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! pooh! we must all knock under now, man. Hear it, O Hogg of Ettrick, and give ear, thou Timothy of Southside! Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys, has turned over a new leaf, and is become the jolliest of all jolly dogs,—the very type of the tippling principle—a perfect incarnation of “god Bacchus.”

HOGG.

What! him that used to haver sae about tea, slops, and butter and bread? Him that brought down Jupiter frae the clouds to take his fourhours at Hampstead out of a crockery cup, with his “Hebe,” and “She be,” and “Tea be,” and I kenna what mair awfu' drivels?

ODOHERTY (solemnly.)

“The same—the same—
Letters four do form his name.”

NORTH.

O, don't bother us with the Cockney to-night. Leave him to Z.—All in good time.

TICKLER.

Where is the General?

NORTH.

Why, I had not heard from him for sometime, but ye'll find him taking up India at last in our next Number. I believe he's at his box in Surrey at present.

TICKLER.

By the way, Hogg, talking of boxes, what the deuce is the meaning of this new doing? I perceive an advertisement about my dear Altrive in the newspapers. Why, do you really mean to let the Cottage? Impossible!

HOGG.

Possible—probable—fact, Mr Tickler, and what for no? But I had forgotten,—'tis a lang time since ye were up Yarrow. Ye see the business is this—I have that great muckle farm o' the Duke's now, on the other side of the water, Montbenger, and there's a very snod steading on it, and I maun be there

ilka day early and late in the simmer-time, and it's just past a' telling the inconvenience of keeping house at Altrive, and tramp, tramping there. Besides, what's the use of having the twa houses on my haunds? I expect a braw rent I can tell you.

ODOHERTY.

Why, let me see, (*redding*.) "Accommodation for four or five Sportsmen and their domestics."*—This sounds well.

HOGG.

Ay, there's the Mistress's chamber, and the bairns' room, and the tway box-beds i' the drawing-room, and the lasses' laft, and the crib in the trance, and the laft ower the gig. What wad ye hae, Sir Morgan?

ODOHERTY.

Me? oh! I'm like yourself, Hogg—I can sleep anywhere.

MULLION.

And "the use of THE LIBRARY," Hogg!—I see you have put that bait on your hook too.—Pray, how many books have you?

HOGG.

I've ane o' the best collections in the parish now, Mr Secretary. I have, let me see, I have the Mountain Bard, that's ane; the Forest Minstrel, that's tway; the Pilgrims, that's three; the Dramas, that's tway volumes, five in a'—the Mauder, sax; the Wake, seven; (I have tway copies o' her,)—the Brownie, nine; the Perils o' Man, twall; the Perils o' Woman, fifteen; the Evening Tales, seventeen; the Confessions o' a Justified Sinner, achteen; Queen Hynde, nineteen; Hogg on Sheep—that's the score—and they's a' my ain warks, forbye pamphlets and periodicals, the Spy among them—and the Jubilee—dear me, I dinna mind half o' them—and than, there's maist a' the Sherra's beuks, baith verse and prose, kent and suspekkit—and there's Gray's works—I mean James Gray,—and the ither Gray too, I have his Elegy—and Wordsworth's Ballants—and Willison Glass—and Tannahill—and Shakespeare—maist feck o' him however—and Allan Cunningham—and the Bernerside Bard—and Milton's Paradise—and the Jacobite Relics—deil's i' me, I hippit them clean—and Ballantyne on Siddons—and George Thomson's sangs complete—and Byron—a hantle o' him, man—and a great bundle of Blue and Yellow, and Quarterlys, and Blackwoods, a' throughhither—What wad ye hae? is nae that a braw Leesbrary?

MULLION.

I sit corrected—and so, I am sure, does Sir Morgan. You also, I think, mention that the situation is "the very best that can be met with for angling."—Is not this rather bold?

HOGG.

Come out, and try yoursell. Odd, man, ye're no the length of a kail-yard frae bonny Yarrow—and Saint Mary's Loch's within less than half a mile—and there's the Craig-Douglas Burn, too, a noble trout. What wad folk luck for?

NORTH.

Well, James, I highly approve of your prudence in letting the cottage. And Tickler, my dear fellow, say now don't you think we might e'en do worse than become the Shepherd's tenants ourselves? What say you, Mullion?—You, Sir Morgan?—

TICKLER.

Off.

MULLION.

Ditto.

ODOHERTY.

Do you board the tenants, too, Hogg?—And, by the bye, what's the rent?

HOGG.

Ha! ha! ha!—Rent frae you, my braw lad!—Na, na, Captain—Ye's be welcome to Montbenger, but deil a fit into Altrive. (*Clock strikes One.*)

NORTH.

I am an older man than Mr Cockburn—and, in short, 'tis time to be going. Mullion, you'll settle the bill.—Good night.

(*Exeunt NORTH and TICKLER. Marcellus Cæleri.*)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The History of the Dominion of the Arabs, in Spain, founded upon a comparison of the Arabic MSS. in the Escorial, with the Spanish Chronicles, is about to be translated from the French.

A Journey through various Parts of Europe, in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821; with Notes, Classical and Historical; and Memoirs of the Seven Dukes of the House of Medici, and the different Dynasties of the Kings of Naples. By Thomas Pennington, A. M. Rector of Thorley, Herts, late Fellow of Clare-Hall, Cambridge.

Celebrated Trials, and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence; being a popular Account of extraordinary cases of Crime and Punishment which have occurred during the last Four Hundred Years, in the United Kingdom, and in the rest of Europe and America, from Lord Cobham, in 1418, to John Thurtell and Henry Fauntleroy, in 1824. Collected and translated from the most authentic sources in the English, German, and French languages.

A Manuel of Classical Biography. By Joseph William Moss, will soon appear.

Stories from the Old Chroniclers, with a Prefatory Essay, and Historical Notes. With outline Illustrations.

An Inquiry into the Elective Rights of the Freeholders of the Corporate Counties, together with a Report of the Proceedings before the Committee on the last Election of the County of Warwick. By U. Corbett, Esq. barrister at law.

Robert Emmett, or the Resources of Ireland, is in the press.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, selected, with Prefatory Remarks, and an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey, Esq. complete in 1 vol. 24mo. boards. With Portrait, engraved Title, and Vignettes, is about to appear.

Travels through Russia in Europe; Siberia, Poland, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, and other parts of Germany; with a Portrait of the author, and other Plates. By James Holman, R.N. K.W.

The Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland, with Anecdotes of celebrated Persons visited by the author, including most of the literati of both countries, in 2 vols. 8vo, is expected to appear speedily.

Nearly ready for publication, the *Diable Diplomat, par un Ancien Ministre*.

The Operative Mechanic and British Machinist; exhibiting the actual Construction and Practical Uses of all Machinery and Implements at present used in the Manufactories of Great Britain, with the real processes adopted in perfecting the useful arts and national manufactures of every description. By John Nicholson, Esq. Civil Engineer.

Further Observations on the Treatment of the Lateral or Serpentine Curvature of the Spine. By John Shaw, Surgeon and Lecturer on Anatomy, will soon appear.

Songs of a Stranger, are announced by Louisa Stewart Castello.

In the press, Observations on the Law and Policy of Joint Stock Companies. By H. Bellenden Kerr, Esq. F. R. S., of Lincoln's Inn.

A Popular View of the Actual State of the English Laws of Property, with some suggestions for a Code. By James Humphreys, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. will soon appear.

Annalmo; a Tale of Italy, illustrative of Roman and Neapolitan Life, from 1789 to 1809. By A. Vieusseux, author of Italy and the Italians.

Mr Nichols's Collection of "The Progresses, Processions, and Public Entertainments of King James the First," will contain (by the kind communications of numerous literary friends) many interesting particulars, never before published, of the King's welcome reception in various Corporation Towns, and of his Entertainment in the hospitable mansions of the Nobility, and Gentry, whom he honoured by his visits. Complete Copies are also re-printed of several Tracts of extreme rarity, not to be separately obtained, but at an enormous expense; amongst which are all the Masques at Court, during the twenty-two years of that pacific Monarch's reign, including those performed by the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and as many of the "London Pageants" of the period as can be met with. Illustrated by Historical, Topographical, Biographical, and Bibliographical Notes, collected during the Researches of not less than half a century. This Work is printed uniformly with the "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth;" and will form three handsome volumes, to be published periodically in separate Portions, to commence on the 1st of June.

Observations on some Dialects in the West of England; particularly Somersetshire, with a Glossary of Words now in use there. By James Jennings.

Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, a romance of the Sixteenth Century.

Going Too Far, a Tale for all ages.

Shortly will be published, 'To-Day in Ireland; a Series of Tales, consisting of the Carders, Connemara, and Old and New Light.

In the press, the Magistrate; or, Sessions and Police Review, Critical, Humorous, and Instructive, will be published on the 1st of May, and continued monthly.

Hints to some Churchwardens on the Repair of Parish Churches. 1 vol. 8vo, with twelve Plates.

Ancient Paintings and Mosaic discovered at Pompeii. By John Goldicutt, architect, in four parts, imperial octavo. Proof Impressions in quarto.

On the Religions of Ancient Greece, the Public, the Mystical, and the Philosophical. By W. Mitford, Esq.

A Gentleman of distinguished talent, long resident in Italy, is about to publish the result of his observations among the higher orders there, under the title of the "English in Italy." The Work is to extend to 3 volumes, and to be ready in April.

A new and splendid edition of that most curious and extraordinary volume, the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century, with four Coloured Copperplates, and sixty singular Hieroglyphical Illustrations, designed by the erudite Members of the Mercurii, from manuscripts purchased at an enormous expence, and engraved by eminent artists, will be ready for delivery in the ensuing month.

A new Work of considerable interest, from the pen of Mr Taylor of Ongar, with a Plate on steel, from Corbould's design. Foolscap 8vo.

In two elegant post 8vo vols., November Nights, a Series of Tales, by the author of the Innkeeper's Album, Warrenia, &c. &c.

The worthy and talented author of Tales from Switzerland, has in the press a Tale of considerable pathos, called the Shepherdess of the Mountains, interspersed with poetry. The pencil of Mr Corbould is secured to embellish the volume.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo, the Book of Nouconformity, in which the Churches of Dissent are vindicated from the Calumnious Misrepresentations of their Catholic and Protestant Translucers.

VOL. XVII.

Messrs Boosey and Sons will very shortly have ready for sale, Retsch's Original Designs to the Fight of the Dragon, by Schiller, with the German translation of the Poem, on fine paper.

Barclay's Apology for the Quakers, a New Edition, with Notes, Marginal References, &c. 8vo.

Belsham's (Miss E.) Introductory Catechism to Murray's Grammar, 18mo.

Common Place Book of Epigrams, 24mo.

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Martin's Carpenter's, Joiner's, and Cabinet-Maker's Practical Guide. 30 Engravings, royal 8vo.

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Priestley's Lectures on History, a New Edition, including all the additions in the Philadelphia Editions, also numerous Notes and Illustrations, by J. T. Rutt, Esq.

Sale's Translation of Alkoran of Mahomet, with several Hundred Readings from Savary; Notes and a New Index, Edited by Davenport. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Rev. Dr Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. Wm. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with extracts from his private and official correspondence and other papers not previously investigated. When it is remembered that, to this great statesman, almost every question of government was referred during the long and brilliant reign of Elizabeth, and that he, in consequence, virtually directed most of the leading measures of that important period, there can be little doubt, but that his history, when fully developed, (a task which has never before been attempted,) by the aid of his exceedingly numerous and valuable manuscripts, will be found one of the most interesting subjects of contemplation that could be selected, especially when historically considered. The work is intended to form 2 vols. in Quarto, and to be accompanied by a portrait and other engravings by the first artists.

A new Octavo Edition of "Gostling's Walk in and about the City of Canterbury," embellished with plates, and edited by the Rev. John Metcalfe, M.A.

Principles of Modern Horsemanship for Ladies. 30 Engravings, royal 8vo.

Mr Phillips, author of "Pomarum Britannicum," and other works, has just committed to the Press his new volume on which he has been so long engaged, entitled "Floral Emblems," containing, together with a complete account of the most beautiful picturesque devices employed in ancient and modern times, by the most celebrated painters and poets, a grammar of the language, whereby, in the most pleasing manner, ideas may be communicated, or events recorded, under semblances the most fanciful that can be applied to the purposes of amusement or of decoration. The poetical passages, in which a specific character is given to the different flowers, are selected from the best writers of all ages, and the plates, which present a variety of entirely new and delicate associations, have been designed and executed by the author.

The Works of James Arminius, D. D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin by James Nichols, author of "Calvinism and Arminianism Compared in their Principles and Tendency." Vol. 1.

Shortly will be published, the sixth quarto volume of Dr Lingard's History of England, which will contain the reigns of James and Charles I.

A catalogue *Raisonné* of a most splendid collection of Oil Paintings and Miniatures, comprising upwards of five hundred articles, is now preparing for publication. The intended production we are given to understand, will comprise Biographical Sketches and Anecdotic matter relating to the several Characters who constitute this grand assortment, consisting of celebrated Individuals of every European Country. It is also the intention of the possessor to exhibit the whole to the public, which will necessarily prove a very rich treat to the amateurs in the approaching Spring.

The lovers of the arts will soon be gratified by the appearance of a Translation of the History of the Life and Works

of Raphael, from the French of Mr Quatremere de Quincy, accompanied by copious additions in the form of Notes, and preceded by a History of the Progress of Painting in Italy, from the time of Cimabue until the era of the divine Raphael.

A volume will shortly appear concerning the Astronomy of the Egyptians particularly referring to the celebrated circular Zodiac, discovered at Denderah and which was subsequently conveyed to Paris.

In the press, and to be published in one vol. 8vo, Sermons, Expositions, and Addresses at the Holy Communion. By the late Rev. Alex. Waugh, A.M. Minister of the Scots Church in Miles Lane, London. A short Memoir of the Author will be prefixed.

Dr P. M. Latham has in the press, an Account of the disease lately prevalent at the General Penitentiary. 8vo.

In the press, an Exercise Book, to accompany Zumpt's Latin Grammar, by the Rev. John Kenrick.

In the press, the 2d Edition, considerably enlarged. A Treatise on Cancer, exhibiting a successful method of treating that disease in the occult stage, and also the most efficient method yet known of treating it in the open stage. By William Farr, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c.

Professor Zumpt of Berlin, author of the Latin Grammar, is about to publish a new edition of Quintus Curtius in 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume will contain the text, for which the Professor has used thirteen MSS. not hitherto collected; the second, the Commentary, in which the Latinity of Curtius will be vindicated, and the meaning very fully illustrated.

Deafness and Diseases of the Ears.—A New and Monthly Work called the "Aurist," edited by Mr Wright, Surgeon Aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, is in the press, and will be immediately published. This subject, so seldom treated on, will be peculiarly interesting to the public.

EDINBURGH.

The widow of the late Mr John Bell is about to publish his Observations on Italy, made principally during his stay at Florence, illustrated with Engravings from his own Drawings.

Memoirs of William Veitch, Minister of Dumfries, and George Brysson, Merchant in Edinburgh, written by themselves; with other Narratives illustra-

tive of the History of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution. To which are added an Appendix and Notes. In one volume 8vo.

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A New Edition of Brown's Logarithms is in the press, to be carefully revised and corrected throughout.

Mr Lizars, surgeon, author of the System of the Anatomical Plates, has announced for publication an account of his successful operations for the removal of enlarged Ovaria from the Female Abdomen. In one of these cases, the abdominal cavity from the sternum to the os pubis was laid open, and an Ovarium extracted, which measures eleven inches long, by seven and a half broad, and weighs upwards of five pounds. The Work is to be in demy folio, and to be accompanied with four Plates, coloured after nature. The first showing the situation and appearance of the Viscera and enlarged Ovarium, during the operation. Second, the extent and appearance of the wound when healed. Third, front view of the Ovarium, the natural size. Fourth, lateral view of the Ovarium, the natural size.

Preparing for publication, a New Edition of Lord Stair's Institutions of the Law of Scotland, with copious Additions and Illustrations. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate. The first part of this work will be published in November next, and the following part in the course of the Summer Session 1826.

Mr Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, is preparing for publication, Gleanings of Scottish, English, and Irish Scarce Old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical; many of them connected with the locali-

ties of Aberdeenshire, and to be found in no other Collection. With Explanatory Notes. A good many of the Ballads have been taken down by the Editor from the mouths of very old Women.

A Translation of Dr Gall's work on Phrenology; to be published in Parts, price 4s. each. The first part will be ready in July.

The Common-place Book of Anecdotes.

Mr Fraser has announced a Work, in three volumes, large 8vo, to be published by subscription, price to subscribers, two Guineas, entitled Killin; or Portraits, Pictures, and Lyrics, with Relics, Memoirs, and Tracts, illustrative of national Principle and Character, Civil and Rural Economy, Antiquities, Language, Ancient Poetry and Music of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland.

The Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1821, nearly ready.

Mr Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," &c., is engaged in making a collection of the Popular Rhymes of Scotland, which he designs to illustrate with Historical and Traditionary Notices.

A Third Edition of "Traditions of Edinburgh," No. I.; and a Second Edition of No. II., together with No. IV. of the same work, are preparing.

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London, Corn Exchange, April 4.

Liverpool, April 5.

|--|

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d March, 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	230½	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	94½	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	93½	93½	93½	93½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	101½	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	106½	100½	105½	106½
India stock,	285½	—	—	—
— bonds,	97 98 p.	97 p.	85 84 p.	83 p.
Exchequer bills,	50 58 p.	—	—	—
Exchequer bills, sm.	58 56 p.	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	84½ 94	94½ 4	93½ ½	93½ ½
Long Annuities,	23 5-16	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	105½ f. 106 f.	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the
Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-
noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register
Thermometer.

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Feb. 1	M. 26 A. 41	29.508 .961	M. 42 A. 40	NW.	Rain morn. day fair.	Feb. 15	M. 29 A. 41	29.684 .924	M. 43 A. 41	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
2	M. 21 A. 36	.879 28.698	M. 38 A. 36	SW.	Sleet and rain.	16	M. 35 A. 40	.575 .778	M. 44 A. 42	SW.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
3	M. 22 A. 51	.908 .889	M. 21 A. 31	NW.	Keen frost, shrs. snow.	17	M. 29 A. 42	.538 .625	M. 43 A. 44	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
4	M. 23 A. 25	29.101 .265	M. 31 A. 30	NW.	Keen frost, sunshine.	18	M. 29 A. 42	.773 .910	M. 42 A. 45	W.	Frost, morn. fair, sunshn.
5	M. 21 A. 30	.311 .529	M. 37 A. 36	NW.	Keen frost, dull.	19	M. 30 A. 40	.905 .818	M. 44 A. 43	SW.	Ditto.
6	M. 25 A. 32	.830 .762	M. 34 A. 35	Cble.	Foren. frost, aftern. fresh.	20	M. 35 A. 40	.779 .929	M. 44 A. 45	NW.	Foren. dull, aftern. cold.
7	M. 26 A. 39	.480 .480	M. 37 A. 38	W.	Fresh, but dull.	21	M. 32 A. 40	30.111 .112	M. 44 A. 45	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
8	M. 27 A. 59	.304 .612	M. 39 A. 37	NW.	Fresh, with shrs. hail.	22	M. 37 A. 42	.104 29.929	M. 45 A. 44	Cble.	F. mild, but dull.
9	M. 30 A. 41	.729 .818	M. 40 A. 47	W.	Morn. frost, day fresh.	23	M. 38 A. 40	.868 .868	M. 42 A. 45	W.	Ditto.
10	M. 59 A. 45	.938 .938	M. 43 A. 45	W.	Dull, but fair.	24	M. 37 A. 37	.925 .999	M. 42 A. 40	E.	Rain, foren. fair aftern.
11	M. 38 A. 43	.991 .991	M. 44 A. 45	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 31 A. 37	30.163 29.998	M. 41 A. 39	Cble.	Fair, but dull and cold.
12	M. 40 A. 45	30.135 .160	M. 45 A. 46	W.	Fair, mild, but dull.	26	M. 31 A. 34	.754 .602	M. 39 A. 37	S.	Moderate, sn. and sleet.
13	M. 39 A. 48	.164 .130	M. 47 A. 46	NW.	Fair, but ra- ther dull.	27	M. 27 A. 38	.878 .263	M. 38 A. 32	SW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
14	M. 41 A. 35	29.997 .992	M. 44 A. 46	W.		28	M. 50 A. 39	.144 .998	M. 41 A. 38	Cble.	Aftern. snow and sleet.

Average of rain. 613.

Average of rain, .613.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M. 27 A. 59	29.999 .820	M. 40 A. 40	Cble.	Foren. sleet, aftern. fair.	A. 27 M. 34	29.999 .890	M. 36 A. 37	S.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
2	M. 29 A. 35	.868 .868	M. 38 A. 37	S.	Snow & sleet most of day.	A. 33 M. 37	.866 .866	M. 38 A. 39	SE.	Morn. frost, day sh. snow.
3	M. 27 A. 51	.970 29.170	M. 36 A. 36	Cble.	Shrs. snow, and hail.	A. 35 M. 42	.969 30.106	M. 43 A. 40	Cble.	Cold and dull.
4	M. 22 A. 52	.823 .815	M. 38 A. 38	Cble.	Morn. frost, day fair.	A. 29 M. 36	.380 .380	M. 41 A. 46	W.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.
5	M. 27 A. 36	.920 .925	M. 38 A. 38	Cble.	Ditto.	A. 26 M. 36	.325 .390	M. 42 A. 45	W.	Ditto with frost.
6	M. 26 A. 35	.850 .819	M. 38 A. 40	S.	Hail & cold. Sn. on hills.	A. 32 M. 42	.196 29.999	M. 34 A. 43	E.	Heavy fog most of day.
7	M. 30 A. 39	.778 .641	M. 39 A. 39	SW.	dull, mild, and fair.	A. 33 M. 39	.990 .990	M. 42 A. 42	E.	Morn. foggy, after. sunsh.
8	M. 30 A. 40	.615 .561	M. 40 A. 36	Cble.	Morn. frost, day cold.	A. 25 M. 37	.765 .602	M. 41 A. 40	Cble.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
9	M. 42 A. 49	.776 .771	M. 42 A. 37	Cble.	Dull, but mild.	A. 26 M. 40	.434 .708	M. 41 A. 41	Cble.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.
10	M. 29 A. 43	.841 .840	M. 30 A. 39	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.	A. 29 M. 40	.836 .791	M. 44 A. 44	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
11	M. 32 A. 43	.755 .800	M. 42 A. 47	SW.		A. 63 M. 45	.755 .780	M. 46 A. 53	W.	Ditto.
12	M. 33 A. 43	.802 .887	M. 47 A. 47	SW.		A. 34 M. 44	.760 .716	M. 50 A. 52	W.	Ditto.
13	M. 35 A. 42	.809 .809	M. 40 A. 47	SW.	Rain morn. fair day.	A. 28 M. 46	.780 .839	M. 50 A. 43	Cble.	Ditto.
14	M. 28 A. 53	.858 .836	M. 41 A. 39	S.	Frost with shrs. hail.	A. 26 M. 43	.839 .898	M. 43 A. 47	Cble.	Ditto.
15	M. 26 A. 53	.940 .994	M. 36 A. 39	S.	Morn. frost, day cold.	A. 30 M. 40	30.125 .198	M. 45 A. 46		Ditto.
16	M. 26 A. 34	.998 .999	M. 46 A. 37	S.	Morn. frost, day dull.					

Average of rain, .479

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st January and 21st February, 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

- Anderson, J. Edward-street, Portman-square, tea-dealer.
 Arnold, E. Upper York-street, Bryanstone-square, baker.
 Ashcroft, J. Liverpool, ironmonger.
 Ashton, J. jun. Fenny Bentley, Derby, cheese-factor.
 Aspinall, W. Halifax, wine-merchant.
 Bales, W. Newmarket, innkeeper.
 Barton, J. Tarlton, Lancaster, maltster.
 Bath, J. Devonport, grocer.
 Beasley, F. Bedwardine, Worcester, glove-manufacturer.
 Benelli, J. B. Regent-street, dealer.
 Bennett, G. Seymour-place, butcher.
 Bertram, M. Philpot-lane, soap-maker.
 Birrins, B. Weymouth-mews, St Marylebone, il-very-stable keeper.
 Boswood, J. Silver-street, Falcon-square, victual-ler.
 Bowden, T. Museum-street, stationer.
 Blood, E. E. L. and T. Hunter, Akersgate-street, furnishing-ironmonger.
 Blunt, T. Twickenham, grocer.
 Brimmer, G. Strand-lane, stationer.
 Broadhead, W. Ashton-under-Line, and G. Broad-head, Manchester, stone-masons.
 Brookes, S. Bow-common, Mile-end, black ash-manufacturer.
 Butt, S. Motcombe, Dorset, cheese-dealer.
 Canburn, W. A. Bayswater, brewer.
 Candlin, W. Burslem, Stafford, shoemaker.
 Caton, R. Preston, milliner.
 Chambers, C. Southampton-row, Russell-square, mercer.
 Charters, W. and P. Merthyr Tidvill, Glamorgan, tea-dealers.
 Clark, W. Elizabeth-place, Kennington-cross, and G. Winter, Arnold-street, Newington, mer-chants.
 Clarke, G. B. New Shoreham, Sussex, brewer.
 Collins, B. D. Bristol, hatter.
 Cooper, E. S. Liverpool, common brewer.
 Cooper, J. Ashton-under-Line, Lancaster, shop-keeper.
 Crooke, J. Burnley, Lancaster, iron-founder.
 Croston, T. sen. and jun. Liverpool, ship-chan-dlers.
 Dare, U. jun. Waterloo-road, butcher.
 Davy, W. Webber-street, carpenter.
 Dawson, T. and J. Almonbury, York, clothiers.
 Dean, J. Brompton, timber-merchant.
 Dickson, G. M. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer.
 Drant, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, perfumer.
 Draper, T. White-street, Southwark, dealer.
 Dyson, J. Huddersfield, clothier.
 Eady, S. P. Dean-street, Soho, dealer.
 Edwards, J. Rathbone-place, merchant.
 Ekins, J. Oxford-street, cheesemonger.
 Evans, H. and W. Oxford-street, lacemen.
 Farley, T. Hereford-place, Commercial-road, ha-berdasher.
 Fawcett, J. and P. White, Miles-lane, bottle-merchant.
 Fletcher, J. Pilkington, grocer.
 Ford, J. jun. Mortlake, linen-draper.
 Forsyth, S. S. Hackney, haberdasher.
 Forsyth, C. Carlisle, draper.
 Foulkes, J. Cheltenham, haberdasher.
 French, T. Cheltenham, grocer.
 Fuller, J. and J., and J. Fletcher, Radcliffe, Lan-caster, grocers.
 Galliard, and F. Pongerard, Fenchurch-street, merchants.
 Gardiner, J. Paddington, scavenger.
 Garnde, S. Gilsburn, York, cattle-dealer.
 Garth, W. Colne, Lancaster, cotton-spinner.
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 Jay, R. Kilburn, carpenter.
 Jones, E. Newington-causeway, linen draper.
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 Kingham, J. Croyden, linen-draper.
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 Lasoux, T. P. De, Canterbury, older-merchant.
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 Levy, J. Hemmings-row, glass-dealer.
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 Marshall, T. Whitelion-court, Cornhill, mer-chant.
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 Moore, J. U. City-road, blind-maker.
 Morgan, J. T. Arlington-place, St John's-street, road, jeweller.
 Mostley, R. Goulston-square, Whitechapel, glass-merchant.
 Nathan, M. George-street, Adelphi, bill-broker.
 Newbank, J. Earl-street, Marylebone, stage-mas-ter.
 Nichols, J. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, up-holsterer.
 Osborne, T. St. Paul, Gloucester, linen-draper.
 O'Shaughnessy, H. P. and G. Sherborn, Pall-Mall, bootmakers.
 Ouspy, H. Ashton-under-line, cabinetmaker.
 Owens, T. Toxteth-park, near Liverpool, carter.
 Paris, A. A. Long-acre, printer.
 Passey, S. High-street, Newington-butts, book-seller.
 Pattison, W. Liverpool, merchant.
 Petty, J. Gravesend, confectioner.
 Pilkington, R. Blackburn, Lancaster, merchant.
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 Priceodd, G. Southoyer, miller.
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 Smith, W. W. Holborn-hill, silk-mercant.
 Smith, G. Watling-street, factor.
 Smith, T. G. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, haberdasher.
 Smyth, H. Piccadilly, hosiery.
 Sparks, T. and J. Bailey, Chandos-street, drapers.
 Stafford, S. Manchester, brewer.
 Stanley, R. Old Kent-road, linen-draper.
 Stead, J. Wakefield, architect.
 Stoneham, T. Little Chelsea, brewer.
 Storer, J. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, undertaker.
 Strachan, R. Cheap-side, warehouseman.
 Stranack, J. Park-place, Mile-end, master-mariner.
 Sweetapple, J. P. Chisneybury, Wilts, horse-dealer.
 Taylor, C. Salisbury, inn-holder.

Taylor, T. Ashton-under-Line, draper.
 Thornhill, W. York-place, New-road, horse-dealer.
 Tooth, E. Hastings, haberdasher.
 Turner, O. Chancery-lane, stationer.
 Turner, R. Manchester, joiner.
 Tudor, D. Newport, Monmouth, ship-builder.
 Vigor, W. Maidstone, butcher.
 Walker, J. jun. Lambeth-walk, oven-builder.
 Whitley, J. T. Edmonton, grocer.
 Whittenbury, E. W. Leeds, woollen-manufacturer.
 Wilkinson, B. Leicester, draper.
 Williams, W. B. Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor.
 Willock, R. Lancaster, wine-merchant.
 Windlett, J. Norwich, grocer.
 Wingate, T. W. Bath, dealer.
 Wood, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, silversmith.
 Wren, T. London-wall, silkmen.
 Wright, J. Charlotte-street, St Pancras, cheese monger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st February and the 31st of March 1825, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Alexander, Thomas, and Company, manufacturers in Glasgow.
 Bicket, Alexander, junior, butcher, trader, and dealer in cattle in Newton-upon-Ayr.
 Blair, James, merchant and watchmaker in Kilwinning.
 Brown, John, cow-feeder and cattle-dealer in Paisley.
 Campbell, James, soap-boiler at Queensferry.
 Dobson, William, and Co. merchants and drysalers in Glasgow.
 Dow, Alexander, merchant and tinman in Balfour.
 Farquharson, Samuel, ironmonger, lately carrying on business at Cupar in Fife.
 Inglis and Robb, merchants in Glasgow, and Robb and Inglis, merchants in Demerara.
 Jenkins, William, coal-master and spirit-dealer in Glasgow.
 Kyle, James, hardware-merchant in Inverness.
 M'Gillivray, Robert, upholsterer in Inverness.
 M'Intosh, James, innkeeper at Broomielaw, Glasgow.
 Menzies, Thomas, merchant, druggist, and surgeon in Glasgow.
 Osborn, George, leather-merchant and boot and shoemaker in Glasgow.
 Sanders, Gilbert, wholesale hardware-merchant, agent, and accountant in Glasgow.
 Smith, Andrew, draper, Arbroath.
 Speir, John, innkeeper and coach proprietor at Lupton Bridge Inn, in the county of Ayr.
 The Glasgow New Tan Work Company.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron, Dugald, and Co. merchants and grocers in Greenock; a second dividend 25th April.
 Cousin, James, silk and cotton-yarn merchant in Paisley; a dividend 25th April.

Gillies, Colin, merchant in Brechin, Forfarshire; a final dividend 19th April.
 Gordon, Patrick, the late, sometime stationer in Glasgow; a final dividend 26th April.
 Graham, Alexander, and Company, merchants in Glasgow, and carrying on business in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, under the firm of Graham, M'Nicol, and Company; a dividend after 6th April.
 Hamilton, Hugh, merchant in Greenock; a dividend after 22d March.
 Hamilton, John and William, weights and builders, Lanark; a final dividend 5th May.
 Law, David, innkeeper, coach-contractor, farmer, and cattle-dealer at Kinross-Green; a first and final dividend 2d May.
 Macalpine, James, general merchant and trader at Corrach, near Fort-William; a second dividend after 28th March.
 M'Rae, Daniel, merchant in Nairn; a first dividend after 16th March.
 Millar, James and William, distillers at Craigend, and spirit dealers in Glasgow; carrying on business under the firm of James Millar; a first and final dividend 17th May.
 Morrison, Maxwell, William, printer and publisher in Edinburgh; a dividend after 6th April.
 Neilson, Andrew and Michael, wholesale tea-dealers in Glasgow; a dividend 16th April.
 Phillips, Lawrence, manufacturer and merchant in Glasgow; a dividend after 29th March.
 Saunders, James, printer and writer in Dundee; a dividend in April.
 White, Messrs and Company, brewers in Perth; a dividend on 14th March.
 Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner in Aberdeen; a farther dividend on 25th March.
 Young, David, wright in Calton of Glasgow; a dividend on 24th March.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February.

2 Dr.	Gds. Lieut. Caldwell, by purch. vice Lataward, ret. 20 Jan. 1824	15	J. E. Alexander, Cor. by purch. vice Digge, ret. 20 do.
	Cor. Stewart, Lieut. do.	14	J. Kennedy, do. by purch. vice Gilpin, prom. 30 Dec. 1824.
4	C. B. Pittman, Cor. do.	15	Paym. Leach, from 65 F. Paym. vice Storey, h. p. 62 F. 27 Jan. 1825.
	T. W. Lloyd, (Kid. Mast.) Cor. without pay. 27 do.	1 F.	Capt. Le Quay, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Suckling, 90 F. 15 do.
1 Dr.	As. Surg. Barry, from 75 F. As. Surg. vice Toddlie, 68 F. 20 do.		Lieut. Stoyte, Capt. by purch. vice Debbin, ret. 27 do.
2	Cor. Lord Brudenell, Lieut. by purch. vice Murphy, ret. 12 do.	2	Capt. Cash, Major by purch. vice Williams, prom. 28 do.
	Corporal Miller, from R. Horse Gds. (Riding Mast.) Cor. do.		

Lieut. Graham, Capt. do.
 Ens. Berney, Lieut. do.
 N. H. J. Westby, Ens. 28 do.
 As. Surg. Campbell, from h. p. 83 F. 5 Feb.
 6 As. Surg. Lieut. Walsh, from h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. 19 Dec. 1824.
 7 Lieut. Ens. Moormour, from 68 F. Lieut. by 12 Feb. 1825.
 8 pursh. vice Lord Paulet, prom.
 As. Surg. Ferguson, from h. p. 87 F. 27 Jan.
 15 As. Surg. vice Scott, res.
 J. V. Shelley, Ens. vice Bentley, 31 F. 28 do.
 Serj. Hardy, from 1 F. Gds. Qs. Mast. vice Clare, dead. 15 do.
 20 Lieut. Gamble, from 31 F. Capt. vice Byrnes, 31 F. 28 do.
 24 Serj. Maj. Reilly, (Acting Adj.) rank of Ens. without pay. 15 do.
 31 Capt. Byrnes, from 20 F. Capt. 28 do.
 Ens. Bentley, from 52 F. Lieut. vice Gamble, 20 F. do.
 As. Surg. Sheppard, from h. p. 83 F. 27 do.
 15 As. Surg. F. Pigott, Ens. vice Hodgson, 85 F. 3 Feb.
 54 Lieut. Woodgate, Capt. 11 Jan.
 Ens. Considine, Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Gascoyne, from Rifle Brig. do.
 Ens. Dalgety, from 70 F. do. 13 do.
 Gent. Cadet G. Man, from R. Mill. Col. Ens. do.
 59 Hosp. Assist. Kemlo, As. Surg. vice Thompson, 4 Dr. 20 do.
 60 Bt. Maj. Schoedde, Maj. by pursh. vice F. im Thurn, ret. do.
 Lieut. Ellison, Capt. do.
 2d Lieut. Fothergill, 1st Lieut. do.
 65 G. Mason, 2d Lieut. do.
 Capt. Bates, from h. p. 62 F. Paym. Leach, 16 Dr. 27 do.
 66 Bt. Maj. Baird, Maj. by pursh. vice Lasselles, ret. 15 do.
 Lieut. Clarke, Capt. do.
 Ens. Dittmas, Lieut. do.
 T. L. Goldie, Ens. do.
 67 Ens. Sweedland, Lieut. vice Hambro, dead. 27 do.
 C. W. James, Ens. do.
 70 J. Skianre, Ens. vice Dalgety, 54 F. 13 do.
 79 Lieut. Campbell, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Crawford, h. p. 67 F. 3 Feb.
 83 Ens. Hodgson, from 45 F. Lieut. vice O'Brian, dead. do.
 88 Lieut. Walpole, Capt. by pursh. vice Hill, ret. 15 Jan.
 Ens. Bulter, Lieut. do.
 89 Hon. G. W. F. Kinonird, Lieut. 2d Lieut. Hon. C. D. Blaney, from Rifle Brig. Lt. by pursh. vice Hall, prom. 27 do.
 90 Capt. Sackling, from 1 F. Capt. vice Cox, h. p. 13 do.
 91 Capt. Hay, Maj. by pursh. vice Walsh, ret. 3 Feb.
 94 Lieut. Burpe, Capt. do.
 Capt. Franklyn, from h. p. 24 F. Capt. vice Craig, 3 Vol. Bat. do.
 As. Surg. Lester, from 1 Dr. Guards, Surg. vice Pitt, h. p. 27 Jan.
 99 Capt. Beauchamp, from h. p. Unatt. Capt. vice Hill, 1 Vet. Bat. 13 do.
 Rifle Brig. P. T. W. Campbell, 54 Lieut. vice Gascoyne, 54 F. do.
 Ens. Shelly, from 15 F. 2d Lieut. by pursh. vice Blaney, 89 F. 27 do.
 1 W. I. R. W. Russel, Ens. vice Ellis, dead. 3 Feb.
 2 Lieut. O'Meara, from h. p. Lt. Corps, Paym. vice Steward, dead. 15 Jan.
 1 R. Vet. Bn. Capt. Hill, from 95 F. Capt. vice Le Guay, 1 F. do.
 — Craig, from 94 F. vice Macdonell, ret. lat. 20 do.
 Unattached.
 Lieut. Lord W. Paulet, from 7 F. Capt. by pursh. vice Bt. Maj. Briscoe, R. Art. ret. 12 Feb. 1825.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Artillery.

Maj. and Lt. Col. Power, Lt. Col. vice W. Dixon, dead, 26 Dec. 1824.
 Capt. and Lt. Col. Smith, Maj. do.
 2d Capt. and Maj. Greene, Capt. do.
 2d Capt. Sweeting, from h. p. 2d Cap. do.
 1st Lt. Forster, 2d Capt. do.
 — Glasgow, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
 2d Lt. Mayne, 1st Lt. do.
 Gent. Cadet Bingham, 2d Lt. do.
 2d Capt. Coles, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Johnson, h. p. 1 Jan. 1825.
 1st Lieut. Mottley, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Orough, dead. 3 do.
 2d Lieut. Wilford, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet Walker, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Bassett, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Blake, h. p. 23 do.
 — T. Kiley, from h. p. do. vice Miller, h. p. do.
 2d Capt. Maxwell, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Briscoe, ret. 12 Feb.

Royal Engineers.

Capt. Dixon, from h. p. Capt. vice Haldane, dead. 12 Jan. 1825.
 1st Lieut. Hall, 2d Capt. do.
 — Elliot, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.
 2d Lieut. Rose, 1st Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Williams, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Mudge, dead. 13 do.

Medical Department.

Brev. Insp. Burke, Insp. 20 Jan. 1825.
 Surg. Collier, Brev. Insp. in Ceylon, 3 Feb.
 As. Surg. Sampson, from h. p. 104 F. As. Surg. vice Hosp. As. M'Dermott, Ceylon Reg. 25 Jan.
 Hosp. As. O'Donnel, As. Surg. vice Sibbald, dead. do.
 Hosp. As. Pearson, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice As. Surg. Mitchell, came. do.
 J. Paterson, Hosp. Assist. do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. de Burgh, from 2 F. with Lt. Col. Williams, h. p. Unatt.
 Bt. Lt. Col. Dodgill, from 68 F. with Maj. Patrickson, 99 F.
 Capt. Hutton, from 31 F. with Capt. Bray, 88 F.
 — Pasley, from 7 F. with Capt. Pennycuik, h. p. 78 F.
 — Silver, from 53 F. with Capt. Conroy, 69 F.
 Lieut. Allen, from 7 F. with Lieut. Gordie, 98 F.
 — Wood, from 14 F. with Lt. Tindling, 67 F.
 — Snow, from 47 F. with Lt. Ashe, 63 F.
 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Capel, from 1 Life Gds. with Ens. Burgh, 5 F.
 Ens. Ward, from 48 F. with Ens. Mackintosh, 63 F.
 Paym. Daws, from 31 F. with Paym. Monk, 53 F.
 As. Surg. Dudgeon, from 86 F. with As. Surg. Fitzpatrick, h. p. 4 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Latouche, 68 F.
 — Walsh, 51 F.
 Major F. im Thurn, 60 F.
 — Briscoe, R. Art.
 Capt. Latouche, 2 Dr. Gds.
 — Dobbin, 1 F.
 — Hill, 88 F.
 Lieut. Murphy, 8 Dr.
 Cornet Blige, 15 Dr.
 As. Surg. Ferguson, 8 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Sub. Assist. Surg. Mitchell.

Dismissed.

Lieut. Atkinson, 49 F.

Officers Wounded in the Expedition under Brigadier General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B. against the Dominions of the King of Ava, between the 16th June and 12th July, 1824.

Capt. Johnson, 15 F. severely and dangerously.
 Lieut. Barrett, 15 F. severely—arm amputated.

Deaths.

Maj. Gen. Powlett, Cavernham, near Reading.
6 Dec. 1824.
— Sir R. G. Butler, late of 87 F.
Foley, late of R. Mar. Worcester.
Lieut. Col. Fraser, h. p. 18 F. Jamaica, 1 Nov.
Broomie, R. Art. Jamaica, 4 Jan. 1825.
Major Mackenzie, 77 F. Jamaica.
— Newton, h. p. 1 Gar. Bat. Chatham, 1 Jan.
Dellus, h. p. 4 Line, Gar. Leg. 23 do.
Capt. Campbell, 81 F. Spanish Town, Jamaica.
20 Nov. 1824.
— Forbes, h. p. 56 F. Skane Street, 7 Feb.
1825.

Lieut. Mudge, R. Eng.
— Hay, late 6 Vet. Bat. Edinh. 20 June, 1824.
— Tudor, h. p. York Ran. 9 Oct.
Ensign W. A. Ross, 60 F. Up Park, Jamaica,
18 Nov. 1824.

Paym. Lieut. Vinicombe, 50 F.
— Clarke, h. p. 84 F. Dublin, 24 Dec.
Quart. Mast. Stewart, h. p. 76 F. Banff, 12 Jan.
— Blanche, h. p. Reay Fencibles.

Commissariat Department.

As. Com. Gen. Rossiter, Demetara, 30 Dec.

Medical Department.

Surg. Gill, 50 F. Jamaica, 11 Dec.
Staff As. Surg. Wiley, Jamaica, 24 Nov.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 19, 1824. At Miramichi, New Brunswick,
the wife of Alexander Fraser, jun. Esq. of a son.
Sept. 18. At Serampore, the lady of George S.
Elphinstone, Esq. of a son.
25. At Walajabad, the lady of Lieutenant-
Colonel Brodie, of the 25th native infantry, Ma-
dras, of a son.
Nov. 29. At Jamaica, the lady of Dr George
Dempster, of a son.
Jan. 3, 1825. At Madras, the lady of Dr Wil-
liam Gourlay of Kinross, of a daughter.
6. At Halifax, the lady of Captain Houston
Stewart, Royal Navy, of a son.
23. At the Union Hotel, St Andrew's Square,
the lady of Captain Elliot, Royal Navy, of a son.
24. At North Street, Mrs A. Brodie, of a son.
Feb. 1. At Montrose, Mrs Smart of Conansyth,
of a daughter.
— At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, of a
son.
2. At Elder Street, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.
3. Near Scarborough, the lady of Captain Ro-
bert Bidwell Edwards, of a son.
— At Ruchlaw House, the lady of John Buchan
Sydsel, Esq. of Ruchlaw, of a daughter.
4. Mrs Horsburgh, of Lochmaloony, of a daugh-
ter.
— Mrs Archibald Douglas, Great King Street,
of a son.
5. At London, the Countess of Mount Charles,
lady of the Under Secretary of State for Foreign
Affairs, of a son and heir.
6. At Kirkcudbright, the lady of D. Blair, Esq.
younger of Borgue, of a daughter.
7. At 51, Frederick Street, Mrs Keith, of a
daughter.
— In Dublin, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel
Macgregor, 84th regiment, of a daughter.
11. Mrs Moncreiff, Northumberland Street, of
a daughter.
15. At Arncliffe House, Lady Ann Clouston,
of a son.
— At London, the Hon. Mrs Grant of Grant,
of a son.
— At Cockenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, of a son.
14. At Shivas, Mrs Forbes Irving, of a daughter.
— In Upper Berkeley Street, London, the lady
of William T. Thornton, Esq. of a son.
15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Witherspoon, George
Street, of a son.
— At the Manse of Aberdeen, Mrs Bryce, of a
daughter.
— At Broomhall, the Countess of Elgin and
Kincardine, of a son.
18. At her father's, John Law MacClellan, Esq.
of Lauriston Castle, Crumond, the lady of George
Drummond, Esq. of Dumervie, of a daughter.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Whig-
ham, Esq. advocate of a son.
20. At Woodville, near Edinburgh, Mrs James
Wilson, of a daughter.
— At Trinity, Mrs Burnet, of a son.
21. At Dalkeith, the lady of Captain Robert
Tait, R. N. of a daughter.
22. At George Square, the lady of Patrick Dud-
geon, Esq. of East Craig, of a daughter.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of Matthew N. Mac-
donald, Esq. W. S. of a son.

24. At Gloucester Place, the lady of James
Horner, Esq. younger of Newlands, of a son.
26. At Comiston, Mrs Forrest, of a daugh-
ter.
March 3. At Maggerney Castle, the lady of
Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Cullarae, of a daughter.
4. At Broughton Place, Mrs Robert Blackie, of
a son.
— At Erskine, the Right Hon. Lady Blan-
tyre, of a daughter.
6. At 30, Castle Street, Mrs David Cannan, of a
son.
— Mrs Johnston, 2, Mint Street, Newington,
of a son.
9. The lady of Captain Dalyell, royal navy, of
a son.
11. At Easter Warriston, the lady of Lieut-
General the Hon. Alex. Duff, of a daughter.
— Mrs Kinloch, of Gourlie, of a daughter.
12. At Ardincaple Castle, the Right Hon. Lady
John Campbell, of a daughter.
13. At Millican, the lady of Sir William Milli-
ken Napier, Bart. of a son.
14. In Great King Street, the lady of H. Lums-
den, Esq. advocate, of a son.
15. At Newhall, the lady of John Buckle, Esq.
of a son.
— At Hope Street, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel
F. W. Taylor, of a daughter.
— At 3, Royal Circus, Mrs Walter Dickson, of
a son.
17. At Castlemilk, Lanarkshire, Mrs Stirling,
of a son.
— At 27, Castle Street, Mrs H. D. Dickie, of
a son.
18. At Howard Place, Mrs Fairbairn, of a son.
20. Mrs Edington, West Maitland Street, of a
son.
22. At Broughton Park House, Mrs Yule, of a
daughter.
— At 10, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Haic,
of a daughter.
— At Altyre, Lady C. G. Cumming, of a daugh-
ter.
— At Fortmary, Mrs William Bell, of a son.
23. At Duddingston, the lady of George Steed,
Esq. royal dragoon, of a daughter.
— At Kinross House, Mrs Robertson, of a son.
— At Douglas's Hotel, St Andrew's Square,
Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, of a daughter.
24. The Hon. Mrs George Macdonell, of a son.
25. Mrs Paul, 9, Howe Street, of a daughter.
26. At St Andrews, Mrs Ballour, of a daughter.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of John Street, Esq.
of the royal artillery, of a son.
28. At 5, West Circus Place, Mrs Clephane, of
a daughter.
29. At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a daughter.
April 1. At Ragulas, the lady of Sir Thomas
Dick Lauder of Grange and Fountainhall, Bart.
of a daughter.
3. At Polkemmet, the lady of Sir William Hall-
ib, Bart. of a son.
— Late, At No. 3, St John Street, Mrs H. Alex-
ander, of a son.
— Late, Mrs Wagh, 15, St John Street, of a
daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 8, 1821.—At Kingar, Island of Mull, Peter M'Arthur, Esq. Ardwae, to Floss, daughter of the late John Maclean, Esq. of Langamull.

Jan. 8, 1825.—At Twickenham, Robert Jeffrey, Esq. to Mary Eleanor, widow of the late William Simpson, Esq. Madras.

28. At Mansfield Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Swayne, Esq. Fifeshire, to Agnes Georgiana, daughter of the late Captain Peddie, Leith Walk.

31. At London, Captain the Hon. Walter Forbes, Coldstream Guards, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Forbes, to Horatio, daughter of Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart. of Kenward, county of Kent.

Feb. 1. At Glasgow, the Rev. Thomas Watson of Cornistoun, minister of Covington, to Eleanor, daughter of David M'Haffie, Esq. of Overton.

— At Muricambus, Mr Thomas Grey, King's Kettle, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Robert Simson, Mulrumbus, Fifeshire.

2. At Dundas Street, the Rev. James Brown, minister of Kilrenny, to Mary, daughter of the late Rev. James Forrester, minister of Kilrenny.

3. By the Rev. Dr Dickson, of the West Kirk, at 6, Shandwick Place, Walter Scott, Esq. Lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, eldest son of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart. to Miss Jane Johnson, only child of the late William Johnson, Esq. of Lochore, in the county of Fife.

6. At Anstruther, Mr David Johnston, currier and leather-merchant, Edinburgh, to Juliet, eldest daughter of Mr William Morton, leather-factor, Edinburgh.

7. At Kirkaldy, Thomas L. Dundas, Esq. royal navy, to Margaret, third daughter of Dr Johnstone, Kirkaldy.

8. At Peel, the Rev. Nathaniel Paterson, minister of Galashiels, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Robert Laidlaw, Peel, Seikirkshire.

10. At Aberford, William Mure, Esq. son of William Mure, Esq. of Caldwell, to Laura, second daughter of the late William Markham, Esq. of Becca Hall, in the county of York.

— At Balgowrie, William Urquhart, Esq. of Craigston, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Fraserfield.

12. At London, Mr Charles Lambert, to Jane, eldest daughter of Robert Spears, Esq. of Kilmount, Fifeshire.

14. At Edinburgh, John Tulloh, Esq. of Arthurshill, county of Roxburgh, to Helen R. S. Falconar, second daughter of David Falconar, Esq. of Carlwrie.

— At Aberdeen, Alexr. Thomson, Esq. of Banchoory, to Jessy, eldest daughter of Alexr. Fraser, Esq. merchant.

15. At Falkirk, Robert Paton, writer, Orkney, to Matilda, only daughter of the late Mr Robert Russel, of London.

17. At Morningide, Daniel Mackay, Esq. of Santa Cruz, to Mrs Muir, relict of John Muir, Esq. late of Demarara.

Feb. 21. At Oban, on the 21st ultimo, the Rev. Alexander Beith, Glasgow, to Julia, eldest daughter of J. Robson, Esq. Oban.

22. At Bo'ness, James Johnston, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late William Scott, Esq. Musselburgh.

23. At Jedburgh, Mr Thomas Watson, Leith Walk, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Harvey, Esq. surgeon of the 2d Queen's Dragoon Guards.

24. William Ker Hay, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Catharine, youngest daughter of the late Captain Swinell Norvell.

25. At Carterhaugh, Mr James Barnett, Anne's Hope, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Charles Cunningham.

28. At Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, London, the Right Hon. Lord R. Cholmondeley, second son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, to Maria, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot.

March 1. In St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, Captain Basil Hall, royal navy, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Munter, Consul-General in Spain.

2. At Mary Place, Stockbridge, Thomas John Brown, Esq. merchant, London, to Barbara, second daughter of the late Mr Thomas Mitchell, Mill of Odsey.

3. At Edinburgh, Mr James Aitken, writer in Edinburgh, to Jane, only daughter of the late Mr Thomas Patterson, merchant there.

March 11. At Edinburgh, Hugh Watson, Esq. W. S. to Elizabeth Andreeva, only daughter of the late Mr Andrew Watson, of Petronavotok, in Russia.

deceased in 1774, and was a minister of Edinburgh.

15. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, to Lady Emily Bathurst, youngest daughter of Earl Bathurst.

18. At Edinburgh, Robert Bruce, Esq. of Burrahee, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr David Young, minister of Foulton, Berwickshire.

21. In St Paul's Chapel, Archibald Allison, Esq. advocate, to Elizabeth Glencairn, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Tytler, lately of the North British Staff.

— At Aytoun-Law, Mr James Allan of Reston, to Mary, daughter of James Herriot, Esq. Aytoun-Law.

26. At Edinburgh, James Grant, M. D. Friarbank, near Jedburgh, to Eleanor Maria Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. Robert Elliot, rector of Welldrake and Huggate, Yorkshire.

29. At Glasgow, John Balfour, Esq. Pilrig Street, to Robina, third daughter of the late Captain Robert Gordon of Invercharron.

— Mr Richard Mark, rector of the grammar school of Campbelltown, to Jean, daughter of Mr Dymock, Glasgow.

31. At Prince's Street, Mr James Turnbull, merchant, Edinburgh, to Mary Montague, second daughter of the late Mr Ewart.

April 5. At Gloucester Lodge, the Earl of Clanricarde, to Harriet, only daughter of the Right Hon. George Canning. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London.

DEATHS.

August 1824. At Nagpore, in India, Captain William Hardy of Charlesfield, eldest surviving son of the late Rev. Dr Thomas Hardy, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of that city.

10. At St Thome, Madras, William, youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Commandant Robert Macdowall, 7th Regiment Native Infantry.

Aug. 26. Lost in the Ganges, by the upsetting of his boat, Captain James Head, commander of his Majesty's ship the Canuing.

Sept. 22. At Madras, Captain Archibald Erskine Pattison, Commanding the Hon. the Governor's Body Guard, Fort George.

29. At Madras, Mrs Bowser, wife of Lieutenant-General Thomas Bowser, commanding in Mysore.

Oct. 6. At China, Mr James Mackenzie, sixth officer of the Hon. Company's ship Duke of York, second son of the late Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of Lettistree.

7. Near Rangoon, Lieut. John Lindsay, of the 54th regiment, Madras Light Infantry, second son of William Lindsay, Esq. Balmungie, Fifeshire. Lieut. Lindsay was with the detachment commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Smith, and fell deeply wounded, while most gallantly engaged in a disastrous attack upon a stockade defended by Burmese.

8. At Prince of Wales Island, John Macalister, Esq. senior Member of Gottschell.

25. At the Isle of France, Captain John Macintosh of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Nov. 20. At Paris, in her 88th year, Mrs Alice Morton, widow of John Crawford, Esq. of Gayfield Place, Edinburgh.

26. At sea, soon after leaving Canton, Mr John Carnegie, third son of David Carnegie, of Craig, Esq.

Dec. 12. At Falmouth, Jamaica, Mr Jas. Scott, third son of the late Rev. James Scott, Auchtermuchty, Forfarshire.

On the homeward-bound passage from China, Captain A. H. Campbell, of the Hon. Company's ship Duke of York.

18. At Edinburgh, James George Willis, Esq. surgeon, son of the late T. Willis, Esq. Kirkaldy.

23. At Karasubaser, in the Crimea, the celebrated Madame Krudener.
Jan. 3. 1825. At Jamaica, Major Roderick Mackenzie, of the 77th regiment.
 9. At sea, on board his Majesty's ship *Diamond*, Gilbert, youngest son of William Elliot Lockhart, Esq. of Cleghorn, M. P.
 13. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, David Macvicar, Esq. one of the Masters of Chancery there, son of the late Neil Macvicar, Esq. of Fergushill, writer in Edinburgh.
 22. At Kirkaldy, Michael Lundin, son of Mr Lundin Cooper, writer there, aged 6 years, and on the 23d, Elizabeth Kinnear, his daughter, aged 4 years.
 — At Kirkaldy, Mr John Malcolm, ship-owner, aged 80 years.
 — At Newton, Northumberland, Mrs Methven, wife of Captain Methven, Royal Navy.
 23. At Dunblane, Mr James Milne, jun. son of the late Andrew Milne, Esq. Bo'ness.
 24. At Paris, the Right Hon. Sackville, Earl of Thanet.
 — At Linlithgow, in the 94th year of his age, Mr William Wilson, senior, shoemaker there, much and justly regretted by a numerous and respectable circle of friends and acquaintances. There were several occurrences in the life of this worthy old man deserving of record. He witnessed the battle of Prestonpans, and saw the fall of the brave and virtuous Colonel Gardner. He was on the plains of Abrahm with the immortal Wolfe, and bore a part of the arduous duties of the ever-memorable day when that lamented hero fell. He used to remark, that he lived in *three kings'* reigns, saw *three* commanding officers fall, was a member of *three* mason lodges, and had *three* descendants in the direct line, all William Wilsons.
 25. At Briery Yards, aged 94, Thomas Turnbull, Esq. of Fenwick.
 26. At his house, 5, Pilrig Street, Mrs Margaret Reoch, wife of Mr John Reoch, and on the 11th inst. Margaret Martha, their infant daughter.
 27. At Kirkaldy, Mr William Moffat, merchant there.
 28. At Penzance, John Glog, Esq. of Limefield.
 31. At Woodburn, near Kirkintulloch, John Buchanan, Esq. of Carbeth.
 — At Edinburgh, Margaret Macalister, only daughter of Mr H. Pillans, printer.
Feb. 1. At Powis Farm, Miss Margaret Bruce, eldest daughter of the late John Bruce, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Clackmannanshire.
 — At Aberdeen, Peter Hay, Esq. of Hayfield, aged 73.
 5. At Morton, Lieut.-General Alex. Trotter.
 — At Selkirk, Mr William Borrowman, surgeon, aged 81.
 7. At his father's house, Mr George Scott, late of the Admiralty Office, London, eldest son of Mr Alexander Scott, Ormiston.
 — At Scremerston, Mrs Elizabeth Hogarth, wife of Robert Hogarth, Esq. of Scremerston.
 8. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, Mary, eldest daughter of Major Hugh Falconar, late of the 62d Regiment of Foot.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Macalister of Balmahill.
 — Mrs Jean Morrison, spouse to Dr Robert Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in Marischall College, Aberdeen.
 9. At House of Hill, near Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Wilson, farmer, and sheep and cattle dealer.
 10. At 65, Nicolson Street, Margaret Lawrie, wife of Mr Alexander Henderson, goldsmith.
 — At Caen, in France, in the 10th year of his age, George Alexander, eldest son of Major-General Haiket.
 — At Darinane, in the county of Kerry, Ireland, Maurice O'Connell, Esq. in the 98th year of his age. He was eldest brother of General Daniel, Count O'Connell, Grand Cross of the order of the Holy Ghost; first cousin of Maurice, Baron O'Connell, Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; and uncle to Counsellor O'Connell.
 11. His Highness Frederick IV. Duke of Gotha. By his death the male line of the branch descending from Duke Ernest the Pious, which has reigned nearly two hundred years, is extinct, and the dominions of the house fall to the collateral branches in Hildburghausen, Coburg, and Meiningen, who have accordingly published a proclamation to that effect.
 11. At Meadowfield, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Couston, relict of Mr John Russell, late tenant in Rires.
 — At Edinburgh, Arch. Macdougall, Esq. of Dildawn.
 12. At Leith, Mrs Frances Thom, wife of Mr Alex. S. Bisset, shipmaster.
 — At 43, Queen Street, Edinburgh, in the 10th year of his age, William, only son of Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnotar.
 — At Aberdeen, the Rev. John Farquharson, minister of Ruthven.
 — William Murray, Esq. Solicitor Supreme Courts, and agent for the Church of Scotland, in his 77th year.
 13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Simpson, relict of Mr James Megget, merchant there.
 — At West Linton, Mrs Charlotte M'Caul, wife of the Rev. Alex. Forrester.
 — At Annfield, Elizabeth Wilson, relict of Mr Thomas Rennie.
 — At Arbroath, Isabella Goodall, wife of Mr Patrick Wilson, bookseller.
 14. At Nice, Miss Helen E. Davidson, youngest daughter of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Pinnacle Hill.
 15. At Lawfield, Jessy, eldest daughter of Mr William Bertram.
 — At Whitehill, near Glasgow, John Carlye, only son of Mr Robison, Coates Crescent.
 16. At Edinburgh, John Menzies, Esq. Solicitor of Customs for Scotland.
 — Mr James Francis Souter, only son of David Souter, Esq. Macduff.
 17. In Forth Street, Edinburgh, Patrick, third son of Mr James Mackay, jeweller.
 19. At London, Mrs Susanna Maria Bradford, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel James Flint, late of his Majesty's 25th Regiment of Foot.
 — At Edinburgh, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Rattray, writer to the signet.
 20. At Stirling, Mr James Hamilton, of Boddingsgill, merchant, Biggar.
 — At Netherhouse, Lesmahagow, Elizabeth, infant daughter of Major Peat.
 — At Castle Street, Mrs Rosina Home, relict of Mr Thomas Laing, and eldest daughter of the deceased Hon. George Home.
 — At No. 30, Frederick Street, George Kennedy, Esq. writer.
 22. At Bexhill, Sussex, Agnes, wife of Henry Riddell, Esq. W. S.
 — At Mungall Cottage, Joseph Stainton, Esq. manager of the Carron Company.
 — Mrs Nancy Gibson, wife of Mr G. B. Brown, brewer, North Back of Canongate.
 — At Edinburgh, Katharine, daughter of the late Thomas Wedderburn, Esq. Collector of Customs, Inverness.
 — At Douglas, Isle of Man, Arthur Crawford, Esq. late merchant, Belfast.
 23. At Edinburgh, James Taylor, after an illness of ten days.
 — 24. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Cavens, student of medicine, from Dumfries-shire.
 — At Newington, Mrs Elizabeth Tod, wife of Mr James Macfarlane.
 24. At Gorgie Damhead, Mrs Marion Cleghorn, relict of Mr William Ronaldson, in her 91st year.
 26. At Forth Street, William, youngest son of Mr James Mackay, jeweller.
 — At Edinburgh, George, youngest son of Geo. Wauchop.
 27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Davie, wife of Mr Martin, W.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr James Scott, builder.
 — Margaret Horne, daughter of Mr John Brewster, printer, Society.
 — At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Parker.
 27. At Nice, Thomas, eldest son of George Carstairs, Esq. merchant, Leith.
 28. At Cowdenhill, Mrs Margaret Angus, widow of Lieut. James Ritchie, R. N.
 28. At Abercromby Place, Grace, fourth daughter of the late Robert Kennedy, Esq. of Pinnmore.
March 2. At Links, Kirkaldy, Ann Bell, eldest daughter of Mr William Bell, late of Canada.
 3. In Dover Street, Piccadilly, Lieutenant-General Sir James Erskine, Bart. of Torrie, Fifeshire.
 — At his house, Circus Place, John Hutchison, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

5. At Merchant Street, Katharine, infant daughter of William Dunlop, Esq.
 6. At Hatton, Warwickshire, the Rev. Dr Parr.
 — Helen, fourth daughter of Mr Alex. Grieve, papermaker, Balbrinie.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Morton, merchant, North Bridge Street.
 — At No. 1, Fettes Row, Hugh, infant son of Captain Pearson, R.N.
 — At Edinburgh, Catherine, wife of Mathew Norman Macdonald, Esq. writer to the signet.
 7. George Sumerville, Esq. of Airhouse, aged 76.
 8. At St Andrews, Dr Thomas Melville.
 — At Arlwooth, Mrs Miln of Woodhill.
 — At Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, William Oliver Russell, second son of Professor James Russell.
 — At Linlithgow, James, fifth son of Mr Alex. Napier.
 9. At Howard Place, Edinburgh, Capt. Thomas Hamilton.
 10. At 26, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of J. G. Hopkirk, Esq. aged 18 months.
 — At North James's Street, Mrs Janet Mason, relict of Mr Andrew Wilson, late merchant, Edinburgh.
 12. At Edinburgh, Mr James Edmonstone.
 — At Haddington, James Wilkie, Esq. of Rathbyres.
 — At Leith, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Jamieson.
 — At his seat, Firhill, Droxford, Hants, aged 77, Charles Powell Hamilton, Esq. Admiral of the Red, last surviving grandson of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton.
 — At Leamington, in the 47th year of his age, the Rev. R. Bland, curate of Kenilworth.
 13. At Bath, Captain Alexander Campbell, Royal Navy, third son of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Glensadale and Newfield.
 — At Collydean, near Leith, Mr James Lalage.
 — At Edinburgh, Mary Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late John Gillespie, Esq. of Mountquhanle.
 15. At 27, Frederick Place, Hampstead Road, London, John Brodie, Esq.
 — At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr William Taylor, of St Enoch's, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. His loss is deeply and generally lamented.
 16. John Russ, Esq. of Cairnbrock, in the county of Wigtown.
 17. Mrs Freer, wife of Dr Freer, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Glasgow.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Maitland Mackgill of Rankellour, widow of the Hon. Frederick Lewis Maitland, Captain in the Royal Navy, son of Charles, sixth Earl of Lauderdale.
 18. At Kelso, Mr Thomas Fair, merchant, in his 82d year.
 — At his house, St Ann's Yards, Mr Robert Playfair, Solicitor before the Supreme Courts.
 — At Hope Street, Mrs Barbara Murray, relict of Dr Andrew Liddell.
 — At Kildonan, Ayrshire, Mr Peter Chalmers, tenant there.
 19. At Kintadwell, in Sutherlandshire, Hugh Houston, Esq. of Creech.
 — At Paris, the Princess of Metternich.
 — At her house, 32, Great King Street, Mrs Gillies, sen.
 — At Piershill, Maria Lucy Jane, infant daughter of Capt. Pilon, 6th Dragoon Guards.
 — Sir Ralph Milbanke, Noel, Bart. the father of Lady Byron, and formerly M.P. for the county of Durham. He is succeeded in his title by his nephew, now Sir John Peniston Milbanke of Hainaby Hall, Yorkshire.
 20. Susan, third daughter of the late Mr William Dickie, secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company.
 — At Glasgow, John Hamilton, Esq. of Maribank.
 — At his house, 15, Grayfriars Square, Mr David Handyside, in his 66th year.
 21. At Chelsea, near London, the Rev. Duncan Robertson, D.D.
 — At his house, Westbridge, Kirkcaldy, John Stocks, Esq. and at her house, Townhead, Kinghorn, on the 29th, Mrs Christian Stocks, his mother.
 — At his house, in Portland Place, London, Sir James Graham, Bart. M. P. for Carlisle.
 — At Gartcows, John Heugh, Esq. of Gartcows.
 23. At Hope Park, George, aged six years, and on the 25th, Archibald, aged eight months, sons of Mr Archibald Pyfe, Weekly Chronicle Office.
 22. At Morningside, Margaret Home, aged 17 months, youngest daughter of Mr Daniel Lizars, bookseller, Prince's Street.
 23. At Russell Main, Finlay Macfarlane, Esq. late one of the members of the House of Assembly, and Comptroller of Tobago.
 — At Douglas, Isle of Man, Arthur Crawford, Esq. merchant, Belfast.
 — At Burntisland, Mrs Janet Duguid, relict of Mr George Ledingham.
 — In the vicinity of London, Lieutenant James Beattie Glennie, in the Honourable East India Company's service, eldest son of the Rev. D. Glennie, Marischal College, Aberdeen.
 24. At Clunie House, Strathray, Perthshire, Miss Stewart of Cluny.
 — At Edinburgh, aged 23 years, John Manley Wemyss, royal navy, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Wemyss of Wemyss Hall.
 — At Charlton, Kent, Major-General Miller, late of the royal artillery.
 — At Leith, Mrs Margaret Metcalf, wife of John Sibbald, Esq.
 25. At Gartur, Miss Anne Erskine, daughter of the late James Erskine of Cardross, Esq.
 — At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Earle, daughter of William Paul, Esq. accountant.
 — At his house, North Frederick Street, George Bruce, Esq. of Langley, late one of the Depute Clerks of Session.
 — At West Kilbride, after a short illness, Mr Hunter of Kirkland.
 26. At Stranraer, James Caird, of Drumfadt, Esq. writer there.
 27. At Bath, in his 46th year, the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert, brother to Earl Caernarvon.
 — At his house, George Square, Ninian Lewis, Esq. of Plean.
 — At his seat, Haugh Hall, Lancashire, Alexander Earl of Salisburgh.
 28. At Hampton Court Palace, Lady Elizabeth Seymour.
 29. At 7, Dundas Street, William, youngest child of Alexander Cleghorn, Esq. of the Customs.
 30. At Aberdeen, Fife, Robert Ogilvie, second son of John Philip, Esq. surgeon there.
 — At Woburn Farm, near Chertsey, in her 62d year, Charlotte, wife of Vice-Admiral Stirling.
 April 2. Charles Barclay, infant son of Charles Hunter, Esq. of Seaside.
 4. Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, late of the 40th Regiment, aged 52 years.
 — En route, on board the ship Simpson, on his passage from Bombay to London, Captain James Macdonald, of the 4th Regiment Native Infantry, Bombay Establishment, in his 52d year.
 — At Kenilworth Town, aged 69, after a long indisposition, Mr Vincent Dowling. Mr Dowling had been for upwards of 40 years connected with the public press in England and Ireland.
 — In St Cuthbert's Charity Workhouse, John Birrell, aged 75. This individual sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and fought under General Wolfe in America.
 — At Barton-upon-Humber, Elizabeth Hurst, aged 105 years. She could see to read without glasses, and retained her faculties to the last.
 — At Parma, Signior Gualtini, aged 138 years. He was the first tenor of Italy, and leader of the band to Pope Benedict XIV.

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VOL. XVII.

HOMÆ HISPANICÆ.

No. X.

AGRADECER Y NO AMAR—COURTESY NOT LOVE.

By Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca.

WITHOUT entering into a minute investigation of the chronological progress of the drama, from mysteries and moralities to regular tragedies and comedies, in the different countries of Europe, we may boldly assert that the Spanish theatre is the only one which can compete with our own in antiquity; it alone, like ours, burst at once from its shapeless chrysalis state, in full beauty and vigour, whilst those of France, Germany, &c. had, like some marine insects, to pass through various minor, unornamental, intermediate changes, previous to attaining their perfect form. Whether this should be beneficial or detrimental to the art, we are not now to inquire; it is sufficient to mention the fact, that in the very infancy of the Spanish stage, and nearly contemporaneous with Shakespeare, arose Lope de Vega, and his immediate successor Calderon, since whose days no dramatist has appeared at all capable of rivalling their fame. During the period in which these authors flourished, the great preponderance of the power of Spain naturally rendered Spanish the prevalent European language, and the Spanish theatre may, in consequence, be justly regarded as the parent stock of the modern Continental theatres; a circumstance which, independently of its original and peculiar characteristics, entitles it to more attention than it has hitherto met with in this country. For the purpose of making it better known to our readers, we have selected Cal-

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deron's *Famosa Comedia*, AGRADECER Y NO AMAR, which may be paraphrased by The Renowned Comedy of COURTESY NOT LOVE, as the work of an author highly and deservedly celebrated by foreigners and rivals, as well as by his own countrymen—although we must confess ourselves absolutely astounded at Schlegel's comparing him to Shakespeare—and as a fair specimen of most of the characteristics of its species—most, not all—did we venture to produce one of the many scenes in which sacred beings are brought upon the Spanish stage, we should, in fancy, feel ourselves in the fangs of the Society for the Suppression of Vice at least, if not of the more authorized executive officers. As a brief abstract, with a few scenes, could hardly give a full idea of the original, we must say two or three words upon these general characteristics, particularly the versification, before proceeding to the individual *Famosa Comedia*.

Of these, the most striking is that to which we have already alluded; a familiarity with all we deem too holy to be even mentioned lightly, amounting, according to our English ideas, to blasphemy. The chief of the remainder are such a profusion of incident, such an almost inextricable complication of plot, as give great spirit to the conduct of the piece, and create an eager rather than an intense interest in its progress and development;—a style even prodigally poetical, and indulging in descriptions more properly

epic than dramatic, intermixed with considerable liveliness of dialogue—little pathos—little depth or strength of passion—and such a total absence of discrimination or individuality of character, that the personages are usually designated, in addition to their names, by the words *Barba*, *Galan*, *Dama*, &c. meaning, literally, old man, gallant, lady, but bearing more analogy to the *Père Noble*, *Premier Amoureux*, &c. to be found in the composition of French companies of comedians, if not in French *Dramatis Personæ*, than to aught within the sphere of British theatrical knowledge. In this enumeration of characters, if such they can be called, must not be omitted the indispensable one of the *Gracioso*, who is a sort of mongrel between Shakespeare's Clown and the French Scapin. The ordinary versification of Spanish plays was, until imitated of late years by some of the living German tragic authors, unlike that of any known theatre. These dramas are commonly written in lines of eight syllables, in trochaic metre, and with what are called *usonante* terminations; that is to say, that the two last syllables of the alternate lines consist of the same vowels, without paying any regard to the consonants; thus the words rapid, maxim, artist, hard-

ship, establish, having, magic, Cardiff, and a sad kiss, would be said to *asonar*. This species of versification could, in English, scarcely bear a semblance of metre or rhythm, and accordingly we have, in translating, abstained from any attempt at imitation, boldly substituting our natural blank verse. In Spanish, after a little habit, it satisfies the ear, but when it does so, its effect is, to us, decidedly lyrical, and consequently anti-dramatic; an effect heightened by a frequent, apparently most arbitrary, deviation into rhyme of all sorts; couplets, triplets, and stanzas of every possible length and structure, being promiscuously interspersed. Examples of this,—of an odd Spanish custom of pulling a song to pieces, in order to use it in the dialogue,—and of the sort of punning, quibbling jests of the *Gracioso*, as far as this last is practicable in translation,—shall be given in our extracts.

We now proceed to *la Famosa Comedia* itself, and shall begin by presenting our readers with the first scene—considering first scenes as usually characteristic of the genus. The Princess Florida and her ladies, equipped for hunting, or rather, we should think, for shooting, hurry on to the stage, and the Princess speaks—

Run, hasten, that we all may reach the castle
Ere he can overtake us; he, the man
Who dares pursue us thus.

Ismenia. Impossible!

Already is he close upon our steps.

Flora. I hear the very trampling of his feet.

Ismenia. Madam, he is so near, that on our shadows
He now is treading.

Flora. If your highness fears
His sight, permit me with this gun to oppose him;
I'll undertake, despite his eagerness,
His progress to arrest.

Florida. Hold, Flora, hold!
Although concealment be my wish, I would not
Purchase it at so high a price; and since,
Fair Lisida, thou art so newly come,
Thou needs must be unknown, do thou remain.
Await him in this pass—bid him begone!
Should he refuse obedience, then, resolved
And firm, fire boldly at him, and prevent
His overtaking me, lest he discover
It was myself he saw within the wood,
In idle negligence, scarce half attired. (*All except LISIDA hurry off.*)

Lisida. Withdraw ye then, leaving that care to me;
I'll answer for't he shall not follow you!

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Stay, stay, ye beautiful divinities!

'Though monstrous be my fortunes, I myself
Am not so monstrous, that you thus should fly me.

Lisida. Whate'er thou art, forbear ! since more as man
'Than monster thou awak'st our fears. And mark,
Should'st thou advance a step—should'st thou presume
To make the least reply, this gun shall speak
My answer—But, ah me unfortunate !
What do I see !

Lorenzo. Though the strange prodigy
Of finding thee upon these mountains—thee,
Oh thou ingrate, thou traitress, thou inhuman,
Thou foe to my existence ! might provoke
My wonder, it subsides, since I perceive
Thou'rt for my death prepared. When I behold thee
Hurling against me fire and thunderbolts,
I doubt no longer, nor perplex my thoughts
Why thou cam'st hither, but conclude at once
Thou cam'st to kill me. Therefore, unacquainted
With any motive why thou sought'st these wilds,
Or why thus standest sentinel, or why
Such ostentatious cruelty displayest,
I will retire, nor further seek to know
'Than that thou dost forbid my onward steps,
To turn them backwards ; fearing, not the fires
Which that foul monster, form'd of flint and steel
And powder, in its hateful womb incloses,
But those which in thy perjured breast lie brooding ;
Thy breast, of treasonous passages a mine,
A fierce volcano.

Lisida. Oh that 'twere allowed,
Lorenzo, to unravel to thy view,
All the deceptions that entangle thee !
And oh that I might tell thee what sad fortunes
Heav'n has decreed I should for thee endure !
But since the present season offers not
Sufficient leisure, some fair future day
Shall grant it to my prayer ; then shalt thou know
How much erroneously thou here dost tax
As fickle, constancy, as treach'rous, truth,
And lavish kindness, call'st ingratitude.

Lorenzo. Could'st thou by new professions satisfy
My doubts, it must be long ere thou succeedest.

Lisida. That I deny not ; for should I succeed
Upon the instant, I should deem it long ;
The rather that I now perforce must leave
Thy base suspicions unconvinced of falsehood,
Until occasion offers, when again
We may discourse.—Remain thou here, Lorenzo ;
Follow me not ; farewell.

(*Exd.*

Lorenzo. Merciful Heaven !
How many various contrarieties
War in my fancy, and besiege my judgment !
Unfortunate ! Ay, and a thousand times
Unfortunate ! Who had believed that she,
The very cause of my seclusion here,
'Midst savage rocks, the courtier of their steep,
Companion of their craggy ridges, poor,
Subdued and miserable, should even here
Encounter me !

Roberto, (the Gracioso, without.) What ! ho ! Lorenzo ! ho !
I say, Lorenzo !

Lorenzo. 'Tis Roberto's voice.

Roberto, (without.) Lorenzo, ho !

Lorenzo. Roberto, I am here.

*Roberto, (without.) And where is here, my lord ? My feet discover
No here, but here, whence I am like to fall.*

ROBERTO appears upon the point of a rock.

Lorenzo. Where art ?

*Roberto. Upon this bald rock's highest peak.
A rock so bald it cannot even yield
Space upon which a lock of hair might grow.*

Lorenzo. What took thee thither ?

*Roberto. 'Twas the devil, sir,
Who lately has been subject to the weakness
Of raising low-born men.*

Lorenzo. Come quickly down.

Roberto. Must I then tumble ? So should I come quickest.

Lorenzo. Come down ; the mountain-path hitherward leads.

*Roberto. But if I seek it here, will it not shift
Some otherward ?—It cannot now, I have it.*

Lorenzo. Descend then ; wherefore dost thou now sit down ?

*Roberto. Is't not a lesser ill to bruise the flesh,
'Than risk those fragile quills the legs and feet ? (Rolls down.
Heav'n help me ! Curses on the man who first
Invented climbing mountains, piercing forests,
In stupid chase of rabbits, where the first
Will not await you, where you miss the second,
And do not hit the third ; the fourth escapes,
Wounded, because the muzzle was quite close ;
The fifth leaps on to peaks beyond your reach ;
The sixth is killed, but lost amongst the bushes ;
And finally, if one's secured, he costs,
In powder and in ammunition, more
Than if a man should naturally go,
And buy him in the market peaceably.*

*Lorenzo. Roberto, slander not the chase, since here
'Tis that alone provides our sustenance.*

*Roberto. If you thus silence me, explain, my lord,
Whether that ribbon be your morning's game ;
I see no other produce of your sport.*

*Lorenzo. This is indeed the only recompense
Of my day's chase.*

*Roberto. Then quickly let us go
And make a savoury stew on't. Mountain ribbon
Must needs afford us a delicious meal.
Besides, although fresh kill'd, I nothing doubt
But 'twill be tender.*

Lorenzo. Do not jest, Roberto.

*Roberto. What ails your lordship ? What new grief increases
A sorrow unincreasable ?*

*Lorenzo. A grief
So strange it passes credibility.*

Roberto. What is't ?

*Lorenzo. What would'st thou say should I affirm
I had seen Lisida amongst these wilds ?*

*Roberto. What vile fortune
Has thrown her after us in our retreat ?*

Lorenzo. I know not—

Roberto. Said you not you'd spoken with her ?

Lorenzo. I did.

Roberto. What spoke you of, if not of that ?

*Lorenzo. Listen, Roberto ; thou hast yet to hear
Another accident, more wonderful.*

Roberto. This one will not be easily surpassed.

Lorenzo. When first the sun through clouds of gold
Brighten'd the forest, plain, and fold,
My course I tow'rd the mountains bent ;
I went, but not alone I went,
Nor sad—for, in my company
I bore my cares, and for my sadness,
'Tis now become a part of me,
No more a passion or a madness.
I went to claim from earth and air,
That scanty necessary fare,
Which both were mortgaged to supply,
When heaven pronounced the mighty word
That, clothing beast and clothing bird
In furs and plumes of various dye,
Fill'd with new life, dead empty space,
And gave it to the human race.
Thence no injustice they endure,
Though we with net, with snare obscure,
With weapons breathing dreadful fires,
Arrest the bird's aerial flight,
Or close the stag's full eye in night,
As urgent appetite requires.
But he who, weary of his leisure,
Idly pursues the hunter's joys,
These harmless creatures who destroys,
Unurged by need, and seeking pleasure,
Robbing the earth and air of ev'ry beauty—
He is a cruel man, untouch'd by love or duty.

Roberto. Proceed, it were unjust to waste our time
In moralizing, since you've proved already
That in these woods we live like beasts of prey,
Who cannot feed till they their dinner slay.

Lorenzo. Then, or by cruelty or pity led,
I left at morning's dawn our wretched farm,
Bearing, constrain'd, to earn our scanty bread,
Those toils by many deem'd life's greatest charm.
But not a single step could I advance,
That, or my negligence, or my mischance,
Perverted not. Thus pass'd hour after hour,
The day's unsated spite gaining fresh pow'r,
Till, wearied with my fruitless chase, I saw
The sunbeams gild alike the loftiest heads
Of rocks, and lowly huts, by nature's law,
Which, when proud man upon his shadow treads,
Equally pours o'er all the flood of light.
Then fainting with the heat, exhausted quite,
I heard a stream's inviting sound,
And on the banks of this swift rill,
That rushes from the neighb'ring hill,
Coolness and shade I sought and found.
There, in a palace form'd of flowers,
Canopied by o'er-arching bowers,
Temp'ring the sun's meridian beam,
I lay and listen'd to the stream,
And would have courted soft repose ;
But busy thought recall'd my woes—
When, as by chance, my roving eye
Glanced on the waters murmur'ing by,
I saw upon their bosom fair
This ribbon, which the crystal thief
Thought to the ocean, his great chief,
A trophy of his feats to bear.

Eager I mark'd the floating prey,
 Then, by a broken branch's aid,
 Snatch'd the devoted prize away,
 And safely to the shore convey'd.
 The treasure gain'd, my restless thought
 The lawful, plunder'd owner sought,
 And backward, tow'rd the riv'let's source,
 I confidently bent my course,
 Thus certain to succeed;
 By sad experience taught to deem,
 That still to toil against the stream
 Fate had for me decreed.
 When as my steps the margin press'd,
 A little pool, deep, still, and bright,
 Where the impatient brook found rest,
 Ling'ring to breathe in calm delight,
 Met sudden my enamour'd view—
 Eager my object to pursue,
 I should have pass'd, had not the sound
 Of voices all my senses bound.
 I paused, for now upon the air,
 Rose indistinct the accents fair,
 And now they died away.
 Cautious the boughs aside I bend,
 Nor reach the tangled thickets' end,
 Ere my charmed steps I stay;
 For there, 'twixt quiv'ring leaves, appear'd
 A rustic palace quickly rear'd
 By Nature's architect, the spring;
 Roses and pinks its carpetting,
 Willows and laurels form'd its roof.
 Cautiously now I stood aloof,
 For as I gazed, with earnest look,
 Within the most sequester'd nook
 I saw of nymphs a bevy bright,
 A human galaxy of light,
 And there confess'd a Goddess stood,
 Who, just emerging from the flood,
 Was yet scarce half array'd.
 Her throng'd that festive troop around,
 Her bodices laced, her sandals bound,
 And eager zeal display'd.
 Now curses on my wayward fate,
 That gave a single glimpse, and that too late!
 But, no—when I reflect how coy
 Is modesty, I own, with joy,
 I came in time,—light thoughts farewell!
 On her chaste loveliness I'll dwell.
 Her hair, in waving threads of gold,
 O'erspread her bosom's spotless snow.
 Pardon, bright Sun, mine accents bold;
 But thou thyself dost not unfold
 More beauties, when thy morning glow
 Gilds with a flood of dazzling light
 The wintry robe of virgin white,
 That clothes the mountain's highest rocks,
 Flinging o'er crag and peak thy locks
 Of tangled gold, which, with her rosy fingers,
 Aurora darkly trims whilst twilight lingers.
 With pearl and silver was embroider'd o'er
 The silken petticoat, whose folds betray'd
 An atom of the slender foot, no more;

Yet with reserve none might those folds upbraid,
 For that one atom all the foot display'd.
 But now a blindness o'er me came;
 For sudden an officious dame,
 Bearing an azure robe, press'd from the crowd,
 My sun eclipsing with a brilliant cloud.
 Out on the curious, bold desire,
 That such unkind obscuring
 Impatiently enduring,
 Could restless change of place inspire!
 I changed my fortune with my station;
 The rustling boughs my presence told,
 And I might that fair troop behold
 Starting, look round in perturbation;
 Then, as a monster had been near,
 Fly from my presence, spurr'd by fear.
 Still I pursued, till in this very place
 My next encounter stay'd my eager chase:
 For here that scared, disorder'd band
 Had left, my progress to withstand,
 And their retreat insure,
 A beauty, who, with shoulder'd gun,
 And courage to amaze the sun,
 Stood threatening and secure.
 From any other lips how vain
 Had been such threats! But who could strain
 Tyrannic cruelty so high,
 Who so inhumanly oppose
 My wish, but she, my worst of foes,
 The cherish'd foe from whom I fly?
 Fair Lisida, whom more I recognize
 By her fierce action than by voice or eyes.
 Alike unheeded from my mind
 What either of us spoke is flown,
 But grief alike in all I find;
 The Goddess still remains unknown,
 And whilst I dread lest at her side
 The perjured Lisida abide,
 I know not whether to desire or fear
 To have my doubts resolved, the truth made clear.

Roberto. Of these perplexities, which to your lordship
 Appear so intricate, I can resolve
 The greater part.

Lorenzo. How so?

Roberto. I can reveal
 The beauty's name whom you extol so highly.

Lorenzo. Who is she, then?

Roberto. The beauteous Floride,
 Princess of Bisignano, who, through taste,
 Or for convenience, in this castle lives,
 Retired from Court, till she shall change her state.

Lorenzo. I could not easily be ignorant
 That she resides here, but it follows not
 She needs must be my Goddess.

Roberto. Past dispute;—
 But, stay!—

Lorenzo. How heedlessly have we advanced
 E'en to the palace gates! And see where stand,
 In the balcony, ladies.

Roberto. And amongst them
 Is Lisida.

Lorenzo. And more than Lisida,
 The Goddess whom I told thee of, is there.

Roberto. Which is it?

Lorenzo. Fool, does not her beauty tell?

Roberto. Doubtless it does, although I cannot hear it ;
They're women, and to me seem much alike.

(*FLERIDA, LISIDA, and the other Ladies, appear in the
Balcony of the Palace.*)

Flerida. Whom didst thou say it was, my Lisida?

Lisida. Merely a hunter, wandering, chance-led,
Amidst the forest.

Flerida. Why did he pursue us?

Lisida (aside.) I must, perforce, conceal his name.—
(*Aloud.*) Perhaps

Expecting that you would redeem the pledge,
Which in his hand I saw, and we had miss'd,
When it was needed to attire your highness.

Flerida. I do believe thou'st judg'd aright ; for see,
Conversing with another man, he stands,
And from these windows ne'er removes his eyes.

Lorenzo. Pass on, Roberto, as though inattentive.

Roberto. By Heaven, we sport a pretty livery
To go a-wooing in ; perceive you not
That we must needs disgust the very scullions?

Flerida. Since then we know the stranger such a man
As no suspicion can attach to, call him ;
Bid him approach, that we may purchase back
What has been mine.

Lisida. Ho ! Mountaineer !

Flora. Ho ! Huntsmen !

Lorenzo. Do they not call ?

Roberto. They do.

Lorenzo. Go forward, then ;
And here, bear thou the ribbon ; so if she
Chance to resent either its being taken,
Or hither brought, on thee her anger falls.

Roberto. So that which falls upon me be no cudgel,
I care not for her anger.—Did you call,
Fair goddesses ? What would you ?

Flerida. Do you wish
To sell that ribbon ?

Roberto. How should I not wish it,
Since I and my poor comrade have this day
Nothing to eat ?

Lorenzo. Idiot, is that an answer ?

Roberto. Is't not the truth ?

Flerida. How much do you demand ?

Roberto. Have patience, whilst I calculate its value.
There's here of silk, (and silk how exquisite !)
A yard and half, the which at sev'n and ninepence,
(The price that ev'ry shop will ask you for't,)
Comes to eleven shillings, seven pence,
And yet another halfpenny ; the tassels
Weigh, as I judge, two ounces, ay, full weight,
Which, at five shillings for the ounce, and adding
A poor half-crown, (the price each strolling pedlar
Puts on such ornaments,) makes twelve and sixpence.
Now add eleven shillings sevenpence halfpenny,
And then for profit seven——

Lorenzo. Idiot !—Dolt !

Roberto. If that's exorbitant, say six——

Lorenzo. By Heaven——

Roberto. If you insist upon it, I'll take five ;
Further than that I cannot bate a penny,
And, on my conscience, so I make no gain ;

'Tis an expensive article. But I
Would fain induce you to be customers,
That whatsoe'er you lose may in my house
Be found. What say you, lady?—Is't a bargain?

Flerida. Your reek'ning has amused me; wait a minute,
And I will send you down an hundred crowns
In payment for the girdle.

Roberto. May you, lady,
In recompense repose an hundred years
Upon one side in Heav'n! An hundred crowns?
Oh holy band, to me this day more holy,
Than any holy band that Spain, and Rome,
And Venice, ever bound against the Turk!—
Band that might well bind love! Band in whose noose
The Phoenix might submit to be ensnared!
The money for this band of bands most precious;
I tremble, lest my fortune, an old sinner,
Should in the interval repent.

Flerida. 'Tis coming.

Lorenzo. Hold! there is one who will forbid the sale;
And every bargain, struck without consent
Of the proprietor, is null and void.

Roberto. Nay, take it; snatch not so; the thing is worth
An hundred crowns, and you may spoil or tear it.

Flerida. And who is the proprietor?

Lorenzo. I am.

Flerida. And what do you demand?

Lorenzo. To me it is
Beyond all price; for should a Deity,
According to the image in his mind,
Produce not one world, but a thousand worlds,
And then reduce their universal value
Into one diamond, garnish'd round with stars,
And in the sun enchased, off'ring it me
In payment, it were insufficient. Nought
Can buy this ribbon of me, save alone
The price I paid for it.

Flerida. What price was that?

Lorenzo. Lady, this ribbon has cost me my soul,
And, as in honourable war 'tis usual
T'exchange all prisoners that on either side
Are taken; and in this late conflict I
Lost a soul, captured by your eyes, and you
This ribbon; let us now fix the exchange.
Unless you render me my soul, you cannot
Expect your girdle.

Flerida. Friend, I needs must laugh,
Hearing such high conceits from one who seems
To boast so small a share of fortune's favours.

Lorenzo. I heed not fortune's favours, beauteous lady,
Thus boasting yours.

Roberto. With cudgels certainly
We shall be slain. I'd give the hundred crowns
For one false crown to save my own from cracking.

Lisida. Was't to see this, oh fortune, I came hither?

Flerida. Madman of no ill fancy, that thy madness
May be thy fault's apology, declare,
Know ye to whom ye speak?

Lorenzo. Most hazardous
The answer.—No, I know you not; and yes,
I know you.

Flerida. How can yes and no agree?

Lorenzo. How?—Should I say or no, or yes, the fault
Were gross, the ignorance disgraceful; since
Either way to offend you were the height
Of folly and presumption; thus 'tis well
'To let it rest in doubt. A yes and no
I throw before you—take which e'er you list.

Flerida. In the same doubt I also hesitate—
Should I think no, your compliments excite
Laughter; should I think yes, I must inflict
Due chastisement on your effrontery.
And since 'twixt these extremes there lies no medium,
I throw a laughter and a chastisement
Before you;—take whichever you list.—Come, ladies,
Come, let us leave this madman.

Lisida. Thou ingrate!
Thy vengeance is severe. *(Exeunt Ladies.)*

Lorenzo. Who said 'twas vengeance?

Roberto. A splendid feat we have achieved! For you,
You've robb'd me of an hundred crowns, as neatly
As though you'd pick'd my pocket. Ay, an hundred
And one; for I have likewise lost the crown
Of patience.

Lisardo, (without.)—Heaven help me!

Lorenzo. Whence that cry?

Roberto. 'Tis an unruly horse, who, with his rider,
Falls headlong down the precipice.

Lorenzo. How dreadful!
Could we assist him?

Roberto. 'Tis impossible!
Already he lies thrown upon the sand.

(LISARDO falls from the side scene upon the stage.)

Lisardo. Have mercy, Heaven!

Lorenzo. Is he dead, Roberto?

Roberto. No, sir; he breathes.

Lorenzo. Unhappy gentleman,
Preserved by grief to be the consolation
Of one so wretched—*(Pauses in astonishment.)*

Roberto. Do you doubt like me?

Lorenzo. Is't not my enemy, Lisardo?

Roberto. Yes.

Lorenzo. Within that palace, beauteous Lisida,
And here, Lisardo? Certainly he comes
In search of her or me; and either way,
Be't her or me, 'tis an offence, an insult.

Roberto. If so, whichever his purpose, Fortune here
Delivers him, unarm'd, into your power,
To make him sure.

Lorenzo. Check that presuming tongue!
Be silent, slave! am I a man to think
Of aught so base as to destroy a foe
Defenceless at my feet? Come near—assist.

Roberto. What purpose you?

Lorenzo. To bear him home betwixt us.
(The Prince without.)—Ho, hunters! mountaineers!
Lorenzo. Who calls?

Enter PRINCE CARLO.

Prince. Say, have you
Beheld a gentleman—I need no answer;
In your compassion more than in your words
I find.—Alas! friend of my life! how dear
That title costs thee! 'Twas my friendship dragged thee

Hither to perish. Could my passion tell
The weight that presses on my heart while thus
I see thee!

Roberto. Sir, the weight upon my shoulders
Presses more heavily—

Prince. Friends, let us hasten
To seek assistance that may save his life.

Lorenzo. Such was my purpose, sir, before you came.

Prince. Who could have thought that all my prosperous fortune
So quickly should have changed to misery!

Roberto. Who could have thought that such a one as I
Amongst a company of strolling players
This day should have to act the Busy Body!

Lorenzo. Who could have thought that I, compell'd by honour,
Should first revive my lifeless enemy,
Afterwards to inflict his death myself!

The first scene terminates with this series of exclamations, in which, after the usual fashion of the Spanish Theatre, all the interlocutors in a dialogue are simultaneously and unconsciously impelled to utter discordant sentiments in most concordant form of speech and phraseology, much as the personages in an opera occasionally sing duets in perfect harmony, although absolutely insensible of each other's respective co-operation to the production of the scientifically melodious whole.

We rather fear, that our readers may have thought us unmerciful in inflicting upon them Lorenzo's long description of his morning's adventures, and must inform them, first, that, to the Spanish scholar, this appears by no means a speech of any unusual dimensions;—in a subsequent part of this same play, the Prince speaks one, shorter only by twenty or thirty lines, which he does not even take the trouble of turning into a poem to improve it, and which we intend to spare both them and ourselves.—Secondly, that we have omitted about a page. And, lastly, that its insertion was necessary, to give them a full and clear picture of the Spanish Theatre. We need hardly point out the curious change of scene which occurs, whilst the actors remain upon the stage.

Princess Florida next enters with Lisida, whom she desires to confide to her the misfortunes which can have compelled so fair and noble a lady to seek shelter in her retired palace. Lisida is about to relate her history, when Fabio, an old officer of the Princess's household, interrupts her, to tell her highness that he is informed her affianced bride-

groom, Prince Carlo di Orsini, is coming in disguise to visit her. Florida dismisses Fabio with thanks for his communication, and then observes to Lisida, that, although she considers the Prince's distrust of her reputation for beauty as an insult, as a low-born man's presuming to make love to her would have been a far greater insult, she is rejoiced to discover Prince Carlo in the mad stranger. Her praises of her supposed bridegroom excite a violent fit of jealousy in Lisida, who positively denies the stranger's being the Prince, asserting that she knows the latter by sight. Florida then dwells at great length upon the annoyance occasioned her by the different sorts of impertinence of her two lovers. Lisida advises her highness to despise them both, and amuse herself with listening to the song her ladies are about to sing in the garden. For this purpose, the Princess agreeing to the proposal, they go off, when Lorenzo and Roberto return, having left the Prince and Lisardo in Lorenzo's house, which its proprietor thinks it a point of delicacy to avoid, in order to spare Lisardo the pain of learning, upon recovering his senses, that he is indebted to his mortal enemy for his life. He sends back Roberto to attend upon his guests, and declares his intention of spending the time of their occupying his abode near the Princess. He now hears the music from the garden, and enters it. The Princess comes on alone, and the following ditty is sung by unseen musicians. We give the scene as an example of one of the peculiarities mentioned in our preliminary remarks.

SONG.

He who adoring would obtain
 The object that his heart reveres,
 Nor praise nor gratitude may gain ;
 His pangs are calm'd, and dried his tears
 By Hope's soft breath and flatt'ring strain.
 But he who 'midst unmingled fears
 Loves, but to mutual love dares not pretend,
 Whom should his unaspiring flame offend ?

Flerida. That's true ; while love so deep within the Breast
 Lies hidden, that 'tis only felt, not utter'd.
 But when it rises to the tongue, no more
 Can it be term'd an unaspiring flame ;
 In speaking of 't, there is enjoyment, ay,
 And bold offence ; therefore—What do I see ?
 Methinks those leaves acquire a stronger motion
 Than zephyr's breath can give. Sure I perceive
 The shadow of a man. Speak, who is there ?

Lorenzo. Lady, 'tis I ; for there, where shines the sun,
 The shadow of necessity must be.

Flerida. What were you doing there ?

Lorenzo. Adoring you.

Yet may your utmost rigour not resent
 My adoration, since the humble lover
 Offends not in adoring ; he offends—
 (*Lor. and the Voices together.*) He who adoring would obtain
 The object that his heart reveres.

Flerida. Audacious peasant, madman, wretch ! dar'st thou
 Presume—not to adore me, to my prkle
 That were indifferent, but—to proclaim
 Thy boldness, since who blazons forth his love,
 (*Fler. and the Voices together.*) Nor praise nor gratitude may gain,
 His pangs are calm'd, and dried his tears.

Lorenzo. Although I tell my love, I tell it not ;
 So trifling is the portion I reveal,
 That all remains unutter'd, undisclosed,—

The Voices without. By Hope's soft breath and soothing strain.
 But he who 'midst unmingled fears,
 Loves, but to mutual love dares not pretend,
 Whom should his unaspiring flame offend ?

Lorenzo. That voice supplies my part, and pleads for me,—

Flerida. It matters little, for the voice deceives—

Lorenzo. Declaring that—

Flerida. Falsely asserting that—

Both together, with the Voices. When love to mutual love dares not
 pretend,

The unaspiring flame can none offend.

Flerida. And you shall be convinced of the deception.
 I'll your presumptuous madness so chastise—
 Have I no servants ?—Hoh !—Holloh !—Who's there ?—
 Is there not one to kill a slave who dares—

Lorenzo. Call not assistance to destroy me ; you
 Alone suffice ; your anger is enough.

Flerida. Are ye all deaf ?—Cannot a creature hear me ?

Enter Ladies.

Ladies. Madam, we're here.

Enter FABIO.

Fabio. Madam, what would your highness ?

Lorenzo. My life has reach'd its close.

Lisida. My woes have reach'd

Their consummation.

Fabio. What are your commands?

Flerida. That you bestow an alms on yon poor man.

Ismenia. That is a somewhat strained interpretation.

Flerida. Resentment is short-lived.

(*Exit.*)

(*Exit.*)

Lisida. Alas! To me,

Anger and clemency alike are fatal.

(*Exit.*)

Fabio. Follow me, friend, that I may execute
Her highness' orders.

Lorenzo. Where there is almsgiving,
Compassion must be. Let us then divide

Her generosity; take you her alms,

And leave me boundless wealth in her compassion.

Every individual having thus spoken a parting word and withdrawn, the curtain falls, and there is an end of the first—what shall we call it?—If we speak English, we must say act; but the proper Spanish term is *Jornada*, which means a day's task, or journey. Into three of these *Jornadas* is divided the regular national drama, if the word regular may be applied to aught so repugnant to the received Classical and Gallic notions of regularity.

The second *Jornada* opens with a conversation between Prince Carlo di Orsini and the recovered Lisardo, who declares himself equally unconscious of what had befallen him, and ready to follow his highness whithersoever he wishes to lead him. The Prince replies, that they have reached the end of their journey; and then, in answer to an observation of Lisardo's upon his having accompanied his princely friend without even inquiring whither or for what purpose they were going, speaks the before-mentioned long speech. In this he first reminds his companion that the yet unavenged murder of his (the Prince's) elder brother—who had fallen in a quarrel upon Lisardo's account, in which a lady was implicated—had rendered him the head of the Orsini family; in consequence of which, he was compelled to marry. He then enters fully into the objections

to matrimony that do not influence him, and those that do. These last are the practice of choosing a wife for reasons of state and convenience, without personal preference. To this he was determined not to submit, and had accordingly resolved to see Flerida, in order to judge whether she would suit him, previous to finally binding himself; and for that purpose, he says, he has brought Lisardo into her neighbourhood. This, with his reasons for not imparting it sooner, occupies some pages, and half as much more is required to explain, poetically, Lisardo's having been run away with by his horse, thrown from a rock, and brought to their present abode by a mountaineer. The *Gracioso* now comes in; apologizes for his lord's absence; makes many jests; and receives a gold chain from Lisardo for his trouble. The Prince and his friend then depart for the palace; and Roberto, after a jocose soliloquy, goes in search of Lorenzo. The scene next returns to Flerida's palace. A song is again sung by unseen musicians; and Lisida, who enters alone, comments upon its applicability to her situation, ending by repeating it with the invisible choristers as part of her speech. At its close, Florida appears, followed by her ladies, and says,

Still must I hear a love-lorn lay?

Fie! fie! no more on't! Prithce say

That I would to the mountains go.

Lisida. The carriage——Ho! Attendants! Ho!

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Madam, the equipages wait.

Flerida. How, sir, is't yours to answer?

Lorenzo. No;

But whilst beside your palace-gate

I linger, should I not disclose
Whate'er I see, working your will,
Lady, my conduct sure were ill.

Flerida. What make you there? Explain your state.

Lorenzo. "I burn and weep without repose."

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Strangely this madman—

Lisida. (*Aside.*) Woe is me!

Flerida. Misuses my humanity!

Are orders given for the chase?

Flora. Are dogs and huntsmen all without?

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. All are prepared:

Flerida. Is that your place?

Lorenzo. It is not, and, alas! I doubt
Too true the whisper of my fears,
The more each nerve to please I strain,
The less approval I obtain;

"Hopeless as strange my case appears."

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. I will not hunt. Isinemia, see
Whether the garden open be.

Isinemia. The gard'ners, where are they?

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. I fly
To seek them.

Flerida. 'Tis with wonder I
See that nor pity can excite
Your reverence, nor wrath affright.

Lorenzo. With equal wonder you might view,
That though my zeal to scorn expose,
No scorn my passion can subdue,
"For through my tears the flame still glows."

Flerida. Audacious madman! Peasant slave!
By heav'n and all its hosts, I vow
No more my anger thou shalt brave!

Lorenzo. I wait my death with fearless brow

Flerida. Fearless?

Lorenzo. Why should I fear my doom,
When I perceive the flame that scars
Cannot my life itself consume,

"Scorches, but cannot dry my tears."

(*Exit.*)

We pause, to observe that the four lines, within inverted commas, in this dialogue compose the song previously discussed by *Lisida*. *Flerida*, in her anger, summons *Fabio*, and bitterly reproaches him and her whole household for suffering her to be insulted, and her dignity to be degraded by the insolently avowed passion of a mad peasant. *Fabio* answers, that since she wishes it, they will kill the offender directly, and retire to perform his promise. *Lisida*, distracted by her fears for *Lorenzo's* life, and her jealousy of his passion for *Flerida*, remonstrates long, subtilely, and magnificently, against the injustice and barbarity of killing a man, whose devotion ought rather to command the Princess's esteem. She concludes her argument as follows:—

Lady, observe, I said esteem,
Not love, and thus my words approve:
A lady should reject, I deem,
Admirers in befitting fashion,
Displaying COURTESY, NOT LOVE.
Then let this maniac's idle passion
Destroy him in his manhood's bloom,
That were a trophy to your fame,

A vict'ry of no vulgar name ;
 'Twere vengeance should you speak his doom.

The princess yields to this reasoning ; recalls Fabio, and retracts her late rash and intemperate commands. Fabio then informs his lady that two stranger merchants solicit admittance, in order to sell her jewels against her approaching nuptials, and that he is convinced one of them is the disguised Prince. Florida determines to punish her bridegroom's impertinent curiosity, by passing Lisida upon him in her stead, charging her substitute to be as scornful and disagreeable as possible, that he may go away mortified and disappointed, and remains alone to receive her visitors, as one of her own *suite*. The Prince and Lisardo are ushered in, when Florida says,

The Princess, sovereign mistress mine,
 Bide me receive you here, and say
 You may await her.

Prince. If thus shine
 Aurora at the dawn of day,
 Woe to the madman who dares wait
 Till the sun's self resplendent rise.

Florida. If flatt'ry be your merchandize,
 Your custom here will scarce be great

Prince. Why say you so ?

Florida. For we abound
 Already in that idle ware.

Prince. Fair lady, flatt'ry did I bear,
 I had not sought this holy ground,
 Where purchasers can ne'er be found
 For any article unsound :
 And flatt'ry's false. Then do not fear ;
 The jewels I shall offer here
 Are rich, and held in high esteem,
 As pure and perfect, bright and clear.
 And yet already do I deem

My journey hither labour lost,
 Owning my hopes of profit cross'd.

Florida. Wherefore ?

Prince. What fool could be forgiven
 Who should present to blooming May
 Fresh flow'rs, stars to the vault of heaven,
 Or to the fair Aurora light ?
 As ev'ry meaner jewel's ray
 Beside the diamond fades away,
 So fades the diamond most bright,
 Beside the sun's meridian splendour.

Florida. Compliments ? They, too, scarce will render
 Due profit, or a sale command.

Prince. Why ?

Florida. We've a madman still at hand,
 Who day by day our ears annoys
 With compliments so high and strange,
 That now the bare idea cloy.

Prince. The wisest mortal might exchange
 His sense for such insanity:

Enter FABIO.

Fabio. The Princess comes.

Prince, (aside to Lisardo.) Woe, woe is me !
 Beauty so exquisitely bright
 As this young maid's ne'er bless'd my sight.
 Speak you to Florida, my friend,
 Whilst I, unmark'd, to all attend.

Enter LISIDA, attended by the LADIES.

Florida, (aside.) Which is the Prince? Alas! I fear!
Mine shrinks; his comrade, 'tis too clear,
Seeks Lisida, in the belief
He sees in her his bride appear.
He is Orsini's Prince.—Oh grief!

Lisardo. Fair Princess, if an humble merchant may,
Privileged as a foreigner—*(aside.)*—Good heavens!—
(Aloud.) Presume to kiss your hand—*(aside.)*—Alas! alas!
(Aloud.) Permit me at your feet—*(aside.)*—what should this mean?—
(Aloud.) To sue for such felicity.

Lisida. Arise;
The compliment you pay me—*(aside.)*—What is this?
(Aloud.) In coming hither with intent to serve me—
(Aside.) I am confounded!

Lisardo, (aside.) I am well nigh dead.

Lisida. Constrains me to acknowledge courtously
The obligation. *(Aside.)* That is false, for I
Were more obliged had he avoided me.

Lisardo. Lady, could I—I pray you pardon me,
My strange disorder will not let me speak.

Ismenia. How much her sight confuses him!

Flora. Thus proving
Abundantly that he's the plighted bridegroom.

Lisardo, (aside.) Behold I in this palace Lisida!

Lisida, (aside.) Behold I in these solitudes Lisardo!

Lisardo, (aside.) Beneath the borrow'd title of the Princess?

Lisida, (aside.) Beneath the borrow'd character of merchant?

Lisardo, (aside.) Hardly can I dissemble my surprise.

Lisida, (aside.) Hardly can I dissemble my alarm.

Prince, (aside.) Florida were right beautiful, had I
Not first beheld a beauty far superior:

Florida, (aside.) The stranger were a gallant gentleman,
If not by his companion so eclipsed:

Lisida. What valuable jewels bring you, merchant?
Show them, and I may haply purchase some.

Lisardo, (producing jewels.) Be this fair Cupid, lady, then the first,
Which the judicious artist form'd of diamonds,
That love, for once, might prove unchangeable.

Lisida. Rather he did absurdly, for a love
Of diamonds is a jewel nor for use,
Nor suited to the times.

Lisardo. Here is an eagle;
Lady, behold and mark it; in the breast
It bears a diamond of uncommon worth.

Lisida. Yes, I observe it, but 'tis no great matter;
I judge but lightly of the whole breast's worth.

Lisardo. Ingrate! Dost purposely misunderstand?

Lisida. Tyrant! I understand thee but too well!

Florida. Incomparably feign'd! Proceed, dear girl,
Showing disgust and scorn of everything.

Lisida, (aside.) Knew she how very little I dissemble,
So doing.

Lisardo. Lady, here's a Constaney.

Lisida. Open it not; I do not wish to see it.

Lisardo. Why?

Lisida. 'Tis a jewel I possess already.

Florida. Excellent answer.

Lisida, (aside.) Ay, it would excite
Thy wonder, didst thou know how excellent.
What jewel call you this?

Lisardo. Oh! madam, that

Is of inferior value.

Lisida. Why inferior?

Lisardo. Because 'tis form'd of emeralds, not diamonds ;
And to your eyes hope's colour I conclude
Unpleasing ; since who Constancy rejects,
Hope and her gay illusions must despise.

Lisida. Mark now your error ; on the contrary,
Because 'tis Hope, that jewel I will purchase.

Lisardo. This jewel ?

Lisida. Yes ; for, having enter'd here,
I will not suffer you, on your departure,
To be by hope accompanied.

Florida. Delicious !

This is the masterpiece of thy whole life.

Lisida. Fabio, inquire this jewel's price, and pay for't ;
And take you special note, you foreign merchants,
That hence, deprived of hope by me, you go.

Florida. Even to perfection hast thou play'd thy part.

Lisida. Come with me, lady ; I have much to tell.

Prince. Lisardo, I am slain.

Lisardo. Sir, come away ;

There's much without these walls to be explain'd.

The scene ends with a few more regrets from the Prince and Florida, at not finding in each other respectively their unknown affianced partners.

In the next scene Lorenzo and Roberto meet. The latter tells his lord that the stranger and Lisardo are gone to the palace in quest of Lisida, and Lorenzo breaks out into a fit of jealousy, which, considering that he is now enamoured of Florida, astonishes the servant, and gives birth to much elaborate discussion, as to how a man may, nay, ought to continue jealous of a woman he has ceased to love. Roberto, now observing that Lisardo and the stranger are approaching, proposes to avoid them. Lorenzo answers, that although he might spare Lisardo the necessity of quarrelling with a benefactor, he cannot possibly shun him. The Prince and Lisardo enter, too deep in discourse to notice their neighbours ; Lisardo tells the Prince that the lady who personates Florida was Lisida, upon whose account Prince Federigo was killed. Prince Carlo expresses his joyful hope that the lady he liked may now prove to be Florida, and his anger at the insult offered him by the choice of Lisida as her representative. Lisardo, thinking he sees Lisida in the balcony, goes out ; and the Prince, left alone, observes Lorenzo, accosts, and invites him to join Lisardo, who is impatient to evince his gratitude to his preserver. Lorenzo agrees, only desiring the stranger to take notice that he goes in his company. Lisardo now returns, saying the lady was not Lisida. The Prince calls to him that here is his preserver, and Lisardo advances with the words—

Open your arms, that I, embracing you

A thousand times, may—kill you !

(When about to embrace, LISARDO recognizes LORENZO. They separate and draw.)

Lorenzo. That must be
As fate and skill decide.

Prince. What should this mean ?

Lisardo. That I have found a traitor, where even now
I met a most ungrateful woman.

Lorenzo. Rather,
A traitor has come hither, where before
I found a tigress.

Roberto. Whilst they kill each other,
I will go fetch a sword.

(Exit.)

Prince. Can kindness thus
To rage be suddenly transform'd ?—Would you

Murder the man who gave you life?—you him
Who at your hands received it?

Lisardo. Yes; for I,
Had I suspected who preserved my life,
Would, rather than accept it from his hands,
Have proved a suicide.

Lorenzo. Yes, for if I
Preserved him from the dangers then impending,
'Twas that I might myself resume the life
I had bestowed.

Lisardo. He is my enemy.

Lorenzo. My pity is grown cruel.

Prince. Mark, *Lisardo*,
That I accompany the stranger; you,
Stranger, that you are in my company.

Lorenzo. 'Twere difficult

Lisardo. 'Twere hard for any lips

Lorenzo. An action to prevent

Lisardo. My wrath assuaging

Lorenzo. By which I shall avenge my injuries.

Lisardo. To check my taking vengeance for my wrongs.

Prince. Your wrongs? I say no more. You'll pardon me,
I must assist the friend with whom I came,
Be that friend's actions or unjust or just.

Lisardo. I do but ask that you unhand me, sir,
Not your assistance.

Prince. Be't so; fight; but first
Acquaint me with your cause of quarrel—Make me
The duel's umpire.

Lisardo. I can ne'er reveal it.

Prince. Wherefore?

Lisardo. 'Twould complicate

Prince. Go on.

Lisardo. Involvement
Upon involvement.

Lorenzo. I esteem it better
To tell

Lisardo. Forbear! Proceed not!

Lorenzo. That 'tis fear,
Which fain would be concealed. Fighting with him,
Whom even hither I had come to kill,
Before a lady's door, it was my chance
To slay Prince Federigo di Orsini.

Prince. Then is my honour here the most concerned:
Thou slew'st my brother? Heaven has heard my prayers.

Lorenzo. What do I fear!

Lisardo. Forbear!

Prince. Wilt thou defend
The villainous assassin of my brother?

Lisardo. Yes, I must recompense him for the life
I have from him received, that afterwards
I may be justified in taking his.

Lorenzo. Then that you may not upon this occasion
Defend my life, I here forgive the debt
You owe me for your own. My Lord and Prince,
I slew your brother, but I fairly slew him,
Without advantage or base treachery,
Because he thither came accompanying
The rival of my love. If you desire
To take revenge, 'tis for your nobleness
To meditate the manner of it. I
Cannot allow his courtesy to hinder

Your vengeance. Jointly if you please to fight me,
I'm here and ready.

Prince. No, not with advantage,
But satisfaction I will have this day.

Lisardo, go.

Lisardo. The duel, sir, is mine.

Prince. I am most deeply interested.

Lisardo. I

Most injured.

Prince. Recollect, he slew my brother.

Lisardo. But slew him at my side.

Prince. Which shall prevail?

Lorenzo. That you must settle.

Prince. Choose with whom you'll fight.

Lorenzo. If I may choose, I take *Lisardo*; he
Offends me still, pursuing *Lisida*
Ev'n to my secret shelter.

Prince. Hold, that fault

Is mine. By Heav'n! 'twas I who brought him hither
To see the Princess.

Lorenzo. See the Princess?

Prince. Yes.

Lorenzo. Then, sir, I now select yourself; and since
Already I have challenged both, I will not
Retract, but call upon you both to fight.

Prince. Hold off, *Lisardo*! Mark, my sword is drawn
Already; should'st thou afterwards draw thine,
The infamy be on thyself, not me.

(*They fight.*)

Lisardo. By Heaven, I cannot look upon a combat,
And hold my hand! Nor should the duel's laws
Govern this case, for if a single man
Falls upon two, justly those two may kill him.

Enter FLERIDA, LISIDA, FLORA, and FABIO.

Lisida. Their swords are drawn!

Flerida. Oh, hasten to the spot!

Lorenzo. Her Highness is at hand.

Flerida. What is the matter?

Prince. Nothing, fair Princess, since you have appear'd.
Though I might urge that whoso would deceive,
Forfeits all claim to others' reverence
When she conceals the name to which 'tis due,
Yet your mere presence shall subdue my passion.
And better may I hope from Heav'n to obtain
More opportunities to execute
My just revenge, than to display to you
My deep respect.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. This outrage in my house!

Lisida. I am distracted!

Flerida. Tell me what this means.

Lisardo. Nothing, fair Princess, since you have appear'd.
I wait a future opportunity
Of taking vengeance.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Fabio, follow them

With questions.—You, explain what has occurred.

Lorenzo gives the required explanation in so enigmatical a form, that the Princess and *Lisida* respectively understand each that she herself is the cause of the quarrel; he then hastens after his adversaries, lest they should suspect him of fearing them. *Flerida*, alarmed for her own reputation, should any one of the antagonists be slain, sends *Flora* to recall *Lorenzo*. *Lisida*, whose jealousy

is by this time stronger than her love, tries to prevent her interference, advising that the presumptuous stranger should be abandoned to his fate. Florida wonders at this change of opinion, and with admirable accuracy of memory, repeats, almost literally, her friend's former arguments, ending her speech, and the second *Jornada*, with the conclusion,

That every high-born dame
Is bound her suitors to entreat
With COURTESY, if not with LOVE.

The third *Jornada* opens with the buffooneries of the *Gracioso*, from whom, amidst a torrent of jesting falsehoods, Lorenzo learns that the Prince and Lisardo are gone off to the mountains, after having held a secret conference with Fabio. Roberto, terrified at the threatening dangers, urges his lord to fly. He refuses, and Flora now arrives upon her mission from the Princess. Lorenzo accompanies her to the garden, followed at a cautious distance by Roberto, whom he encourages with the remark, that no one knows what Fortune may have in store for them.

We next find Florida and Lisida in the garden, discussing the course to be pursued with regard to Lorenzo. The Princess declares, that in order to prevent his being killed in her palace, she has resolved to dismiss him, and has now summoned him to command his departure. Lisida highly approves, and Florida adds, that, lest a personal interview should inflame his vanity, she will not see him; Lisida shall communicate her orders, and she will amuse herself by witnessing the scene betwixt them, concealed behind a hedge of myrtles. Lisida vainly endeavours to avoid the commission; Florida hides herself, Flora brings in Lorenzo, points to Lisida as the Princess, and leaves him. Lorenzo advances, saying,

Lady, I come most humbly at your feet,
To learn your will.

Lisida. Her Highness sent for you,
'Tis true; but she deposes me, in her name,
Here to await your coming.

Lorenzo. It is clear
That thou must ever be perfidious,
Ever ungrateful, and to me a tigress;
Thou, the occasion of my timeless death!
For here, between you both, I meet the fate
Of the poor wanderer, whose ear drinks in
The Siren's song, enamouring, enchanting,
But to deprive their victim of his life.
Thus, artfully combining, have you shared
Betwixt you sweetness, and fierce cruelty,
That, whilst she with the one allures me hither,
Thy hand may surely strike the fatal blow.

Lisida. Good gentleman, I understand you not,—
I cannot even guess wherefore so strangely
You speak to me, unless, perchance, you hope,
By thus displaying different strains of madness,
You may escape. (*Aside.*) Heav'n grant he comprehend
The signs I make!

Lorenzo. Art thou so false, fair tyrant?
But that's not wonderful; for always thou
'To me wert false!

Lisida. How is that possible!
Till now, I never saw you.
(*Florida aside.*) What is this?
Will it appear upon the proof, not I,
But Lisida, has been his passion's object?

Lorenzo. Briefly, what would you with me? Pray proceed,
If you are not content with the misfortunes,

Which, through your treachery, your inconstancy,
I suffer, which have hither, to these wilds,
Driven me, a human, reasoning, wild beast.

Flerida, (aside.) Can I be wounded if he loves another?

Lisida. I understand you not,—but this suffices;
The Princess, through my lips, on pain of death,
Commands that you should instantly forsake
These mountains, where——

Lorenzo. Forbear; pry'thce, no more!
Already, cruel fair, I understand
Thy meaning. Since thou here hast seen Lisardo——

Lisida. Lisardo?—Who is he?—Whom speak you to?

Lorenzo. Insult me not. Dost thou presume, that hither
I came for thee?

Lisida. Wherefore should I presume it,
Knowing nor thee, nor thy Lisardo? (*Aside.*) Strange!
He cannot comprehend a single one
Of all the signs I make incessantly!

Lorenzo. Thou bidst me leave these mountains, lest I trouble
Your intercourse.

Lisida, (aside.) Alas! I can repress
Neither my gushing tears nor his reproaches.

Lorenzo. But my departure is not therefore needful;
For though 'twas jealousy that brought me thither,
Thy vanity no more shall hope the trophy.

Lisida. When did I ever see thee or Lisardo?
What is't you talk of jealousy or hope?

Lorenzo. I'm jealous of his comrade, not of him,
For it is Flerida whom I adore,
And lose.

Flerida, (aside.) So it is well. To be beloved
Though I desire not, to have been deceived,
Had angered me.

Lisida. Man, I conjecture not
Wherefore to me you utter such wild ravings.
The Princess bade me tell you, you must quit
These mountains.

Lorenzo. That is false, I know the Princess
Could never give such orders.

Flerida, (coming forward.) She, herself,
Repeats those orders. If you do not quit
These territories instantly, your life
Is forfeited. Already, my compassion
Has been too bountiful.

Lorenzo. I shall obey
Your pleasure, but with anguish so profound,
That death and absence will appear to be,
Not, as you stated them, alternatives,
But so entirely one, or 'twixt themselves
So far equivalent, that life must fail
As I forsake your loved vicinity.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Now, tell me, Lisida, of which opinion
Art at this present time? Say, shall he live,
Or must he die?

Lisida. Permit me, at your feet,
Madam, to speak my answer.

Flerida. As thou wilt.

Lisida. This noble gentleman, whom cruel Fortune
Thus outrages, with undeserved mischance,
Obscuring honour, dignity, renown,
And lofty birth, in Naples——

(*Clashing of swords heard.*)

(*Voice without.*) Die!

(*Second voice without.*) Ay, die,

Traitor, who thus insult'st us!

(*Enter LORENZO, followed by the Servant, and ROBERTO at a distance.*)

Lorenzo. Many lives

For mine shall pay!

Flerida. Forbear! Say, what is this?

Roberto. It is what Fortune has in store for us.

Flerida. Observe you not that I am present here?

Put up your swords! Say, Fabio, what this means!

Fabio. Madam, it is our duty, as your servants,

T' avenge the insult offered to your house,

Both on your own behalf, and on Prince Carlo's.

Flerida. Enough! Yon postern opens on the park;

That way avoid your fate. I will protect you.

Lorenzo. Bear witness, Heav'n, amidst all these disasters,

If I retire, 'tis to obey your will,

And not as fearing them.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Follow him, friend.

Roberto. An order I most willingly obey.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. And you, observe 'tis somewhat premature,

Somewhat officious in you to adopt

Prince Carlo's quarrels.

Fabio. Come, friends, come away.

He 'scapes not thus; Prince Carlo guards the postern.

(*Exeunt FABIO and Servants.*)

Flerida. Now, Lisida, proceed.

Lisida. Madam, in Naples,

Our common country, did this gentleman

Woo me; and having plighted hands and faith—

(*Clashing of swords without.*)

Prince, (*without.*) Now, shall thine arrogant temerity

Learn against two who fight!

Lorenzo, (*without.*) He does, who singly

Is against two sufficient!

Flerida. What is this?

(*Enter PRINCE CARLO and LISIDA fighting with LORENZO, and followed by ROBERTO.*)

Roberto. Lady, what Fortune has for us in store.

Lisardo. Die then, although 'twere even in the palace!

Lorenzo. The earth, but not the valour in my breast,

Falls me.

(*He falls.*)

Flerida. Take notice, at my feet he lies,

Prince. Lady, that sanctuary once again

Avails him, and a thousand times must do so.

Again he is your debtor for his life.

Lisardo. But therefore let him not presume to hope

He shall have always angels for his guard.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Stay, listen to me!

Prince. Lady, pardon me.

Suffice it, that for your sake I forbear

To slay him; satisfied with my respect,

Bid me not so much disregard my fame,

As in your presence by his side to stand,

I unavenged, he living.

(*Exit.*)

Flerida. Stay, Prince Carlo!

Remain and listen!—Follow, Lisida,

Forbid their going hence till they have heard me.

Lisida obeys; and a short scene, of the usual love-making upon Lorenzo's part, and contempt upon Flerida's, fills up the time of her absence. At last

the Princess orders Lorenzo to await her return where he is, withdraws, and conceals herself, as before, to witness, unseen, the interview between Lorenzo and Lisida. The former, however, has observed her *manœuvre*, and the latter arrives, saying,—

They hasten'd hence so fast, they heard not even
Your Highness' summons. Is the Princess gone?

Lorenzo. She is.

Lisida. At length then, traitor, may my anguish
Find momentary vent.—

Lorenzo, (aside.) Unhappy me,
If Lisida should now speak of her love,
Unknowing that the Princess overhears!

Lisida. In lamentation o'er my wrongs. Ingrate,
Is't possible thou canst abhor an object
Once so beloved!

Lorenzo. Woman, what speak you of?
Of whom do you complain? I know you not.

Lisida. Would'st thou repay, ingrate, my forced dissembling,
When Florida o'erheard our whole discourse?

Lorenzo. If such be your idea, think so still;
Retire in silence.

Lisida. I will now declare,
For I may never find more fitting season,
The agonies I suffer.

Lorenzo. Lady, no,
I cannot listen.

Lisida. Wherefore not?

Lorenzo, (aside.) 'Tis strange
She cannot comprehend a single sign
Of all I make!

Lisida. Thou canst not possibly
Be so inhuman! Would'st thou ev'n deny
The sorrows I endure for thee?

Lorenzo. What say you?

Lisida. Because in days long past 'twas thy desire . . .

Lorenzo. Mine! I conceive not . . .

Lisida. Since you interrupt

just complaints, insult me, and refuse
listen, instantly avoid this garden.

Lorenzo. That I will not. The Princess bade me stay.

Lisida. Traitor, she gave no such command!

Enter FLORIDA.

Florida. Yes, such
Was my command, and is. You, Lisida,
Go in; and, stranger, you beyond these trees,
Wait patiently my further resolution.

Lorenzo. Was ever man like me unfortunate!

Lisida. Was ever woman half so miserable!

Roberto. Were ever man and woman half so silly!
What more can Fortune have in store for us?

Florida. Assist me, Heaven! What an infinity
Of accidents befall me! All so throng'd
That they confuse and interrupt each other.

So various, so strange their array,
No judgment their force can control;

And life must itself be their prey,
Or distraction must seize on the soul.

Then, Reason, let us now investigate
Their difficulties, that we may at once
Expose all these perplexities to light.

First, we have here a man of such high spirit

(Exit.)

(Exit.)

(Exit.)

That, in the face of my divinity,
He dares his senseless hopes so high advance,

That his madness would scarcely be more
Who on pinions of war should aspire
Like the eagle tow'rs Heaven to soar,
And melt in the regions of fire.

Next we have here a beauteous lady, who,
By intercession of a friend, has sought
A refuge in my palace from the ills
Consequent on a murder, (What disgrace !)
Of which, by what appears, she must have been
The sad occasion, and for that, I judge,
The youth abhors her sight, whilst she adores him.

What dishonour, contempt, and disdain,
To both lover and lady belong,

When a lady can stoop to complain,
When his lady a lover can wrong !

Whilst of this couple's secret I was yet
Imperfectly informed, my vanity
Was mortified, I almost blush to own it,
By vague suspicions that to her, not me,
This irrepressible and raving passion
Was all addressed, from which base jealousy
Love has preserved me, rendering his scorn
More gratifying than his admiration.

How strange if the peace of my breast
A passion like this could destroy !

If that, which annoyed me possessed,
Being lost could yet further annoy !

But let us quit this lover and this lady,
Since it is certain he deceives not me,
Who undeceives another, and proceed
To Prince Orsini, who, to look upon me,
Conceals his quality ; be that concealment
An insult or a compliment refined
Offered my pride, my honour is uninjured.

I have not my dignity bow'd
With this mercantile mask to comply ;
Nor for flatteries sold have allow'd
That an atom of hope he should buy.

But this is not the most important question,
Proceed we to the principal, that Carlo
Here finding his chief enemy, despite
Th' asylum which my presence should afford him,
With obstinate stupidity persists

In following a revenge—to me offensive.
For of honour's nice laws if we treat,

It were one of a whimsical strain,
Should the suppliant laid at my feet
By the hands of another be slain.

That shall not be ! My house's sanctuary
Shall not be unavailing ; and although
His arrogant presumption may offend,
It yet offends in such becoming guise,
That the offence itself may be allowed
To intercede for the offender's pardon ;
Since both excuse and crime appear so nobly, *

In my bosom together they dwell,
And my anger with kindness so blend,
That my favour the one must compel,
However the other offend.

This gallant must not die ! But how preserve him ?
Those who seek his life have ascertain'd
That he remains within my garden walls——

The Prince and all my servants watch the gates,
And night falls timidly upon the world.

The passion his accents betray
May suspicion attach to my name,
And here if I suffer his stay,
I sanction mistrust of my fame.

But wherefore do I thus torment myself?

Sure my imagination will supply
Devices in abundance, that at once
He may escape, and not escape his dangers.
By giving him his life, to his wronged lady
Her injured honour, to Orsini vengeance,
And unto Fame new matter for her trumpet,
I will convince the world that there exists
Beauty of such an high-strained nobleness,
Presumption of such lofty gallantry,
Such gen'rous vanity, and last of all
Pity of excellence so exquisite,
As unconstrained alike by love or vengeance
Can chastise, forgive in a breath,
With clemency temper disdain,
And ev'n while condemning to death.
For the culprit a pardon obtain.

We have given this long scene with little curtailment, because we think it offers a favourable specimen of both the bustle, and the laughable distress resulting from a perplexed situation, which characterize Spanish Comedy; whilst the concluding monologue, which we have abridged, and whose number of lines our readers have by this time, we trust, learned to consider as very moderate, exhibits, together with that sort of subtle refinement upon whimsical points of honour indispensable in high-born and high-bred *Damas* and *Caballeros*, a new example of capricious intermixture of metres.—We must now hurry to the *denouement*.

In the next scene the Prince and Lisardo are joined by Fabio, whom the Prince thanks for his assistance, justifying his acceptance of it upon the plea that he has already fought with Lorenzo, and that, when a duel is interrupted, the aggrieved party has a right to take his revenge as he best can. A pistol-shot and a cry of distress from Lorenzo are now heard.—Fabio says somebody must have killed Lorenzo, and they hurry off to inquire further. Flora then leads on Lorenzo and Roberto, rejoicing that the pistol-shot and the cry have enabled her to execute the Princess's orders, and conduct the objects of such bitter enmity from the garden to an apartment in the palace. In utter darkness, and without quitting the stage, they reach this apartment,

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into which Flora locks them and departs. Lorenzo exults in Florida's evident favour, and the *Gracioso* spends the night in ecstasies, describing all the splendour with which his imagination furnishes the room. The morning's dawn discovers their lodging to be a dark and desolate turret-chamber, and their despondency equals their previous triumph, when a letter falls at Lorenzo's feet, containing the words, "This treatment springs from *COURTESY NOT LOVE*." Whilst they are striving to unriddle its meaning, Flora, unseen, directs them to follow certain passages and staircases, to conceal themselves at the entrance of a gallery, and thence observe what passes. Upon reaching their post, they see the Prince and his party entering at one door, and Florida with her ladies at another. Florida bids Lisida hide herself, listen to, and not interrupt, the conversation about to be held. She then breaks in upon the Prince's compliments, tells him that she forgives his curiosity and disguise, satisfied with having outwitted him, and deceived the deceiver; but severely reproaches him for having turned her palace into a theatre of tragedies. She says that she has that morning found Lorenzo murdered,—when Lisida rushes in, and we will conclude this article by giving the last scene. After many lines of vague exclamations and demands of justice, Lisida proceeds,

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'Tis on Lisardo I demand it, who
 Alone, sir, caused your princely brother's death.
 For he, seducing him to countenance
 A treachery so villainous, an action
 So much unworthy, as by violence
 Ent'ring a lady's house, that lady known
 Another's plighted bride,——he who betray'd
 A prince to sanction by his company
 Such conduct, murder'd him, since he exposed
 His courage in a quarrel, where all right
 Against him fought; and lest it seem that I,
 Being an accomplice in this wickedness,
 Seek my own safety, earnestly I pray
 Your vengeance may begin with me. But let
 Lisardo, ere I die, say if my life
 Offered encouragement to such an outrage.
 If e'er——

Lisardo. Proceed not, for though 'tis esteem'd
 In love a pardonable fault, when lovers,
 To gain their purposes, feign treacheries,
 And fond deceits, I will not now assert
 Their privilege; I will not say you ever
 Encouraged my attempt, for 'twere a falsehood—
 And to confirm how pure and bright your honour
 Shines in my sight, publicly let my love,
 Lorenzo being dead, as satisfaction
 The amplest in my power, my hand——

Lisida. No more!
 Proceed not! Rather would I slay myself,
 Than give consent, or e'er accept a hand
 This very hour dyed in Lorenzo's blood.

Prince. What other satisfaction would you, lady?
 Since there exists no possibility
 Of calling your Lorenzo back to life——
 Could that be done, by heav'n, rather than see
 My Flerida offended, and yourself
 Unhappy, I would share my life with him!

Flerida. Will you to this engage your promise?

Prince. Yes,
 Pledging my hand for its exact observance.
Flerida. Promise and hand, I with my hand accept.
 And now that you are pledged——Come forth, Lorenzo.
 Humble yourself before the Prince, and take,
 If I refused you love, your life instead.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. I have no off'ring save this ribbon, lady,
 To speak my thankfulness,—and now 'tis fitting
 I at the Prince's feet should yield myself——

Flerida. Stay; first 'tis fitting, lest the world believe
 My house a shelter for unlawful love,
 That you present your hand to Lisida.

Lorenzo. With my whole soul, acknowledging your goodness,
 My jealousy being cured, I joyfully
 Perform your highness' pleasure.

Lisida. Recompens'd
 Are all my sufferings!

Lorenzo. Sir, at your feet
 Permit me,——

Prince. I require no explanation.
 In your deportment I have seen display'd
 Such lofty gallantry and courtesy,
 I am contented to forgive the past.

Lisardo. The gratitude I owe you, for my life
By you preserved, eternally is yours.

Roberto. Thus by the Princess's generosity
Fair Lisida appearing satisfied,
Prince Carlo liberal and placable,
Lisardo free from rancorous resentment,
My Lord Lorenzo safe and recompensed,
Whilst all remain in happiness unmixed,
The Comedy of COURTESY NOT LOVE
Concludes, and, in the name of all, I ask
Indulgence at your feet invincible.

FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

———Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And hair-breadth 'scapes i' the eminent deadly breach.

Othello.

PORTION FIRST.

I HAVE no distinct recollection of the thing myself, yet there is every reason to believe that I was born on the 15th of October, 1765, in that little house, standing by itself, not many yards from the eastmost side of the Flesh-Market-Gate, Dalkeith. My eyes opened on the light about two o'clock in a dark and rainy morning. Long was it spoken about that something great and mysterious would happen on that dreary night; as the cat, after washing her face, gaed mewing about, with her tail sweeping behind her like a ramrod; and a corbie, from the Duke's woods, tumbled down Jamie Elder's lum, when he had set the little still a-going, gieing them a terrible fright, as they first took it for the deevil, and then for an exciseman, and fell with a great cloud of soot, and a loud skraigh, into the empty kail-pot.

The first thing that I have any clear memory of, was my being carried out on my auntie's shoulder, with a leather cap tied under my chin, to see the Fair Race. Oh! but it was a grand sight.—I have read since then the story of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, but this beat it all to sticks. There was a long row of tables, covered with carpets of bonny patterns, heaped from one end to the other with shoes of every kind and size; some with soles, and some glittering with sparribles and cuddy-beels; and little red worsted boots for bairns, with blue and white edgings, hinging like strings of flowers up the posts at each end. And then what a collection of luggies! the whole meal in the market-sacks

on a Thursday did not seem able to fill them. And horn-spoons, green and black freckled, with shanks clear as amber,—and timber caups,—and cевory egg-cups of every pattern. Have a care of us! all the eggs in Smeaton dairy might have found resting-places for their doups, in a row. As for the gingerbread, I shall not attempt a description. Sixpenny and shilling cakes, in paper, tied with skinie, and roundabouts, and snaps, brown and white quality, and parliaments, on stands covered with calendored linen, clean from the fauld. To pass it was just impossible; it set my teeth a-watering, and I skirled like mad, until I had a gilded lady thrust into my little nieve; the which, after admiring for a minute, I applied my teeth to, and of the head I made no bones; so that in less than no time, she had vanished, petticoats and all, no trace of her being to the fore, save and except long treacly daubs, extending east and west from ear to ear, and north and south, from cape neb of the nose to the extremity of beardyland.

But what, of all things, attracted my attention on that memorable day, was the show of cows, sheep, and horses, mooing, baaing, and neighing, and the race—that was best. Od, what a sight!—we were jammed in the crowd of auld wives, with their toys and shining ribbons; and carter lads, with their blue bonnets; and young wenches, carrying hame their fairings in napkins, as muckle as wad haud their teeth going for a month: there scarcely could be muckle for love, when there was so much for the

stomach; and men, with wooden legs, and brass virls at the end of them, playing on the fiddle,—and a bear that roared, and danced on its hind legs, with a muzzled mouth,—and Punch and Polly,—and poppy-shows, and mair than I can tell, when up came the horses to the starting-post. I shall never forget the bonny dresses of the riders. Ane had a napkin tied round his head, with the flaps fleeing behind him; and his coat-tails were curled up into a big hump behind; it was so tight buttoned, ye wadna thought he could have breathed. His corduroy trowsers (sic like as I have often since made to growing callants) were tied round his ankles with a string; and he had a rusty spur on one shoe, which I saw a man tak aff to lend him. Save us! how he pulled the beast's head by the bridle, and flap-pit up and down on the saddle when he tried a cauter!—The second ane had on a black velvet hunting-cap, and his coat stripped. I wonder he was na feared of cauld; his shirt being like a riddle, and his nether nankens but thin for such weather, but he was a brave lad; and

sorry were the folks for him, when he fell aff in taking ower sharp a turn, by which auld Pullen the bell-ringer, wha was haddin the post, was made to coup the creels, and got a bluidy nose.—And but the last was a weary-ful ane! He was all life, and as gleg as an eel. Up and down he went, and up and down gael the beast on its hind legs and its fore-legs, funk-ing like mad; yet though he was na aboon thirteen, or fourteen at maist, he did not cry out for help mair than five or six times; but grippit at the mane with ae hand, and at the back of the saddle with the other, till daft Robie, the hostler at the stables, clought hold of the breast by the head, and off they set. The young birkie had neither hat nor shoon, but he didna spare the stick; round and round they flew like daft. Ye wad have thought their een wad have loupn out; and loudly all the crowd were hurraing, when young hatless cam up foremost, standing in the stirrups, the lang stick between his teeth, and his white hair fleeing behind him in the wind like streamers on a frosty night.

PORTION SECOND.

The long and the short is, that I was sent to school, where I learned to read and spell, making great progress in the Single's and Mother's Carritch. Na, what is mair, few could fickle me in the Bible, being mostly able to spell it all ower, save the second of Ezra and the seventh of Nehemiah, which the dominie himself could never read through twice in the same way.

My father, to whom I was born, like Isaac to Abraham, in his old age, was an elder in the Relief Kirk, respected by all for his canny and dounce behaviour, and a weaver to his trade. The cot and the kail-yard was his ain, and had been auld grandfather's, wha was out in the forty-five; but still he had to ply the shuttle from Monday to Saturday, to keep all right and tight. The thrums were a perquisite of my ain, which I niffered with the gundie-wife for Gibraltar rock, cut-throat, gib, or bulls-eyes.

Having come into the world before my time, and being of a pale-face and delicate make, Nature never could have intended me for the naval or

military line, or for any robustious trade or profession whatsoever. No, no, I never likit fighting in my life; peace was aye in my thoughts. When there was any riot in the streets, I fled, and scougged myself at the chumley lug as quickly as I dowed; and, rather than double a nieve to a school-fellow, I pocketted many shabby epithets, got my paiks, and took the coucher's blow from laddies that could hardly reach up to my waistband.

Just before I was putten to my 'prenticeship, having made free choice of the tailoring trade, I had a terrible stound of calf-love. Never shall I forget it. I was growing up, lang and lank as a willow-wand; brawns to my legs there were nane, as my trowsers of other years too visibly effected to show. The lang yellow hair hung down, like a flax-wig, the length of my lantern jaws, which looked, notwithstanding my yapness and stiff appetite, as if eating and they had broken up acquaintanceship. My blue jacket seemed in the sleeves to have picked a quarrel with the wrists, and had retreated to a tait below the el-

bows. The haunch-buttons, on the contrary, appeared to have taken a strong liking to the shoulders, a little below which they showed their tarnished brightness. At the middle of the back the tails terminated; leaving the well-worn rear of my cordureys, like a full moon, seen through a dark haze. Oh! but I must have been a bonny lad.

My first flame was the minister's lassie, Jess—a buxom and forward quean, twa or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our een met. It dirl'd through my heart like a dart, and I looked down at my psalm-book sheepish and blushing. Fain would I have spoken to her, but it would na do; my courage aye failed me at the pinch, though she whiles gied me a smile when she passed me. She used to go to the well every night with her twa stoups, to draw water after the manner of the Israelites, at gloaming, so I thought of watching to gie her the twa apples, which I had carried in my pouch for more than a week, for that purpose. How she laughed when I stappit them into her hand, and brushed bye without speaking! I stood at the bottom of the close listening, and heard her laughing till she was like to split. My heart flap-flappit in my breast like a pair of fanners. It was a moment of heavenly hope; but I saw Jamie Coom the blacksmith, who I aye jealous'd was my rival, coming down to the well. I saw her gie him aye of the apples, and hearing him say, "Where is the tailor?" with a loud gaffaw, I took to my heels, and never stoppit till I found myself on the little stool by the fireside, and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug, like a gentle lullaby.

Every noise I heard flustered me,

but I calmed in time, though I gaed to my bed without my supper. When I was driving out the gaislings to the grass on the next morn, whae was it my ill fate to meet but the blacksmith. "Ou, Mansie," said Jamie Coom, "are ye gaen to take me for your best man? I hear ye are to be cried in the kirk on Sunday?"

"Me!" answered I, shaking and staring.

"Yes!" said he, "Jess the minister's maid told me last night, that you had been gi'ing up your name at the manse. Ay, it's ower true—for she showed me the apples ye gied her in a present. This is a bonny story, Mansie, my man, and you only at your prenticeship yet."

Terror and despair had struck me dumb. I stood as still and as stiff as a web of buckram. My tongue was tied, and I couldna contradict him. Jamie faulded his arms, and gaed away whistling, turning every now and then his sooty face over his shoulder, and mostly sticking his tune, as he couldna keep his mouth screwed for laughing. What would I not have given to have laughed too!

There was no time to be lost, this was the Saturday. The next rising sun would shine on the Sabbath. Ay, what a case I was in! I could maistly hae drowned myself, had I no been frightened. What could I do? my love had vanished like lightning; but oh, I was in a terrible gliff! Instead of gundie, I sold my thrums to Mrs Walnut for a penny, with which I bought at the counter a sheet of paper and a pen, so that in the afternoon I wrote out a letter to the minister, telling him what I had been given to hear, and begging him, for the sake of mercy, not to believe Jess's word, as I wasna able to keep a wife, and as she was a leeing gipsy.

PORTION THIRD.

But, losh me, I have come on ower far already, before mentioning a wonderful thing that happened to me when I was only seven year auld. Few things in my eventful life have made a deeper impression on me, than what I am going to relate.

It was the custom, in those times, for the different schools to have cock-fighting on Fastern's E'en, and the victor, as he was called, treated the other scholars to a football. Many a

dust have I seen rise out of that business—brokenshins, and broken heads—sair bawes, and sound duckings, but this was nane of these.

Our next neighbour was a flesher; and right before the window was a large stone, on which auld wives with their weans would sometimes take a rest; so what does I, when I saw the whole hobbleshaw coming fleeing down the street, with the Kiekbaw at their noses, but up I speels upon the stane,

(I was a wee chap with a daidley, a ruffled shirt, and leather cap, edged with rabbit fur,) that I might see all the fun. This ane fell, and that ane fell, and a third was knocked ower, and a fourth got a bluidy nose, and so on; and there was such a noise and din, as would have deaved the workmen of Babel, when, lo! and behold, the ball played bounce mostly to my feet, and the whole mob after it. I thought I should have been dung to pieces, so I pressed myself back with all my might, and through went my elbow into Cursecowl's kitchen. It didna stick lang there. Before ye could say Jack Robison, out flew the fleshier in his killing-claiths; his face was as red as fire, and he had his pouch full of bluidy knives buckled to his side. I skreighed out in his face when I looked at him, but he didna stop a moment for that. Wi' a girn that was like to rive his mouth, he twisted his nieve in the back of my hair, and aff wi' me hinging by the cuff of the neck, like a kitling. My een were like to loup out of my head, but I had nae breath to cry. I heard him thraw the key, for I couldna look down, the skin of my face was pulled so tight; and in he flang me like a pair of auld boots into his booth, where I landed on my knees upon a raw bluidy calf's skin. I thought I wad hae gaen out of my wits, when I heard the door lockit upon me, and lookit round me in sic an uncearthly place. It had only ane unsparred window; and there was a garden behind; but how was I to get out? I danced round and round about, stamping my heels on the floor, and rubbing my begritten face with my coat-sleeve. To make matters waur, it was wearing to the darkening. The floor was all covered with lappard bluid, and sheep and calf skins. The calves and the sheep themselves, with their cuttit throats, and glazed een,

and ghastly girning faces, were hanging about on pins, heels uppermost. Losh me! I thought on Bluebeard and his wives in the bluidy chamber!

And all the time it was growing darker and darker, and more dreary; and a' was quiet as death itself; it looked, by all the world, like a grave, and me buried alive within it; till the rottans came out of their holes to lick the bluid, and whisked about like wee evil speerits. I thought on my father, and my mother, and how I should never see them mair; for I was sure that Cursecowl would come in the dark, and tie my hands and feet together, and lay me across the killing-stool. I grew mair and mair frightened, and it grew mair and mair dark. I thought a' the sheep heads were looking at ane anither, and then girn-girning at me. At last I grew desperate; and my hair was as stiff as wire, though it was as wet as muck. I began to bite through the wooden spars wi' my teeth, and ruggit at them wi' my nails, till they were like to come aff—but no, it wadna do. Till, at length, when I had greeted myself mostly blind, and cried till I was as hoarse as a corbie, I saw auld Janet Hogg taking in her bit claiths frae the bushes, and I reeled and screamed till she heard me.—It was like being transported into heaven; for, in less than no time, my mither, with her apron at her een, was at the door; and Cursecowl, with a candle in the front of his hat, had scarcely thrawn the key, when out I flew, and she lifted up her fit, (I dare say it was the first and last time in her life, for she was a douce woman,) and gaed him sic a kick and a push, that he played bleach ower, head foremost; and, as we ran down the close, we heard him cursing and swearing, in the dark, like a deevil incarnate.

PORTION FOURTH.

[The reader may observe, that Mansie does not *stitch* on regularly, and that he is a little partial to *vandikes*; but we cannot *twist* him, and allow him to resume the threads of his discourse, at his good will and pleasure.]

It would be curious if I passed over a remarkable incident, which at this time fell out.—Being but new beginners in the world, the wife and I put our heads constantly together to contrive for our forward advancement, as it is the bounden duty of all to do. So

our house being rather large, (two rooms and a kitchen, not speaking of a coal-cellar, and a hen-house,) and having as yet only the expectation of a family, we thought we couldna do better than get John Varnish the painter, to do off a small ticket, with "A Fur-

nished Room to Let" on it, which we nailed out at the window; having collected into it the choicest of our furniture, that it might fit a genteeler lodger and produce a better rent—And a lodger soon we got.

Dog on it! I think I see him yet. He was a black-a-vised Englishman, with curled whiskers and a powdered pow, stout round the waist-band, and fond of good eating, let alone drinking, as we faund to our cost. Well, he was our first lodger. We sought a good price, that we might, on bargaining, have the merit of coming down a tait; but no, no—gae away wi'e; it was dog-cheap to him. The half-guinea a week was judged perfectly moderate; but if all his debts were—yet I manny cut before the cloth.

Hang expenses! was the order of the day. Ham and eggs for breakfast, let alone our currant-gelly. Roasted mutton cauld, and strong ale, at twelve, by-way of chack, to keep away wind from the stomach. Smoking roast-beef, with scraped horse-radishes, at four proceessely; and toasted cheese, punch, and porter, for supper. It would have been less, had all the things been within ourselves; naething had we but the cauler new-laid eggs; then, there was Deacon Heukbane's butcher's account; and John Cony's speerit account; and William Burling's bap account; and deevil kens how mony mair accounts, that came all in upon us afterwards. But the crowning of all came in at the end. It was nae farae at the time, and keepit our heads down at the water for mony a day. I was just driving the hot goose along the seams of a Sunday jacket I was finishing for Thomas Clod the ploughman, when the Englisher came in at the shop door, whistling "Robin Adair," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and whiles, maybe, churming to himsell like a young blackbird—but I havena patience to gang through wi't. The long and the short of the matter, however, was, that, after rummaging amang my twa-three webs of broad-cloth on the shelf, he pitched on a Manchester blue, five quarters wide, marked CXD.XF, which is to say, three-and-twenty shillings the yard; I telled him it was impossible to make a pair of pantaloons to him in twa hours; but he insisted upon having them, alive or dead, as he had to gang down the same af-

ternoon to dine with my lord duke, nae less. I convinced him, that if I was to sit up a' night, he could get them by five next morning, if that would do, as I would also keep my laddie, Tammy Bodkin, out of his bed; but na—I thought he wad have loupn out of his seven senses. "Just look," he said, turning up the inside seam of the leg—"just see—can any gentleman make a visit in such things as these?—they are as full of holes as a coal-sieve. I wonder the devil why my baggage has not come forward. Can I get a horse and boy to ride express to Edinburgh for a ready-made article?"

A thought struck me; for I had heard of wonderful advancement in the world, for those wha had been sae lucky as help the great at a pinch. "If ye'll no take it amiss, sir," said I, making my obedience; "a notion has just struck me."

"Well, what is it?" said he, briskly.

"Well, sir, I have a pair of knee-breeches, of most famous velveteen, double tweel, which have been only ance on my legs, and that nae farther gane than last Sabbath. I'm pretty sure they would fit ye in the meantime; and I would just take a pleasure in ca'ing the needle all night, to get your own ready."

"A cleyer thought," said the Englisher. "Do you think they would fit me?—Devilish cleyer thought indeed."

"To a hair," I answered; and cried to Nanse to bring the velveteens.

I dinna think he was ten minutes, when lo! and behold, out at the door he went, and away past the shop-window, like a lamp-lighter. The buttons on the velveteens were glittering like gold at the knees. Alas! it was like the flash of the setting sun. I never beheld them more. He was to have been back in twa or three hours, but the laddie, with the box on his shoulder, was going through the street crying "Hot penny-pies" for supper, and neither word nor wittens of him. I began to be a thought uneasy, and fidgetted on the board like a hen on a hot girdle. No man should do anything when he is vexed, but I couldna help gieing Tammy Bodkin, who was sewing away at the lining of the new pantaloons, a terrible whisk in the lug, for singing to himsell. I say I was

vexed for it afterwards; especially as the laddie did not mean to give offence; and as I saw the blae marks of my four fingers along his chaft-blade.

The wife had been bothering me for a new gown, on strength of the payment of our grand bill; and in came she, at this blessed moment of time, with about twenty swatches from Simmon Calicoe's, prinned on a screed of paper.

"Which of thae do you think bonniest?" said Nanse, in a flattering way; "I ken, Mansie, you have a good taste."

"Cut nae before the cloth," answered I, "gudewife," with a wise shake of my head. "It'll be time enough, I daresay, to make ye're choice to-morrow."

Nanse gaed out, as if her nose had been bluiding. I could thole it no longer; so, buttoning my breech-knees, I threw my cowl into a corner, clapped my hat on my head, and away down in full birr to the Duke's gate.

I spiered at the porter, gif the gentleman with the velveteen breeches and powdered hair, that was dining with the Duke, had come up the avenue yet?

"Velveteen breeches and powdered hair!" said auld Paul, laughing, and taking the pipe out of his cheek. "Whase butler is't that ye're after?"

"Weel," said I to him, "I see it all as plain as a pikestaff. He is aff bodily; but may the meat and the drink he has taken aff us, be like drops to his inside; and may the velveteens play crack, and cast the steeks at every step he takes!" It was nae Christian wish; and Paul leugh till he was like to burst, at my expense. "Gang ye're ways hame, Mansie," said he to me, clapping me on the shoulder, as if I had been a wean, "and gae ower setting traps, for ye see you have catched a Tartar."

This was too much; first to be cheated by a swindling loon, and syne made game of by a flunky; and, in my desperation, I determined to do some awful thing.

Nanse followed me in from the door, and spiered what news?—I was ower big, and ower vexed to hear her; so, never letting on, I gaed to the little looking-glass on the drawer's head, and set it down on the table. Then I lookit myself in it for a moment, and made a gruesome face. Syne I pulled out the little drawer, and got

the sharpening strap, the which I fastened to my button. Syne I took my razor from the box, and gaced it five or six turns, along first ae side and then the other, with great precision. Syne I tried the edge of it along the flat of my hand. Syne I loosed my neck-cloth, and laid it ower the back of the chair; and syne I took out the button of my shirt-neck, and faulded it back. Nanse, wha was, all the time, standing behind, looking what I was after, asked me, "if I was gaen to shave without het water?" when I said to her in a fierce and brave manner, (which was very cruel, considering the way she was in,) "I'll let you see that presently." The razors looked desperate sharp; and I never likit the sight of blood; but oh, I was in a terrible flurry and fermentation. A kind of cauld trembling gaed through me, and I thought it best to tell Nanse what I was gaen to do, that she might be something prepared for it. "Fare ye well, my dear!" said I to her, "you will be a widow in five minutes, for here goes." I did not think she could have mustered so much courage, but she sprang at me like a tiger; and, throwing the razor into the ass-hole, took me round the neck, and cried like a bairn. First she was seized with a fit of the hyricksticks, and then wi' her pains. It was a serious time for us baith, and nae joke; for my heart smote me for my sin and cruelty. But I did my best to make up for it. I ran up and down like mad, for the Howdie, and at last brought her trotting along wi' me by the lug. I couldna stand it. I shut myself up in the shop, with Tammy Bodkin, like Daniel in the lions' den; and every now and then opened the door to spier what news. Oh, but my heart was like to break wi' anxiety. I paced up and down, and to and fro, with my Kilmarnock on my head, and my hands in my breech-pouches, like a man out of Bedlam. I thought it wad never be ower; but, at the second hour of the morning, I heard a wee squeel, and knew that I was a father; and sae proud was I, that, notwithstanding our loss, Lucky Bringthercut and me whanged away at the cheese and bread, and drank so briskly at the whisky and foot-yill, that, when she tried to rise and gang away, she couldna stir a fit; so Tammy and I had to oxtter her out between us, and deliver her safe in at her ain door.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XXI.

Wieland's *Aristippus*.

THE name of Wieland is well known to our readers through the elegant translation of his *Oberon*, by Mr Sotheby. His claims to our sympathy, however, do not arise from the force of his genius only, great as that is, but from the treatment awarded to such a mind, by his own countrymen. The spectacle of genius neglected, despised, and insulted, is perhaps one of the most affecting which can be offered to the human heart. There wanted but the knowledge of its being undeserved, to assure us that Wieland's cup of bitterness was drugged to the full.

His timid, sensitive, and retiring mind, his taste, and his inclinations, made the wildness and roughness of a student's life disgusting; so that, retiring from them, he devoted himself to the profound research of ancient literature, and to the mysterious beauties of the Platonic Philosophy. His youthful productions were tinged with a melancholy earnestness, which would not admit a single gleam of cheerfulness, or lightness of heart. Retiring into Switzerland, and siding with Bodmer in the famous controversy, which was agitated so warmly and so long, between him and Gotsched, Wieland produced his various religious and philosophical works, his *Anti-Ovid*, his *Poem on the Nature of Things*, and his *Moral Tales*.

At this period, too, he formed that romantic attachment for his beloved Sophie, afterwards Madame de la Roche, which, when she became the wife of another, was softened into a friendship that continued during her life. Such was the tenor of his feelings, and such the bent of his mind, till his 28th year. At this period a most extraordinary revolution took place in his character, totally unexpected by his friends, and by the world. The Poet of Religion and of Virtue, it was now said, had become the advocate of infidelity and sensual feeling. Volume upon volume, work upon work, teemed from his prolific pen, in rapid succession; and the astonished public knew not whether to admire the grace and genius of the author, or

to reprobate the inconsistency and levity of the man.

Little is known of the causes of this change. It originated most probably in the very nature of his studies. That high-wrought enthusiastic pitch to which he had elevated his imagination, had placed him beyond the sympathies and the affections of humanity. The follies, the vices, and the weaknesses, of our nature, were not a subject of commiseration, or even of contemplation, to one who could only look upon things in the abstract, and Wieland soon learned that the philosophy of Plato was not the philosophy of life. Perhaps, too, he deemed it dangerous to soar so high.

This exclusive or inordinate cultivation of any faculty of the mind, is always hurtful; because the due balance which characterizes a sound intellect is thus destroyed; but when that faculty is the imagination, there is real danger, too often leading to misery. There are feelings that seem to be imprisoned, as it were, in the human breast, the shadowings of better things, which are ever striving to be free, and to range in an ideal world. Stimulated by these, the imagination launches at once into the immeasurable abyss of thought, in the delusive hope of finding some resting-place, some point in which it may be satisfied on this side of the grave. But, alas! these hopes, these holy aspirations, are indeed delusive *here*; thought seems to be involved in thought, and when we most imagine that our aim is attained, we find a cheerless infinity still beyond, a waste over which we may range, like the raven of old, once and again; but, like it, shall never find one spot where we may repose in peace.

Be the cause what it may—whether owing to some palpable circumstance, or arising from the irksomeness of that melancholy, which is almost invariably an attendant on highly-excited imaginations and speculative minds, the change was sudden, and deeply rooted. The stern and gloomy bigot, the man who regarded the innocent jests of the poet Gleim, as reprehensible—now laid open the weaknesses

of our nature with the light hand of a master. A vein of the keenest satire, worthy of the translator of Horace—a playful grace, which procured him the title of the German Voltaire, and a brilliant voluptuousness of style, such as few could boast of, pervaded his writings, and impressed them with immortality. It must be confessed, however, that the works which were made the medium of his new philosophy, did not always inculcate the purest morality, or the soundest views of Christianity. Neither, on the other hand, was their immediate tendency so strongly marked as to have called forth such animadversion as they have met with. In this respect, none of them can be compared with the works of Schiller, or even of Goëthe.

Wieland was, at length, called to Weimar, the Athens of Germany, and there he hoped to have passed the remainder of his days, surrounded by his friends, and in the enjoyment of a well-earned reputation. The Schlegels were now at the head of a literary sect, denominated the “Romantic,” and for some cause or other, they selected Wieland as the object of their attacks, and held him up as the subject for scorn and derision. Whatever might have been his faults, he did not deserve such treatment. Surely the elegant translator of Shakspeare ought to have shown some regard for the genius of that man who was the first to draw the attention of Lessing, and afterwards of Europe, to the beauties of our immortal bard. Aged, solitary, outliving all his friends, even Herder, to whom he had been warmly attached during the last ten years of his life, exposed as a subject of open laughter and public derision, the deeply-injured old man might well have turned with wonder to his countrymen, and asked if he deserved this at the hands of his nation. He scorned, however, to degrade himself by entering into the lists against his calumniators, and he bore all his sorrows without a single complaint.

The present work is one of those which he wrote after he had renounced the Platonic Philosophy, and the moroseness of his former opinions. Of all his novels, the Letters of Aristippus is perhaps the best written. The characters are drawn with consummate art; every trait is minutely marked, and yet, like a highly-finished en-

graving, the minuteness and the number of the lines never obtruding, serve only to present us with a beautiful and harmonious whole. The hero of the story is that Aristippus who founded the Cyrenaic sect—a character which was exactly suited to be the vehicle of the author's new opinions. Accordingly, we find Wieland taking every opportunity of introducing them, yet so elegantly, so mixed up with poetical descriptions and classical allusions, that the interest overwhelms us as we proceed. The work supposes a knowledge of the travels of Anacharsis. The object of the author is to develop motives, and depict character, not to give information on topographical subjects. Socrates, Plato, Aristophanes, and Xenophon, are presented to the reader by Wieland, by a man, be it remembered, who is numbered among the profoundest critics, and the most elegant poets, of his own or of any age. With such material, and such a hand to form it, who does not anticipate the interest of the production? It is the attribute of genius to be subservient to no time. The past and the future do not exist with respect to it; it is an emanation from the Divinity; and the deeds of centuries elapsed, or the anticipations of centuries to come, are grasped by it at the same moment, and are truly ever present. Not only do we see Socrates, but we hear him as he leads us from proposition to proposition, to the contemplation of the sublimest truths. We feel all the excitement that the works of the enthusiastic Plato must have created, when, as a young man, he first gave the reins to his boundless imagination, and his fame overshadowed his country. The freshness of feeling imparted by genius, makes us almost imagine that the treasures of antiquity have been laid open now, for the first time. The dream of Socrates is realized, and we hear the notes of the young swan at the very moment he bursts from the bosom of the sage, and fills the heavens with the melody of his song.

Although few writers have the power of elevating our thoughts, by presenting such beautiful imagery before us as Wieland, yet it must be confessed, that there is no one who seems to delight more in asserting the powers of *passion* over every faculty of the soul. There is not a tale of his, whether in prose or in poetry, which

will not afford abundant proofs of the remark. His exquisite taste would not permit him to detail the grossness of sense; but the allusions, which are but half concealed in the voluptuous turns of his teeming style, are too striking not to be felt by all. We seldom can *only quit* a habit—but we generally detest what we renounce. This seems to have been Wieland's case: he was not contented with rejecting bigotry and stoicism, but he advocates looseness of thought and Epicurism. He considered Virtue, in the sensual application of the term, as a species of moral knight-errantry; and no one, he thought, was obliged to be a knight-errant. These feelings and opinions are certainly to be censured; but it must be remembered, that they were not so much Wieland's own, as the result of the age in which he lived. The French philosophy, at this period, was the lord of the ascendant in the intellectual horoscope of Europe, and its baleful rays have not even now been obscured by the purer and more extensive emanations of a higher one. Wieland's views were too often but a reflection of this.

There is, at least, one advantage on our author's side, over the *Naturalism* of Goëthe and Schiller, that his subject is immediately seen—all his views are put argumentatively, and the mind thus avoids being surprised.

In the works of Goëthe and Schiller nature is deified:—From man to the pebble all is animated. There is a kindred voice in the still copse, and in the air, and in the running water! Their direct tendency is to bound our natural good by our natural evil; in other words, they bid us listen to the appeals of nature in all things, as to one in whom there can be no excess—for there is a counterpoise—nor anything positively wrong; for evil and good are parts of herself. "Werthers Leiden," and that splendid fragment of a wonderful mind, the "Faust," will readily occur to the German scholar as illustrative of our remarks; and we need scarcely refer him to the generality of Schiller's tragedies, particularly his earlier ones, to prove that they are no less applicable to him. With this short sketch of Wieland and of his works, we may now venture to introduce the reader to the subject of the novel.

Aristippus is sent to travel, and his first place of sojourn is Corinth. The adventure which he met with there, as it opens the book, and is intimately woven with the subsequent narrative, must be translated.

"I had scarcely been a day in Corinth, when my usual thoughtlessness drew me into an adventure which might have led to important consequences, had the object of my journey allowed me to remain.

"I had finished some business, and was wandering in the streets of this large and magnificent city, when the beautiful architecture of one of the public baths enticed me to go in to bathe. I entered, but as I could see no attendant, I opened at hazard the first bath-chamber I came near, just at the moment, however, as a young maiden, quite alone, was in the act of stepping out of the water. This was the first time in my life that I had been disconcerted by a beautiful prospect; yet I know not how it happened, but instead of retreating and shutting the door after me, I contrived to increase my confusion by closing it behind me. The lady, who at the moment of my entrance had instantly plunged into the bath, seemed to enjoy my confusion. 'What' said she, (in a voice whose silver tones completed my enchantment,) 'do you dread the fate of Actæon, that from very fear you forget to flee? But as I am neither so beautiful as Artemis, nor even a goddess, I must neither be so proud nor so cruel as she. I see you are a stranger, and probably have not read the inscription over the door of these Thermae.'

"As she said this, two young female slaves entered, bearing baskets on their heads filled with all the requisites for the bath. They seemed astonished at finding a stranger here, and cast inquiring glances now on me, now on their mistress. 'What punishment,' said the lady, 'does this youth deserve for blundering into a female bath, where, certainly, no male foot ever yet trod?'—'The mildest, I think, would be to besprinkle him, and transform him into a—hare,' said the youngest. 'That, indeed, were too mild for so heinous a sin,' replied the older. 'I know another more suited to the crime. I would condemn him to remain here until we finish, and then make him shut the door after us.'—'Do you think so?' said the lady, unloosening a profusion of yellow hair that was gathered into a knot on her head, and arising from the bath, she stood covered as it were with a golden mantle, that hung in dazzling waves as far as the knee.

"The sweet-scented oils were applied, and all the mysteries of the bath were carried on by her maidens just as freely as if they had been quite alone with their mistress. When she was clothed, she looked at me earnestly, and said, as she was de-

parting, 'Do not forget that Ixion suffered for boasting of the favour shown him by the Queen of Gods:' and without waiting for an answer, she stepped into a rich litter, borne by four slaves, and disappeared. As for me, I seemed to awake from a dream; of course, I dared not follow her immediately. As I was stealing out of the bath-chamber, I was stopped by an attendant, whom I had difficulty of convincing, even by a handful of drachmæ, that I was a stranger, who had unwittingly made the mistake. When I was free, I saw it was too late to obtain the slightest traces of my unknown, and so I turned homeward, uncertain what to think of my adventure. The lady appeared to be about eighteen years old; and Alkamenes, at his happiest moment, might, perhaps, have modelled her form, had the gods favoured him as they did me. Was she a Hætaïra of the first class, who, under the tutelage of Afrodite, enjoyed such liberty and respect at Corinth, as would not have been accorded to her in any other city of Greece? or was she a young lady of condition, who, conscious of her charms, in the overflow of a youthful mind, took this mode of making a stranger expiate his offence? The next morning, as I was returning from the Lechaean harbour, I thought I saw one of the slaves coming towards me out of a myrtle grove. We knew each other at the instant, though she showed herself better acquainted with my name than I with hers. 'We know all your designs,' said she, saluting me, 'and as my mistress is acquainted with your intention of quitting Corinth to-morrow, she desires you will accept a trifling remembrance of yesterday's adventure.' It was an elegant little basket, wove with silver thread, which contained a lock of her golden hair, and a clasp of small pearls. You can easily conceive, Cleonidas, how eloquent the occasion rendered me, and how I tried to emulate all your persuasive powers to learn the name and condition of the lady: But in vain: the mischievous creature only laughed at my passionate address; and all I could gain by my most earnest entreaties, seconded by a purse full of daricks, was a promise that she would meet me in the evening, that I might also leave a trifle which might recall me to the remembrance of her mistress. She promised; but I waited for her in vain."

Leaving Corinth, untrammelled with any desires or affections which could alter his determination of prosecuting his travels and studies, Aristippus proceeds to attend the Olympian games. To a philosopher who disregards everything that does not directly or indirectly tend to the "useful," and to the advancement of mankind, the

combat of boxers and of wrestlers—the competition of charioteers—and the emulation of Persians and Scythians, do not offer anything that can call forth other feelings than those of surprise mingled with contempt; not so, however, the view of the Phidian Jupiter:—

"I entered the temple, expecting to see a god of ivory and gold, sculptured by the hands of a great master; and yet I could no more prevent the awe and trembling which seized me, than others whom I had before ridiculed. The *Νεπίηστρα Ζεύς* of Homer immediately presented itself to me in the Phidian Father of Gods; and, for an instant, I really thought I saw the King of Heaven sitting on his throne, consenting to the bequest of the weeping Thetis, and shaking Olympus as the Ambrosian locks nodded on his immortal head."

Socrates, however, is the great object of his journey; his wide-spreading fame had gone through the whole of Greece, and made Athens the object of attraction. As our author is allowed to have caught the character of this wonderful man better than any modern, we shall present the first impressions of Aristippus in his own words:—

"It would be difficult to describe the impression by which I was surprised, on first seeing this extraordinary man. My imagination had formed an idea, independent of my will, of how a person must look, in order to be Socrates; and now I perceived, that among all mortals, Socrates was the last whom it suited. I stood there quite perplexed; but I had scarcely been half an hour with him, when I was not only reconciled to the unexpected physiognomy, but fancied no other external could possibly have expressed his internal character either so directly or with such force as this very one. Picture to yourself a broad-shouldered corpulent old man, with a Silenus-head, bald almost to the temples, and the fiery look of a genuine descendant of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis; and judge what a contrast such a figure must have been to the expectation of a young man, who, having heard of his far-famed wisdom, could not imagine him otherwise than with the head of a Pythagoras or a Solon. But the comprehensive understanding which dwells in that high forehead—broad, arched, and overhanging the bushy eye-brows; the mind that flashes from his well-opened eyes, as with a glance he seems to look into the bottom of your soul; the unequivocal expression of a firm, manly character, unacquainted with

fear or with weakness; a constant cheerfulness, and the 'good-will towards all men,' which is so deeply marked on his countenance, obliterates in a few moments the disappointment of a first impression. You feel attracted towards him more and more each instant; an unaccountable magic holds you in his circle, and you wish that you may never again be withdrawn from it. Do not be astonished, my friend, that I dwell so long on the physiognomy of Socrates, for I have made it my particular study during the six weeks I have been with him, and I am convinced that much of that extraordinary power and influence he possesses over everybody who comes near him, is in no small degree owing to it. During the time I have been with him, I have never seen him otherwise than cheerful and friendly; but Antisthenes assured me, it is impossible to conceive anything more terrible than the menacing countenance with which he drove back a troop who were about to seize the wounded Alcibiades before the walls of Potidea; and I assure you I can easily believe that, if he will, he can put on a look which would make a lion flee for fear. The reason of the very powerful impression which his good-natured countenance makes, no doubt lies in this, that we perceive the expression must be derived from the heart itself, and is not owing to any beauty of feature. The same may be said of that bantering expression, amounting almost to sarcasm, that lurks about the dolphin-nostrils of his turned-up nose, for it is so softened by the friendliness of his eye, and the good-hearted smile of his thick lip, as to retain merely that peculiar *bitter-sweet* irony, which can neither be described nor imitated.—In a word, that extraordinary compound of wisdom and simplicity, of seriousness and wagging, of equanimity and genial humour, pride and humility, good-heartedness and causticity, which make him *Socrates*, could not have been expressed in a regular physiognomy."

"His mode of disputation, although it may be called ironical, differs very much from that which is usually understood by the term. Its essence consists in appearing extremely simple (and here his physiognomy is just suited to his purpose) with those who either think themselves superior to him, or are reckoned so by the public in general. Of such a class are the half-thinking rich members of the republic, and the Sophists. By this seeming *naïveté* you see, he easily gains a hearing, and at the same time annihilates all differences of rank, and fame, and condition. His antagonists are not

on their guard, consequently answer more quickly and less carefully than if they had perceived the toils with which he is entwining them. He develops new questions out of their answers, and at last fairly reduces them to the dilemma of either denying their own assertions, or of admitting the most palpable absurdities. You will easily see that these advantages could not last longer than they were unknown to the generality. In a town like Athens, where everything is carried on openly, the Sophists soon discovered that they had a cunning fellow to deal with,—one who was fully as well versed in all the subtleties of dialectics as they,—and found, that if they still meant to retain their credit for profound and mysterious knowledge, they must appear ten times more simple than Socrates himself.

"All that Socrates has gained by this mode of disputation, is the acknowledged hate of this class of philosophers, and the reputation of being a sarcastic old fellow, who never gives his real opinion on any subject—a reputation which I fear cannot but lead to something dangerous sooner or later."

Our limits will not allow us to enter into all the detail of Aristippus' views regarding Socrates; for it is impossible to compress this portion of the work, without materially injuring the effect of the picture. The lights and shadows are arranged with so masterly a hand, that to attempt to offer anything less than the whole would neither be doing justice to the author nor to the character. We shall omit, therefore, the ingenious train of reasoning by which Aristippus attempts to show, that it was perfectly consistent with the Socratic mind to believe in the reality of the "*Dæmon*" who was his constant monitor. We shall pass over, but with great regret, the long conversations between the comic poet Aristophanes and our hero, in which the whole machinery of the enmity between the poet and the philosopher is treated with the acumen and taste of one of the best writers and the profoundest scholars of his day, and shall introduce our readers to no less a personage than the beautiful *Lais*, whom Aristippus is invited to see by a friend, whose villa adjoined hers, in the island of *Ægina*.

"We found her in a capacious summer-house, surrounded by a little circle of young men, with whom she was evidently engaged in a lively conversation. I could not dis-

tinguish her features at the distance I stood, but I could perceive that her dress was more simple than rich, more costly than glittering—light enough to satisfy a sculptor who would indicate every beautiful form, and yet so arranged, that even modesty herself could find nothing there to blame.

"But judge my astonishment, when, as I advanced, I discovered in the lady before me no other than her whom, three years ago, I had seen in so extraordinary a way at Corinth. It was with the greatest difficulty I could command myself, when she received me with so much ease. But, in fact, my emotions were not remarked, since they were not greater than those experienced by everybody who saw Lais for the first time.

"She seemed to me to have grown more beautiful in the three years which had elapsed, and altered just sufficiently to make me entertain some little doubt as to whether the lady before me were indeed my Corinthian Anadyomene.

"She was evidently fuller, and the beauties of her magnificent form seemed but then to have reached their highest perfection—to have just touched that moment, when the fulness of the hundred-leaved rose will not be contained in the swelling bud, but breaks forth with power to unfold her glowing beauties to the morning sun.

"The dazzling splendour which surrounded her, together with the cold collected politeness with which she received me, increased my doubts. Although I felt almost sure that Lais and my Corinthian adventure were closely connected, I could not help stealing repeated looks, in order to confirm myself in so pleasant a truth; and a couple of glances, understood by me alone, at length destroyed the possibility of further doubt. I gave myself up with my usual thoughtlessness, or cheerfulness, or what you will, to the enjoyment of the happiest evening of my life; and I will bet, that Tantalus at the table of Jupiter, was not half so happy as I in the saloon of this earthly goddess, who, not content with the ambrosia and nectar of her beauty and wit, had laid land and sea, and the powers of a Corinthian cook, under contribution, to produce a feast which might have satisfied the palate even of a Sybarite.

"Aspasia, in her bloom, must have yielded the golden apple to Lais. In strength of intellect, she might have been her superior; but in the brilliancy and variety of her powers, Lais is unique. The finest turns of light irony are as ready with her, as if she had been under the tuition of my old mentor.

"She loves to speak, and the happiest expression, and the just words, seemed ever on her lip."

Lais now steps forth as the heroine of the work. All the hints which antiquity has left us of her character, and of the intimacy which really existed between Aristippus and her, are made use of and woven into a narrative of intense interest. An admirable picture is drawn of the mode of life of that peculiar class of females to which Lais belonged. The passion, or passionate friendship, which exists between Aristippus and her, is painted with as much art, and as much delicacy, as the subject will admit. It might have been purer; but then it would not have presented the real features of Grecian society, in the age of Pericles and of Alcibiades. The connexion between Aristippus and Lais, is just such as we have reason to believe was the real one—"ἐξ ἡς ἀοιδῆς ἔλλ' οὐκ ἔχεται." All the talent which she is supposed to possess, is placed in the most pleasing light; and the reader is always rapt with the brilliancy of her wit, and the beauty of her charms. The magnificence which surrounds her—the circle of friends who constantly attend her—men upon whom we now look with wonder and admiration—dazzle us so completely that the mind never recurs to the less pleasing realities of Lais's situation; and her tragical fate at length leaves no room for the caviller to point at the moral of a tale which is told with all that splendid glow of language and luxuriance of imagination which always characterizes Wieland. Letters on the works of the great artists, on public affairs, and, in short, on a variety of the most interesting topics, are exchanged between Lais, our hero, and their mutual friends; and it is difficult to say, whether the depth of criticism, or the elegant ease with which it is conveyed, is most pleasing. Lais at length resolves to proceed to Athens, under the feigned name of Anaximandra, and as a supposed relation of Aristippus. Her object is to see and to converse with Socrates. We shall subjoin extracts from various letters written from Athens to our hero, illustrative of Athenian manners.

"I have been a fortnight at Athens, and not a single day has passed without my having seen, and spoken with, your Socrates. Wherever I have been, there he was also. You smile, Aristippus, at my simplicity, in supposing that I have

any influence in making Socrates do what he has been doing these forty years. He is to be found, you will say, wherever strangers resort. All very true, my good friend; but it is a very strange piece of chance, that, for a whole week, he and I should constantly meet, and that he should always single me out to speak with; that he should wear sandals to his feet, and his best mantle; and that he should descend into the bath daily. Has he done all this, too, for the last forty years? Take care, Aristippus, don't destroy these pleasing fantasies, or we shall not remain friends long.

"I wish you could see how well I play the hostess amid six or eight philosophers; the youngest of whom bears the load of sixty winters on his back. I assure you, you would be proud of your new relation, could you see her disputing with such antagonists about the highest good, the principles of justice, and on the most perfect republic; and remark with what art she contrives to keep these dialecticians in good order, and remove some of the dryness attendant on such speculations. But if she does so, it is when the principal person is present; he whose piercing intellect, happy wit, and genial humour, make him the soul of our society. The most ungrateful material becomes pliable under his touch; and the light *symptotical* mode with which he treats the most difficult points of philosophy and knowledge, rivets the attention of all about him, without a possibility of ennui.

"Give me joy, Aristippus. I have passed a whole morning with Socrates on the Acropolis, and alone; for I do not reckon the good-natured Simmias of Thebes, and the elegant Cretobulus, as anybody; besides, they were polite enough to keep at a distance. We viewed all the wonders of that place, where the sublimest and the most beautiful works are collected, and so placed, that they appear to the astonished eye as parts of a magnificent whole. It seemed as if I had seen them for the first time, seeing them with Socrates.

"We whiled away two hours under the Propylæon, in viewing the works of Phidias, Alkamenes, Myron, and Menon. I asked him in which order he would place artists. 'Ask your own heart rather,' replied he. 'In that case, Phidias is the first.' 'Without doubt,' he said, 'in Phidias all the requisites of a great artist are to be found. He is a Homer who composed in marble instead of verse. The Gods whom he has sculptured, have manifested themselves to him alone. Alkamenes strove to elevate human forms to divine. Both these have only left the pre-eminence of grace to Myron. And Menon, perhaps the best of Phidias' pupils, in comparison with

these three, is but a pupil still.' A Diana of Myron caused me to express a wish to see the three Graces which Socrates himself had sculptured when a young man. 'They are not worth seeing,' he replied; 'I was never contented with them, and less now than ever, since I have seen your three graces.' 'Mine?' said I, astonished, 'it is true, I have three lovely maidens.'—'I do not speak of your maidens, beautiful Anaximandra, but of your own graces, and, as a proof that I neither flatter nor jest, I will be more explicit. Since I saw you, I have remarked three things, which distinguish you from all the beauties I have yet seen. The first, a scarcely perceptible smile, that softly flows around your mouth, your eyes, and whole countenance, which never vanishes, whether in silence or in speaking, sorrow or in joy. The second is a lightness which pervades every motion and position of your body. In moving, you seem impelled without effort, and in repose you appear as if you were about to soar away into other regions: an elasticity of frame that never degenerates into lassitude, nor is to be confounded with activity, for it is only connected with the highest aspirations of a great soul.' A sudden blush overspread my countenance, as he said this with such seeming sincerity. 'Good,' cried he, 'here we have the third. That noble glow, the daughter of the tenderest feelings, takes away nothing from the elevated expression of your countenance, or from the consciousness of your own power, and is on that account essentially distinct from the blush of childish or rustic embarrassment.'

"And now, friend Aristippus, we sat down under the olive-tree near the temple of Athene Polias, and Socrates began a long conversation on beauty and love. He took for granted, that both without virtue could neither reach their fulness of perfection, nor be of any continuance. He proved, that beauty and goodness were the same; and virtue nothing more than a pure love for all that is good and beautiful; a love which, like the flame, is ever striving upwards, which never finds repose, till it has attained to the highest good. And what think you he meant by all this? Nothing less than to convince me, that Nature herself had formed me to be a teacher, a sort of priestess, nay, to be virtue personified, and that my unremitting efforts should be devoted to reach this end. I can't detail the tenth part of the sublime things he said, but I remember his parting words—'If virtue could be visible, what other form would she take than thine, to draw all hearts to herself? It rests with thyself to show the world that she is visible. Were Tyche to raise thee to reign over the earth, how little were that in comparison with the height to which thou

couldst elevate thyself by thine own power, by manifesting thy real self, in order to fulfil the end to which beauty, such as thine, is destined.'

"I think the three graces with which he had endowed me, came to my assistance at this moment. I laid my hand upon his, and said, with an earnest smile, as the blood mantled on my cheek—'The place in which we are, and the visible presence of so many gods and heroes, have filled you with power, Socrates. You speak like a prophet—like a god. I am a weak mortal, and yet a high ideal hovers over me, which, perhaps, I shall never realize. I hope that this morning's conversation will remain engraven on my heart.'

"We went down into the city through the Propylæon, and I could not refrain from taking off my garland, and crowning the statue of that great man, whose kingly mind had raised Athens over all other cities in the world."

Aristippus and Lais are still at Ægina when Socrates is condemned to death. The author does not dilate on this part of the subject, but at once paints the effects of his death on the different personages whom he has brought in contact with the philosopher; and here no inconsiderable depth of critical ability is displayed. The enmity which we have reason to believe actually existed between Plato and Aristippus, affords an excellent opportunity for strictures on the philosophy and doctrine of the former. But here the personal feelings of the author himself are too apparent, and, however plausible his own views may be, we cannot say that his judgment is altogether impartial.

The remarks occur in a correspondence between Lais and Aristippus, during a period of many years. The same feelings with which they first met, are retained by each to the last. Lais herself runs through her career like one who is devoted from the first.

Possessing a depth of mind superior to the rest of her sex, with passion, and fortune under her own control, she scorns the lot which fate has ordained for females. Her extraordinary beauty and her talents secure her the homage of the young, the old, the rich, and the learned, and encourage a masculine strength and freedom of mind which generates a proportionate freedom of action. While the whole world are fired by her charms, her own heart remains un-

touched, unsusceptible of other feelings than those of friendship.

How is it possible to make such a mind destroy itself? Here our author has introduced an incident with consummate art.

Arasambes, a Satrap, related to the Persian monarch, rich beyond conception, and beautiful as a Mede, becomes her devoted admirer. Neither his person, however, nor his unlimited devotion, wins her heart. At length the éclat of the connexion induces Lais to accompany him to Sardis, and it is now we observe an evident alteration in the texture of her mind. The unbounded means and great love of the Persian touches her heart only through the medium of her vanity. Not a single wish is left ungratified: nay, the most absurd fancies are immediately realized. Removed from all the higher pleasures of the intellect, incapable of loving, her whole time is occupied in inventing new desires; and the energies of her nature are expended on the most worthless objects. The natural consequence is, that Lais becomes capricious. The irksomeness of incessantly seeking new objects of enjoyment in things which could not impart it, at length awakens earlier remembrances, and the memory of happier hours intrudes upon her. The summer-house at Ægina, the temple in which she had sworn eternal friendship with Aristippus, her feelings amounting almost to passionate love for Aristippus himself, at length induce her to leave Arasambes, and once more return to her own circle. This she effects easily. But she is no longer the Lais whose soul was formed to realize all that was noble and virtuous on earth. A sickly vanity has stolen upon her mind. Still, however, she retains the affection of Aristippus and her friends. The last blow which prepares us for the catastrophe is at length struck.—Aristippus marries and retires to Cyrene. The happiness which she sees enjoyed by her circle of friends, all of whom have now assumed the pleasurable cares of a family, bring her own desolate situation strongly to her heart. She now sees, that from the beginning she was wrong in the choice of the path which leads to contentment. She now feels that the highest object an amiable woman should have, is to form the happiness of one man. In addition to the corroding pangs of her own heart—

the open language of her countrymen have decided to what class of females she now belongs. Her only resource is to retire from the public gaze, and to spend the remainder of her days with those friends who still retain their wonted affection for her. While she is staying in the strictest retirement, a slave-dealer offers her a young slave for sale. He speaks so enthusiastically of his accomplishments that *Lais* is induced to see him. *Dorylas*, the young slave, is presented, and nothing can exceed the impression which he makes on her. He does not appear more than twenty years old, with a form and countenance and sparkling eyes which would have served as a model for a *Hermes*. The bargain is immediately made, and the slave bought. From this moment, *Lais*, the cold, collected, beautiful *Lais*—she who like the Fire-spirits of Persian Mythology, had dwelt unharmed amid the flames which she herself had created, now gives up her whole soul to the most impassioned love. *Dorylas* gets possession of her fortune, and expends it in the commonest debaucheries. It appears that he is an adventurer, who, having heard of *Lais's*

wealth, coolly lays this plan for obtaining possession of her person and property. Sunk in the opinion of the world—immeasurably fallen in her own, she rejects all the affectionate entreaties of *Aristippus* and her friends to come and live with them. That passion which had slumbered in her bosom during so many years, only to gather up all its energies to overwhelm every other and better feeling of her soul, will not allow her to leave the man who is treating her with shameless ingratitude, and the grossest neglect; and the only answer to them is contained in these few words, "Farewell, *Aristippus* and *Klionidas*—my friends—farewell! Do not despise these two little myrtle sprigs which I send as a remembrance of poor *Lais*. They withered on her heart, and are consecrated by her tears."

"If I find rest on the shores of *Peneus*, you shall hear from me; if not, let me live in your memory."

She is traced into *Thessaly*, is heard of in several towns, but suddenly she disappears, and the strictest inquiries do not afford the slightest clue to her fate.

PADDY PUMPS OF CORK TO C. N. ESQ., AT EDINBURGH.

HONOURED SIR,

"THIS goes with my compliments, hoping you're in good health as I am at this present writing, thank God and St Patrick for it; and 'tis a wonder I was not hindered from writing to you at all at all. "Arrah, man," says Tim Sheedy,—he's a publican next door but one to my little shop in Blarney Lane, "arra, man, put it out of your head,—you write to Kit North indeed!"—"And why not?" says I; "sure I writes to Kit Hutchinson our member, and by the same token he promised me a tide-waiter's place for voting for him—sure did not I write to Kitty Hutchinson?" says I; "and is not he a bigger man than Kit North; and does not he bother um in the Parliament-house? and that's more nor Kit North can say; and did not he by the same token promise me to take off the tax upon leather, that I might have double profit out my shoes?"—"Oh, but," says Tim, "he's a Libral—he's one of the people himself, as I may say, and so fond of us, when he wants to get our votes—now

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Kit North is a different kind of man; 'tis little he'll be after minding what one of us could say to him."—"I don't know that," says I; "sure is not Captain O'Dogherty, our countryman, one of his favourites, and don't they drink whisky-punch and eat oysters for all the world like a jolly set of our own merry boys: and is not Bill Dogherty of Mill-street my tenth cousin? and who knows but he may be the Captain's cousin too; and is not that encouragement? I tell you what it is," says I, "Tim, and I have it from a very knowing gentleman that takes shoes from me, people are beginning to be tired of big words, and fine writing, that's all smoke and palaver, and finds ten times more sport, aye, and more sense too, in Sawney's plain broad Scotch, and Paddy's honest Irish brogue, for we tells the naked truth as it comes uppermost, without any cloak or circumbendibus. They yawn at others, but they laugh at us, and faith I think they that have the laugh at their side are the cleverest fellows. Is not there the great Mr Nobody,

A T

that everybody knows, that writes the Scotch novels as they call um, and what would he be, let me ask you, without his broad Scotch?" Tim Sheedy gave up the point, and so here I am, Paddy Pumps of Cork, writing for Blackwood's Magazine in Edinburgh. "But why," says Tim, "do they call it a Magazine? That's the place we have for keeping Gunpowder. I hope they don't blow up honest people."—"No," says I, "they never blows up honest people, and if they did atself, we are a little too far off to be sing'd."

'Tis long since I seed any pen about Cork in your Magazine—not since the time of Donelly the bruiser—poor fellow, the whisky beat him at last, as it did many a better man. But we had bad times since that, and a hungry belly is no joke. Our bankers first broke their neighbours, and then broke themselves—a short life and a merry one. Short indeed was the merriment of that time—maybe now that things are mending, we'd do better. We can't much lengthen our lives to be sure, but it will be bad enough with us if we don't contrive to make our merriment a little more lasting.

What do you think now, Mr North, of our Paddy-bishops, as I call um? You thought, I suppose, they were a set of old humdrum foggies, doing nothing but fasting, and praying, and giving absolution, seldom seen in the world, and living like owls in an old chimney. You read Bishop Doyle's answer to the Parliment questioners, and was not he a match for um? O he's a jewel of a bishop! But between ourselves, you are not to judge all of them from Bishop Doyle. He reads, as he says, every book, and, by my own soul, if he does, he goes through many a page not very dacent reading for a bishop's spectacles.—"I reads," says he, "every book, and I would be glad to see all my people, poor as well as rich, educated, and able to read all books like myself." Mouam on Diaoul, but Kildaire and this country have very different bishops if that's the case, for here our children can hardly get a book for love or money, but some musty Cathechisins and Saint's Aves, and the like, and when we borrows anything better—whack—the priest whips it away from um, for fear they would mount upon it like a witch's broom and ride post to the devil. To be

sure, if reading would carry us there, the rev. fathers are very right; but then sure it would be better to forbid learning to read, than to read after having learned, which is just like saying to a child, My dear take a walk to get you an appetite, and when he comes back, to give him nothing to eat. Some think Dr Doyle was quizzing his examiners, but as that is a word I am not up to, I leave it to your better judgment—I believe it is something like what we common people call humbugging.

I told you times were mending with us, and trade growing brisk, and money growing plenty, but still we are not growing very rich, for want, as everybody says, of CAPITOL. This is the word now in all mouths. Wherever I went, and I goes to all the speech-making places, I could hear of nothing but CAPITOL. We have a great many people here whose trade seems to be making speeches, though as yet they are not much the richer for it. There are attorneys without clients, merchants without money, shopkeepers without customers, and doctors without patients—'twould do your heart good to hear the fine speeches all of them are every day making about the good of the Nation and CAPITOL. Sometimes a richer man, Jerry Alchohe, would slip in amongum, not because he much likes such company, but because he likes to be making speeches—he is training for a parliment-man, they say. I hope it will thrive better with him than it did before—some credit he got, to be sure, but faith he paid dear enough for it. Well, Mr N., I was, as you may guess, mighty desirous to know what this same CAPITOL was; but, says I, I wont show my ignorance by asking publicly. So I went to my cousin, Jerry Birch, the Schoolmaster, a learned man, you know—"Jerry," says I carelessly, "you're the boy that knows everything about the CAPITOL."—"Faith and true for you," says Jerry, "for it has made a part of my study here in school these five-and-twenty years past—Oh it was a grand thing, the very bulwark of the great city of Rome in its best days—It was saved once by the cackling of geese." Humph, thought I, this will be but a wildgoose-chase to me, I'm afraid—so I looked knowing, and said nothing but wished him good morning, wonder-

ing what the devil geese had to do with the city of Rome, and its CAPITOL, and whether the Pope had any hand in it. But I was not long of finding out the secret. I was carrying home a pair of shoes to a very good gentleman, a customer of mine, and, just as I got in, I heard him say to a gentleman that was going out, how very much richer England was than this country. "Pray, sir," says I, "will you let me ask you why this country is so much poorer than England?"—"There are many reasons," says he: "One is, that she wants CAPITOL."—"I wonder at that, sir," says I, "for I am sure she does not want geese."—"Geese!" says he, laughing, "what have they to do with it, Paddy?"—"Why, was it not they that saved the CAPITOL of Rome?"—"The Roman geese," says the gentleman, "did indeed good service, but we have some cacklers more likely to hurt than serve our CAPITOL."—"Why then, pray, sir," says I, "what is this CAPITOL they talk so much about?"—"In plain English, honest Paddy," says the good gentleman, "it is neither more nor less than plenty of money. A country that has quiet, honest, sober, well-educated, and industrious inhabitants, in time becomes rich, and has money to spare: this is called her capital. A country, whose inhabitants are ignorant, turbulent, and idle, must necessarily be poor; and, until her character changes, will continue so." I wished his honour a good morning, and went home, very proud of being made a wiser man.

Well, sir, this set me upon thinking, for the more knowing a body grows, the more he sets his wit to work; and that's one reason why learning is so useful: So then, says I, capital is money, and they that have money may do great things, if they know how to make a proper use of it. Devil a doubt about that part of the story. But how to come about all this here in Ireland—ay, that's the rub; for if we wait till the people are all book-learning, and sober, and industrious, and saving like the Sasinols, by my soul, I believe, we'll be obliged to wait a long time. I don't see the best among us, lords, and squires, and merchants, and all, much given to saving—most of um spends money as fast, ay, and faster than it comes. I'm sure I wore out a pair of shoes going to one of

um, only for a little bill of fifteen shillings. Now then, thought I, I begins to understand what those great friends to Ireland, above mentioned, would be at, and 'cute fellows they are. There's two ways of getting a capital; one is, the slow and sure method of making it themselves, as the Sasinols made it—that would never answer the present purpose; the other is, by persuading those that have money to spare, to lend to those that have none, and then the business is done at once. This is what my neighbour, the French master, calls doing things by a *caw de mang*; and a good milch-cow she is, devil a doubt of it, if one could catch her. Well, some little time ago, there was a knowing bit of an English spalpeen, Cropear, I think they called him, a famous hand at managing other people's capitals; so he and the others put their wise noddles together, promising as how they'd raise a million or two of money for the good of old Ireland, without any trouble at all at all. Then they called public meetings, and there they made fine speeches, and they coaxed many of the country squires, who know more of fishing for trouts than fishing for capitals, to join um; for they said, Support us in getting the cash, and sure the profit will be your own; 'twill go among your tenants, and raise your rents, and every river that runs through your lands will be full of cotton-mills. We'll buy ships, and open a trade with the East Indies, and you'll all be as rich as nabobs, whoever they are. Ah! but says somebody, what will the East India Company say to this? "Oh! damn the East India Company," says Cropear. "Damn the East India Company," says Merchant Pennyless. "Damn the East India Company," says Dr Slop of Cork. "Damn the East India Company," says Dr Belmore from Clonakilty. So the East India Company was damned, to all intents and purposes, to the great delight of the whole meeting, and all went on as smooth as you please. This Dr Belmore is rather a new comer, you must know—not a Paddy, but a great friend to the cause, being as how he keeps a great many jennies spinning, and is so fond of um, they call him Dr Jenny in Clonakilty. He was, it seems, a surgeon in Portugal, and is said to be a dead hand at cut-

ting off legs and arms; but as such limbs can't well be spared here; he wisely thinks it is his duty to increase rather than lessen the number. One good thing he learned there at any rate, and that was, to set a proper value on the Catholic faith, which flourishes there, by all accounts, most delightfully. Devil a one dare say his life's his own, for fear of the Inquisition; no wonder, then, he's such a friend to mancipation.

Well, sir, the question now was, how to get this million or two; and all agreed that it must be by an IMPUTATION to Lord Liverpool. He holds the purse of England, it seems; and he was to be told that the money was wanting here, and that they could not do without it, and that they'd doctor it for him; and, moreover, that they'd pay one per cent, I think they call it.

Then, who was to head the IMPUTATION? "I'm your man for that," says Dr Belmore. "I'm an Englishman, and understands the lingo; besides, Lord Liverpool must have heard of me when I was physicking the troops in Portugal, and keeping so many jennies spinning in Clonakilty; and if that won't do, I don't know what will." So what would you have of it? To London they went, and from London they came back; but, however, it happened, they left the money behind. I'm afraid, Mr N., this is not, after all, the best way of raising a capital for Ireland. I'd be glad to have your opinion of it. Jack Boyle, he's one of our Cork wags, says, "There's no catching old birds with chaff." I rests your obedient servant,

PADDY PUMPS.

ENGLISH AND IRISH LAND-LETTING.

WE once more return to the affairs of Ireland, although we shrewdly suspect that our readers are heartily weary of them. We shall, however, confine ourselves chiefly to one topic—that of Land-letting. We take up this, at the hazard of encountering the nausea of the public, because of its vast importance, because many very erroneous opinions are promulgated respecting it, and because we do not hear that any effectual remedy is preparing for its evils.

A great deal has been said by many—and by ourselves as well as others—against the absentee landlords of Ireland. Although we have shown these landlords but little mercy, we certainly agree in very little that is said against them by their other assailants. Others think that they impoverish Ireland by spending their incomes out of it; we think that they impoverish it in a totally different manner. Others think that if they dwelt on their estates they would consume the produce of their poor neighbours; we think they would do nothing of the kind. Others call upon them to expend nearly the whole of their money and time in their native country; we call upon them to do things perfectly different; we ask them to spend only a very inconsiderable portion of both on their estates, provided always that they spend the remainder in England. These dif-

ferences of opinion lead us to imagine that we shall do some service to various newspaper-editors and reviewers, and to the "reading public" of towns and cities, by giving some information touching the landlords of England.

The mass of these landlords are absentees from their estates the greater part of the year; very many have estates in various parts which they perhaps do not visit once in two years; they consume literally none of the produce of the peasantry; they spend only the most contemptible portion of their incomes in the country. The great majority of English villages never have a resident landlord, many have not even a resident clergyman, and the most exalted inhabitant is only a respectable farmer.

An English landlord, one of those whose tenantry, great and small, are in the first condition in regard to prosperity, order, and happiness, is detained in London by parliamentary duties, or pleasure, perhaps, seven months in the year. A portion of the remaining five he perhaps spends at a watering-place, or devotes to the visiting of friends. He spends two, three, or four months in the year on his estate. While there he grows his own corn and vegetables, keeps his own cows, rears his own poultry, and does not perhaps expend a penny in buying the produce of the peasantry. He of-

ten kills his own beef and mutton, and by this rather injures than benefits the trade of the village butcher. The best of his groceries, &c. he perhaps gets from London, and the remainder from some neighbouring market-town; the village grocer cannot meet his demands in point of quality, therefore he cannot have him for a customer. His clothes are got chiefly from London, or some large town; therefore the village tailor and shoemaker touch but little of his money. The females of his family can find nothing in the shop of the village draper and mercer to suit them, therefore they will not enter it. His very domestics have too much taste in dress, to think of looking for garments among the village vulgar. He brews his own beer, and gets his wine, &c., chiefly from the metropolis.

The money that this landlord expends in the village amounts chiefly to this. He regularly employs a number of labourers on his grounds; in seasons when work is scarce, he gives temporary employment to such of the other village labourers as cannot procure it elsewhere; he pays the schoolmaster for the tuition of a certain number of poor children; he makes a plentiful distribution of broken victuals to the poorer families; he gives every winter a certain portion of beef, coals, and warm clothing to the poor; in times of scarcity he supplies the food that the labourers' families could not otherwise obtain. The whole of this is covered by a comparatively trifling sum, and the bulk of his income goes to the metropolis to be expended.

The benefits of this expenditure are confined to the village in which the landlord resides; to one village that has such a landlord, there are five or six in which no landlord ever dwells.

It will of course be seen, that to place the Irish village on a level with the English one, it is not necessary for the Irish landlord to spend more than a small portion of his time, and a very contemptible portion of his income, on his estate. Now, while we would compel him, if we were able, to do everything whatever that the English landlord does, we do not ask him to do a single thing beyond it.

The benefits of this comparatively short residence and trifling expenditure are exceedingly great. In the village, industry never lacks employ-

ment, and want is not known. The landlord's servants mix with the villagers, dilate to them on what they see and hear in London, show off the manners and habits of the great, and do much for good manners and civilization. His labourers are necessarily men of extremely good conduct, and they do much towards producing good conduct in the other labourers, by example and friendship. Nearly every householder, labourer as well as farmer, is his tenant; there is no middle-man; the steward is not paid by a percentage; he has a yearly salary, and has no more interest in high rents than low ones; he is but a servant, and the landlord when he appears is the man of influence. Every cottage, as well as farm, would perhaps bear a heavy advance of rent; would let for far more if let by competition. The influence of the landlord is of course boundless; he has only to speak to be obeyed. Character cannot be hid in small places, as in large ones. The conduct of a villager is constantly under the eye of his neighbours, and if it be bad, the landlord is speedily made acquainted with it. The offender is admonished, and if he will not reform, he is discharged, and in effect expelled the village.

One invaluable benefit of the residence is this. It brings the landlord into the midst of his tenants; if they be distressed, barbarous, and immoral, he sees it with his own eyes; the connexion between them and himself forces itself on his attention; he is made acquainted with his power and obligations; he cannot escape the conviction that he is the great cause of the distress, barbarism, and immorality. He feels that he has the bread of those who surround him in his hands, and that their distress and bad morals are infamy to himself. He learns to sympathize with them, and to regard them as men in whose welfare he has a deep interest. The pride which in London teaches him to embellish his residence, now teaches him to embellish his lands. Splendour he must have, and he can have no splendour here befitting his rank, without highly cultivated farms, a respectable yeomanry, and moral, orderly, well-fed labourers. The reverse is to him disgrace and degradation. The landlord who constantly lives at a great

distance from his tenants, who never sees their condition, who cannot hear their complaints, whose means of communication with, and influence over, them, are cut off by a third party, and whose personal importance and better feelings and prejudices are not connected with their welfare, can scarcely be expected to take any interest in their circumstances and character; but he who spends a part of every year among them, cannot avoid taking a very deep interest in both.

The landlord, in frequently communicating with the better part of his tenants, guides their opinions and feelings; he imparts to them much valuable information on public and social topics, which they in turn impart to the inferior ones. He stands at the head of the smaller gentry of the neighbourhood, whose incomes perhaps confine them constantly to it; he corrects their prejudices, and gives them conduct. He is to a very great extent the guide of society.

Although the benefits of his expenditure are confined to the village in which he resides, the benefits of his residence in other respects flow to the villages which have no resident landlord. The morals and intelligence, the good regulations and conduct, that emanate from him, spread through the country. He is a magistrate, and his influence with his less rich associate-magistrates, who are confined to the country throughout the year, is of great importance in keeping their principles and feelings in the proper place.

We should be grievously afflicted to see the great English landholder dwell constantly on his estate, even though he might expend his whole income around him. We wish to see him in Parliament, acquiring in that great school a knowledge of the interests of his country. We wish to see his high feelings, and principles, and deep stake in the public weal, opposed in the legislature to the fanaticism and cupidity of party-adventurers. We wish to see him mix with the body of which he is a member, to imbibe the noble sentiments that govern it. We wish to see the individual who takes so distinguished a part in the guidance of country society, spend a consider-

able part of the year in the metropolis, in order that he may enter much into the best company, have access to the best sources of intelligence, and become well acquainted with the world.

We should be still more afflicted to see the Irish landholder dwell constantly on his estate. We wish to see the people of Britain and Ireland made one, and statutes alone will never make them so. We wish to see British principles, feelings, and habits, established in Ireland; we wish to see the Irishman's heart changed into a British one; we wish to see the Irish agriculturists placed under that system which prevails in Britain. We therefore wish to see the Irish landlords spend a considerable part of the year in London, in order that they may mingle largely with, and catch the spirit and habits of, the British ones, that they may become Englishmen in everything but birth, and that they may obtain the qualifications for establishing that in Ireland which we wish to see there, and which must be chiefly established by themselves. If they spend such a portion of the year in London, they must of necessity spend in it the bulk of their incomes.

It is, however, of the first importance, of the first national importance, that the landlords of both countries should dwell a part of the year amidst their tenants.

We will now speak of the different systems of Land-letting, which prevail in the two countries, and of the differences in the construction and condition of village society which these create.

In some of the best-regulated counties of England, a village* contains from six to ten farms, which comprehend from 200 to 400 acres each.—There may be, perhaps, one that contains 600 or 1000 acres, but the generality comprise about 300 acres. If the land be rich, the farms are smaller— if it be poor, they are larger. In this village, there are perhaps two individuals who occupy only one hundred acres each, and two more who occupy only fifty. There are, perhaps, from three to six persons who own and occupy small freeholds of from three to

* We speak here of villages, the land of which is chiefly under the plough; grazing farms are smaller.

six or eight acres each. This comprehends the whole land of the village, except small gardens attached to the dwellings of the labourers. This division of the land endures from generation to generation; it is scarcely ever altered; no new farms are created, and the old ones are scarcely ever augmented or diminished in extent. We believe the farmers would be the first to protest against subdivision, even though it might be meant for the benefit of their own children. They know, that, however moderate rents may be, a man must occupy at least two hundred acres of reasonably good land to be enabled to live comfortably, and to save a little money. While, therefore, the English farmer wishes one of his sons to occupy his farm after him, he never dreams of its being divided between two of them. The population of the village consists chiefly of the farmers and their families, the schoolmaster, butcher, innkeeper, grocer, tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, blacksmith, and their families, and as many labourers as the farmers, in pretty good times, can employ, and their families. No new farm is ever formed, an additional cottage is scarcely ever built, an additional family scarcely ever comes, and the population-returns show that the population of this village rarely varies in number.

In regard to rents, there are, as we have already said, no middle-men; there are no agents empowered to demand any rent they please, and incited to exact the highest by being paid by a per-centage. The rent is, in the first instance, fixed, not by competition, but by the general rate of rents, which is commonly moderate, and which, on the estates of great landholders, is extremely moderate. The new tenant of one of these landholders is placed on an equality with the old ones, although his farm would perhaps fetch double the rent, if let by competition. The rent thus fixed is rarely raised, except from a great and continued rise in the markets, and then the advance is small compared with that of produce. This applies principally to the estates of the great and middling landholders; there are many single farms, which are let at Rack-rent.

We give the following description of Land-letting in Ireland, from the evidence lately given before Parliament:—

From the evidence of F. Blackburne, Esq., one of the King's Counsel appointed to administer the Insurrection Act in the county of Limerick.

"The population of the parts of the country where insurrections were most prevalent, is extremely dense. The property is greatly subdivided, and the condition of the lower orders of the people is more miserable than I can describe it. The great increase of people, with other causes which I shall advert to more particularly, had raised the rents of land in that part to a degree that was perfectly exorbitant. Land in that country, which is totally destitute of manufactures, appears to me to have become (if I may use the expression) a necessary of life. The common mode of livelihood speculated upon in that country, is the taking of land; of course, in proportion as the population multiplied, the demand for land increased; and that combined with the extravagant prices of all species of agricultural produce, had raised land to a price beyond anything which we can call its intrinsic value. The subdivision of land was also produced by speculations of a political kind; the consequence of this was, that land appeared to me to stand, generally speaking, at a rent which it was impossible for the tenant at any time to pay, reserving the means of decent subsistence.

"Is the peasant an occupier of land in general?

"Generally, I believe, he is, and to a very small amount. The whole of his tenement is generally in tillage; the greater part of it is occupied in the growing of grain of some kind; part of it is occupied in producing potatoes, and these potatoes form his sole support. I was credibly informed, that in general the lower orders have not milk. The corn is, of course, sold; the peasant generally has a pig or two, and a few fowls. The rent is paid by the grain, the price of the pig, and the eggs and fowls which are reared about the house; and I believe, generally speaking, that the peasant never eats a morsel of bread from the beginning to the end of the year. They scarcely ever have any bedding except straw; and it appears to me that the family are huddled together without any distinction of age or sex, and often with scarcely anything to cover them.

"How do they cultivate land?

"They cultivate the land by the members of the family, who are quite sufficient to cultivate it in the way in which they are accustomed to cultivate it. As to implements of husbandry, the occupiers

of these small tenements in general have none; the plough and harrow are usually borrowed for the occasion.

"Is it your opinion, or is it not, that the rents, at present reserved in that part of the country (Limerick,) are exorbitant rents?"

"I believe the rents are a great deal too high, and such as the vast population upon it cannot afford to pay, and subsist themselves in decency and comfort."

"Will you state whether it has come to your knowledge that the practice, generally speaking, is for absentee landlords, in directing their agents to collect money, for the agents to be paid at a percentage upon the collection?"

"I believe that the agents are generally paid by a per-centage."

"Then it becomes the interest of the agent to collect as much as possible from the tenantry?"

"So it would appear."

"The system of middle-men is not much more prevalent upon absentees' estates than upon those of residents?"

"I believe it is."

"Do you conceive that the rent of the occupying peasant is much diminished by holding directly from the principal proprietor, instead of from the middle-man?"

"I should think it is."

From the evidence of Maxwell Blacker, Esq., King's Counsel in Ireland.

"Generally speaking, before the eviction of the interests of the middle-men, how many middle-men generally intervened between you and the actual occupiers of the soil in any particular place?"

"I do not think I could state that completely."

"Was it frequently the case that there were three or four?"

"Yes."

"Can you give the Committee any general idea of the ratio of rents you have observed in these instances, as compared with those they had been in the habit of paying to the middle-men, before you ejected those middle-men?"

"They paid considerable profit to the middle-men; for instance, if the middle-man paid me L.500 a-year, he expected to get between L.700 and L.800 a-year from his tenants. When I ejected the middle-man who paid me L.500 a-year, I took at first the L.500, and afterwards they complained it was too much; and not being a judge myself, nor living in the country, I consulted gentlemen there as to what the value was, and I then reduced it probably to L.400, so that I got less from the occupying tenants than the

middle-men before had been able to pay me during the war time."

"Were the middle-men who paid you the rent generally actually resident in the country?"

"I believe some were, and some were not; I do not know which would form the majority."

"Have you any doubt that the middle-man, who was the lowest in the series, and in immediate communication with the tenant, exacted from them the utmost possible shilling that he could?"

"I have no doubt about it."

"Supposing you allowed the middle-man to run into arrear three or four years, might it not so happen, that he had previously distrained on the person on whom you actually distrained?"

"It often did."

"So that where there were three intervening tenants, the immediate occupier might have had four distresses?"

"He might."

"It would be very satisfactory for the information of those who are unacquainted with the circumstances of Ireland, if you would state the manner in which the number of tenants becomes multiplied, and the land subdivided, without the permission of the proprietor of the soil."

"Whenever a tenant gets a farm, if he has a family, as he generally has, the farm is subdivided amongst his children; generally the sons get a share, and often daughters, when they get husbands, get a portion of the land; and, in like manner, it goes on, those sons' sons come and require provision, and it is subdivided again amongst them."

Major G. Warburton states in his evidence, that in the county of Clare, the peasantry, the actual cultivators, occupy on the average from one to two acres; he represents them to be in the lowest state of wretchedness."

A more horrible system than this, whether we look at the occupier, the landlord, the government, or the country, could not be imagined. It is extraordinary that such a mode of letting should have got allied with such a mode of subdividing, to scourge the same people. Either would alone have been a sufficient plague."

It is easy to see that some of the questions were meant to elicit from those who gave evidence a defence of the middle-men. Certain of the political economists have long been the champions of these middle-men, and have called all that has been said against them idle prejudice. These persons

retain their opinions in the face of this evidence, and of course the middle-men have champions still. Political economy is an odd science.

Burke said most truly of farming—"The trade is a very poor trade; it is subject to great risks and losses. The capital, such as it is, is turned but once in the year; in some branches it requires three years before the money is paid."—"It is very rare that the most prosperous farmer, counting the value of his quick and dead stock, the interest of the money he turns, together with his own wages as a bailiff or overseer, ever does make twelve or fifteen per centum on his capital."—"The trade of a farmer is, as I have before explained, one of the most precarious in its advantages, the most liable to losses, and the least profitable of any that is carried on. It requires ten times more of labour, of attention, of skill, and, let me add, of good fortune also, to carry on the business of a farmer with success, than what belongs to any other trade."

This, notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since it was written, is still most applicable to the trade of the farmer.

The political economists occasionally raise an immense outcry because the land in this country belongs to a comparatively few people. They cannot endure the law of primogeniture and entails; a very large estate they regard as an abomination. Oh! they exclaim, that the land were divided and owned, in small lots, by the peasantry! What abundance and happiness would every family draw from its five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty acres! Here, as in too many other cases, these economists attack one of the main pillars of England's prosperity. We do not quarrel with these people because they are theorists, although we venerate very highly practical men, but we quarrel with them because they build upon erroneous theory,—because they reason from assumptions which are perfectly false.

If a tradesman begin business in a town, he can only buy and sell at the market price; he must have business sufficient to employ him, and his sales must reach a certain amount, or he must starve. So a farmer must not only occupy land, but he must occupy a certain extent of land, to obtain a

sufficiency of bread. He must have as much as will employ him, and enable him to keep a couple of horses to draw his plough: he must have at least forty or fifty acres. If a man buy and occupy fifty acres of land, the price and the capital necessary for cultivating it amount to perhaps from 1500 to 2000 pounds. Such a capital, in most cases, would enable the tradesman to fare sumptuously, and to realise a handsome fortune; but he who vests it in land must work as hard as a labourer, he must taste no delicacies, he must have no wine, he must very seldom sip spiritous liquors, and honest John Barleycorn must only reach his lips as a rarity; he must provide his family only with plain, homely food and clothing, or he cannot maintain the balance between income and expenditure. If he save a little money for his children, he must deprive himself of everything save the plainest necessities. If a man occupy fifty acres at a moderate rent, saving is out of the question; and the best that he can look for is, a very scanty maintenance for himself and his family.

If a man own and occupy ten, twenty, or even thirty acres of tillage land, it will do little more than half employ him; it will not enable him to keep horses to work it, and it will not support him. If he be willing to work as a labourer when it does not call for his attention, he can perhaps procure no employment; he is, however, generally too proud to do this, and therefore he degenerates into an idle sloven. He sinks into penury, and mortgages by little and little, until at last his land slips from his fingers. If a husbandry labourer, in England, have twenty or thirty acres of arable land bequeathed to him, he seldom thinks of occupying it himself, because he knows it will not afford him a livelihood. He sells or mortgages it, and takes a good-sized farm with the money. As to merely occupying so small a quantity, without any other employment, it is not to be thought of. The small parcels of land in our villages are therefore, almost always, occupied by the tradesman—by the innkeeper, the butcher, &c. The trade and the land together furnish that livelihood which neither could furnish singly. In speaking of the agricultural population of England, it must always be

remembered that it cannot subsist, like that of other countries, on rye or barley bread, roots, and vegetables; it must have a sufficiency of wheaten bread, beef, and bacon. The morsel of land, therefore, which would maintain the agriculturist of another country, would starve the English one.

If the economists would only begin, as they ought, at the beginning,—if they would use arithmetic a little more, and rhetoric a little less,—if they would calculate how much a family must expend in food and raiment, how much labour a certain number of acres will employ—and how much profit these acres will yield—they would not blunder as they do. As matters are, many of them speak as though the farmer's clods could be changed into gold and silver at pleasure,—as though a man can never want work, money, or bread, if he only possess a few acres of land.

If the land of England were divided among the peasants in lots of two, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty acres each, it would be prodigiously over-peopled; it would not do more than half employ its population; there could be no accumulation of capital; it would not supply the occupiers with necessaries; at every death, the land, if not entailed, would have to be sold, or subdivided into acre and half-acre, allotments for the benefit of the deceased's children. There would be none able to buy save the larger proprietors and the rich traders, and these would buy to again form large estates. If the land were thus divided to-morrow, the mass of the peasantry would sell their allotments the day after, if they could only take good-sized farms at a moderate rent with the money. They would do this from the knowledge, that if they occupied their portions they would starve, and that if they rented good farms they would live comfortably and save.

Nothing could be more absurd than the clamour which has often been got up in late years, by ignorant people, because the small proprietors and occupiers melted away, and their land passed to large ones. The change was a very natural and beneficial one; it resulted from the increase of capital and knowledge. The small proprietor saw that it was more profitable to be the tenant only of a large farm, than to be both owner and occupier

of a small one, therefore he sold; the small occupier saw that it was more profitable to occupy much than a little; he could generally borrow money of his neighbours, and he therefore constantly laboured to increase his quantity of land. The small proprietors thus sold; the small occupiers abandoned, to obtain good-sized farms; the death of either threw their land upon the market, from the inability of their children to retain it; both owners and occupiers saw that it was their interest to divide the land into farms of good magnitude, therefore it was thus divided. The present division of land in England is, we think, the best one possible; it preserves the land from being overstocked with inhabitants; it cultivates it in the best manner, with the least number of hands; it keeps, generally speaking, the population fully and regularly employed; it extracts from the soil the greatest quantity of produce at the least cost. It is the most beneficial one to landlord, farmer, and labourer, but, at any rate, to the two latter.

Land, in this country, from reasons which must be obvious to all, pays far less interest than any other description of property. This has an inevitable tendency to form it into large masses, and throw it principally into the hands of rich men, in respect of ownership. A little of it absorbs a large capital, and returns scarcely any income. Few but rich men think of investing their money in it, and none but rich men can afford to let good farms. Our land belongs, in a considerable degree, to a comparatively few individuals, whose estates and incomes are enormous; and this forms the chief source of the prosperity of Britain's agriculture. It is principally owing to this that the country abounds with agricultural capital, that it possesses a numerous, intelligent, and respectable yeomanry, that its village-traders and country towns flourish, and that its husbandry labourers generally live as well as the farmers of most other countries. The land of some of these individuals only pays one and a half, or two per cent. upon its value. None but men of immense fortune could afford to let land, or, in other words, to lend money at so low a rate, could resist the temptations that continually surround them to raise their rents, and would sacrifice their own incomes to benefit their

tenantry. The greatest proprietor is commonly the best, and the smallest the worst, landlord. The owner of one hundred farms lets very good ones; the owner of fifty lets moderately good ones; the owner of ten allows his tenants to live comfortably; and the owner of one generally hungers, and often ruins the occupier.

With us, 5000, 10,000, 15,000, 20,000, or 30,000 acres, have often only one landlord to support. A trifling rent will therefore supply him with a princely income. The case would be widely different if every 300 or 1000 acres had to support a separate landlord; most rents would then be doubled, and the increase in them would be taken from the incomes of the farmers and their labourers. A farm of 300 acres, now, has perhaps to contribute only one-fiftieth part of the landlord's revenue: if it be in tillage, and do not consist of very strong land, seven horses, and six men and boys, with the farmer, his wife, and a female servant, can work it, with the addition of a few extra hands in harvest. Including the farmer's family, and his labourers' families, perhaps, on the average, about fourteen men, women, and children, draw their support from its cultivation. If this farm were divided into lots of fifty acres each, twelve horses would be kept to work it, and it would have to support, on

thirty souls. If it were divided into lots averaging about twenty acres each, fifteen horses would be kept to cultivate it, and it would have to support from sixty to seventy souls. The probability is, that the subdivision would reduce the quantity of produce. The poverty of the occupiers would not permit them to purchase that manure which even our best lands call for, and which it now commonly gets.

The trade of the farmer is the poorest of all trades, and it differs in almost every particular from all other trades. The tradesman of a town can always procure a shop, and, to a certain extent, command business; he can go round to solicit customers, and gain a connexion by underselling: as his capital increases, he can increase his business; if he have more than his retail trade requires, he can send out a traveller. But if the farmer want a farm he knows not where to look for it; if he procure one, the extent of his

business is bounded by his number of acres: if his capital increase, he cannot employ the increase on his farm, he cannot obtain another rood, and therefore it adds little to his profits. The articles of the tradesman are seldom of a perishable character; those of the farmer are all so, and the risks are such as no wisdom and foresight can guard against. The tradesman can almost always obtain the same rate of profits: the farmer has little command over the market; and, however his rent or expenses may be increased, he cannot perhaps add anything to the price of his produce. The tradesman's business is his own; he can conceal his gains, and if it even be known that these amount to annual thousands, no one can interfere with him. But the farmer is always at the mercy of the landlord; this landlord can ascertain the amount of his profits, can raise his rent so as to deprive him of them, and can take from him his farm. If the tradesman be turned out of one shop, he can immediately take another equally valuable; but if the farmer be discharged, he is perhaps for years out of business before he can procure another farm, and then it must be one of those that are let by competition, and above their value. Farms are generally so scarce that a farmer will submit to any advance of rent that will not starve and ruin him, rather than quit.

A tradesman who has business for a capital of twelve hundred pounds, clothes himself and his family in the best; he gives wages to his shopman that enable him to appear as a gentleman; he has frequently costly parties; he keeps an excellent table, and consumes much malt liquor, a good deal of spiritous liquors, and no little wine. He nevertheless saves three hundred per annum, and often more; his profits and savings annually increase. If a farmer occupy three hundred acres, they require a capital of twelve hundred pounds. He does not expend one-fourth of what the tradesman expends in dress, visitors, liquors, &c. and yet he thinks himself fortunate if he can save, in a term of years, about one hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. If he lived like the tradesman, he would scarcely save a penny. Were he both owner and occupier of the farm, he would have twelve or fourteen thou-

sand pounds employed, and yet his annual savings would not exceed four hundred or five hundred pounds, even though he should live at one-fourth of the expenses of the tradesman. Were land to pay the same profits to owner and occupier that general trade pays, wheat would always be five or six pounds per quarter, and other produce in proportion; the whole profits of land, those of landlord and tenant jointly, fall greatly below those of trade. We recommend this to the attention of the people who are at this moment setting up an uproar against what they call the high prices of corn, and the monopoly of the agriculturists.

As the owner and occupier have to divide between them much less profit than the tradesman obtains for himself alone, if the owner were not content with a very trifling share, the occupier would never save a shilling. If the former did not possess an immense income, and of course an immense estate, he could not be so; and if his heart were not the noble one, the real British one, that it is, he would not be so. Whatever his income may be, he has no occasion to be satisfied with low rents. If he chose to let his land by competition, and to take all that he could obtain for it, he might monopolize every penny of the profits. Our land is so fully occupied, and a vacant farm can so rarely be met with, that a landlord may, at almost any time, obtain the last shilling of rent that will not absolutely ruin the tenant—he may, very often, obtain that shilling that will absolutely ruin the tenant. If the principle of supply and demand governed the rents of farms, our agriculture would speedily be involved in ruin. The princely liberality of the great landholders operates beyond their own estates. They regulate, to a great extent, the general rate of rents. The smallest proprietor will not let so cheaply as they do; his common excuse is, he cannot afford it; but their low rents have a mighty effect in preventing his from being very exorbitant. Long may these great landholders enjoy their magnificent fortunes—long may their immense estates remain without a single rood being subtracted from them! We breathe the wish for the sake of our country. Well would it be for the country if it knew how much it owes them in respect of wealth,

morals, order, and happiness—of character, high feeling, glory, and greatness.

The less the land has to pay to the landlord, the more it will be able to pay to the cultivators; the fewer landlords it has to maintain, the better able it will be to maintain the farmers and their labourers. We have said, that if the soil of England were divided among small proprietors, owning from 300 to 1000 acres each, rents would of necessity, in many cases, be doubled; they would in some be trebled. This advance could not be paid by even the whole of the farmers' present profits. He would, of course, be compelled to deprive himself of many things that he now regards as necessities, and to starve his labourers. He would be able to save nothing to set his children forward in the world, and to enable one of his sons to succeed him. At his death, his farm would have to be divided. Subdivision and over-peopling must inevitably flow from rents that will not enable the farmer to make moderate savings. Now, in Ireland, it appears that comparatively small estates have to maintain four or five landlords, putting the tithes out of the question. For every one of these estates, the cultivator has to pay four or five different rents to four or five different landlords. Only one of these landlords has any interest in the welfare of the occupiers and the good cultivation of the property, and he perhaps never sees either. The other three or four have no interest, save to sponge from the cultivators the last penny in their power. When the aggregate profits of land are so small, it may easily be supposed that these four or five landlords lay their fingers upon every farthing that can by any stretch of language be called a part of these profits. They get every grain of corn, and every head of cattle; the very poultry cannot escape them. The cultivators have not even bread and water left them; they have only potatoes and water; they have just what will keep them from perishing, and nothing more.

Under such a system, a farmer may commence with a good capital, and a farm of good extent, and still, if his utensils wear out, his cattle die, or his corn be destroyed by the weather, he knows not how to replace them. He can lay by nothing for casualties. He

can save nothing to educate his sons for trade, or to establish them in trade. At his death, his property is divided among his children, and of course not one of them can take his farm; it has to be divided likewise. These children can neither increase their capital nor land, and therefore, when they die, both have farther to be divided. Capital is thus continually divided and diminished, until at length it wholly vanishes; and the land is continually divided, until at last it is cut into the smallest portions practicable. While, therefore, in England, 300 acres of land contribute only a trifling share to the income of one landlord, and are perhaps only burdened with about fourteen souls in their cultivation; 300 acres in Ireland have to pay rent to two, three, four, or five landlords, all of whom, save one, have an interest in exacting the utmost penny they can get; and after these landlords have got all they can obtain, the 300 acres have then to support 200, 400, or, at two acres to a family, 600 souls.

It is to us astonishing that the land can by any possibility be made to support so many people; but it is still more astonishing that any man can be found in Great Britain to vote for the retention of all the landlords. Ireland must be an incomprehensible country, if the annihilation of all of them save the one who has an interest in the weal of the tenantry and the good cultivation of the estate, and if the reduction of rents from three, four, or five pounds, to fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five shillings per acre, would not benefit the peasantry. If the wretched Irish cultivator, who sleeps upon straw, and never tastes bread or animal food, would not be greatly benefitted by having to pay for his three acres only three, instead of ten or twelve pounds—by having practically an addition made to his income of seven or nine pounds per annum—he must differ marvellously from all other human cultivators.

Some questions were put to the Parliamentary witnesses, as to whether the middle-men would not be a beneficial race, if they should be content with moderate rents, should build comfortable dwellings for the cultivators, &c. We cannot but smile at the simplicity of such questions. The middle-man takes land for no other earthly purpose than to make all the money

by it he can. Sub-letting is his trade, it is his means of providing for his family; and, like all other traders, he gets the highest price possible. If he were to take moderate rents, and to build comfortable dwellings for the peasantry, what would follow to himself? He would scarcely gain a shilling by his lease. It is, however, idle to argue the question: a man has only to look at Ireland to find it decided by the most appalling facts.

But it is said; that the middle-men are of some value in maintaining order. This is no doubt partly true; that would be a fearful plague, indeed, which should yield nothing but unmixed calamity. But it is only true to a certain extent. If they restrain turbulence with the one hand, they feed it with the other. The witnesses ascribe the turbulence in a great measure to excessive rents, want, and ignorance; and this, in reality, is ascribing it in a great measure to the middle-men. But no one dreams that the annihilation of the middle-men is *all* that is called for; it is only one of a series of necessary measures. The middle-men must be, as instruments of order, replaced by a yeomanry; and no yeomanry can be created while they exist. So long as they have the land in their hands, it will be impossible for the cultivators to increase their capital, or rather to acquire any. If the soil of Ireland were now divided into good-sized farms, and occupied by a respectable yeomanry, another generation or two would see it in its present state, if the middle-men had the letting of it. Ireland cannot possess both middle-men and a yeomanry; and the question is,—Which shall it possess?

We, of course, hold, that in the *first place*, the land, putting from before us the tithes, should be relieved from all rents but one—that all the landlords should be annihilated save one, save that one whose great wealth will enable him to be satisfied with moderate rents, and whose character, pride, dignity, and predilections, are, when things are suffered to take their natural course, deeply interested in the welfare of the cultivators, and the good condition of the estates. We shall never have any faith in political economy so long as it holds the contrary.

The burdens of the land would, by this alone, be considerably lightened.

In the *second place*, it should be as far as possible relieved from all but necessary cultivators. Economy in labour is quite as essential in agriculture as in trade, although the economists seem to think the contrary. The waste of labour appears to be so enormous in Ireland as to mock calculation. In England, a farmer and his wife, if they do a moderate share of the lighter work, with one female servant, three men, two boys, and a little occasional assistance—about eight men, women, and boys in all—can cultivate a farm of 300 acres. In Ireland, to allow six acres to each occupier, 300 acres have upon them fifty men alone, and perhaps nearly 150 men, women, and boys. To allow two acres to each occupier, 300 acres have upon them 150 men alone, and perhaps 450 men, women, and boys. We speak here of those inhabitants of the soil only who are able to work. The excess of labourers in Ireland only causes the land to be the worse cultivated. When we look at the descriptions which are given of Irish agriculture, we have no doubt that a good English or Scotch farmer would make the land yield double of what it yields at present; we have no doubt, that, allowing for the difference in the quality of the soil, Irish land at present only yields about half the produce of that of Britain.

If we raise the number of labourers on the English farm to twelve, on account of some soils requiring more labour than others, and take those on the same extent of land in Ireland at only 100, there will be on every 300 acres, in the latter country, eighty-eight labourers who are not needed, who are perfectly useless, who are in truth a fearful impediment to advantageous cultivation. The English landlord only takes a small portion of the profits, therefore the farmer lives comfortably, and gives fair wages. The Irish landlords take so much, that the cultivators have scarcely anything left to subsist on. In Ireland, perhaps, fewer horses are kept; but then the landlords are more ravenous among the corn than the horses would be. The twelve English labourers have a greater sum to live on than the 100 Irish ones. If we assume the English village to contain on the average 4200 acres, there will be in every Irish village, possessing the same quantity of land, 1232 perfectly useless labourers.

If we assume that there are a million of labourers, men, women, and children, in Ireland, more than are wanted, and that these ought to earn on the average ten shillings per week, there is in this a dead loss of twenty-six millions annually; there is labour constantly unemployed to this value.

Many people seem to think early marriages a leading cause of this vast superabundance of agricultural population. We think very differently. The population of our villages seldom varies in number, while that of our towns and cities increases very greatly. Now, our villagers marry at a more early age than the inhabitants of cities and towns; and their marriages are the most fruitful, and, in proportion, the most numerous. Mortality is less, and labouring people reach a greater age in the village, than in the town and city. The fact is, the increase of population in our towns and cities is caused in a considerable degree by those who continually remove to them from the vil-

We have said, that in the English village, the division of the land is scarcely ever altered, and an additional cottage is scarcely ever built. It contains accommodation for as many inhabitants as it can fully and beneficially employ, in good times, but no more. The children, therefore, as they grow up, can only fill vacancies in it; they cannot form additional residents. Such as cannot find vacancies, are, in effect, compelled to emigrate to towns and cities. While the villages daily force from them all superfluous hands, the towns and cities daily need, and tempt, these hands to them.

Our towns and cities breed, comparatively speaking, no labourers; we, of course, mean the term to include only those who are commonly called labouring men, and not mechanics, and those who belong to working trades. The children of such a labourer in a town cannot be brought up to their father's calling; it will employ scarcely any but able-bodied adults. They therefore, of necessity, become errand-boys and waiters at chop-houses, public-houses, &c.—they become the domestics of respectable families,—they get employed in the low trades, &c. &c. The mass of these children rise in due time to the middling ranks of society. The gentleman's servant saves money, and takes a public-house; the

waiter at the chop-house, or coffee-house, becomes the master of one; the baker, tailor, or shoemaker's boy, rises to be a master in the trade. Their children are, of course, to have something higher than their own callings,—therefore, they are apprenticed to respectable grocers, drapers, &c. Of course, when the labourer of the town dies, he has no son to succeed him; the vacancy must be filled by a labourer from the country;—when additional labourers are called for, he has no children to meet the call; these additional ones must be fetched from the villages. A constant demand consequently constantly exists in towns and cities for both the surplus labourers of the villages and their children. The villages, in fact, supply the labourers of the whole country.

This relates solely to labourers; but other means exist for carrying the surplus village population to large places. If a respectable farmer have four sons, he knows that he cannot procure farms for them all. He therefore rears, perhaps, two of them as farmers; one to succeed him, and another to take any farm that may chance to become vacant. The others he sends to a town as apprentices to some trade; and, in due season, he establishes them in some town as tradesmen. The sons of the village tradesmen, and of those labourers who, from having small families, are in comfortable circumstances, become the apprentices of the country tailor, shoemaker, blacksmith, &c.,—and when their apprenticeship expires, they go to towns for improvement, and never leave them. In London, inquire among the labourers, and they are almost to a man from the country; inquire among the shopmen of any shop, and most of these are from the country; inquire among the low, small tradesmen, and many of these are of country extraction; inquire among the female servants, and a large portion of these are from the country.

Excellent means exist in England for promoting the due circulation of the population. According to the parliamentary evidence, the Irish peasant in some parts can scarcely be prevailed on to leave the place of his birth. This is nature. The case would be exactly the same with the Englishman in both town and village, if, like the Irishman, he were suffered to grow up to manhood on the same spot of earth—at the

same home. When people reach maturity in the same place, they become so blindly attached to it, and they imbibe so much fear and dislike towards all other places, that scarcely anything but compulsion can remove them.—The mass of our villagers, particularly in the north of England, are compelled to leave their parents' firesides at the age of ten or fourteen, and they are then almost annually buffeted about from place to place until they marry. The boys, indeed, who are put to trade, remain a few years with the same master after they leave home, but they perhaps afterwards dwell with several different masters, and a certain period in the metropolis, before they establish themselves in business. The son and daughter of the labourer leave home altogether at the age we have mentioned; they are hired to the farmer, who boards and lodges them in his house. When they have spent a year with one farmer, they need a step of promotion, and an advance of wages, which it does not suit him to give; they therefore leave him, and are hired by another, whom they serve, perhaps, only a single year for the same reason. They thus scarcely ever remain more than two years with the same master, until they reach the age of twenty; and after this, they repeatedly change masters until they marry. At every change, they perhaps go to a different village, as well as to a different master. Statutes for the hiring of servants are held at the market-towns, and they are attended by the servants of a circuit of, perhaps, fifteen miles round. Here the principal hirings take place; the servant who has lived a year in one village is, perhaps, hired for the next year to another ten, fifteen, or twenty miles distant; he is again hired, perhaps, after twelve months expire, to another equally distant village.

This eradicates the prejudice in favour of the place of birth which is complained of in Ireland; it gives to the Englishman courage and will to go anywhere in search of a livelihood, and it puts the means into his power of going from one distant place to another. It keeps the population of the village at the proper point; it keeps the surplus hands continually floating towards the towns and cities. The farmer needs the greater part of these hands in their youth, when the townsman needs them not; when the former

has no farther occasion for them, then they are necessary to the latter. The male and female servants can never regard themselves as the fixed residents of any village until they marry; they cannot marry until they can find a vacant cottage, and they seldom can find such a cottage without finding a vacancy for a labourer. The poor-laws operate powerfully to prevent the population of the village from becoming too numerous, but of them more hereafter.

The great number, and flourishing condition of our towns and cities, enable them to constantly take off the surplus population of the villages; and their great number and flourishing condition flow in a large degree from the lowness of agricultural rents. We have said that the great landholder spends nearly the whole of his income in the metropolis, at a distance perhaps of 200 miles from his estate. But then he takes only a trifling share of the profits; the remainder is left to be expended on the land. The farmer enjoys a good income, and he can afford to pay reasonably good wages to his labourers: the soil is not burdened with more souls than it can employ. Almost every one is therefore a consumer of colonial produce and manufactured goods. A village that contains only 300 souls, that has no resident landlord or clergyman, and that has no inhabitant higher than a respectable farmer, sends perhaps two thousand pounds annually to the neighbouring market-town for the purchase of merchandize. Independently, therefore, of the sea-ports and manufacturing towns, good towns are to be found in every neighbourhood which take many of the village children as apprentices and servants, and then send them to the large places.

The towns of Ireland bear no proportion to the villages. It has comparatively no inland trade; the mass of the inhabitants consume nothing. The owner of the soil, in many cases, spends his income wholly out of the country; this, if the money were expended in England, would not perhaps differ very greatly in effect from the expenditure of the English landlord. But then after him comes another landlord, or perhaps more, to seize every farthing of those profits which ought to be enjoyed by the cultivators. Independently of this, the land

is so excessively overpeopled that it yields the least quantity of produce; the income that twelve people ought to have, has to be divided among more than one hundred, consequently scarcely any of it can be expended among the traders. The English village of four hundred souls maintains within it perhaps eight families, or thirty souls, by trade; it does this in addition to what it contributes to the trade of the neighbouring town. The Irish village can do nothing of the kind. What can the grocer and draper do among those who use no groceries and drapery-ware? What can the shoemaker do among those who wear no shoes, or the tailor among those who cover themselves with rags? What can the carpenter and blacksmith do among such cultivators as the Irish ones? How are the miller and butcher to live among people who eat no bread or animal food? In England an enormous quantity of labour is employed in conveying colonial produce and manufactures from the large to the smaller places; and in dividing, retailing, and making them up after they arrive; in Ireland, there is, comparatively speaking, scarcely any such employment for labourers. The merchant has comparatively no import trade, and the manufacturer no home trade. The towns can only employ a very small part of the superfluous village hands. Thus when labourers become too numerous, they destroy labour; their privations dry up many of its sources. If the labourers did not exceed the proper number, and if the cultivators were suffered to enjoy their just share of the profits of the soil, we think that there would be twice the quantity of work in Ireland that there now is, and that there would be four times the sum paid for work that is at present paid. If rents were reduced to the level of English ones, and the land divided like that of England, we think that half the superfluous village population would be almost immediately beneficially employed by the towns and the new country trade.

It may be that the village population of Ireland increases from early marriages more rapidly than that of England, but we suspect it does this in no considerable degree. Our villagers have generally been in the habit of marrying at an early age. The truth seems to be that the English

village has had the means of throwing off the superfluous hands as they appeared; the Irish village has not; when a child was born into the former, a youth of from ten to twenty left it; when a child was born into the latter, it generally formed a lasting addition to the population. If the Irish small farmer had several sons, he could not afford to give them learning to fit them for trade, he could not save money to establish them in trade, and he was therefore obliged to rear them as husbandry labourers. There were no village tradesmen to take the labourers' children as apprentices; there were no farmers' wives to hire the girls and qualify them for good town-situations. All were necessarily reared as labourers of the lowest description, and the towns could only employ a very contemptible portion of their increase. In consequence, the occupier, whatever his inclination might be, was compelled to subdivide his land, as his only means of preserving his children from actual starvation; the labourer, whatever he might wish, was constrained to remain in the village. There were comparatively no country masters, therefore there was no circulation of the labouring population. In addition, rackrents were continually operating to dissipate capital, to narrow the extent of farms, and to overpeople the soil. While, therefore, the village population of England has remained nearly stationary, if we except the additional hands rendered necessary by the improved system of culture, that of Ireland has increased until it exceeds all bounds.

Let us not be understood as speaking in favour of early marriages; we are no friends to them. Our object is to correct a very general, and, as we think, a very erroneous opinion touching the cause of the superabundance of the agricultural population of Ireland. But whatever our dislike to such marriages may be, we feel an equal dislike to the placing of any "checks," as they are called, upon them. They who attack the strongest laws of nature will rarely gain by it. Our villagers, we believe, have not in late years married at so early an age as they did formerly; and we are by no means sure that the good which this has yielded, has not been more than counterpoised by the number of illegiti-

mate children to whom it has given birth.

We must now look at one of the most gigantic evils which the subdivision, and the excess of population cause in the Irish village.

The English village of 300 souls, contains ten or twelve farmers possessed of good property, and six or eight decent tradesmen. Its population, therefore, is divided into classes having distinct interests, and is well balanced. The farmers and tradesmen are men of intelligence; their interests lie altogether on the side of peace and order—good morals and conduct, and they have the labourers under their tuition and control. In some of the northern counties of England, the farmers have hitherto been in the habit of boarding and lodging all their unmarried, and of boarding their married servants in their houses. A more invaluable system could not be imagined. In the first place, the servants, whatever their wages may be, are sure of abundance of good food. They have plenty of beef or bacon, three times per day; excellent milk, and good, though homely wheaten bread, pies, &c. In the second place, the farmer's house forms an admirable school for the labourers' children. These enter it at the age of ten or fourteen—they are constantly receiving excellent moral, as well as other instruction—they are constantly disciplined in habits of industry, and the practice of good principles and feelings—they have constantly excellent examples before them—and they are constantly under the most effectual and touching conduct—until they marry. None but the married men can spend their evenings and nights as they please; the unmarried ones, those who, if they were able, would often spend both in very pernicious practices, have an hour or two for recreation after the toils of the day are ended, but they are compelled to be in the farmer's house regularly by nine every evening. The bread of the labourer is wholly in the hands of the farmer, and bad moral conduct will insure the loss of it, as certainly as idleness and bad workmanship.

Attaching as we do, immense importance to the females of a community, we will say a word particularly on the benefits which this yields to the village females. The poor labourer's

daughter goes to the farmer's wife at the age of fourteen, and she is then under the most excellent instruction touching conduct, the management of a family, the rearing of children, &c.; and she is under very rigid surveillance until she marries. A great demand constantly exists in towns for female servants from the country, and this is in a large degree caused by their superiority in industry and conduct over the town-bred ones. This operates powerfully to carry off the surplus females of the villages. When the labouring man marries, he gets a wife that has been well instructed; one who can manage his affairs properly, and bring up his children in the best manner.

The benefits which flow from this system to public order, are of the first class. We were for many years intimately acquainted with several villages in which it prevailed. These never saw a resident landlord, they had no resident clergyman, they had no stipendiary peace-officer, and a decent farmer was the most exalted inhabitant. The farmers filled the office of constable by annual rotation, and when one of them entered upon the office, he gave himself no more concern about watching over the public peace than before. Yet we never knew any serious offence committed in these villages. The farmers not only had the labourers effectually under control, but the latter were filled with the best feelings against vicious and criminal conduct.

This invaluable system is, we regret to say, declining in those counties in which it has so long been adhered to. The farmers are discovering that it is a more expensive one than to pay their servants a certain sum without providing them board and lodging. In the southern counties, we believe it prevails only very partially. The farmers in some cases provide their servants with lodgings without board, and often they provide them with neither. This operates most perniciously in various ways. It feeds the labourers much worse, and in consequence, they perform less labour. It tends to multiply the cottages beyond the proper number, and thereby to check removals and overpeople the villages. The labourer's children have often no other home than his dwelling, and they become so much attached to the place

that they will not leave it. It enables the boys and single men to spend their evenings and nights as they please, and they in consequence contract many vicious habits. It keeps the labourers, young and old, in ignorance and penury, and it renders the control of the farmers over them exceedingly imperfect. We hold it to be largely accountable for the excessive population, the badness of wages, and the turbulence and crime which in late years have been found in several English counties.

If our great landholders would be governed by us, they should covenant with their tenants, to board and lodge all their unmarried, and to board their married servants in their houses. We hold it essential for the well-being of country society.

We will now turn to the Irish village. From the subdivision of the soil, there are, comparatively, no masters, and the inhabitants, instead of forming a duly organized, well-balanced community, can only form a huge mob. Instead of a number of farmers, men of intelligence, and having a deep stake in peace and order, holding the whole of the labourers under their control, nearly all are in effect labourers of the lowest class, without masters. The inhabitants have scarcely any means of acquiring proper knowledge; they cannot be disciplined in habits of industry and general good conduct; they cannot perhaps perform more labour in twelve months than they ought to perform in two, and their bread depends in scarcely any degree on their good character. The English labourer is almost banished society, and is left to pine on parish allowance for bad conduct; the Irish one draws his subsistence from the land, and this he can generally keep, whatever his life may be. As there are no masters for the men, there are no mistresses for the women. The girls grow up in the huts in ignorance, rags, filth, sloth, and immodesty. We need not say what kind of wives and mothers they must make. We need not say what kind of parents the children of such people have to look to for instruction and example. Ignorance, want, idleness, absence of control, —almost everything that could be imagined—combines to give to the inhabitants of this village the worst character and conduct.

As we believe that the Poor Laws,

when properly administered, contribute mightily to the good character and circumstances of our husbandry labourers, we feel that what we have said on this momentous subject is very incomplete, without a description of the operation of these laws. This our limits will not allow us at present to give. The economists vituperate these laws so fearfully, that a short defence of them would not be sufficient; we shall therefore give one in a separate article, which our readers will regard as a continuation of the present one. A motion, we see, is about to be made in Parliament for the introduction of these laws into Ireland. Friendly as we are to them, we still cannot but know, that the Irish village is not yet in a fit state for their full operation. We, however, wish them to be immediately established there, for the benefit of the aged and impotent only. This would familiarize the people with their nature and working, and their operation might be extended as circumstances might permit. The Irish village cannot, we think, be raised to the level of the English one without the English poor laws, but then these laws, as a whole, must follow, and not precede, other great changes.

What we have said must not be understood to mean, that our village population is never superabundant. It must be so occasionally. When trade is bad in large places, the demand for new hands from the country is narrowed or suspended, and the village for a time cannot get rid of its surplus ones. The village contains as many labourers as the farmers can employ in good times; in bad times the farmers employ less labourers; and if ten of them employ fewer hands by five, this causes for a time considerable superabundance of labourers. Some villages contain too many cottages, and in consequence have generally more married labourers than they can employ; in others, the poor laws are viciously administered, or bad systems of hiring and managing servants prevail. But the superabundance is, in general, only occasional; it seldom reaches any pernicious height, or leads to subdivision, and other mischievous changes in the construction of society.

Upon the whole, we hold it to be among the most undeniable of all earthly things, that Ireland never can be tranquil, orderly, moral, prosperous, and happy, until a radical change is

made in the structure of its village society. The landlords must take the lead in effecting this change, but they must be largely assisted by the government. The owners of the soil ought to be induced by interest to undertake it; for, as far as we can discover, it would, before any long period of time elapsed, improve greatly their estates and incomes. In deciding upon what this change should be, let no one bewilder himself by looking at the agricultural population as a whole; let him place before him a single Irish village, and ascertain what alterations would cause it to resemble the English one. The middle-men should be annihilated, and the rents which they exact should be left in the pockets of the cultivators. Capital never can be increased or preserved by these cultivators until this is done; without this it will be idle to speak of creating good-sized farms, and a yeomanry. A large part of the unnecessary inhabitants should be taken off by emigration, and in this the government should be a principal agent. Emigration, to do good, should, if possible, as we said several months ago, clear village after village, and not act at once upon the whole country. The reduction of rents, and the emigration, would enable the peasantry to become general consumers; this would give such an impulse to the home trade as would enable it to employ a large part of the remainder of the surplus hands. Capital is, no doubt, deplorably wanted, but if rents were properly reduced, those who now occupy fair portions of land, would gradually increase their capital, and the size of their farms. If the horrible system of assassinating, burning, and houghing, were put down, and if as good farms could be taken in Ireland as in England, we think that almost every Irish village might soon see an English or Scotch farmer, of good capital, settle in it. This would yield various benefits of the very first order. To encourage this, we think the government ought to do everything possible. The wretched peasant now dwells on the land because he is chained to it; he worships it, because he has nothing else to look to for his miserable potstoe; but these things would break his chains, and give him other objects to value; they would give him an interest in, and the means of, leaving it, whenever it would not afford him a decent maintenance. The po-

pulation should be continually reduced, by all imaginable means, until brought to the proper number; and this can only be done by the most strenuous efforts of both landholders and the government. If this were accomplished, and the land were divided into good-sized farms of moderate rents, the interests of all would set against subdivision and overpeopling, and the agricultural population of Ireland might stand comparison with that of Britain.*

Twelve months since, the British nation, we think, would have done almost anything to better the condition of Ireland; we believe it would cheerfully have given millions upon millions of its revenue for the purpose. Matters are now, we grieve to say, greatly changed. The conduct of the Popish priesthood, and the demagogues, and the agitation in Parliament of the Catholic question, have engendered a feeling in this country towards Ireland, which the pretended friends of that wretched nation ought to have made any sacrifice to have kept down. The unanimity and enthusiasm in favour of Ireland are gone; and, alas! they have been replaced by feelings of a far different nature. If the most bitter enemy of Ireland had wished to do it all the mischief in his power, he would first have acted as Doyle and O'Connell have done, and then he would have brought the Catholic bill into Parliament. Descriptions are given to Parliament of the misery and depravity of the Irish peasant, which freeze the blood; and yet, instead of attempting to remove this misery and depravity, Parliament is only endeavouring to aggrandize the Popish priesthood and gentry. The poor wretch who is starving is to be relieved by the removal of the Catholic disabilities; when money is impudently called for to convey the surplus population to bread and comfort, a quarter of a million is to be annually lavished on the Popish priests; at a time when it is of the first importance to keep the good feelings of this country towards Ireland at the highest point, nothing is to be done save what will convert these feelings into jealousy, dislike, and indignation. If

those who call themselves the exclusive friends of Ireland had their desert, they would be blasted by its curses. We, too, are the friends of Ireland, but we differ from the Irish priests and demagogues, and the English party leaders. We are not its friends for personal profit; we seek not to extract wealth and dignity from the penury and guilt of its peasantry; we care not over its miseries to inflame them, that we may fill our pockets with money, and raise ourselves to power. No; thank God! we are free from the damning infamy. We are the friends of the friendless; we are the friends of the distressed, the depraved, the deluded, and the enslaved. We are the friends of the people of Ireland, and not of the priests and demagogues. We therefore would first direct our attention to those things in Ireland which call the most imperiously for remedy; we would look first at the condition of the peasantry; we would first remove the surplus village inhabitants, and give bread and comfort to the remainder; we would first re-construct village society, and give the inhabitants proper means of instruction; and a deep stake in peace and order; we would first render Ireland, as a whole, civilized, enlightened, peaceful, prosperous, and happy. After having thus satisfied the wants of nature, it would then be soon enough to look at those of ambition; after having thus given food and raiment to the many, it would then be soon enough to satisfy the political cravings of the contemptible few who now enjoy comfort and luxury, and who can only employ both to curse their country.

The emancipation-men speak of Ireland as though it was an immense loss, and a mighty sacrifice to it, to have any connexion with us; they speak of separation as a thing which would benefit that miserable country. Alas! for Ireland; that they should commit the wickedness. Ireland is at this moment kept alive by the heart's blood of Britain; if her miseries be not moved by Britain, they will never be removed; her present sustenance, and hopes for the future, rest solely upon Britain. What would become of her, were we to close our ports to her agri-

* We are glad to perceive in the Irish papers, that several of the landlords have lately interested themselves greatly in improving the condition of their tenantry. The Marquis of Londonderry occupies a distinguished place among them.

cultural produce, and import the quantity from other countries? What would become of her, were we to close our shores to the multitudes of her labourers who continually arrive, to the grievous injury of our own? What but the wealth and influence of Britain can remove the surplus population, change her system of land-letting, and give her competence and prosperity? Every man in Ireland ought to be prepared to shed his heart's blood to maintain the connexion between the two nations. There is not a man in Ireland, whatever his rank and condition may be, who has not a mighty personal interest in teaching his countrymen to conciliate Britain by all imaginable means, and to

venerate her as his country's best friend. Why do we say this? Because those who call themselves the patriots of Ireland are goading Britain into a religious and political enemy, instead of making her a friend, to remove the sufferings of their country; because they are depriving the starving peasant of the food and raiment which Britain is anxious to give him; because they are converting this golden moment for removing the real miseries of their country into the means of perpetuating them. Whatever feelings Britain ought to entertain towards the Catholic Association, and the Catholic bill, we fear that the mass of the Irish people will have ample cause to execrate both to the last moments of their existence.

LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

No. II.

THE principal object of my former letter was, to vindicate the moral character of the natives of Hindoostan from some of the many calumnies which have been gratuitously heaped upon it. In the pursuit of that object, I was led to anticipate various remarks, and to lay before you sundry quotations from parliamentary papers, and other official documents, which might have been, perhaps, more appropriately introduced elsewhere. But no great harm has been done. These quotations extracted, as you will perceive that they are extracted, from the reports of some of our ablest Indian statesmen, and from the public dispatches of the late Governor-general himself, abundantly justify me in asserting, that the writer in "*The Friend of India*," who represents the Hindoos as naturally the most depraved of human beings, and the establishment of our government among them, as manifestly the effect of divine interposition in their favour, is either the worst-informed, or the most perverse of all the instructors, to whom a credulous public has lately paid attention. That the inhabitants of British India,—especially that portion of them who reside near the seat of government, and with whom alone Europeans have an opportunity of familiarly mixing,—are very far from perfection, I readily admit. It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, that wherever Europeans

establish themselves, there the natives' character becomes rapidly depraved; whilst, as has already been shown, our whole system of regulating the country, has tended only to debase the people, and to corrupt their morals. "Drunkenness, prostitution, indecorum, profligacy of manners, must," says Sir Henry Strachey, "increase under a system, which, though it profess to administer the Mahomedan law, does not punish these immoralities;" and whether a government, whose operations have a tendency to produce such effects, deserves the unbounded praise bestowed upon it by the Missionaries; far more, whether its erection ought to be spoken of as a direct work of God, I leave you to judge.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into controversy, either with this "*Friend of India*," or with any other popular writer. You have requested me to state with candour my opinion of the Anglo-Indian government; whether I conceive that it has proved, and still continues to prove, beneficial to the natives themselves,—and hence, whether we are justified in hoping that it will be permanent. From what has been already said, you will guess that my sentiments are very different on these heads from those of the public in general; but you shall have proofs, as well as sentiments. And they are but too abundant.

It will not, I fear, be possible for me to convey to you any adequate notion of the mistakes into which the framers of the present system of Indian politics have fallen, unless I succeed in previously laying before you an intelligible sketch of the systems which preceded it. In doing this, it will, I am aware, be necessary to go over a good deal of ground which has already been trodden, and to recall your attention to controversies which have long ceased to agitate the public mind. Nevertheless, if you and I succeed by these means, in opening the eyes of our rulers to the perilous state of their Asiatic possessions; far more, if we shall be in the slightest degree instrumental in obtaining for our Hindoo fellow-subjects the blessings of an efficient government, we shall have no cause to regret—I, that I toiled through so many dusty documents for your edification, and you, that you admitted the results of my labour into the pages of *Maga*. By way of a preface to that sketch, I beg leave to subjoin the following extracts from the recorded opinion of S. Davis, Esquire; a gentleman whose intimate acquaintance with Indian affairs no one will question. The original will be found among the answers to Court's Queries, in the volume already referred to, namely, vol. II. of *Selections from the Records at the India House*.

"It must appear," says that intelligent servant of the Company, "that the natives of British India are entitled to good government, whatever may be the expense attending it. We have moulded the system of finance, of judicature, and of police, at our pleasure, and have experienced their perfect submission under every change. Though certain measures bore hard upon the higher classes, and though they were excluded from all offices of high trust and emolument, no clamours or expressions of discontent have been heard. This may have been less owing to their insensibility and indifference, than to their habits, formed under an absolute government, which endures submission until the

grievance approaches the extreme point. With the few of them who reason at all on the subject, it may be ascribed to their having distinctly perceived the general policy of the British government to be dictated by humane and liberal motives, and pursued with unceasing endeavours for their general welfare, and that the errors committed have proceeded more from a want of knowledge and experience, than from any other cause. The want of knowledge, founded on local experience, was conspicuous in Lord Cornwallis, and to this may be justly ascribed the defects in the system established by his lordship, which it is now become indispensable for the Court of Directors to inquire into and correct. Lord Cornwallis went out to India under a persuasion that the landholders had been oppressed, and that their hardships arose principally from the changeable system of the internal government. His Lordship was surrounded by theorists who might be thought to have caught the spirit of innovation, at that time prevailing in Europe. The ill effect of bad administration was ascribed to the rules and laws administered, and an entire change in the machine was determined on, without any attempt to correct its movements. The most important of the changes introduced, and from which the others followed, as matters of course, was that which invested the Zemindars with proprietary right in the land on assessments fixed in perpetuity.* This alteration, which placed the Zemindar, as nearly as could be done, on a footing with a British freeholder, was followed by an abolition of those checks, which appeared to be necessary, only while he acted as collector of the revenue. The Canongoes lost their land and their offices; those ancient functionaries, the Chowdries, Moccuddims, and Mundulls, with the whole economy of a Hindoo village community, or such remnants as had survived the Mahomedan rule, were left at the discretion of the Zemindar; and a host of Peicks, who had held service-

* Extract from Lord Cornwallis's minute of the 18th of September, 1789:—"I am also convinced, that falling the claim of proprietary right of the Zemindars, it would be necessary for the public good, to grant a right of property in the soil to them, or to persons of other descriptions. I think it unnecessary to enter into any discussion of the grounds upon which their right appears to be founded."

lands, were deprived of their maintenance by an order of the government, and left to shift for themselves.* Innovations of this nature would have been dangerous to the state in other countries, but they were submitted to in India without any public disturbance. These arrangements, and the municipal rules founded on them, have now been more than twenty years in operation, and a competent judgment, it is presumed, may be formed of that policy which has extended them to the territories subsequently acquired. On their effects in Bengal, different opinions appeared to be entertained. Those who think most favourably of Lord Cornwallis' system, see in the increased population, cultivation, and internal commerce, which has certainly occurred, what they deny could have been experienced under the former regulations of the government; they even deny the possibility of such effects being produced under what is understood to have been either the Mahomedan or the Hindoo system of government. To so unfounded a prejudice, it might be sufficient to oppose the evidence arising from the vestiges of public works of ornament and of use abounding throughout India, some of which rival the stupendous labours of the ancient world, and could be effected only under tranquil and prosperous governments; but on this point I am happy to be supported by the Sanscrit Professor at the Oriental College, whose acquaintance with the history and literature of India, gives peculiar weight to his opinions on this subject. His words are these:—'I hope I shall not appear inconsistent, if I here state my conviction, that at the time of the Mahomedan invasion, Hindustan had reached a higher degree of order, riches, and population, than it has since obtained.' Again, he says, 'I beg it may not be imagined, that I, in any degree, entertain the opinion, that Bengal was misgoverned until the English obtained possession of it. The high state of prosperity in which they found it, would, to every unprejudiced mind, repel so gross a calumny.' For my own part, I not only agree with Mr Hamilton in re-

gard to the effects which have been produced under former governments, but perhaps go farther than he does, in thinking the system under which these were produced, to be still the system best adapted to the genius and condition of the people, so that our deviations from it have been attended with inconvenience to the government, and evils to the people, which go far to countervail any good to either, that can be ascribed exclusively to the change."

The system of which Mr Davis here speaks so highly in praise, may yet be seen in active operation in the Mahratta territories. That it formerly extended throughout the whole of that country where Hindooism, however modified, exists, cannot be doubted, though it is to the provinces conquered from the Peishwa that we must now look for a distinct view of it in our own possessions; indeed, there are too many traces of it, even in the old provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, to suffer a doubt to arise, as to its universal prevalence at no very distant period. Taking the Reports of Sir Thomas Munro, and the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, therefore, as my chief authorities, in referring you generally to the Fifth Report of the Select Committee of 1812, with its voluminous appendices, I proceed at once to lay before your readers a brief outline of their native arrangements, such as they were whilst yet the Hindoos maintained their independence, and such as they afterwards became under the Mussulman dynasties.

Long prior to the year 1000, when the first Mahomedan conquests were made, we have every reason to believe, that the whole of that immense territory, which we usually, but improperly, denominate Hindostan, was governed not by one prince or emperor, but by a number of petty princes, called Rajahs. Among these there appears to have been one, namely the Mahal-Rajah, of a rank superior to the rest, to whom the others looked as a sort of federal chief; in case of need, and a general protector against the encroachments and oppressions of each other; but with

* It is well known that Sir John Shore, (now Lord Teignmouth,) objected to the settlement being made perpetual.—See his *Minutes of Dissent on the 4th Report of the Select Committee.*

whom they seldom kept up any decided intimacy, except when their necessities compelled. Within his own principality, each Rajah seems, on the contrary, to have been quite as absolute as the Mahal-Rajah; and in all the principalities the Rajahship was hereditary, by neither more nor less than a sort of patriarchal monarchy.

When I speak of the absolute authority of an Hindoo Rajah, it is not my intention to assert, that he stood above the reach of law, or the control of public opinion. On the contrary, he was placed, by the rules of his religion, in a great degree, under the guidance of his Brahmins. His religion imposed upon his passions very considerable restraint; nor was it possible for him to violate these, without, at the same time, stirring up against himself a power more to be dreaded than anything of which we can form a conception. "The magistrate,"* says the code of Gentoo laws, "shall keep in subjection to himself his lust, anger, avarice, folly, drunkenness, and pride; he who cannot keep these passions under his own subjection, how shall he be able to nourish or protect the people? Neither shall he be seduced by the pleasures of the chase, nor be perpetually addicted to play; nor must he be always employed in dancing, singing, and playing on musical instruments; nor must he sleep in the daytime; nor shall he falsely accuse any person; nor shall he always remain concealed in his private apartments, nor practise the drinking of wine; nor shall he go to any place without a cause, and shall not dispraise any person without knowing his faults; nor shall he cause any molestation to men of worth; nor shall he put any person to death by artful and deceitful practices; nor shall he take away the property of any person; nor shall he envy another person's superior merit; nor shall he say that such persons as are men of capacity are men of no capacity; nor shall he abuse any person; and shall not hold any person guilty without the commission of a crime." Again, "Such things as are not proper for him to take, he shall not take on any pretence; and of such things as are right and proper for him to take,

even although they are exceedingly minute, he shall not press his claim; and he shall esteem the subjects in the light of his children."

Such are the rules laid down for the private conduct of the Rajah. To assist him in the concerns of government, again, he is commanded "to erect in his kingdoms some buildings of strength and elegance, and to place therein, with all dignity and respect, ten Brahmins, learned in the Buds of the Shastru, (who are also men skilful in the works of piety, and who employ themselves in worthy actions, and who are men of compassion and clemency, and of an exalted family, and acquainted with all business, and who know the excellencies and blemishes of each particular caste,) to instruct and control the affairs of the kingdom, both religious and otherwise." Justice, moreover, was administered by the prince in person, who sat, as we read that David and Solomon sat, at the gate of the city, or in the porch of his palace, to hear such complaints as might be brought before him. On these occasions it is required, that "the magistrate shall not be impatient and angry at hearing any subject's complaints; and if any person, not having gained his cause, speaks abusively to the magistrate, even then he shall not be enraged against that person, but shall forgive him his error."

That the Hindoos were by no means ignorant of the reciprocal duties of a sovereign and his subjects, the following sentences, extracted from the same writer, will prove. "The magistrate shall collect from his people the necessary tribute, and shall never commit injustice; he shall listen upon all occasions, to such men as are possessed of an acute judgment, and who are very expert in all affairs. If a plunderer should attack the magistrate's kingdom, and grievously molest the people, the magistrate shall most surely punish him; if he does not, he is unworthy of the magistracy;" and "A magistrate, who, without protecting and taking care of the subjects, collects the accustomed tribute from them, will go to hell." Mr Hallhed has, indeed, assured us, that more than one instance is on record of a Rajah being

* See a code of Gentoo laws, translated by Mr Hallhed, page 112. The word "magistrate" would have been more correctly rendered King, or Sovereign.

deposed by his people, on account of tyranny and oppression; from all which, we are justified in concluding, that no such arbitrary authority was claimed by Hindoo princes as modern writers would lead us to believe. That many of them might have proved tyrants is extremely probable; but tyranny and regal power go together in other countries besides India, according as the absolute monarch chanced to be surrounded by wise or unwise, by righteous or unjust councillors.

With respect, again, to the general condition of society, as it subsisted under the guidance of the aboriginal princes of India, it is difficult to conceive any more remarkable, or better calculated to nourish those feelings of passive content, and unambitious indolence, for which the race of Hindoos are, to this day, distinguished. In the entire organization of the social state, no arrangements were made for the purpose of meeting those changes which the very passage of time is continually producing; indeed, the possibility of change appears either not to have occurred to the founders of the Hindoo institutions, or, having occurred, to have been with the utmost anxiety guarded against. Hence none of the ancient regulations make the slightest provision, as far as we can judge, for the probable extension of commerce, for the formation of foreign alliances, or the increase of public wealth; but each political maxim seems to point rather to the continuance of things as they were when that maxim was composed, than to any alteration in the state of the country, or the condition of its inhabitants, either for the better or the worse.

It is to this spirit, indeed, and to it alone, that we may attribute those enactments, originating, no doubt, in views of civil policy, though afterwards confirmed by the influence of religion, which divide the natives of Hindostan into different castes and tribes; from the trammels of which neither they nor their children can hope, at any future period, to escape. To the same spirit, likewise, we may attribute those regulations, in India, as in ancient

grecia, render each trade or profession hereditary in the family of him who exercises it; which condemn the offspring of a mechanic, for example, to the cultivation of a mechanical art, and the son of an agriculturist to the

prosecution of agricultural labour. By these a line of demarkation is drawn between man and man, so decided, as to preclude, not only all hope, but every possibility, of its being, in any age, or by any exertion, overpassed; and hence each individual, being from his earliest infancy brought up in the contemplation of an unalterable destiny awaiting him, not only makes no attempt to change, but absolutely knows not what it is to murmur at the lot which he readily believes that the wisdom of divine providence has cast for him.

But if such be the case even now, when the original institutions of the country are mixed and blended with foreign customs, how much more effectual must have been the force of these institutions when they flourished in all their vigour, under the native princes! Then, indeed, the son of a Brahmin, being early impressed with the conviction, that the pursuit of knowledge (such as it was) constituted his business through life, betook himself to it with cheerfulness, and with cheerfulness submitted to the various kinds of abstinence and self-denial which the more strict rules of his caste required him to practise, whilst the son of the Sudra, with equal cheerfulness, addressed himself to the discharge of those meaner and more servile offices, which the fortune of his birth determined that he should discharge. In like manner, the child of each individual, no matter to what caste belonging, turned his whole attention to the principles of that trade or business which his father had followed before him, without running the smallest risk of being diverted from his pursuit, by the whispers of ambition, or the allurements of avarice.

To speak in any other terms than those of unqualified condemnation of institutions and customs similar to the above, will, I am aware, expose me to the ridicule of all who have adopted the liberal principles of the present age; nor am I disposed to deny, that, under such institutions, no people can ever arrive at the highest degree of civilization or greatness. But the happiness of a nation is not to be estimated entirely by a contemplation of its splendour or its strength. There is a state of society, on passing which, nations, though they may become more

refined and more powerful, cease to be more happy ; exactly as, in individual cases, we generally look for the greatest degree of happiness in what are termed the middle walks of life. That the Hindoos attained even to that state, I am not prepared to affirm ; and that they are not now likely to attain to it, at least in our day, is perfectly certain : but we are grossly deceived by those who ought not to deceive us, if they were not a great deal nearer to it under their own, than under our guidance. It may, therefore, I humbly conceive, admit of a question, whether even these restrictions were not, on the whole, conducive to the prosperity of that singular people ; whilst their unabated attachment to them proves, that they were at least not disagreeable, since no set of human beings ever were, or ever can be, attached to customs, the continuance of which they consider as a grievance.

One immediate consequence of these arrangements unquestionably was, to render the people at large the very reverse of turbulent or restless. Restrained, as they were, by religious prejudices, from emerging from the sphere into which nature had thrown them, they entered, at no period, into plots and conspiracies against their rulers. It is, indeed, true, that since the first conquest of Mahmood, revolutions have occurred in India more frequently, perhaps, than in any other part of the known world, but these will be found to have originated invariably with a few discontented nobles, whilst the mass of the population looked on, as at a matter in which they had no concern. Indeed, the facility with which India has submitted to so many changes of masters, differing not only from the aborigines, but from one another, in habits, customs, and religion, furnishes ample testimony that the native institutions, if they have been productive of no other virtue, have at least given birth to a degree of patience, such as we shall vainly look for elsewhere.

It is not, however, to the existence of castes alone, and to the hereditary nature of trades among them, that we are to attribute the singular submissiveness of the Hindoo character. The whole of their political arrangements tended to produce the same effect. Even the petty Rajahships were, by these arrangements, placed each in the

light of a combination of little commonwealths, rather than in that of a single state ; the affections and patriotism of the people being confined almost exclusively to their own immediate neighbourhood, and to their own domestic institutions. To an Hindoo Ryot, the preservation and culture of his hereditary field formed the only legitimate object of ambition, whilst his allegiance was confined exclusively to the magistrates and legal customs of his own village. In the proceedings at the court of the Rajah he took no concern ; and hence, as long as the village institutions to which he had been accustomed, were permitted to continue in the state in which they had continued from his earliest recollection, the gentle Hindoo cared not how the Rajahship was disposed of, or by what hand the helm of state was guided.

If ever you have given your attention to Indian matters, you must have been struck with the frequent recurrence of such terms as *Soubadan*, *Zemindar*, *Dewan*, *Nazim*, and I know not all what. These appear to have crept into use long after the period of which I am now speaking. Most of them, indeed, owe their origin to the Mahomedan conquerors, who, from the union of so many nations, previously independent, were compelled to invent new offices, and new titles for these offices ; whilst the rest began to be employed, when the limits of the various Rajahships extended themselves, and the less powerful became subject to their more powerful neighbours. In very ancient times, however, the sole distribution of society was into villages, and the only functionaries were those who presided over their judicial and financial affairs. Of the nature of one of these I shall now proceed to give you an account, referring you for farther particulars to the very able report of Mr Elphinstone, when acting as commissioner for the settlement of the territories conquered from the Paishwa.

You are probably aware that the chief part, in ancient times the whole, of the revenues of a native prince, were derived from the land. Under the Hindoo dynasties which existed previous to the Mahomedan conquest—indeed for many centuries under the Mahomedan emperors—it was customary for the government to divide the crops with the cultivators ; and, ha-

ving taken its share, as tithes are taken among ourselves, in kind, to leave the remainder to the cultivator or proprietor of the field. From this circumstance it was long asserted, that an Indian prince is, in reality, the sole landed proprietor in his principality; and it must be confessed, that the exorbitant amount demanded by the Moguls in later times, gave a great semblance of truth to the notion. When the Dewanny authority over the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, for example, was granted in 1765 to the East India Company, the proportion paid by the Ryots was in no instance short of one half, in some instances it rose as high as two-thirds, of the gross produce; and hence a theory of very old standing—a theory to which Strabo and Diodorus have given sanction—and which Bernier, Manouchi, Thevenot, Chardin, and an endless list of travellers, have held—began to be regarded by some of our ablest inquirers as correct. Even now the opinion is maintained—among others, by Mr Mill, the learned, though somewhat fanciful historian of India—that private property in the soil was absolutely unknown in the East till we created it.

The argument of Mr Mill is one, which, when applied to European countries, cannot be disputed. He asserts, and asserts truly, that whoever derives the greatest degree of profit from a piece of land, is entitled, according to every principle of political economy, to the appellation of proprietor; but the governments of India enjoy by far the greater proportion of the produce of the earth, therefore the governments of India are unquestionably the sole landed proprietors. To this a very simple answer is sufficient; it was only in modern times, in times of universal confusion and corruption, that the government-share of the crops in India exceeded, or even equalled, the share enjoyed by the cultivators. During the reign of Akber, the government-share was one-third; under Arungzebe, I believe, it hardly amounted even to that; whilst, by the Hindoo Rajahs, no more than one-sixth of the produce was exacted. "In former times," says Abul Tazé, the well-known compiler of the *Ayecn Akberry*, "the monarchs of Hindostan ex-

acted the sixth of the produce of the soil, whereas Akber, having caused the whole bounds of his empire to be accurately measured, settled it at one-third."* Nor is this all. Lands descended from father to son as regularly in India as they descend in England; lands were sold, mortgaged, and otherwise disposed of, by private persons, in all ages; and what appears, to me at least, perfectly conclusive of the question, they were invariably divided, on the demise of a father, equally among his children. In Mr Halhed's translation of a code of Gentoo laws, the reader will find this matter fully stated. Let him consult the chapter on Property, and he will see, that "When a father, a grandfather, a great-grandfather, and any relation of this nature, decease, or lose their caste, or renounce the world, or are desirous to give up their property, their sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, and other natural heirs, may divide and assume their glebe-land, orchards, jewels, coral, clothes, furniture, cattle, and birds, and all the estate, real and personal, of which the persons thus circumstanced, stand possessed." But language such as this could not surely be used, were the property vested, not in the subject, but in the government.

Besides the opinion just noticed, another, and a no less groundless theory, has been invented; namely, that the state of society in India, under the native governments, exactly corresponded with the state of society in Europe during the middle ages. This theory, which places the Zemindars, and independent Talookdars, on the footing of feudal barons, may be said to have originated in the short-sightedness of some of the earlier servants of the Company, and to have been brought to maturity by Lord Cornwallis, and his immediate advisers. Into the controversy connected with it I have no intention to enter, at least for the present; but I may here state, in direct terms, that never was a greater blunder committed, than was committed by those who conferred the property of the soil upon the Zemindars, under the idea that they were thereby paying respect to native institutions. Why, the very title of Zemindar is a thing of yesterday. It is not so much as no-

ticed in the Aycen Akberry; and though another personage is there spoken of, in something like the language which our popular writers employ when speaking of a Zemindar, it is perfectly manifest that that personage was a mere officer of state. The Zemindar of the Mahomedans, by whatever title known, appears to have been neither more nor less than an officer of revenue, who collected the taxes from the heads of villages, handed them over to the provincial Dewan, and received, as a compensation for his trouble, a per-centage on the gross amount. And this is the individual on whom Lord Cornwallis bestowed the fee-simple of his district, comprising, in some places, a population of half a million of souls, with twenty, thirty, and even one hundred villages. But of the Zemindar more by and by.

Let me return, in the meantime, to the village institutions, the real and genuine growth of Hindoo policy. The term *village* has been employed by European writers, to denote that particular district or division of an Indian kingdom, which would be better, because more appropriately defined, by the word *parish* (*παρῖση*). "These communities," says Mr Elphinstone, "contain in miniature all the materials of a state within themselves, and are almost sufficient to protect their members, if all other governments were withdrawn. Though probably not compatible with a very good form of government, they are an excellent remedy for the imperfections of a bad one; they prevent the bad effects of its negligence and weakness, and even present some barrier against its tyranny and oppression."

Attached to each village was a portion of land, differing in extent according to circumstances, which was kept in cultivation by the inhabitants. It was divided into farms, fields, or glebes, the boundaries of which were accurately marked and jealously guarded; each had a distinct name, and each was the property of a distinct owner. In some instances, indeed, the field of an absentee would be cultivated, at a fixed rent, by a farmer, called in the Mahratta country an *Amree*; but by far the greater proportion gave support to their own herassees, or owners. Nor was government without its share in the land

of the nation. Over all waste and jungle districts, ghauts, mountains, and uncultivated spots, the native princes appear to have asserted a proprietary right; but even these districts they invariably resigned into private hands, as soon as they were so far reduced to cultivation as to be capable of paying the same amount of tribute which was exacted from other estates.

The mode of effecting this was as follows:—If an individual felt desirous of adding to his patrimonial property, he applied to the proper officer for a grant or pottah of waste. For the first year or two, he was permitted to continue in the occupancy of his new glebe, without any tribute being imposed. By and by a small tax was demanded, which went on increasing, year by year, till it arrived at the ordinary amount, after which the land became the absolute property of the cultivator, and descended, like his more ancient glebe, to his children.

The affairs of the little village community were all regulated by certain officers, having different titles in different parts of India, but all discharging the same duties. Thus, the Mokudchin of Bengal is the Pottail of the Carnatic, the Putwarry of the old provinces is the Curnum, or Coolkurnee, of the new; whilst the Mhars of one district are the Talliars of another, and so on. As these officers are now to be met with, in the full vigour of their callings, only in our later acquisitions, I will follow, in my present sketch, the phraseology of Mr Elphinstone, whose description of the village institutions is at once concise and distinct.

"The Potails," says he, "are the most important functionaries in the villages, and perhaps the most important class in the country." The Pottail is the head man, or hereditary chief, of the community, who acts towards his fellow-villagers in the double capacity of a collector of the dues of government, and a civil magistrate. He is the head of the police, causes criminals and suspected persons to be arrested, listens to the complaints of his neighbours, decides their quarrels, and, with the assistance of a Panchayet, adjusts all disputes concerning the boundaries of fields, or the possession of property. As an officer of revenue, he allots the lands to such Ryots as

either have no land of their own, or are desirous of cultivating the waste; he conducts all arrangements relating to revenue, between the government and the cultivator, fixing the amount which each has to pay, and exerting himself "to promote the cultivation and prosperity of the village." "Though originally the agent of government, he is now (that is in 1818) regarded as equally the representative of the Ryots, and is not less useful in executing the orders of the government, than asserting the rights, or at least, making known the wrongs of the people." The office of Potal is hereditary. He enjoys a per-centage upon the revenue collected, and this, together with his rank, descends to his eldest son, or nearest heir-male. In other respects he is merely, as the rest of the villagers are, a Ryot, owning a patrimonial field, and cultivating it himself; and this field is divided, at his decease, like the fields of other Ryots, in equal proportions among his children.

The Coolkurnee, Curnun, or Putwarry, is another functionary, of no mean note. This person is employed in keeping an exact register of the bounds of the village, and of the various fields and glebes into which it is divided, with the name, size, and quality of each, the name of the occupier, the amount due from him to the government, and the highest revenue ever produced by the field which he may cultivate. The Coolkurnee farther keeps a list of all the inhabitants of the village, whether agriculturists or artizans, with a statement of the dues from each to government, and the receipt and balance of each account. Besides these public records, he keeps the accounts of all the cultivators with one another, and with their creditors; he acts as a notary-public in drawing up agreements, and sometimes conducts the private correspondence of those who are not able to conduct it for themselves. He is paid, either by a remission of the revenue due from his own lands, or by a fee upon the revenue paid by his neighbours; and is assisted by a person called the Chaugutta, who, acting when wanted, under the orders of the Potal, takes care, at the same time, of the Coolkurnee's records.

In subserviency to the Potal and Coolkurnee, are the Mhars, or watchmen, whose duty it is to provide that

no violence be done, nor any encroachment made, upon the limits, either of the village, or of the glebes of individuals. In all disputes concerning boundaries, the evidence of these persons is peculiarly esteemed; they, moreover, protect the crops, whether growing or cut down; they are public messengers, and guides, and officers of police. In the latter capacity, they are, in a peculiar manner, under the superintendence of the Potal. Generally speaking, there is, in each village, an allowance for only one watchman, but occupations of all sorts being hereditary, the number soon becomes increased, and then the different members of the family relieve and aid one another in their duties. "The duties are," says Mr Elphinstone, "to keep watch at night, to find out all arrivals and departures, to observe all strangers, and report all suspicious persons to the Potal. The watchman is likewise bound to know the character of each man in the village; and, in the event of a theft committed within the village-bounds, it is his business to detect the thief. He is enabled to do this by his early habits of inquisitiveness and observation, as well as by the nature of his allowance, which, being partly a small share of the grain and similar property belonging to each house, he is kept always on the watch to ascertain his fees, and always in motion to collect them. When a theft or robbery happens, the watchman commences his inquiries and researches; it is very common for him to track a thief by his footsteps, and if he does this to another village, so as to satisfy the watchman there; or if he otherwise traces the property to an adjoining village, his responsibility ends, and it is the duty of the watchman of the new village to take up the pursuit. The last village to which the thief has been clearly traced becomes answerable for the property stolen, which would otherwise fall on the village where the robbery was committed."

Besides these three, there are no less than nine other public functionaries in each village. These are the Potidar, or silver-smith, who assays all money, paid either to government or to individuals; the astrologer, whose business it is to calculate activities, to declare fortunate and unfortunate days for sowing, reaping, &c.; the Goorov, or priest, who presides at the pagoda,

and conducts the public worship, the schoolmaster, the washerman, the carpenter, the barber, &c. and, in short, a professor of every useful art, not forgetting the poet, the physician, and the dancer. Each of these classes consists of one or more individuals, according as the original families have branched out; and all are paid by a small percentage on the public revenue, as well as by gifts, at the seasons of new moons and at other sacred periods, of rice, ghu, and sometimes of money, from the rest of the inhabitants. For the payment of the Goorov, indeed, and for the support of the temple, grants of land seem to have been frequently made by the ancient governments, whilst the assignment of a private estate for this sacred purpose, or for the support of a school or college, was invariably sanctioned by law. But where no such grants chanced to be made, a tax was imposed upon the village, which fell chiefly upon the Meerassees or proprietors, and was a source of considerable profit to the Pottail. "In general," says Mr Elphinstone, "these expenses were in the proportion of one-tenth, or from that to one-fifth to the public revenue."

With respect to the revenue collected, I have already said, that, in the best days of the Hindoo governments, it amounted to one-sixth part of the gross produce of the soil. To ascertain this, various methods appear to have been adopted. Sometimes a rough estimate was made, whilst the crop was yet green,—occasionally, indeed, before it had sprung up,—of its probable amount; and the cultivator undertook to pay, either in money or in grain, the stated proportion of that valuation. At other times, an agreement was entered into with the Pottail, and by the Pottail with his fellow-villagers, for a certain sum in money,—and, thirdly, an annual account was taken of the crop after it had been reaped, and the proportion due to government was taken possession of by the public officers. But as to a proprietary right in the land, such a claim was at no period advanced by a native government. "The result of these reports," says the gentleman already referred to (the reports of the collectors relative to the land-tenure in the Mahratta territories),—"and of my own inquiries, is, that a large portion of the Ryots are the proprietors of their

estates, subject to the payment of a fixed land-tax to the government;—that their property is hereditary and saleable; and they are never dispossessed while they pay their tax; and even then, they have, for a long period (at least thirty years), the right of reclaiming their estates, on paying the dues of government." It is true, that Mr Elphinstone's report bears date in 1819, and this may account for the increased burdens which he notices as imposed upon the landed proprietors; but if no doubt could exist in 1819 as to the person in whom the right of property was vested, far less can it be doubted in whom that right was vested under the ancient governments.—"An opinion prevails," he continues, "throughout the Mahratta country, that, under the old Hindoo government, all the land was held by Meerassees, and that the Ooprees (or farmers) were introduced as the old proprietors sunk under the tyranny of the Mahomedans. This opinion is supported by the fact, that the greater part of the fields now cultivated by Ooprees are recorded in the village books as belonging to absent proprietors, and affords, when combined with circumstances observed in other parts of the Peninsula, and with the light land-tax authorized by Menu, a strong presumption, that the revenue system, under the Hindoos, (if they had a uniform system,) was founded on private property in the soil." I am always happy to avail myself of such authority as that of Mr Elphinstone; and, therefore, I have transcribed the above passage here, though, probably, I may stand more in need of it, when I come to discuss the merits of that settlement which claims Lord Cornwallis as its author.

I have spoken, in a former part of this letter, of the assistance derived by the Pottail, in the adjustment of civil disputes, from a punchayet. Of the nature of that body, so important in the administration of justice among the Hindoos, it will be necessary to give some farther account.

When a dispute arose between two individuals on the subject of a debt, or boundaries, or any other such matter, a complaint was lodged by the party considering himself aggrieved, with the Pottail, who privately commanded a punchayet to assemble for the purpose of considering the merits of the case. The punchayet consist-

ed, like a jury in England, of a certain number of respectable inhabitants, varying, according to circumstances, from five, nine, and eleven, up to fifty.—“The members of a punchayet were generally selected by the officer of government, by whom it was granted with the approbation of the parties, and often at their suggestion; sometimes the parties chose an equal number each, and the officer named an umpire.”—“The members were people in the same situation of life as the parties, or people likely to understand the subject in discussion; the number was required to be odd,” and “it generally met at the house of the officer who summoned it.”

“In villages, the Pottail got some of the most intelligent and impartial Ryots to sit under a tree, or in the temple, or Choultry,” (the inn or place of rest for travellers); “nobody attended on the part of government; and, as the submission of the parties was voluntary, their wishes were, of course, more attended to than elsewhere.” (Be it observed, that the contrast here drawn is between village punchayets, and punchayets appointed to decide a dispute between two villages,—in other words, district punchayets.) “The consent of the members, however, was everywhere reckoned essential to a punchayet, and the first act of the meeting was to take a ruzeenamah, or acknowledgment of such a consent. Security was also not unfrequently taken for the parties complying with the award of the punchayet. In petty disputes in villages, the parties gave two straws, in token of submission, instead of a written ruzeenamah.”

The punchayet being assembled, the disputing parties appeared before it, stating, in as few words as possible, the one his claim, the other his ground of denial. Little or no form was observed; the punchayet conducting its examination, both of the parties themselves and of their witnesses, in the way of conversation; whilst nothing was written down except the decision, and sometimes not even that. If, indeed, the case chanced to be of very great importance, or if the interests of two or more villages were concerned, then the whole of the proceedings were recorded, all the writing being performed by the Coolkurnee, to whose care it was afterwards intrusted.

In trials before a punchayet, a decided preference seems to have been given to written, over oral testimony. Documents, deeds of sale, acknowledgments of debt, and so forth, were always, and most justly, accounted better evidence than the mere declaration of a witness. The witnesses were, however, “examined and cross-examined with great care;” but if any part of their evidence was taken down in writing, it was only the substance; and then “generally in their own hand, if they could write.” “The natives have not the same deference for testimony that we have; they allow a witness no more credit than his situation, and character, and connexion with the case, entitle him to; they also lay great stress on his manner and appearance, while giving his testimony. Oaths were seldom imposed, unless there was reason to suspect the veracity of the witness, and then great pains were taken to make them solemn.”

With respect, again, to the principle by which punchayets were guided, it was founded, no doubt, on the Hindoo law; modified, nevertheless, according to local usage, and the notions of the persons composing it, of equity and justice. Local usage, however, seems to have been the universal law of Hindostan. It was one with which all the villagers were fully acquainted, and against the award of which no man presumed to grumble; the punchayets consulting no book, nor referring to a Shastery, or expounder of the sacred law, for an opinion, unless some point relative to marriage, succession, or other things provided for on a broad basis, was in question. The members of a punchayet received no fee for their attendance; but when much of their time had been taken up, and a great deal of trouble imposed upon them, the successful suitor openly made them a present for their pains.

I have said that suitors attended at the place of meeting in person. This was generally, but not invariably the case. A person, for example, who felt himself prevented from attending, was permitted to send an agent, usually a relative or domestic of his own, to represent himself; but there were no such officers as vakuls, or hired pleaders, in those days—that is a profession which claims Lord Cornwallis for

its author. When the report of the punchayet was made out, the officer of government proceeded to confirm and enforce its decree, the mode of payment being regulated according to the circumstances and situation of the losing party. If he were rich, immediate payment was ordered; if otherwise, he was commanded to pay by instalments; and in case of utter incapability, an exemption from the demands of his creditor, was granted for a certain number of years. This was done to enable him by his own industry to acquire the means of meeting the demand; but in case of a refusal on his part to obey, the system called Tukkazza was had recourse to. Literally speaking, this means no more than dunning; but when authorized by an award of court, it included everything, from simple importunity, up to placing a guard over a man, "preventing his eating, tying him neck and heels, or making him stand on one leg with a heavy stone on his head, under a vertical sun." Be it observed, however, that if submission to a verdict

was refused on the ground of corruption in the jury, the magistrate was bound to investigate the matter; and, should the accusation prove well-founded, to order a new trial.

I have yet a great deal to say on the subject of native institutions, before I can pretend to contrast the present with the former condition of India. The changes gradually wrought as kingdoms became enlarged,—the alterations effected by the Mahomedans—and other no less important matters must be stated. But these I shall defer to a future opportunity. Enough is done for the present, when I beg you to observe, that not one of all the revolutions to which India has been subjected, interfered in any material degree with the village system. That continued the same under an extensive as under a petty Rajahship; it was left whole and untouched by the Mahomedans; it remained for the English, in their zeal to improve the condition of the people, to work its overthrow. And what has been the consequence? We shall see in due time.

RINGAN AND MAY.

Ane richtie mournfull dittye.

Maid be Mr HOUCK.

I hearit ane laveroke synging with gle,
And O but the burde sang cheirlye;
Then I axit at my true love Ringan,
Gif he kend quhat the bonny burde wals syngan?
Now, my love Ringan is blithe and yongue,
But he heithe ane fayre and flattering tongue;
And och, I'm fearit I like ower weille
His talis of lufe, though kynde and leille.
So I sayis to him in scornfull wayis,
"You ken no worde that burdye sayis."
Then my love he turnit aboute to mee,
And there wals ane smyle in his pawkye ee;
And he sayis, "My May, my dawtyit dowe,
I ken that straine farre better nor you;
For that liltit fairye that liltis sae londe,
And hingis on the freenge of the soonye cloude,
Is tellyng the talle in chantis and chymis,
I haif tellit to thee ane thusyande tymis.
I will lette thee heire our straynis accorde,
And the laverokis sweite sang, worde for worde."

INTERPRETATION OF THE LARK'S SONG.

"O, my love is bonnye, and mylde to se,
Als sweetlye she sittis on her dewye le,
And turnis up her cheike and cleire grey eye,
To liste quhat is saying withinne the sky;

For she thynkis my mornynge hymne so sweite,
 With the streimmers of hevin anethe my feite,
 Quhere the proude Goss-hawke colde nefer wonne
 Atweene the graye cloude and the sonne,
 And she thynkis her love ane thyng of the skyis,
 Sent downe fre the holye Paradyse,
 To syng to the world at morne and evin,
 'The sweite lufe-sangis in the bowris of hevin.

' O my love-is bonnye, and younge, and cheste,
 Als sweetly she sittis in her mossy este !
 And she demis the burdis on boshe and tre,
 Als nothyng but duste and droulle to mee.
 Tho the Robyn wairbel his waesum chirle,
 And the Merle gar all the greinwode dirle,
 And the Storm-cock toutis on his tourynge pyne,
 She trewis their sangis ane mocke to myne ;
 The Lintyis cheipe ane dittye tame,
 And the Shillphais everlestyng rhame ;
 The Pliveris whew ane soloch dreire,
 And the Whilly-whapis ane shaine to heire ;
 And quhanever ane lufe comis in viewe,
 She cowris anethe her skreine-of dewe.

' O my love is bonnye ! her virgyn breste
 Is sweiter to me nor the dawynge eiste ;
 And weille do I lyke at the gloamynge stille,
 To dreip fre the lyfte or the lourynge hille,
 And presse her este as quhite als mylke,
 And her brest as saft als the downye silke.' "

* * * * *

Now quhen my love had warbelit awaye
 To this basse parte of the laverokis laye,
 Myne herte wals lyke to burste in twaine,
 And the teris flowit fro myne eyne lyke raine.
 At lengthe he sayit, with ane syche fulle lang,
 " Quhat ailes my love at the laverokis sang ? "

Sayis I, " He is ane basse and wycked birde,
 Als ever rase fro the dewye yirle ;
 It's a shaine to mounte on his mornynge wyng,
 At the yettis of hevin sikan sangis to syng ;
 And all to win with his awmerous dynne,
 Ane sweete littil virgyn birde to synne,
 And wrecke with flatterye and song combynde
 His deire lyttill maydenis pece of mynde !
 O were I hir, I wolde let him se
 His sangis sholde all be loste on mee."

Then my lufe toke me in his armis,
 And gan to laude my leifu charinis ;
 But I wolde not so moche als let him speike,
 Nor stroke my chynne, nor kisse my cheike,
 For I feirit myne herte wals going wrang,
 It wals so movit at the laverokis sang.

Yet stille I laye withe ane upcaste ee,
 And stille he wals syngin so bonnylye,
 That, tho withe my mynde I had grit stryffe,
 I colde nat forbeire it for my lyffe,
 But als he hung on the hevinis browe,
 I saide, I kenit not why, nor howe,
 " Quhatis that lyttill deuil sayand nowe ? "

Then my lufe Ringan he wals so gladde,
 He leughe tille his follye pat me medde ;
 And he said, " My lufe, I will tell you true,
 He senis to syng that strayne to you ;

For it sayis, I will rainge the yirle and aye
 To feide my love with the finest fare ;
 And quhen she lukis fro her bedde to mee,
 Withe the yearnyng lufe of a moderis ee,
 O then I will come, and drawe her neirer,
 And watche her closer, and lufe her deirer,
 And wee never shalle pairte till our dying day,
 But lufe and lufe on for ever and aye !

Then myne herte it bled with a thyrilling pleasure,
 Quhen it lernit the laverokis cloyng measure,
 And it rase, and rase, and wolde not reste,
 And wolde hardly bide withinne my briste.
 Then up I rase, and away I sprongue,
 And saide to my lufe with scornfulle tongue,
 'That it wals aue bigge and burning shaine ;
 That hee and the larke were bothe to blame ;
 For there were some layis so softe and blande
 That breste of mayden colde nat stande ;
 And if he laye in the woile his luine,
 Quhille I came backe to list the straine
 Of aue awincrous birde amang the brôme,
 Then he mochte lye quhille the day of dome !

But for all the storte and stryffe I maide ;
 For all I did, and all I saide,
 Alas ! I feire it will be lang
 Or I forgette that wee burdis sang !
 And langer still, or I can flee
 The lad that tellit that sang to me !

ALTRIVE LAKE, *March 14th*, 1825.

THE WITCH OF THE GRAY THORN.

BY JAMES HOGG THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Thou old wrinkled beldam, thou crone of the night,
 Come read me my vision, and read it aright ;
 For 'tis said thou hast insight the picture to scan
 Far onward beyond the existence of man—
 And hid'st thee for ever from eye of the day,
 But rid'st on the night-wind away and away
 Over cloud, over valley, on hemlock or reed,
 To burrow in churchyards, and harass the dead.
 Old beldam declare thee, and give me to wis,
 If I stand at the side of such being as this !"

"Mad priest of Inchaffery, I know thee too well,
 Though thus in disguise thou hast come to my cell ;
 What is it to thee if through darkness I fly
 Like bird to career round the skirts of the sky—
 Or sail o'er the seas in my shallop of shell,
 To do what the tongue of flesh dares not to tell ?
 Suffice it, I know what thy vision hath been,
 Ere a word I have heard, or a sign I have seen ;
 Besides, its high import distinctly I see ;
 And, priest of Inchaffery, I'll tell it to thee—
 Not for love or reward, but it troubles me sore
 To have one in my presence I scorn and abhor.

"Thou did'st dream of a coronet blazing with gold,
 That was hail'd by the young, and admired by the old ;
 And thou had'st a longing the thing to obtain ;
 But all thy bold efforts to reach it were vain ;

When lo! thine own mitre arose from thy crown,
 And mounted aloft, whilst the other sank down;
 It mounted and rose in a circle of flame,
 'Midst clamours of wonder and shouts of acclaim;
 The crown into darkness descended apace,
 And thine was exalted on high in its place.
 Thou saw'st till the red blood ran down in a stream,
 Thou awakened'st in terror, and all was a dream!
 Priest, that was thy dream—and thou must—'tis decreed—
 Put down the Archbishop, and rise in his stead!"

"Thou liest, thou old hag. With the cunning of hell
 Thou darest me to practise what thou dost foretell;
 But there both thy master and thee I'll defy:
 Yet that was my vision, I may not deny.
 Mysterious being, unblest and unshriven!
 Pray, had'st thou that secret from hell or from heaven?"

"I had it, proud priest, from a fountain sublime,
 That swells beyond nature, and streams beyond time;
 And though from the same source thy warning might come,
 Yet mine was the essence and thine but the scum.
 I heard and I saw, what, if thou had'st but seen,
 A terror thy mortal existence had been;
 For thou had'st grown rigid as statue of lead—
 A beacon of terror for sinners to dread!
 Thou think'st thou hast learning and knowledge inborn;
 Proud priest of Inchaftery, I laugh thee to scorn!
 Thou know'st less of nature, where spirits roam free,
 Than a mole does of heaven, or a worm does of thee.

"Begone with thy gold, thy ambition, and pride;
 I have told thee thy vision, and solved it beside.
 But dare not to doubt the event I foretell—
 The thing is decreed both in heaven and hell,
 That thou, an arch-traitor, must do a good deed,
 Put down the Archbishop, and rise in his stead!"

Away went the Abbot with crosier and cowl,
 And visions of grandeur disturbing his soul;
 And as he rode on, to himself thus he said—
 "The counsels of heaven must all be obey'd;
 Nor throne, church, nor state, can security have,
 Till that haughty prelate be laid in his grave.
 Let that nerve my arm, and my warrandice be."—
 Well said, thou good Abbot of Inchafterye!

The Archbishop had plotted too deep in the state;
 The nobles were moved 'gainst the man of their hate;
 The Monarch was roused, and pronounced in his wrath
 A sentence unseemly—the Archbishop's death!
 But that very night, that his doom was decreed,
 A private assassin accomplish'd the deed.
 The court was amazed; for loud whisperings came
 Of a deed too unhallow'd and horrid to name;
 Abroad rush'd the rumour, and would not be stemm'd;
 The murderer is captured, convicted, condemn'd;
 Condemn'd to be hung like a dog on a tree.

"Who is the assassin?—Pray who may it be?—
 Ha!—The worthy good Abbot of Inchafterye!"

In darkness and chains the poor Abbot is laid,
 And soon his death-warrant is to him convey'd;
 His hour is announced, but he laughs it to scorn,
 And sends an express for the Witch of Gray-Thorn.
 She came at his call, and though hideous her form,
 And shrivell'd, and crouch'd, like a crane in a storm,
 Yet in her dim eye that was hollow'd by time
 The joy of a demon was gleaming sublime,

And with a weak laugh 'twixt a scream and a hiss,
She cried, "Pray, great Abbot, is all come to this?"—
"Where now thy bright omens, thou hag of the night?
Come read me this riddle, and read it aright.

So far thou said'st truth—the Archbishop is dead;
Thy bodement confirm—shall I rise in his stead?"—

"Yes, up to the gallows!" the beldam replied.
This day the Archbishop had suffer'd and died;
But headlong on death I have caused thee to run.
Ha, ha! I have conquer'd, and thou art undone!"—

"Oh had I the hands which these fetters degrade,
To sear out thy tongue for the lies it hath made,
I would rend out thy heart, with black falsehood so cramm'd,
And consign thy old soul to eternity damn'd!
May Heaven's dread vengeance depart from thee never,
But descend and enthrall thee for ever and ever!"—

"Ay, curse thou away; to the theme I agree;
Thy curse is worth ten thousand blessings to me.
Ha, ha! thou proud priest, I have won! I have won!
Thy course of ambition and cruelty's run.

'Thou tortured'st me once, till my nerves were all torn,
For crimes I was free of as babe newly born;
'Twas that which compell'd me, in hour of despair,
To sell soul and body to the Prince of the Air;
'That great dreadful spirit of power and of pride,
His servant I am, and thy curse I deride.

For vengeance I did it, for vengeance alone;
Without that, futurity lurements had none.
I have now had full measure in sight of the sun—
Ha, ha! thou proud priest, I have won! I have won!

'Tis not thy poor life that my vengeance can tame,
It flies to the future, to regions of flame,
To witness, exulting, th' extreme of thy doom,
And harass thy being 'mid terror and gloom.

Ay, grind thou thy fetters, and fume as thou wilt,
O how I rejoice in thy rage and thy guilt!
And more—I have promise may well strike thee dumb.

To be nurse to thy spirit for ages to come;
Think how thou wilt joy that the task shall be mine
To wreck and to tease thee with tortures conlign,
O'er cataracts of sulphur, and torrents of flame,
And horrors that have not exposure nor name.
Until this vile world of lust and of crime
Have sounded through fire the last trumpet of Time:
Adieu, bloody priest, in thy hour of despair,
When thy soul is forthcoming, there's one shall be there."

The Abbot was borne to the scaffold away,
He stretch'd out his hands and attempted to pray;
But at that dire moment there sounded a knell
Close to his stunn'd ear, 'twixt a laugh and a yell;
And a voice said aloud, that seem'd creaking with hate,
"Ha, ha! thou proud priest, it's too late! it's too late!"
He shiver'd, he shrunk, dropp'd the sign, and was hung;
He gasp'd, and he died, and that moment there rung
This sound through the welkin so darksome and dun,
"I have thee!—I have thee!—I have won!—I have won!"

THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. XII.

I AROSE next morning refreshed, vigorous, and prepared to follow my ordinary occupation of shooting. It was a clear frosty day, the sun was shining brightly over-head, and a thousand little birds were rejoicing in the warmth of his beams; my dogs were in high condition; my gun was clean and in good order; and myself big with determination, not to fire in too great a hurry, but to be sure of my aim before I pulled the trigger. Thus attended, and thus animated, I set forth after breakfast; and having previously ascertained the favourite haunt of a hare which had more than once escaped me, I turned my steps towards it. My faithful spaniel had just begun to give tongue, and my fowling-piece was already in a position to be lifted at once to the shoulder, when the report of a single cannon, coming from the front, attracted my attention. I stopped short, but had not time to call in my dog, when another and another discharge took place, mixed with an occasional rattle of musketry. This was warning enough. Though the hare started from her seat, I permitted her to depart in peace, and whistling loudly for my four-footed companions to follow, I ran back towards my quarters. As I proceeded, the firing became every moment more and more heavy, till at length it had increased into an uninterrupted roar.

On reaching the houses I found that the alarm was already given. The bugles were sounding to recall such as might be abroad, and the men were accoutering with all haste. For ourselves, Graham and I took care on the present occasion to make better provision against detention, than we had done the day before; but our baggage we were obliged to leave, to be packed and made ready for moving by our bat-men. Aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp passed in the meanwhile to and fro, one galloping from the front to urge an immediate advance, another galloping from the rear to ascertain how matters were going; whilst the various battalions, as each was equipped and ready, hurried down to the main road, to join its particular brigade.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed from the moment that the alarm was first given, when we found ourselves marching once more in the same direction, and nearly in the same order, in which we had marched yesterday. Our march had in it, however, even more of deep excitement, than that of the preceding day. We had not proceeded above a mile, when indications of what was going on in front began to present themselves, in the form of baggage, mules, and horses, pouring, in all haste and confusion, to the rear; while a wounded man or two, ever and anon, dragged himself with difficulty in the same direction, and gave, as the wounded invariably give, the most alarming account of the state of affairs. "Push on, push on, for God's sake," said one poor fellow who had been shot in the head, and was lying, rather than sitting, across a horse, "push on, or it will be all over." Forty thousand of the enemy are coming on, and there are not two thousand men up to oppose them." Of course, we quickened our pace with infinite good will.

A group of perhaps twenty wounded privates and officers had passed, when the next body which met us was a detachment of ten sound men and a sergeant, who were conducting to the rear about an hundred French prisoners. These were saluted with a cheer, but even these urged us forward, with the intelligence that the 5th division must be soon overpowered. And now the scene of action began to open upon us. We had passed through Bedart, and were descending the little eminence on which it is built, when the combatants became distinguishable; and a very magnificent, as well as gratifying spectacle, they presented. The nearest handful of British troops, were opposing themselves, in the most determined manner, to a mass of men, so dense, and so extended, as to cover the whole of the main road, as far as the eye could reach. Our people were, it is true, giving way. They had already maintained a most unequal contest for upwards of two hours, and their numbers, originally small, were fast dimi-

nishing. But no sooner had the head of our column shown itself, than their confidence completely returned, and they renewed the struggle with increased alacrity.

The same circumstance which gave fresh courage to our comrades, acted, as may well be supposed, in a directly contrary manner upon the enemy. Not that they fell into confusion, or exhibited any symptoms of dismay; but it was evident, from their mode of proceeding, that their general had lost his confidence of immediate success, and that he deemed it necessary to trust less to the weight of his single column, and to add manœuvring and skill to brute violence. His attack was accordingly suspended, whilst a battery of ten or twelve guns being hastily brought to the front, opened, not upon the division with which he had been hitherto engaged, but upon us. And I must confess that the guns were well served. The gunners laying them for a particular turning in the road, mowed down some two or three out of each company as it came up, and caused us to suffer no inconsiderable loss, long before we arrived within range of musketry.

As soon as we had passed this perilous spot, we abandoned the main road, and turning into an open green field on the right, we marched into line. In front of us was a thick wood, for the possession of which our people and the French were warily struggling. On our side, it was garrisoned by a battalion of Portuguese, and a couple of British regiments, and it was assailed by a perfect swarm of French tirailleurs; but neither did the latter succeed in driving their opponents through it, nor could the former deliver themselves from the annoyance of continual assaults. It was peculiarly the business of the corps to which I belonged, to give support to the defenders of that wood; for which purpose, company after company was sent forward, as a fresh supply of men became from time to time necessary; whilst two other corps, continuing steadily in line, prepared to use the bayonet with effect, in case our efforts to maintain our ground should prove unavailing.

Even the unwarlike reader will probably understand me, when I say, that the feelings of a man hurried into battle, as we were to-day, are total-

ly different from those of the same man who goes gradually, and as it were preparedly, into danger. We had dreamed of nothing less than a general action this morning; and we found ourselves bearing the brunt of it, before we could very well make up our minds as to the proximity of an enemy. Everything was accordingly done, every word spoken, and every movement made, under the influence of that species of excitement, which absolutely shuts out all ideas, except those which spring from the circumstances immediately about you; I mean an apprehension lest your own men shall give way, and an inexpressible eagerness to close with your adversary. Nor were sundry opportunities wanting, of gratifying the last of these desires. We fought, at least where I was stationed, in a thick wood; and more than once it occurred, that we fought hand to hand.

Affairs had continued in this state till about three in the afternoon; when the enemy, as if weary with their fruitless efforts, began to slacken in their exertions, and gradually to fall back. Not very far from the spot where I was posted, stood a chateau, the property, I believe, of the Mayor of Biarritz; for the occupation of which, the French had made, during the morning, several desperate, but unavailing efforts. Towards it, as soon as the firing began to wax faint, Sir John Hope, attended by three or four aides-de-camp and a few orderly dragoons, made his way. He had already mounted to an upper room, for the purpose of observing from thence the enemy's proceedings; his staff and orderlies were lounging about the court-yard, and the few skirmishers which lined the hedge in front were lying down to rest, when a mass of French infantry, which had formed in a hollow road a little to the left, dashed forward. The movement was so rapid, and the force employed so great, that all opposition on the part of the few British troops then up, was overcome;—the house was surrounded. Instantly a cry was raised, "Save the general, Save the general," and a rush was made from all quarters towards the chateau; but our assistance was unnecessary. Sir John, seeing what had happened, threw himself upon his horse, and at the head of his mounted attendants charged from the door-way of

the court-yard. He received, indeed, no fewer than three musket balls through his hat; and his horse was so severely wounded, that its strength served only to carry him to a place of safety; but the charge was decisive. Many of the French were sabred, and the little party escaped—and now the fight was renewed on all sides with desperate resolution. Again and again the enemy pressed forward to empty the wood of its defenders and to secure the high-road; but all their efforts failed, and when the approach of darkness compelled the combatants to separate, the two armies occupied almost the same ground which they had occupied when the fighting began.

It were vain for me to attempt any description of the scene which now took place. So vigorous had been the last attack, and so determined our resistance, that when daylight disappeared, the French and allied troops found themselves completely mixed together. Instead of the roar of musketry, my ears were accordingly saluted by shouts and exclamations, delivered in almost every European tongue. French, English, German, Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese; the natives, in short, of almost every kingdom were here; and as each called out in his own language as loud as he could bawl, for the purpose of discovering his comrades, and giving evidence of his own situation, a jargon was produced, such as no man has probably listened to before, unless we except the artificers employed of yore in the erection of Babel. So complete, indeed, was the confusion, that neither the one party nor the other made the slightest attempt to avail itself of it for military purposes,—on the contrary, we were each of us heartily glad to get rid of our troublesome neighbours, and not a little pleased when order became so far restored, as to permit our taking up a definite position for the night.

The enemy having gradually collected their scattered battalions, retired to the hollow-way from which they last emerged. On our part, no movement of importance was made; except that the corps to which I belonged, leaving its original garrison to watch the wood during the hours of darkness, fell back as far as the green field, or rather common, where we had left the rest

of the brigade. Here, with numbers considerably diminished, we drew up in line; when the arms being piled, we followed the example of our companions, and lighted large fires, round which men and officers indiscriminately crowded, in groups more or less numerous, according as each fire was capable of affording to them warmth.

I do not recollect to have witnessed, during the whole course of my military career, a more strikingly warlike spectacle than that which was now before me. Besides my own corps, three battalions of infantry lay stretched in a single green field round their watch fires; amounting, in all, to about an hundred. Immediately behind them stood their arms piled up in regular order, and glancing in the flames, which threw a dark red light across the common, upon the bare branches beyond; about twenty yards in rear, two regiments of cavalry were similarly disposed of, their horses being picketed in line, and the men seated or lying on the ground. Looking farther back again, and towards the opposite side of the road, the fires of the whole of the fifth and first divisions met the eye; darkened ever and anon, as the soldiers passed between them, or a heap of wood was cast on to feed their brightness. By the light of these fires, I could farther perceive, that the road itself was thronged with artillery and tumbrils; whilst the glaring atmosphere above the wood, showed that it too was fully tenanted, and that its occupants were, like ourselves, reposing in an attitude of watchfulness. To complete the picture, the night chanced to be uncommonly dark. Neither moon nor stars were out, and though no rain fell, a considerable fog was in the air; which, hindering the flames from ascending beyond a certain length, caused them to shed a stronger colouring upon surrounding objects. Then the knowledge that the enemy was at hand, and that we only waited for the dawn of to-morrow, to renew the combat; the whole of these circumstances combined, gave so deep an interest to our situation, that it was long ere I was able to follow the example of my comrades, and lie down. Fatigue, however, at length prevailed over enthusiasm, and having heartily partaken of the meal which our faithful Francisco brought up, I wrapped

my cloak about me, and taking my station, like the rest, with my feet towards the fire, I soon fell fast asleep.

It was still perfectly dark when the general stir among the troops put an end to my repose. The infantry stood to their arms; the cavalry mounted their horses; the artillery-men were at their guns with lighted matches; all in the space of one minute; nor was a single word uttered by any man beyond what was absolutely requisite in issuing orders. Early as it was, however, our fires had all but consumed themselves; they had become dull and red; and they threw not out heat enough to keep our blood greatly above the freezing point; but we bore the intense cold with exemplary patience, in the full assurance of warm work as soon as day-light should appear. Nor is there any hour in the four and twenty, as every outside-traveller by a stage-coach must know, so fruitful in intense cold, as that which immediately precedes the dawn. To-day, too, it chanced to freeze, with a cutting wind directly in our faces; nevertheless, our courage was high, and we counted the moments impatiently as they passed, not so much from a sense of our present uncomfortable situation, as from an eager desire to renew the battle.

Day dawned at length, but the enemy made no movement. They were before us as they had been all night, in countless numbers; but, like ourselves, they stood quietly in their ranks, as if they expected to be attacked, rather than to attack. For nearly two hours both armies continued stationary, till Lord Wellington coming up, ordered three Portuguese battalions to advance, with no other design than to bring matters to a crisis. Nor did this movement fail to lead the enemy into a renewal of offensive operations. The Portuguese brigade was gallantly met, and after a good deal of firing, repulsed; and the repulse of it was followed by a determined assault upon such of our corps as defended the road, and occupied the wood.

Nothing can be more spirited or impetuous than the first attack of French troops. They come on, for a while, slowly, and in silence; till, having reached within a hundred yards, or so, of the point to be assailed, they utter a loud but discordant yell, and

rush forward. The advance of their columns is, moreover, covered by a perfect cloud of tirailleurs, who press on, apparently in utter confusion, but with every demonstration of courage; who fire irregularly, it is true, but with great rapidity and precision; and who are as much at home in the art of availing themselves of every species of cover, as any light troops in the world. The ardour of the French is, however, admirably opposed by the coolness and undaunted deportment of Britons. On the present occasion, for instance, our people met their assailants exactly as if the whole affair had been a piece of acting; no man quitting his ground, but each deliberately waiting till the word of command was given, and then discharging his piece. Every effort of Marshal Soult to possess himself of the mayor's house, and of the enclosure and wood about it, accordingly proved fruitless; and hence his formidable column, which covered the high-road as far as the eye could reach, was, per force, obliged to halt, and to remain idle.

Matters continued in this state till towards noon, and yet a comparatively trifling number of our troops were engaged. The entire brigade to which I belonged, the brigade of light cavalry, as well as the greater proportion of the first division, had been mere spectators of the valour of others; when the enemy, as if worn out with fatigue, and disheartened by repeated failures, suddenly began to retire. His column of infantry, having moved to the rear, till some rising ground in a great degree concealed it, seemed to disperse; his guns were withdrawn, and his skirmishers falling back, left our advanced corps in possession of the disputed post. A retreat, indeed, appeared to have fairly commenced; and to many it was matter of surprise that no pursuit was on our side instituted. But our general, by keeping his soldiers steady in their places, showed that he was quite aware of his adversary's intentions; and that he was a far better judge of the measures which it behoved him to adopt, than any of the numerous critics who presumed to pass censure upon him. The whole of this movement was no other than a manoeuvre on the part of the French Marshal, to draw our troops from their position, and to enfeeble the centre of our line, by causing the

left to be too far advanced ; but though skilfully executed, it proved of no avail, thanks to the superior sagacity of Lord Wellington. Instead of being harassed by any useless change of ground, we were commanded to take advantage of the temporary truce, by cooking our dinners, a measure which the long fast of many of the soldiers, particularly of the Portuguese, who had eaten nothing during the whole of yesterday, rendered peculiarly desirable.

In a moment numerous fires were again lighted, and half of the men in each regiment, disencumbering themselves of their accoutrements, set to work, felling wood, boiling kettles, and preparing food for their comrades. In the meanwhile six or eight spring-waggons arriving, such of the wounded as were unable to crawl to the rear were collected from the various spots where they lay mingled with the dead, and lifted into them, with as much care as circumstances would permit. It was a sad spectacle this. The shrieks and groans of many of these poor fellows sounded horribly in our ears ; whilst the absolute silence of the rest was not less appalling, inasmuch as it gave but too much reason to believe, that they were removed from the field only to die in the waggons. Nor were the muleteers, and other followers of the camp, idle. These harpies, spreading themselves in vast numbers over the face of the country, stripped and plundered the dead in an incredibly short space of time ; and they were, withal, so skilful in their vocation, that they rarely afforded an opportunity of detecting them in this act. Nothing, indeed, has ever astonished me more, than the celerity with which these holy-strippers execute their task. A man falls by your side, and the very next moment, if you chance to look round, he is as naked as he was when he came into the world, without your being able so much as to guess by whom his garments have been taken.

Whilst all these persons were engaged in their various occupations, I wandered towards the front, for the purpose of examining, in a moment of coolness, the nature of the ground on which we had yesterday fought. It was literally covered with the carcasses of men and horses. Round the major's house, in particular, they lay in clusters, and not a few of the Frenchmen

bore marks of having fallen by the sabre. One man, in particular, I observed, whose head was cloven asunder, the sword of his adversary having fairly divided it as far as the eyes ; whilst another lay upon his back, with his face absolutely split into two parts, across the line of the nose. The great majority had, however, been shot ; and they were mixed indiscriminately together, English and French, as if each had been cut off by the hand of his next neighbour.

I was not, however, so fully occupied in contemplating the dead, but that I cast various anxious glances towards the living ; nor was ground of anxiety wanting. The enemy had, indeed, fallen back ; neither did he show any column upon the road, nor any masses in the woods. But I observed his men crossing the high-road towards our right, by twos and threes at a time, as if some formation was going on which he desired might escape notice. Nor was the circumstance lost upon my companions : " We shall have it again presently," said a veteran serjeant who stood near me ; and the prediction was hardly uttered, when it was fulfilled. As if they had risen from beneath the earth, two ponderous masses of infantry, covered by the fire of twelve pieces of cannon, rushed forward ; one, a little to the right of where I was, and the other, upon the church and village of Arcanques ; and such was the fury of their attack, that, for the instant, they carried everything before them. A Portuguese corps, which occupied the former of these parts, was broken, and gave way ; a British regiment, stationed to support them, followed their example ; and now, for the first time since the battle began, the head of a French column showed itself upon the common.

In the meanwhile, all was hurry and bustle in the rear. The plunderers, taking to their heels, fled in all directions ; the waggons with the wounded set off at a pace by no means the most moderate, or the least likely those who filled them, coating their half-drawn provisions into the fire, buckled on their accoutrements, and took their stations ; whilst the artillery, which had begun to retire, came up again, at a hand gallop, to the front. Two squadrons of cavalry were next ordered out, parti-

ly to stop the fugitives in their flight, and partly to check a body of the enemy, which, at this moment, appeared upon the main road; and I must say that our troops executed both of these orders with great effect. Every man whom they met, no matter whether an English or a Portuguese soldier, they drove back, beating him with the flats of their swords over the head and shoulders; and then, suddenly rushing past a projecting which concealed their motions, spread death and dismay among French infantry. But we had much time given to watch the motions of others. We were ourselves line in a moment, and advancing to the charge.

It was a tremendous and an overwhelming rush. The enemy stood boldly, and fought with desperate resolution, but we bore them back, as I seen one bull horse back by and into the wood. And then, again, began the same ceaseless roar of merriment which had sounded in our evening; whilst four or five cannon sent showers of grape-shot amongst us, which, but for the shelter afforded by the trees, have swept us all in.

As soon as we were in the wood, our compact order was, in spite of every effort, lost. We fought ever, with the same spirit as before, in detached parties, and pressed my on all hands, who became as divided as ourselves, till not only was the ground recovered which had at first been lost, but we were considerably in advance of our original position. Nor was it practicable, even then, to check the ardour of the men. As fast as the enemy retired, our soldiers followed till, at length, we found on the margin of a little lake, the extremity of which the French flying in great confusion. Such a sight added fuel to the fire of our men; and we pursued in a still greater confusion than that which prevailed among the fugitives.

They had already the further we were in hot and headless charge. A couple of field-pieces, when a cry was suddenly raised, "The cavalry!" The French dragoons were advancing. Their horses were already

speed, there was no time to collect form a square; so we threw our-

selves as we best could into compact circles, and stood to receive them.—They came on with the noise of thunder; one circle wavered—some of the men abandoned their ranks—the cavalry rode through it in an instant. That in which I was stood more firm. We permitted them to approach, till the breasts of the horses almost touched our bayonets, when a close and well-directed volley was poured in, and numbers fell beneath it. But we knew that we had no business to remain where we were. Having, therefore, led this charge, we slowly re-

turned as we retired, till we had gained, once more, the shelter of the wood, and were safe from further molestation. There we stood fast, till a bugle sounding the recall, warned us to retire still farther, and we again united ourselves with the rest of the brigade.

The attack upon our post being thus defeated, we were commanded to lie down in a ditch, for the purpose of ourselves against a heavy attack with which the enemy still threatened us. A couple of brigades at the same time, marched to the right, to support the light which had been very sorely pressed at Arcanques.

A column had come on at a moment, when a regiment of Cacadores, which held the church, were in the act of cleaning their rifles, and hence one-half of the troops were virtually unarmed. But, though driven through the village and gardens, our people maintained themselves in the church, and the rising ground on which it stood; nor did the French succeed in making any lasting impression on that point. The loss, however, had, on our part, been so great, and I

my still continued his exertions with so much ardour, that it was deemed requisite to send fresh regiments to relieve those which had been so long engaged, and hence five or six battalions were withdrawn from our rear, and the post which they had hitherto assisted in maintaining was left entirely to our protection.

Whether it was the intention of Soult to cause this movement, or whether he only hoped to avail himself of it, as soon as it had been made, I know not; but just as the bayonets of our detached troops began to glitter in the wood behind Arcanques, another most

determined charge was made upon the corps in our immediate front. This corps was not only weak in point of numbers, but was absolutely worn out with hard fighting and want of food. It gave way almost immediately. Again the French were upon us; again we were hotly engaged, and, as it appeared to me, with a still denser and more numerous division than any which had yet attacked us. The wood and the mayor's house were now both of them carried—the French came on with loud shouts and great courage—our Portuguese allies fairly fled the field—one or two British regiments were overpowered; and even we, whose ranks had hitherto been preserved, began to waver, when Lord Wellington himself rode up. The effect was

stantly a shout was raised. Many fugitives, who had lost their own corps, threw themselves into line upon our flank; we poured in but one volley, and then rushed in with the bayonet. The enemy would not stand it; their ranks were broken, and they fled in absolute confusion. We followed with-

out giving them a moment to recover from their panic, and having suffered hardly any loss in killed and wounded, we once more took possession of the chateau and the thicket. This was the last effort on either side, darkness having already set in; and hence we found ourselves, for the second time, at the close of a day of carnage and fatigue, occupying exactly the spot of ground which we had occupied when that day began. The same wild and

it ensued: men of will and hallowing to each other, and the same arrangements of fighting fires, and lying down to sleep around them, were entered into by the weary combatants. The corps to which I belonged was, indeed, turned about a quarter of a league, where the charge of it was committed to it; and I had hitherto kept them being called in, were permitted to repose more securely in the rear. But with this exception, everything which had been done during the night before was repeated; and such as were not actually employed on picket, slept soundly beside their watch-fires.

CHAP. XIII.

From an to interrupt my narrative of the sanguinary operations of this day, I have omitted to notice an event, perhaps more important in its general consequences, than even the successful resistance of one British corps to the attack of almost the whole French army. The reader will, no doubt, recollect, that at the period of time respecting which I am now writing, the various states of Germany which had been so long under the French yoke, were beginning once more to assert their independence. Many, indeed, had taken up arms against the common enemy. The battle of Leipzig had been fought; the Confederation of the Rhine was dissolved; Holland and the Netherlands were, in a great measure, restored to their legitimate sovereignty, and all in rear of this line, extending from Huningen to the Low Countries, was free. Attached to the army of Marshal Soult were several brigades of German and Dutch troops, from whom the real state of the

thousand men, through the instrumentality of their commanding officers, had for some time back been in secret communication with Lord Wellington. All, indeed, which was wanting to withdraw them from the ranks was a convenient opportunity to desert; and against this the French general appeared studiously to strive. One brigade he had already sent to the rear on suspicion, and he had thrown out various hints that the rest must speedily follow; nor can it be doubted that these hints would have been acted upon, but for the events of the three last days. The extreme faith of his French battalions com-

ing morning, to a corps of Germans, who had no sooner taken up their ground, than they proposed to carry into execution a plan which their officers had long matured. Collecting their baggage and carrying with them their arms, ammunition, and so on, they marched in regular order within our lines, and were instantly shipped, as they had previously desired, for their own country. Thus

and the right of that of the enemy, rested upon the lake. The main road, which was one key of our position, ran along the summit of the high bank above the lake. It was winding, but as nearly level as high roads generally are. To defend it, a battery of three guns had been thrown up a little way to the left, where an inclination of the lake permitted; and where the whole of a long sweep was completely commanded. On the right of the road, again, was the mayor's house, with its out-buildings, gardens, and thick plantations; for the possession of which so much blood had been shed. So far, however, the ground was perfectly even; that is to say, neither the French nor we possessed the advantage of an acclivity; nor could either side boast of superior cover from wood. But about musket-shot from the mayor's house, the case was different, and the general face of the country underwent a change.

In the quarter of which I have last spoken, and where, indeed, my own corps was this morning stationed, the French and English divisions were separated from one another by a ravine. The ground occupied by the enemy was, perhaps, higher than that on which we stood; but then on our side we were better supplied with thickets; and had the contrary been the case, there was ascent sufficient to give a decided advantage to the defenders over the assailants. In both lines one or two farm-houses stood conveniently enough, as posts of defence; and, on the side of the enemy, a wilderness of furze-bushes covered the face of the hill.

This ravine, after running in a straight direction about three or four hundred yards, wound inwards upon the French hill, so as to place the church of Arcanques rather in front of our station, than the contrary. That building stood, however, upon a detached eminence. It was completely surrounded by ravines, except in the rear, where it sloped gradually down into a woody plain. Beyond Arcanques, it was not possible for me to make any accurate observations; but as far as I could judge, the country appeared flat, with the same sort of inequalities occurring in it as those already described. There was, however, a great deal of wood scattered here and there, whilst several villages, some in the possession of the French, and others in our possession, could be

descried. On the whole, neither position could be pronounced greatly superior in natural strength to the other; nor, perhaps, would ours at least, have caught an eye less acute in these matters, than his who selected it for his winter line.

I have said, that a good deal of unconnected firing having been kept up till about noon, a solemn pause ensued throughout the whole line. Not that Marshal Soult had yet resigned all hope of forcing our left, and so gaining the command of the road by which our supplies were brought up; but he appeared satisfied that absolute force would not secure his object, and hence he betook himself to manoeuvring. Of the various changes of ground which now took place among the different divisions of both armies, it is vain for me to attempt any minute description. What I myself beheld, however, may be repeated; though it will convey but a feeble idea of the magnificent operations of these two mighty gamesters.

We had stood, or rather lain, quietly behind a hedge about half an hour, when the arrival of a group of horsemen, on the brow of the French hill, attracted our attention. It was Soult and his staff. The Marshal dismounting, leant his telescope over the saddle of his horse, and swept our line. While he was thus employed, Lord Wellington, followed by about twenty aides-de-camp and orderlies, rode up. The glass of our General was instantly turned upon his adversary, and the two commanders-in-chief gazed at each other for several seconds. Now a mounted Frenchman rode to the rear of his group at full speed; whilst Lord Wellington flew, as fast as his horse could gallop, towards Arcanques; and for about a quarter of an hour all was still.

Soult had departed in the same direction with Lord Wellington; and we were wondering what was to follow, when the head of a French column suddenly showed itself on the high ground opposite to Arcanques. An attack was of course expected, — but no such thing. As if the two columns had agreed to reach their ground at the same instant, the enemy had hardly appeared, when the wood, in rear of Arcanques, glittered with the bayonets of the seventh division. Again Soult showed himself on the ridge opposite, but a good deal farther to the right, gazing, as if with deep anxiety,

upon the advance of these troops. His plan was anticipated, and his newly-formed column melted gradually away.

"Where next?" thought I; but no great time was spent in wondering. The same, or another mass, speedily crowned the hill opposite; and at the same moment, two or three brigades of fresh troops were in our rear. Once more the enemy withdrew. Thus the whole hours of light were spent, the heads of columns appearing and disappearing, at different points; and both armies were guided as the pieces upon a chess-board are guided, when two skilful and tolerably equal players are opposed. Darkness, at length, beginning to set in, an end was put to the manœuvring, and we again made preparations to spend the night as comfortably as circumstances would permit.

It fell to my lot this evening to mount picquet. As soon as the night had fairly commenced, I put myself at the head of the body of men which was assigned to me; and moved down to the bottom of the ravine which I have already mentioned, as dividing the two armies. There our watch-fire was lighted; where the main body of the picquet took its ground; whilst the sentinels were posted a little on the rise of the opposite hill. The French, on the other hand, stationed their outposts on the summit, and placed their sentries opposite to ours, at a distance of perhaps thirty paces. Thus, each man was at the mercy of the other; but both English and French sentinels were too well trained in the school of modern warfare, to dream of violating the sanctity which is happily thrown around them.

It will readily be imagined that this was to me a night of peculiarly high excitement. My friend Graham was with me, so the time passed cheerfully enough, but it was wholly sleepless. We took it by turns to visit our sentinels every half hour, who again were relieved, as sentinels generally are, each at the expiration of a two-hours' watch; and thus, by going our rounds, and examining the state of the men previous to their proceeding to their posts, all inclination to repose was dispelled. The privates, indeed, on whose shoulders no responsibility rested, lay down, with their fire-locks beside them, and slept; but we sat by the fire, smoking and conversing, whenever an opportunity of sitting was

granted. All, however, passed quietly off. Except the voices of our own and the enemy's sentries, who challenged us as we approached, no sound could be heard in the front; nor did any event occur worthy of notice, till midnight had long past.

It might be, perhaps, about two in the morning of the 18th, when a sentinel, whose post I visited, informed me, that he had heard a more than usual stir in the French lines about ten minutes before; and had seen a blue-light thrown up. "Have any reliefs taken place among them lately?" said I.—"Yes, sir," replied the soldier; "a relief has just gone now."—"We must reconnoitre," rejoined I; and so saying, I stooped down, and, in a creeping attitude, approached the enemy's videttes. One stood directly before me. Though it was very dark, I could distinguish his cap, and firelock; so I crept back again, satisfied that all was quiet.

In half an hour after I visited the same man. "Has anything occurred since?" asked I. "No, sir," was the answer; "all is perfectly quiet." Repeating my experiment, I found the French sentinel still stationary, and I was again satisfied. The same thing occurred at each successive visitation, till about four in the morning. At that hour, my own sentinel stated that he had heard no relief since he came on duty, neither had the man who was behind heard any. Upon this, I returned to consult with Graham; when it was agreed between us that a patrol should go forward and ascertain at once how matters stood. Taking with me four men, I again crept up the hill. The vidette was still there; we approached, he continued silent and motionless. We ran up to him,--it was a bush, with a soldier's cap placed upon the top of it, and a musket leaning against it. The enemy were gone. Not a vestige of them remained, except their fire, on which a quantity of fuel had lately been heaped. Of course, we transmitted to the rear, without delay, intelligence of all that had occurred; when a general recognizance being made along the front of the whole left, it was found that Soult had withdrawn, and that he had carried off with him, not only his artillery and baggage, but all his wounded. We gave him ample credit for the adroitness with which his retreat had been conducted.

A LETTER TO CHARLES KEMBLE, ESQ. AND R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.
ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE STAGE.

GENTLEMEN,

It will, I fear, appear to you as somewhat officious, that a stranger, possessing no other skill in the mysteries of theatrical politics, than the constant perusal of every play-bill, and a very frequent seat in the middle of the pit, can afford him, should thus attempt to call away your thoughts from the many anxious and perplexing occupations in which you are engaged, and demand your attention to his unsolicited advice on the management of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. Do not, gentlemen, cast this letter aside, as the production of a busy and conceited person, foolishly pretending to instruct you in your own immediate concerns; I'll speak of nothing that I am not fully capable of judging of; and you must remember there is an old proverb, of which I cannot remember the exact words, but of which all men acknowledge the justice, that *they who hold the cards in their hands, (who are in this case the managers,) never see half as much of the game as the lookers-on (who are in the present instance the audience.)* This trite adage is nowhere so applicable as within the walls of a theatre. Personal interest is there so violently and so perpetually excited; the daily concerns of life are transacted amid such a constant jarring of the little passions; there is at the same time such a hurry of business, and so many contravening checks opposed to its progress, by the envy, and vanity, and avarice of the agents; there is such a turmoil raised by the unceasing conflict of the mean and selfish feelings, existing behind the scenes, that the managing mind becomes confused, and is so engrossed by the clamorous competitions immediately before it, as to omit extending its view beyond the stage, to those more important interests which exist on the other side of the curtain.

Covent-Garden must this year have had a very successful season; I do not remember to have seen a single bad house; but I believe, gentlemen, that to whichever of my correspondents I address myself, either of you will acknowledge that the public taste for theatrical amusement is on the de-

cline; that you have had horses, and dogs, and elephants, in vain; that you have gilded and painted, and dressed your melodramas till the public taste is satiated with overloaded decorations, and the gaudiest melodramas will please no longer; that you have exerted all your efforts of ingenuity to invent attractive novelties, but find them exhaust the treasury without exciting the curiosity of the public; that even the *looking-glass curtain* reflected but a meagre display of empty boxes; that if your affairs flourish for one winter, the opening blossoms of your hopes is nipt by the chilling disappointment of the next; and that, in short, our national stage seems to stand a very fair chance of perishing, as our vineyards are said to have perished, by a long succession of unfavourable seasons. This declension in the prosperity of the drama, every man of taste must deeply lament; and if I can point out the cause of the disease, and the nature of the remedy required, I am convinced, gentlemen, that you will feel not a little obliged to me for my present communication. I am aware, that the imputation of loving a paradox, will immediately be cast upon me, when I attribute the present depressed state of the national drama to the fault of YOUR GREAT ACTORS—I mean of your *soi-disant* GREAT ACTORS—of Messrs Kean, Young, and Macready.

The arrogant pretensions of these gentlemen, as unwarranted by any extraordinary merits of their own, as injurious to the interests of you their employers, are gradually completing the work, which Mr Harris and his pantomimes began. Their demand to be engaged for a few nights in the season, as *Stars*, without being bound by any permanent engagement to your respective companies, is the occasion of that distaste for the Play which is becoming every day more prevalent in society, and which threatens to ruin the stage—the performers and the managers. I shall, gentlemen, take the liberty of trespassing on your time, while I offer my reasons for entertaining this opinion, and afterwards proceed to recommend my cure.

And, first, the system of engaging the *soi-disants* great actors for ten and twelve nights at a time, is destructive to the STAGE. I use this word in its most enlarged sense, and mean by it, that combination of the several arts, poetry, acting, painting, and mechanism, which are essential to produce dramatic interest and illusion. In this association, the poet is the principal person. It is to him the first honours are conceded by the public; and to whom the chief consideration is due from the managers. His task is extremely difficult. To the poet we look for the construction of a tale, which shall, at the same time, be probable and effective, natural and interesting; to him we look for that nice touch in the development of dramatic changes which shall present his personages before us just so far raised above the common level of human nature as to purify them of the coarseness and vulgarisms of reality, and yet so nearly approximating the truth, as to leave them within the reach of our sympathies. To him we look for situations corresponding with the tenor of his story, in tales of a romantic nature, such as strike the imagination—in tales of a domestic class, such as speak simply to the heart. To him we look for a style of writing, which is of all others the most difficult to be acquired, and which must be, at the same time, so clear in language, as to express the sentiments with the most unequivocal distinctness; so varied in harmony, as to catch the precise tone of every passing and changing emotion of the scene; and so rich in sentiment, and thought, and fancy, as to supply a continuous stream of gratification to the refined taste and the cultivated understanding. The man who is capable of such a work, is, by nature, very highly gifted; and must, also, by cultivation, have highly improved those gifts. He holds a very eminent rank in the scale of intellectual existence. His exertions do not merely amuse, but they tend to edify, his fellow-creatures. He exposes their faults and weaknesses to their own observation, in the portraits of his less worthy characters; and teaches them what they ought to be, by the bright and amiable pictures which he paints from the favourite heroes of his imagination. The poet, therefore, is the chief person in that combination of talent required for the perfection of

the stage. With his right, no one should interfere, except it be to detect an inconsistency in plot or character, to point out an immorality in sentiment or tendency. In all other things, the poet should be perfectly unshackled. He is to be allowed to tell his story exactly as he has conceived it; and sacrifice nothing of the unity of his conceptions to any inferior considerations. He is to construct his drama on the sound principles of good sense and good taste, and then deliver it into the hands of the performers—who are mere secondary instruments—that they may publish it in action.

Now, gentlemen, and in the present state of the theatres, would any play so written have a chance of being represented? Have you the power, under the tyranny, as you are, of your own servants, to receive such a poem, and apportion the parts, without any regard to which is, or which is not, the first or second parts, according to the talent of the actors?—It often occurs, that, for the general effect of a play, the finest acting is required in a minor character,—for instance, *Lusignan* in Voltaire's *Zaire*. Garrick performed this part; but could you persuade Mr Kean, or Mr Young, or Mr Macready, to act anything but the hero of the play? No—they are engaged at thirty pounds a-night, and they must not compromise their pecuniary dignity by playing second to any actor of a lower price. Indeed, it is not that they absolutely refuse to play what are considered as second parts, but their first parts must always be first parts; first in every scene, and in every passage of every scene. No subordinate character is to have a chance of displaying itself. “Keep down Guido,” was the advice given by Macready to Barry Cornwall, while composing *Mirandola*, —“Keep down Guido,—he is becoming too prominent for the second part in the play.” If there be any division of the interest; if the attention of the audience is to be for an instant drawn away from the hero, the great actor at thirty pounds a-night refuses to represent him. Have you not, gentlemen, at this moment, plays in your portfolios which cannot be produced on these very grounds? And are you not constantly compelled to sacrifice the interest of the author, which ought to be your first concern, whether you con-

sider your duty to the public or to yourselves, to the caprice and absurd vanity of your principal performers?

But this is not the only way in which the system works to evil. For those very great actors, almost every part is too little. As they are not to be constantly before the public, and have not an opportunity of displaying the extent of their powers in a succession of performances, they must have all their strength called into exertion in one single play. They must have tragedies written to suit their several tricks—I beg their pardon, I mean their peculiarities. They must be in “*Here’s*” vein every night; and every part that they condescend to accept must be, to use the phraseology of their grand type in theatrical vanity and pretension, Bottom the Weaver—“a part to tear a cat in.” The author must obey the directions of the performer; the whole order and process of the work is reversed, and the dramatist is expected to mould his character to fit the actor, instead of the actor’s modelling his performance to the conceptions of the author.

The history of the lately rejected tragedy of *Rienzi* is strikingly illustrative of the evils that attend the operation of the present system. The authoress, a person not a little distinguished in the literary world, had selected, for the exercise of her talent, a passage of history which Gibbon has recommended as peculiarly calculated for dramatic representation. The play was completed, and shewn to Mr Macready. He was delighted with the production. The chief part was very effective both in language and situation, and only required a very few and slight alterations to render it worthy the abilities of any of the great actors. He wished an entirely new first act; this was indispensable, that *Rienzi* might be introduced striking to the earth an injurious Patrician, as Moses smote the Egyptian, because this circumstance had peculiarly pleased Mr Macready’s fancy when a boy at school. To make room for the introduction of this new incident, the second and third acts, to the great injury of the general interest and original arrangement of the tragedy, were to be compressed into one. The fifth act, which had been framed in the most strict conformity with the truth of history, was to be re-written, that the charac-

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ter of *Rienzi* might, to the very dropping of the curtain, hold its paramount station on the stage. All these alterations were to be made in a fortnight; the authoress was then to return to town with the play, and superintend in person the rehearsals and the getting up of the piece; but, at all events, the work must be ready in a fortnight. In a fortnight the play was mangled and distorted, and fitted to Mr Macready’s exaggerated and melo-dramatic manner of performing; the authoress arrived in London, to attend the bringing out of the play; she called on Mr Macready with the manuscript; to her utter astonishment, he received her with the greatest coolness:—“There was no hurry for her play. The managers had another piece at the theatre, which must at all events be produced first; and it was very improbable her play could be acted at all.” This other piece was *The Fatal Dowry* of Massinger.

Now, gentlemen, do you suppose that persons of real poetic genius—persons respectable from their station in society, and their intellectual cultivation—will dedicate their time and talents to the labour of writing for the stage, if they are to be subjected to such impertinence? At the time the stage flourished in this country, all the high poetic talent of the country was exercised in its service. But under the present state of the management, is it possible to anticipate a return of those bright and glorious times? I am aware that if an author has completed a play, rather than have his work returned useless upon his hands, he will condescend to make many sacrifices of the rights of genius. He may be induced, as the authoress of *Rienzi* did, to alter his characters to the taste of Mr Young, Mr Kean, or Mr Macready; and then, having made the exacted alterations, find, perhaps, his work rejected by the caprice of the performer whom he had striven to conciliate; while those very alterations will have rendered the part unsuitable to the very limited abilities of either of the other great actors. This may occur once, but the attempt will not be repeated. Persons of distinguished talent will cease, as they have ceased, to write for the stage. Instead of having your theatres courted, as the honourable sources by which

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the public were to be presented with the literary efforts of Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Milman, Mrs Hemans, Joanna Baillie, Wilson, and the great poets of our day, and your box-books filled for months, in eager anticipation of a first performance, your stages have fallen into the hands of the most contemptible of the literary tribe; and your admirers, both in number and in consequence, have been worthy your play-writers. Who are your successful authors?—Planché and Arnold, Poole and Kenney; names so ignoble in the world of literature, that they have no circulation beyond the green-room, and which the very spectators of their productions regard as too contemptible to be allowed to claim a place in their recollection. All of a higher class have abandoned you, and the public have flown with them. You have given the actor a precedence above the author; and they who have once encountered the delay and the vexations which accompany the attempt to obtain representation for a drama—delays and vexations not originating in you, gentlemen, but in your actors—like Mrs Hemans, relinquish the task for more certain, and less troublesome, sources of literary emolument; while others, warned by their example, and knowing the drudgery to which the effort must subject them—that the performers are not exhorted to study the genius of the author, but the author to study and model his work by the abilities of the performer—have entirely given up all thought of engaging in so mean and degrading an exercise of their talents. The poet will have his genius untrammelled; it should be the pride of the actor to be able to follow him in all his wanderings of imagination. This is his vocation; and he has, by right, no other. The moment he presumes to direct, he exceeds his native sphere, and usurps a province in which he has no claims. Can we suppose that Sir Walter Scott—Southey—or the author of Adam Blair, the tenor of whose minds is decidedly dramatic, will ever condescend to write for the theatre, while there is a possibility of their labours being rendered nugatory by the principal actors refusing, under any pretence whatever, the parts that are assigned to them? Gentlemen, I do not believe that the stage ever can flourish, unless you revive the just

gradation which ought to subsist behind the scenes—till you can claim and do justice to the free exertions of the first poetic talents of the country. Persons of taste will not come to see bad plays, however well performed; and the mob will soon remit their attendance at your houses, which they will condemn as scenes of vulgar amusement, when once they have discovered that those cultivated individuals are away, whose presence to you, from their weight in society, and their influence on public opinion, is *really* “worth a whole theatre of others.”

The *great* actors are then, by their present conduct, working the ruin of the stage; they are also working the ruin of themselves; I do not mean in a pecuniary way, but as artists. It is no longer the play, but the actor, that the public are called to see; which is the contrary of what ought to be the case. We should have attained the perfection of the dramatic art, if the performers were totally forgotten. The progress of the scene should be attended to, and nothing else; and this is always the result of the finer acting. Barry drew down loud applause; Garrick only tears. I have seen Mrs Siddons go through the part of Constance—of Isabella—of Belvidera—of Mrs Beverly, almost without a single burst of applause—there have been nothing but tears and sobs to interrupt the silence, and if an attempt at a less unequivocal expression of applause was entertained, the clamour was immediately suppressed by an impatient and simultaneous cry for silence, as if each individual among the audience was absorbed in the sorrows of the actress, and felt his feelings outraged by being reminded of the presence of the multitude among whom he sat. But this style of simple and natural acting has passed away. The actor of forty pounds a night comes forth to astonish. He is as a sort of rhetorical Merry Andrew; and all his excellence consists in the exhibition of a certain round of tricks. The audience, who are his conjured partizans, are in the secret; they come to witness his exhibition as they would witness the tight-rope-walking of Madame Sacchi, under the idea of its being something that is quite prodigious. Every start—every rant—every whisper is followed by rounds of applause; and by these they estimate

his merits. The mob are collected to see an enormously paid actor—who only acts for twelve nights, and their expectations must not be disappointed. If they returned home without having been wonderfully astonished—without having something extraordinary and monstrous to relate, they would begin to suspect that the performer did not deserve his wages. The consequence is, that Messrs Young, Kean, and Macready—Mr Young, in a degree less than the other two—have introduced a manner of acting more forced, heavy, exaggerated, and unnatural, than perhaps ever disgraced the stage since England had a regular theatre to boast of.—Nor is this all.—These nightly engagements have not only corrupted their style of acting; but have rendered them bad actors in their own style. They don't play often enough to play well. They do not appear to be at home on the stage. Their action is constrained and their voices less flexible. They have all that disagreeable stiffness about them which belongs to holiday utensils, to things that are too fine for daily use, and have grown rusty in inaction. Whatever their talents may formerly have been, it would be the height of prejudice to say that you, Mr Charles Kemble, are not at present the first actor of the day. These great performers, if ever your superiors, have retired into a dignified and limited range of mono-dramatic parts, and have allowed you to pass them. It is absolutely necessary, to play the main effective character with real excellence, that a performer should be in the constant practice of his art, and were it not that the recollection of what, I presume, they once were capable of achieving, obtained respect for their present exertions, I suspect we should all like the old stagers,—the really second actors,—Wallack, Cooper, Bennet, or even Abbot himself, better than the *soi-disant* great actors in the parts which they have arrogated exclusively to themselves. To my mind, these gentlemen actors have become very like gentlemen actors indeed.

As they are ruining the stage and themselves, they are also ruining you

as Managers.—The evil of having what are called *Stars* is this. The public abstain from the theatres on the nights they do not shine. It distinguishes the two or three nights in the week on which these wonders of art are to be seen and heard, as the only nights on which it is desirable to go to the play.—They thin your houses when they are absent: Do they fill them when they return?

Now, gentlemen, the cure that I propose is simply this.—Agree together to engage no *Stars*—no actors that will not submit to a regular engagement.—If Messrs Kean, Young, and Macready, will not accept these terms, let them go to the country; in one twelve months they will be completely forgotten, and your present actors, or new ones, will supply their places in the favour of the public. They will soon be obliged to submit themselves to your conditions. Very little would they make in the provinces, if they had not the patronage of your boards, and the advertisements of the London Newspapers to recommend them to the country managers.—Re-establish most rigorously the old system of fining every performer who rejected a part.—And having secured again, by mutual consent, a system of subordination behind the scenes, write to the first literary characters of the day to request their support in the production of plays for your theatres. Purchase the *Copy-rights* on speculation as a publisher would do.—Have them performed as written, without much expense of decoration, dressing, and scene painting, but with the very best acting that you can bestow.—Let the plays exhibited at your theatres be the works of distinguished literary persons, and depend upon it, the curiosity and the interest of the public will be again excited, and permanently excited, towards your representations. The first step towards this happy consummation is to bring your disorderly forces into subjection; and to allow of no actor's being too great for the labours you may choose to prescribe him.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

Yours very faithfully,

PHILO-DRAMATICS.

NEW LIGHTS.

TIME was when haughty bigots ruled
By laws that fierce intolerance taught,
And this poor, fetter'd world was school'd
In falsehoods heathen knaves had wrote.
When Plato, Cato,—men like these,
Whom e'en a god could hardly please
In action and opinion ;—
Men dead—and of whose dust the wind
Had purged the earth, the human mind
Held under dark dominion ;
When scarce a "*liberal*" seed was sown,
And "*liberal*" people were unknown.

Ah, horrid time!—Perchance 'twas plain
A different creed—a change of side,
Would fill your empty purse, and gain
Places, and all that they provide.
Perchance your seat in Parliament,
Your place, it's fees and all, seem'd bent
On to another sliding ;
While nothing but your going o'er
To faith and flag you scorn'd before,
Could warrant their abiding.
And yet you could not change or swerve,
Alas ! to get, or to preserve.

You ventured—'sdeath ! the land became
Convulsed ;—what mockery, jests, and
sneers !—
Scorn flash'd upon ye maddening flame ;
The nation's curse assail'd your ears.
Apostate ! Traitor !—every name
That scatters friends and murders fame,
Was on your forehead printed.
The dirtiest pauper of the tribe,—
The very felon flung the gibe,
And fierce derision squinted.
You fell to where the branded fall,
Disdain'd, suspected—shunn'd by all.

Dire, awful time ! Consistency
Its votaries led to every ill ;
Yet none durst breathe—we will be free,
Or change from creed to creed at will.
Its victims midst the faggots blazed,
They were upon the gibbet raised,
Upon the rack they perish'd :
Yet tortures only firmness gave ;
Their faith, when nearest to the grave,
Was but more fondly cherish'd ;
But spoke their parting gasp and sigh ;—
" We faithful lived—we faithful die."

'Tis past—the dreadful time is past ;
Thanks, Whigs ! by you its ills are banish'd ;
The midnight which it round us cast,
Before your dazzling sun has vanish'd.
New lights have risen—the old are
quenched,
And from our souls at length are wrench'd

Opinions false and musty ;
Philosophers we scorn,—we find
All moralists fools,—the halt and blind
We change for leaders trusty.
On, on, ye glorious Whigs !—proceed,—
We follow wheresoe'er ye lead.

Yet 'tis the best of all new things—
The sweet new things your tongues pro-
claim,
That turn-coatism bright honour brings ;—
That faithfulness is damning shame.
We feel its truth—we burn to change,
From creed to creed we gaily range,
Each day we take a new one.
While novelty its sweets dispenses,
And Whiggery's praise enchants the
senses,
Care we, which is the true one ?
Consistency we hate, 'tis found
The only thing to stain and wound.

See ROBINSON, the Treasury's lord,
What precious incense round him blazes !
By Tories, Papists—Whigs adored ;
E'en Brougham, the man of slander, praises.
Hark ! hark ! What draws those deafen-
ing shouts,
That burst alike from Ins and Outs,
And make St Stephen's tremble ?
What has he done, what feat display'd,
That has of Burke a driveller made,
Or makes him Pitt resemble ?
Say, has he paid the debt—or said,
The window tax must not be paid ?

Ah no, the man recants,—he flies
To join the Papists' motley host ;
This makes the thundering plaudits rise ;
'Tis this that forms his wondrous boast.
He pauses not till holy DOYLE,
And wise O'CONNELL, end their toll,
And brilliant sunshine scatter.
The Papal thunders greet his ear,
And mighty Papal hosts appear,
To dust the church to batter.
This renders, in the nation's eyes,
His change more glorious and more wise.

On, Frederick, on,—say, tarry not
Between no two opinions halt ;
Return alone will give the blot ;
To pause will only be the fault.
Of Whiggish projects take thy fill,
And utter broader Whiggism still ;
Sin lies but in repentance.
Appeal to *liberality*,—
Say "*liberal*," till the word we see
Some twice in every sentence.
If Brougham maintain it stolen thunder,
Let Canning then cut up his blunder.

Hail, CAMDEN, hail! most *liberal* man;
Stand forth—thy alter'd creed display;
Ah, fear not now old Cobbett's ban,
And cast no pension now away.
Thy gift of principle shall gain
What gift of pension sought in vain,
The love e'en of reformers.
No longer Cobbett tortures—No,
His praises on thy coronet glow;
Hunt approbation murmurs.
To utter plaudits all combine;—
Who would not change for bliss like
thine?

Hail, BROWNLOW; wond'rous wight, all
hail!

Long didst thou toil in vain for fame;
Thy Rattle-speech was made to fail;
'Twas good, but Plunkett still o'ercame.
Thy bold display of Orange-ism,
A'as! scarce yielded aught but schism,
Save firing Plunkett's passion.
When on the Popish priesthood blazed
Thy eloquence, none plaudits raised;
This priesthood was the fashion.
Well might a change of creed delight thee,
So ill did faithfulness requite thee.

Fierce Orangeman—the Pope's ally;
Both in one moment art thou seen;
From pole to pole thy pinops fly,
They pause not—take no rest between.
Adventurous 'twas to make no stay,
To gaze around thee at midway,
The country's thoughts divining.
Success the boldness has surpass'd,
And on thy forehead is at last
Its long-sought emblem shining.
Ah! hadst thou saved the state, I trow,
Thou hadst not then been praised as now.

Thine was an odd conversion still,
It outraged all conversion's laws;
What reason scorn'd, that did the will;
Effect ran counter unto cause.
Thy life in Ireland spent could find
But lies;—thy eyes, thy ears—thy mind
Could bring but falsehoods round thee.
Doyle and O'Connell's ears and eyes
Thou usest—to! the vapour flies
That did so long confound thee.
They eat their words to vomit light;
Their contradictions set thee right.

Proceed, brave man, and pause not here;
Now for thy heretic sins atone;
Some moulder'd saint's great toe revere,
And kiss some martyr's ankle-bone.
Use holy water, humbly make
Some pilgrimage, thy church forsake,
And all its guilty errors.
O'Connell shall instruct thee well;
Doyle shall absolve thee, and repel
All thy apostate terrors.

Men who can change as thou hast done,
Must through all change's circle run.

Hail, Bray's immortal VICAR, hail!
Enlighten'd man, much slander'd sage!
When reason, truth, and light prevail,
Thy virtues every heart engage.
All now thy matchless creed embrace;
All thy unerring footsteps trace;
And yet 'tis monstrous shabby,
That no one will the Commons move,
To place—'twould show the people's
love—

Thy statue in the Abbey.
This statue would in every street—
Were justice done—our vision meet.

What curse sits on thee, erring PEEL,
To make thee to thy tenets cling,
When such seductions round thee steal;
When changing would such worship
bring?

Why scorn'st thine eye those glorious suns,
Doyle and O'Connell? Ah, why shuns
Thine ear what Cobbett preaches?
Why dost thou hate what turncoats say?
Why pause when Brownlow shows the
way?

Why combat Canning's specchies!
Ah, foolish man, thy fault discover;
Recant—renounce thy creed—go over!

What must I say, sage LIVERPOOL,
To thee? I love thee, though I doubt;—
Still dost thou mean to play the fool,—
A bigot in—still one go out?
No; hear thy faithful Canning plead,
And just a little more concede;
Be in his ranks enlisted.
Go o'er, mount *liberal* colours—close
Thy long and bright career with those
Thou hast so long resisted.
Care not though churchmen rail or laugh,
The Whigs will write thy epitaph.

Oh, ELDON! that thy mighty mind
Should be with thine own loss delighted,
Oh! that thine eye should be stone-blind,
Where interest makes the fool keen-
sighted!

Why dost thou madly court abuse?
Why Whiggery's rancorous hatred chuse,
And not its admiration?

Why dost thou like a giant stand,
To crush the Liberals of the land,
To serve alone the nation?
Forsake the State, the Church, the
Throne;
Be wise—think of thyself alone.

Speak not of wisdom, fitness;—stuff!
These to the shifting winds we throw;
Of them the land has had enough,
And all things must be *liberal* now.

What is *illiberal* must not be :—
 The test, just and unerring, see,
 And use it without quarrel;
 Eat *liberal* beef, drink *liberal* wine;
 Speak *liberal* law, and gayly shine
 In *liberal* apparel.
Illiberal food is out of season;
Illiberal words are just not treason.

Go o'er, and for the Papists vote;
 Turn Liberal, nay, turn Papist—then
 Shall each *enlightened*, *liberal* throat,
 Pronounce thee first and best of men.
 Thou then in Jeffrey's page shalt shine;—
 Whig prints will call thee quite divine;—
 Brougham with thy friends will number.
 Care not what may befall the realm,
 Ere change the land may overwhelm
 Thou in the tomb may'st slumber.
 Examples swarm; nay, speak the word,—
 Change—sell thy conscience—be ador'd!

Ah, why by YORK's illustrious DUKE,
 Is England's bigot-Church pressur'd?
 Why will he brave the Whig's rebuke,
 And idly speak of GEORGE THE THIRD?
 Why will he wander to the grave
 Of this dead King for counsel,—lave
 With tears his lifeless ashes?
 A different light our sky illumines;
 All that HE taught the blaze consumes,
 That now upon us flashes.
 Before our eyes new systems swim;—
 We follow Bonaparte—not him.

What is an oath?—shall vows to God
 Bind man?—shine the new lights in
 vain?

Shall conscience form a chain—a rod,
 And not a thing to sell for gain?
 Law-makers' laughter sits on both;
 Shall kings and people then be loath
 To add their laughter to it?
 Swear as you please, and any scribe
 Amidst the news-inventing tribe,
 Will, as you like, construe it.
 If this content ye not, resolve ye
 To seek the Pope, he will absolve ye.

When Parliament the Church forsakes—
 Stern freedom's nurse—to raise another
 That bondsmen of its votaries makes,
 Ah, Prince, thy foolish scruples smother.
 Who—who may gain by this like thee?
 A fetter'd King thy brother see;
 His will's by statute bounded.
 Be, till the Papist conquers, mute,
 Then mount the throne, reign absolute,
 By none but slaves surrounded.
 No longer with thy interest trifle;
 This night the stoutest conscience stifle.

Shall no one change but politicians,
 When none apostates now can be?

Change—change all callings, all condi-
 tions;
 All things, as well as trade, are free.
 More *liberal* views, GREAT GEORGE, ac-
 quire;
 Forget all taught Thee by thy SIRE;
 His life, cast from before Thee.
 The Great NAPOLEON copy,—then
 Thou'lt ravish all *enlightened* men;
 All Liberals will adore Thee;
 Then Mackintosh will chaunt thy praise,
 With all the "hirelings" Jeffrey pays.

Why, CHESTER's BISHOP, dost thou bring
 The people's prayers before the Lords?
 Why dost thou scourge the sage Lord King,
 Unto the utter loss of words?
Illiberal man! thy church betray;
 Fly to the Pope, and take, I pray,
 Us to the Holy Father.
 What may not powers like thine obtain?
 A Cardinal's hat thou'lt surely gain;
 Perchance the Popedom rather.
 Ah, lead us to the *liberal* things,
 The Romish Church around it flings.

Hail, Britain's beauteous daughters, hail!
 Who, what the scraps are, reveal;
 Shall fashion woo you now and fail?
 From man no lesson will ye steal?
 The witching blush—the melting eyes,
 Whose blaze both charms and purifies,—
 Lights love—scathes vicious feeling;
 The lips whence virtue's warblings flow;
 The soul, pure as the virgin-snow,
 When from the cloud 'tis stealing:
 These win our *liberal* hearts no longer,
 We must have charms more *liberal*—
 stronger.

Be *liberal*—change, and from you shake
 A principle with every flounce;
 New tenets with new ribbons take;
 And old ones with old gowns renounce.
 The heathenism your grandams taught,
 Forget—with empty ills 'tis fraught;
 I fear 'twill make us hate ye.
 Seek some one of the *liberal* school,
 To teach you how ye still may rule;
 Still make us angels rate ye.
 Fear not—such tutors now abound;
 'Tis of the *old* school none are found.

I'll change myself—I'll e'en go o'er;
 Why should I fight against the nation?
 I'll be your foe, ye Whigs, no more;
 Come, Brougham, and give me "*educa-
 tion*."

Yet gentle be thy speech and touch,
 I love not sound and fury much,
 I cannot bear rough fingers;
 My wrath a breath will sometimes move,
 And yet—'tis natural—some small love
 Of old things in me lingers.

Smile, if thou canst, and clap my back;
I cannot learn from scowl and thwack.

And shouldst thou deign to hear my call,
Give to no mad invectives vent;
Use far less powder, and more ball;
Deal much in fact and argument,
Thou hast an ugly way of using
Much Billingsgate, and then abusing
All who may dare retort it.
Now, if thou play'st this trick on me,
I fear thou wilt thy pupil see
Apt on thyself to sport it.
And if thou chance to strike, I trow,
This pupil may return the blow.

But bring not *Thomas Paine* at first;
Use science—teach me by degrees;
Begin with pleasant drink,—my thirst,
At last, may greatly love the lees.
And swear by what binds *liberal* men,
That should thy lessons fail thee,—then,—
(Doubt on my spirit flashes)—
Thou wilt not bind me to a stake,
Pile round me faggots, light them,—make
Me only bigot's ashes.
Thy speech, made midst thy Scotland-
glories,
Seem'd e'en to wish to burn all Tories.

Mark, Whigs, I'll change by rule alone,
Like other men;—my price I'll feel;
I'll have my bargain lawyer-drawn;
I'll have you bound by stamp and seal.
First some great patron,—next a seat
Amongst the Commons,—then 'tis meet
And sanction'd well by reason,—
You bind yourselves to make me leader,
When place we reach, if no seceder
Before that blessed season—
Brougham,—all your heads, I dare en-
gage,
Will then be quite worn out by age.

Hence with the idle mockery—hence!
Thy arrows, wanton *Satire*, spare.—
Heaven! in thy wrath, no plague dispense,
To make me what the turncoats are.
Purge me, yea! purge me thrice with
fire;—
Keep from me all that men desire;
Friends, wealth, fame, rank, and splendour;
But lead me not from side to side,
As *liberal* Ministers may provide;—
As parties gain may tender;—

As that, long sigh'd for, may be gain'd,
Or that, endanger'd, be retain'd.

I wander near Saint Stephen's door;
What though its door is closed on me;
What though upon its sacred floor
I in no party-ranks may be;
Yet I can there my party find;
There on me party leaders bind
The chains ne'er to be broken,—
There, spite of faction's triumphs,—spite
Of all the new-invented light,
My party creed is spoken.
There party-colours o'er me wave,
Which charm and make me party's slave.

The pigmies living, there, my eyes
Sec not,—my ear attends to none;—
The giant-dead around me rise;
Their eloquence I hear alone.
Hail, spectral host! midst you no fool
Attempts to give us madman's rule;—
Calls falsehoods, truth and reason.
I see not wild economists,
To madly enter ruin's lists,
And teach us lies and treason.
No innovating lawyers stand
Amidst your proud and glorious band.

Ah, none midst you new systems spin
From out the abstract-sleeper's vision,
None think consistency a sin,
Or old things cover with derision.
Ye on our institutions throw
No fire-brands, that the frightful glow
May duly liberalise them.
If be our boasts and blessings hoary;
The more, not less, you in them glory,
You still more highly prize them;
You make the Liberal's creed your jest;
You scorn his slang, his schemes,—his
test.

Immortal men! ye point around;—
Ye all your mighty works unfold;
From them the words in thunder sound—
"If speech be vain, the proofs behold!"
I see—I hear—abjure each creed,
But yours alone;—oh, hear me plead;—
Give, if not wisdom, merit.
If power, I may not have, give will;—
Withhold your talents, let me still
Your patriotism inherit.
Still o'er me let your colours fly;—
Your party-bondsman let me die!

H. H. H.

NOTE-BOOK OF A LITERARY IDLER.

No. I.

1. Classical Journal, No. 61.
2. Lionel Lincoln.
3. Popery, &c. by the Rev. Geo. Croly.
4. Lawyers and Legislators.
5. Present Operations and future Prospects of the Mexican Mine Associations. By Sir W. Rawson.
6. Letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the Necessity and Practicability of forming a Code of the Laws of England. By Crofton Uniacke.
7. Arrowsmith's Outlines of the World.

April 22.—It is easy to say that a feeble and indecisive habit of mind is produced by desultory and omnivorous reading. I deny the fact, although it is asserted, if I mistake not, in the pages of Waverley. The author is himself a direct contradiction to his own assertion. How various and unpremeditated his reading must have been! It would be hard to persuade me that he began a regular and systematic course for his historical novels—that he laid down a fixed rule for reading himself up to all the points of life and learning which fill his varied pages. Nor is he the only instance I should quote to prove the want of truth in that remark, although it is so often made. Pliny, according to his nephew, made a sensible observation on reading—that there is no book so bad or so foolish as not to supply something worth recollecting. Pope read everything. Milton spent his youth in poring over romances, and his poetry, remote as his subjects are from the guests which fill the pages of these compositions, is thoroughly instinct with their spirit; even in hell he finds a corse to bring in Charlemagne and all his peerage fighting in Fontarabia, against the forces sent from Biserta upon Afric's shore. In the temptation of our Saviour, we are presented with Agrican, and Gallephrone, and Angelica the fair. Nay, when disclaiming the themes of his early favourites as frivolous, he does it in their own language, and tells of impresses quaint—baser and trappings, gorgeous knights at tilt and tournament, &c. Warburton read every thing, from the fathers of the church to the last pamphlet by old Dennis. I could easily enlarge my list, but I need not, as what I want to say is done already. I only wished to defend my own practice of reading whatever comes before me. It is plea-

sant for little people to lurk behind great names—to defend our own propensities, by proving them in some degree analogous to the powerful minds of the world.

Hobbes—I am looking at an old engraving of him this moment, prefixed to the third edition of his Thucydides, (1723). It is no great effort of art—but it is well enough executed to let us see the powerfully expanded brow—the thoughtful corrugation above his well-developed nose, the deepset, brow-shadowed, fierce eyes, and the firmly compressed lips of that remarkable thinker—Hobbes, I say, was in the habit of observing that he never read books, “lest,” as he said, “they should make me as foolish as those who do.” It was the saying of a man strong and fearless in the resources of his own mind. Yet that it was, even in him, but an exaggeration, is evident. He who translated Thucydides in youth, who did Homer into verse—I cannot afford a more complimentary phrase, though I own I like to read his Homer—after he was eighty—the friend of all the remarkable men of perhaps our most remarkable country, from Lord Bacon to Dryden—the sturdy champion in a thousand controversies, whose steel cap, as Warburton truly said, was the object to be thundered on by every young polemic who wished to try his powers—must have been, from the necessity of the case, from the variety of the objects which attracted his attention, a most various reader. So Leibnitz.

But really this is too much of a flourish of trumpets. There is no need of seeking these *Di majorem gentium* of literature—of unsphering the spirit of Plato, or any other mighty philosopher, to acquit me, R. J. sitting quietly in Lincoln's Inn, of devouring all that I can get—of reading as deep-

ly as my language and talents will permit me—and of reading as nonsensically as my disposition bids. There is, however, a sort of chronological difference in these studies. To read deeply I must go back—to read lightly I may read the productions of my contemporaries. The day of folio is gone—even of quarto, except in the case of first editions of books for which a feverish excitement exists,—and even in their case the quarto is but an *avant-courier* for a duodecimo, the natural shape for the composition. Look at Medwin.

I am sick of periodicals. They squabble too much for me. I wonder that their conductors do not see that the public in general do not care three straws about their quarrels. I have just read one periodical, now tolerably free from this nuisance, the *Classical Journal*—yet I remember the day when even it was foaming at the mouth against the *Museum Criticum*, and showing its teeth against Bloomfield. But, after all, the quarrels of the *Viri Clarissimi* are pleasant to the initiated. It is quite comical to see the anger, the wit, [for it is fact, that there were few wittier men than those whom the vulgar voice puts down as word-hunters and verbal critics,] the research, the reading wasted on refuting the erroneous opinion of another “*Vir eruditissimus, sed in hac re parum doctus*,” concerning the force of a *paulopostfuturum*—the proper construction of *av*—the fit foot for a *Dochmiach*, &c. What remains of it now is but a weapon-shaving. The combats of the *Scioppii*, &c. were gladiatorial battles without quarter. Politeness is at present the order of the day, even in this bear-garden of literature.

I suppose the *Classical Journal* must have but a limited sale. It evidently does not make much headway in the literature of the country, and yet it is far from being ill executed. The opening article of the No. 61, is of a class which could be rendered very attractive. It is a view of the Epistles of Philolphus, a Latin writer, born in 1398, and dead in 1480. There were some remarkable men among these modern Latin writers, and their merits are pretty well appreciated in this paper. Even in point of Latin style, there were some great writers among them, some far

superior to the real Roman writers of the silver and brazen ages. Among these will be found the raw materials of our present modes of thought, society, manners, politics, to an extent scarcely credible by those who have not examined them. As for criticism, our reviews, and all that series of works, are but *rifaccimenti* of what was said by Scaliger, Muretus, Lipsius, &c. The Greek and Latin writers were, in *their* days, new books, and treated accordingly. It is quite amusing to see Scaliger cutting up Homer, as Jeffrey would Wordsworth,—ay, and pretty much in the same sensible style. When we contrast them with their contemporaries who employed the vernacular languages, we feel as if we were going from the company of civilized men to barbarians. Philolphus, however, is not a favourable specimen. He was a good, easy, elegant-minded man, of no pith or energy; and the journalist does not appear to have made the best selection possible from his Epistles. The next he chooses, I hope, will be more piquant. The centre piece of all these men are the Scaligers. A life of these great men (for, in spite of all their vanity they *were* great men) would be a gift to our literature. It would take no ordinary scholar, however, to do it properly. As I am wishing for literary biographies, I may as well wish that some one would write a life of a leading schoolman—say Thomas Aquinas.—They formed a curious chapter in the history of Human Mind.

If I knew Valpy, I should certainly expostulate with him for allowing Taylor the Platonist to write in his journal. The man is an ass, in the first place; secondly, he knows nothing of the religion of which he is so great a fool as to profess himself a votary. And, thirdly, he knows less than nothing of the language about which he is continually writing. I think I remember seeing it proved somewhere* that he did not even know a line of Homer. And just think of the following trash being given us as an adequate representation of Platonic language or reasoning. “Let Providence not have a subsistence, again there will follow to itself with respect to itself, the imperfect, the improlific, the inefficacious, a subsistence for itself alone. There will not follow, the unenvying,

* Our correspondent ought to have known that it was in this Magazine.
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the transcendantly full, the sufficient, the assiduous. There will follow, and not follow the unsollicitous and the undisturbed !” What idiocy !

The remaining papers in this Number are tolerable. What long-lived dogs its contributors are ! Here we have an Inquiry into Versification, &c. No. 4, continued from No. XXVI. thirty-five numbers, that is nine years back. This is taking Horace’s advice with a vengeance.—*Nonumque prematur in annum.* Another refers to this paper in No. XXII., ten years off. These are most antediluvian magazines.

I cannot approve of the translation of Milton’s exordium.

Ἀνδρῶς ὡς ἐπὶ βασινὶ ἀπειροχόρως,
is not what Milton means, for he does not sing the disobedience of the first man (quâ first) but the first disobedience of man. Had Adam been sinless, and the crime committed by Cain, it would equally have been Milton’s theme.

While standing in the sacred court, Wang cast his eyes around,
Where harts and roes, in calm repose, lay resting on the ground,
And sleek was every glossy coat of every hart and roe,
And overhead the white stork spread his plumes bright as snow.

It is, I think, a pretty picture, enough.

May 1st.—I have been looking over the last [I believe] novel of the Transatlantic imitator of the author of Waverley, Lionel Lincoln.

In general I may remark, that America does not yet afford materials for a striking historical novel. The only great event which the States have been engaged in, is the War of the Revolution of 1776, and, however important in a historical point of view, it wants some of the grand elements of romance. It is, in the first place, too near our own times. Even the Author of Waverley cuts no great figure in the days of George the III. Some of the actors in it are alive, most of them are remembered by men of the present generation. We therefore cannot take the liberties with their characters and exploits, which we feel no scruple in doing with heroes of more distant date. Few care whether the picture of Claverhouse, in *Old Mortality*, is correct or not in its minute

“And chiefly thou, O spirit,”
is sadly amplified into

Παμπαρῶν δὲ σὺ μοι, θύλον μέγας, ἐν τῇ ἱερῇ
Παύσια ἑστέ; φάνουσαι.

But it is readable; not, however, Homeric verse; nor even Homer’s language. (Ex. gr. *υπὲρ λ ο γ ο ι σ*; for words or prose.)

Milton, on the whole, is qucerly treated in this Number of the Classical Journal; for another contributor, who is a pleasant writer, (and decidedly a little, but agreeably, insane,) finds out that *Paradise Lost* is a remnant of the Egyptian mysteries, and somehow connected with the pyramids. (p. 176.)

There is a bit of Chinese here from *Menz Tschu*. A whim has seized me to translate it. By referring to Julien’s lithograph, I copy the original characters.† I must premise that Wang, or Ouang, was a Chinese king.

“Ouang tsai ling yeou
Yeou lou yeou fo,
Yeou lou tcho tcho
Pe nia ho ho.

parts, for few have any opportunity of knowing anything about it—and any knowledge on the subject must necessarily be drawn from books. The contrary holds with respect to Cornwallis or Washington. We cannot make these men do anything contrary to what we all know. The Annual Register, or the Newspaper, is a sad spoiler of fancy, and will not allow us to soften or strengthen any heart for the sake of poetizing. In consequence, as here in this novel of Lionel Lincoln, the agents in the book must be men of no name, men fictitious, and in that too we are reminded that history is against us. This of course is a considerable drawback on the beauty and power of romance.

Again, the political heats are scarcely subsided yet. Nobody cares about the Pretender, and therefore there is no danger of hurting any man’s political views by depicting him or his cause in any colours, favourable or unfavourable. But in the case of the American War, it is not to be expected that

* We unfortunately have no Chinese blocks. We suppose our correspondent’s version of the words will do.—E.D.

the Americans can write calmly on the political events of the day. We do not want them to be tame on a subject so interesting to their country; but it makes it impossible for them to write impartial characters of the opposite side. Mr Cooper, we own, is very fair—nay, very complimentary—but he would be blind who did not see of what country the author of *Lionel Lincoln* was, before reading twenty pages. Nor should we complain of these political biases, but that they are perpetually liable to lead the writer into discussions on things no doubt important in the contest, and consecutive by association of ideas in American minds; but which the reading public out of America regard with perfect indifference.

This leads me to our third reason for thinking the American war unfitted for romance. It was, no doubt, a great political struggle, the consequences of which will endure while the world lasts, but it was undertaken for objects almost unmanageable in the hands of a novelist. No art (said the late facetious Eaton Stannard Barrett, the author of the *Heroine*, *All the Talents*, &c.) can make a cocked hat harmonize with horror. So, say I, no art can make stamp-acts or tea-duties romantic. It is even hard enough to bring in acts of Parliament, decrees of Congress, resolutions of States—and the difficulty is increased when the military actions are so trivial, and even paltry, as the military affairs of the American war were. Then the theme, after all, is *colonial*. We have no kings or nobles before us. We sympathize not with the fall of lofty houses, or are not called on to mourn over the decadence of the last of an illustrious line. The attempt made at it in *Lionel Lincoln* is a failure, nor are the localities consecrated by any recollections, or connected with any superstitions. An American ghost would hardly appal the nerves of a boarding-school miss. These are very good things in the political, but sore defects in the romantic world. The *Westminster Reviewers* may call cathedrals and castles strongholds of tyranny and superstition as long as they please, but they are sorely mistaken if they think they will bring novel-writers or novel-readers to believe in their creed.

Such is a hasty glance at the inherent difficulty of writing an American novel on the *Waverley* plan. The

States possess materials out of which to build fictions of a different kind. The wars, lives, and intrigues of the first settlers with their red neighbours, would, for instance, afford copious materials. The primitive Indian hunter, in contact with the formal Quaker, would be a fine contrast. A picturesque writer would revel in the glorious scenery of the yet unsubdued woods, and the bays, rivers, and headlands, still beautiful, though art has done what it can to diminish their beauty. We do not remember that this has ever been adequately done. Philip of Pokannoket, by Washington Irving, is not worth much, nor has Irving the power to do a first class novel. I do not think that Mr Cooper would succeed in this department, but I hope that some American will be found to take the hint which I have thus thrown out.

Let us, however, come from the consideration of American novels in general, to this before us in particular. It is an agreeable book, written in a pleasant style, with a light sketchy manner. The novel part of the story is puzzled, and not very clever. There is an attempt at a sort of Davie Gellatly, in the person of an idiot of the name of Job Pray, which cannot be commended, after remembering its original. An eating, drinking, good-hearted, good-humoured English officer, is pretty well done—but after Dalgetty he is not wanted. One great absurdity pervades the book. A man escaped from an English madhouse, is, in fact, the hero—he manages the private meetings of the discontented colonists—he takes a great share in the military actions of Lexington and Bunker's Hill—he passes in and out of the beleaguered city of Boston, as easily as fairies are said to get through key-holes—is present in the councils of the military officers opposed to the colonists, and in the very inmost mysteries of their antagonists. Now this is more revolting, critically speaking, more improbable than a ghost.

Let me turn to something better. The whole account of the battle of Bunker's, or rather Breed's Hill, is capitally done. There are some sketches of country American manners too, so well executed, that I could wish for more of the same kind, and on the same key. I allude to the little episode of the old man, who drives Lionel and his wife on the cart, and that of

the woman, whose sons were named after the old King. There is a newness about these, which, to me at least, is very agreeable. One part, in which General Lee is introduced, I know from the relation of various persons who were acquainted with that singular, but good-for-nothing character, is very well written. The story about his fondling his dogs, and his occasionally attempting to shoot them, is a fact; he might have added, but I suppose he recoiled from committing the impiety, the names which Lee had given these animals. With a contemptible, but yet terrible blasphemy, the most sacred names were those which he had chosen, and the effect was partly ludicrous, partly distressing. On the whole, *Lionel Lincoln* is a pleasant and graphic novel. It is, I perceive, translated into French—very poorly, I understand—as badly, I suppose, as the *Waverley* novels; it could not be worse. I remember, among other specimens of the French translators' acquaintance with our tongue, that one of them rendered the verse of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, (quoted in the *Pirate*)—

They built a house on yonder brae,

And theek'd it o'er wi' RASHES,

into "*Elles se sont batiés un maison sur la colline, et elles en ont chassé les imfraudens.*"—"L'homme verd et tranquille," for "the green man and still," is nothing to this.

May 8th. Here's a spread of pamphlets. Are these compositions read? I understand that they succeed but about one in five hundred. Booksellers, of course, pay nothing for the copyright; and, in many cases, the author has the glory of propagating (or rather of thinking he propagates) his opinions *au bout de bourse*. The Pamphleteer is a sort of hospital, into which the most thriving patients are taken, the incurables being left to perish in the open air.

The only use they serve, I am told, is to distribute among a particular body—say—the House of Commons, when a question is to be carried in that body. The gullibility of mankind is magnificent. It is a fact, that an honourable M.P. will swallow the dicta of a pamphlet—adopt its words—believe in its reasonings—always excepting that he has a preconceived idea on the other side—while he would set no value on the same statements, written by the same person, and for the same pur-

pose, in a newspaper. Even a magazine or review will not, I understand, carry so much weight with the majority of the eminent statesmen whom we meet on committees. Huskisson said a pretty fair thing the other day to a gentleman (no matter who), that stiffly maintained some point in argument against him, and wound up his ratiocipation, by saying, in a voice of authority,—“Why, sir, I assure you, I read it this very morning in a pamphlet on the subject.”—“If that be all,” said Huskisson, “I have the advantage over you; for I read the same nonsense in a *quarto* twenty years ago, and yet it is not a bit the truer.”

Some of these before me are decidedly clever. Croly's pamphlet on Popery, though rather fierce, is eloquent, as Croly indeed always is, when he pleases, and occasionally witty. The account of the arrival and conduct of the Irish Roman Catholic deputation in London is admirable. In truth, that was about the most laughable of all the deputations that ever invaded us. They came full of the idea that they should be lions of the first magnitude, and were very much amazed to find themselves considered as quadrupeds of a different station in society. In some magazine, of this month—I forget which—there is an account of their progress, in which this feeling is most prominently exposed in all its soreness. The writer, (who, I suppose, is Stieglitz,) is filled with profound admiration at the *quisquis* society, Brougham, and other lawyer-people, into which he, evidently for the first time, had been introduced, but casts, nevertheless, many a furtive glance of longing aspiration after what, in his own country, he would call “the quality,” who most mercilessly took no notice whatever of these wailing patients. The poor old Duke of Norfolk, of course, from a community of creed, was obliged to tolerate them, and Lord Holland, as patriarch of Whiggery, equally, of course, was compelled to admit them, with a suppressed groan, inside the antique brick-work of his Kensington residence, there to afford matter of laughter to the metropolitan servants by their provincial gaucheries at table. As for their higher dreams of distinction, their hopes that they were coming here to enact the part of Franklin and the Americans of the days of Lord North, they met with a still ruder dissipation, and

in utter despair they were compelled to throw themselves, in one direction, under Cobbett, and in another under Hunt. All this, I own, does not at all affect the great national question with which they have connected themselves—their being ridiculous or imprudent should merely be visited, as it has been, on their own heads.

I wish Croly, in his pamphlet, would not call these people Papists. I admit the force of his argument as to the absurdity of their claim to the title of Catholics, in the sense in which they wish it to be understood; but as *their* sense is not the sense of the English language, I do not think we are called upon to adopt it. I call the followers of John Wesley Methodists, though I do not acknowledge that their church or discipline has more method in it than my own—I do not scruple to address the Calvinistic portion of our own church by the title of Evangelical, though I bow not to their arrogation of superior gospel purity—and so on. What is the meaning of Whig and Tory? Something ridiculous—and yet the two great parties of the state voluntarily adopt them. A name, in fact, soon loses its *real* in its *conventional* meaning. I am no more bound to acknowledge the universality of the Church of Rome, when I call its votaries Roman Catholics, than one of their controversialists is bound to consider the doctrines of Luther a *reformation*, when he calls the Protestant churches *reformed*. It strikes me, that it would be fairer to call every party by the name which it acknowledges. You will lose nothing by it in argument.

Two pamphlets on the mining projects are lying before me. One is by that young gentleman who has so agreeably cut up the absurd article on that subject in the Quarterly (written, *proh pudor*, by Barrow!) There is an immensity of cleverness in his "Lawyers and Legislators." He knocks to pieces Hobhouse's nonsensical statements in the House of Commons admirably. Is it not a strange thing that any gentleman, and he a gentleman who has written quartos, to boot, as thick as this *here* cheese, should get up in the House and make a mistake of 26 degrees of latitude in a statement upon which he founded all his reasoning? It is really too bad. As for the mines themselves, there is every reason to think that they will be good speculations. We have done, in six months, more for the Mexican mines, than the Spaniards did for three centuries, in finding coal, quicksilver, &c. I cannot say that I think the young author's style has improved. He has grown insolent from success, and flippant with it. His remarks, for instance, on the Lord Chancellor, are very shallow, and generally very absurd.

Sir William Rawson (like Sir W. Adams) is the author of the other pamphlet on the mining concern. I do not think he possesses the *lucidus ordo* in so great a degree, but he has gathered an immensity of facts. He sets the immense value of the South American Republics to our commerce, power, and general interests, in a very striking point of view. I shall extract one of his many tables.

An Account of the Value of the Exports from Great Britain to South America, in each of the three years, ending 5th January, 1825.

Years ending 5th Jan.	Value of Exports from Great Britain to South America, (including Mexico and Brazil.)								
	British and Irish Produce and Manufactures.			Foreign and Colonial Merchandize.			Total Exports.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1823	3,166,071	11	7	122,384	12	5	3,288,456	4	0
1824	4,219,890	6	2	163,666	2	1	4,373,556	8	3
1825	5,563,134	18	7	301,888	8	3	5,865,323	6	10

By this we see that the South American commerce has gone on progressing at the rate of 32—43—58, for these three years, the only years that it can be said to have freely existed. It would not amaze me if the ratio proceeded, and that it should be seven millions and a half next year. They talk, to be sure, of a glut just now, but I doubt whether it can be to a great extent. I agree with Sir W. in trusting that there will be a still greater field opening every successive year, and agree also in his views when he tells us,

“ No one can be ignorant of the facts that from our national power and influence, consequent upon our political institutions, as well as from the extent and superiority of our commerce and manufactures, that a great degree of jealousy is felt towards Great Britain by her Continental neighbours; and it is as little to be doubted, that the Holy Alliance Potentates would readily avail themselves of any favourable opportunity of permanently lessening our political influence and commercial prosperity. Buonaparte, upon whose system of commercial policy towards us the Continental powers are now acting, had nearly succeeded in his attempt to effect this; but his ambition defeated his grand effort, and amidst the general wreck of his fortunes, he himself fell a victim. Still, however, Buonaparte demonstrated the practicability of uniting a very large proportion of the civilized world against our manufacturing interests, which had well nigh driven our manufacturing population into a state of rebellion. How important, then, is it to our very political existence, as well as to the interest of the weaker powers of Europe, that Great Britain should be placed in future beyond the reach of such a political combination; and, standing secure in her independence and power, be enabled to pursue the honest dictates of her own natural policy, without being fettered or diverted from it, either by continental engagements, foreign to her best interests, or by the inability duly to assert and maintain those sound maxims of international law, which cannot be impugned by any principle of reason or justice, and can therefore be only successfully combated at the point of the bayonet. The independence and prosperity of the new world places Great Britain in this enviable state; for, happily protected by our insular situation from invasion, and possessing, as we shall do, the command of the vast commerce which the New States will afford, in addition to what our

continental neighbours (let them do their worst) cannot deprive us of, we shall be, to all intents and purposes, free and independent of continental politics, continental dictation, or continental interference of any kind. Being thus situated, let us look at the political power and influence which this commercial independence of Europe will afford us. We have already proved our capability of preventing improper interference and hostile collision between the continental powers and the New States of America. By assisting these states, in early eliciting their vast natural wealth and resources, we not only, as I have shown, proportionally benefit ourselves, but we also thereby establish a salutary balance of power between them and the United States; and this balance established, it is obvious, that the influence of Great Britain, thrown into either scale, will make it preponderate; which influence, when similarly exerted, it can scarcely be doubted, would produce similar effects in any dissensions which may hereafter arise among the continental powers of Europe.

“ Hence we have before us the proud and gratifying prospect, to every right-minded Englishman, of Great Britain's establishing herself the *Arbitress of Nations*, holding the *Balance of Power* in her own hands; and fortunately for the interests of humanity and freedom that it should be so, because it cannot be denied that there naturally exists in the councils of this country, a high-minded sense of honour and moral integrity, which is not to be found elsewhere; while, as Englishmen, it is impossible that we can ever, in our hearts, wish to see others deprived of those blessings of freedom of thought and action which we so dearly value ourselves, and which, we all feel, have so much conduced to make us what we are in the scale of nations.”

With respect to our interference with the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies, there is one argument I do not remember to have seen urged. The French ultra-royalist papers accuse us, who have quelled the jacobins, of jacobinism, and I know not what else, in consequence of our acknowledgment of the existence of powers which were *de facto* independant, and as much out of the dominion of Spain as the kingdom of the Netherlands. Now this has always struck me to be the very quintessence of impudence. The Bourbons deprived us of our colonies in North America, by *direct interference*; and, by my word, I don't see why we are to inconvenience ourselves

to bring back *theirs*, which we have not interfered, directly or indirectly, to aid in their insurrection.

I see among my papers a pamphlet on the necessity of simplifying, consolidating, rewriting, and codifying our English law, by a Mr Crofton Uniack, late a Nova Scotia Admiralty Judge. It betrays the *civil-law* lawyer evidently, but there is a great deal of good sense in it. I shall, perhaps, hereafter scribble down my own opinions on it and some dozen others of the same tendency. I am too tired to-day to do any more. The weather for these few days has been almost the hottest I ever felt—the tropics cannot be warmer. Indeed, a friend of mine, who lived for a long time in Ceylon, assures me of the fact.

May 10.—A new Atlas by Arrowsmith. A handsomely executed, and, I presume, from the great reputation of its author, an accurate work. Aaron Arrowsmith, whose picture, well engraved, is prefixed to the Atlas, was a man of the first-rate ability in his science. In hydrography he was perhaps unequalled. There was always, besides, a beauty and clearness of engraving about his productions which was to me always highly agreeable. In the maps before me this is very discernible. Pinkerton and many other map-drawers make their maps quite illegible by the intense depth of shading, and an attempt, which must always be a vain and inadequate one, of representing the mountains strongly, according to their elevation. The new features which strike me in this little Atlas, are the insertion of the late discoveries by Parry, &c. in the North of America—the bringing up the geography of Africa to the last intelligence—the exhibition of the states of Europe as they are, leaving out the nonsense of giving Poland and other obsolete divisions (I wish we had a separate map, however, of Austria), and the maps of Punjab, Ceylon, the inhabited parts of New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, the Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, and Darien. Map-drawing is greatly improved among us. The Mercator's projection, in this Atlas, is a perfect picture.

I wish that in all our atlases, great or small, they would give us three maps of India, *i. e.* maps of Bengal,

Madras, and Bombay, instead of one general one, in which everything is so much huddled that it is of little use. Yet what country after our own is of so much importance to us? There is hardly a family in the kingdom that is not interested in the movements of regiments, the appointments of writers, the situations of judges, &c. These little maps, besides, in which we have two hundred miles on an inch, deceive as to the real importance of India. I venture to say that it would astonish most people to hear that we possess a territory in length as great as the distance from Gibraltar to Copenhagen, and in average breadth, from Paris to Constantinople.

I feel a sort of pleasure in seeing in these maps Baffin's Bay restored. It was the most miserable ignorance and quackery that made its existence ever doubted, and I do not know a greater piece of geographical charlatanerie than Pinkerton's, in leaving it out of his map. Everything tends to impress me with the opinion, that we are soon destined to have the northern coast of America accurately traced, thereby wiping off a geographical disgrace. In no other point of view can the northern expeditions be of any use—but that is, nevertheless, a point of view worthy of being regarded by a great maritime nation. I confess I expect more from Franklin than from Parry.

Shenstone I think it is who remarks, that he never looked over a map without a sensation of regret, when he reflected that there was not a name written upon its surface that did not belong to a place where social, friendly, virtuous, or brilliant people were not to be found, whose company, of course, he could not hope to enjoy. It was a kindly, though a morbid feeling. The impression looking over an atlas leaves on me, is a disposition to speculate on the future state of the world—on the nations and empires yet to arise in quarters now barbarous and desert. It is impossible to put it out of one's head that New Holland, the country which latest of all has received the elements of civilization, is destined to play a great part in future ages. If there be no obstacle to its population, it appears to labour under the defect of want of rivers, but it is

hard to say how that will operate—before fifty years elapse it must contain a vast number of people. From its northern coast to Canton, the distance is not much more than half the distance of from this to New York. With the means of rapid communication, which every day is improving or bringing forward, it is not probable that two such mighty empires will be long without coming into contact. The intervening islands, Borneo, &c. will soon submit before European skill, and it does not seem to me chimerical to look forward to New Holland, as the power which is destined to upset the ancient systems of Asia. Before that period arrives, however, China will find something more to do than issue imperial edicts, calling on the world to bow down before her celestial throne. The territory of the Burmans borders upon hers, and as, in all probability, the fate of the Burmese is decided by this time, the Mandarins will find neighbours of a different temper from those by whom they have hitherto been surrounded. Egypt, which was long the great Western barrier—the impassable country which threw itself in the way of the extension of knowledge, is now opening. The great eastern barrier is China. If any power were to upset the system that prevails in that country, it would, I think, confer a great benefit on the human race. Perhaps we are ourselves destined to perform it—perhaps it is reserved for the descendants of our Australasian progeny. If so, it will be a queer dispensation which permits the overthrow of the kingdom of Fo, by the offspring of a colony intended to relieve the jails of London of their thieves and prostitutes.

All this, I own, is mere dreaming. A time will, however, in all probability come, when the sceptre which we now hold will pass out of our hands, and when London (though that indeed is not probable) may be as Tyre and Sidon. Even then we shall leave

great monuments of us and our exertions over the world. Our records will not perish—our literature must survive. Under any dominion, the philosophic historian will find matter of wonder, that so insignificant a speck upon the globe should have spread its power all over the earth. I hope he will have reason to conclude that that power was exerted for good. In quarters the most distant, and apparently impossible to keep united under any rule, from Canada to Van Diemen's Land, our language will be spoken, and the frame-work of society held together by institutions derived from ours. I do not dread that we shall suffer another night of ignorance, for there is no quarter for barbarians to come from, and even if there were, they should become civilized before they could contend with us—thanks, principally, I think, to gunpowder. Our language, therefore, in all probability, will not share the fate of that of Rome, and the tongue of Shakspeare and Milton will be vernacular in regions of the existence of which they did not dream. "The Apulian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Siola," (to use the eloquent words of Maurice Murgau,*) "shall resound with the accents of Shakspeare. In his native tongue shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of Lear be alleviated, nor the charms or wit of Rosalind be abated by time." Murgau's prophecy, short as is the time since it was uttered, is already fulfilled, and if I wished to look forward, I shall choose climes more distant, and nations still farther remote from existence. It is, indeed, a source of thought almost inexhaustible. "Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?"

But I have strayed away from Mr Arrowsmith, and his "Outlines of the World," with which, however, I cannot part without recommending it as one of the best of its kind, as far as its pretensions go.

* Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.



TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

WHEN Love away had flash'd, and fled
 To leave life clouded, cold, and cheerless,
 And Fancy not a halo shed
 Around one form to make it peerless ;
 When quench'd Youth's glowing lamp of mirth,
 By cares oppress'd, by ease forsaken,
 I deem'd no power again on earth
 The smother'd flame could more awaken.

Untouch'd my heart hath lain through years,
 A weary weight, a dreary number,
 Till now thy heavenly face appears
 Like sunshine calling it from slumber ;
 Thy voice is music from the skies
 To melt the hearts of men, and win them,
 Young Peri, and thy glancing eyes
 Have Heaven's own radiant light within them.

Oh ! could once more kind Time restore
 To me the glow of boyhood's brightness,
 And, clambering all their shadows o'er,
 My thoughts regain their vanish'd lightness ;
 Oh ! could I be as I have been,
 My heart would melt to thee in duty,
 And Hope illumine life's future scene
 With the bright sunbow of thy beauty.

It cannot be—too late—too late
 For me thy opening glory shineth ;
 Past hath the noonday of my fate ;
 Down western skies my sun declineth ;
 And, when the twilight hues of Time
 Around me lower in Age's sadness,
 Thou, in thy cloudless summer prime,
 Wilt tread the sunny earth in gladness.

Most lovely star-gem ! may no cloud
 Of sorrow ever gloom before thee ;
 And mayst thou walk amid Earth's crowd,
 With Purity's white mantle o'er thee ;
 From spot, from blemish ever free,
 May Virtue's guardian arm protect thee,
 And Vice itself, admiring thee,
 Blush for her frailties, and respect thee.

Before thee may its opening flowers
 Spring proffer in unbounded measure,
 Bright be thy lot, may all Life's hours
 Be calm'd to peace, or charin'd to pleasure
 Late be the day that calls thee hence,
 Brilliant thine years as eastern story,
 And may thy pure soul's recompence,
 Be change of earth for endless glory !

THE TIE SEVERED. A SKETCH.

WHEN news came to the mother, that her son
 Was slain in battle, all at once it seem'd
 As if the chain that bound her to this earth
 Was snapp'd, and, like a broken flower, she pined,
 When the rain rushes, and the winds are loud,
 In quick decay. He, of four goodly sons,
 (Two on the ocean for their country died,)
 Was the sole remnant; one by one they sank,
 Leaving him only, to his mother's heart
 Solace—hope—comfort.

Words may not express
 The tenderness so tearful and so deep,
 The love with which this widow loved her son,
 Musing, awake, within her silent home,
 Dreaming, asleep, on her nocturnal couch :
 He was to her the world. Words cannot paint
 The agony, which like a tempest fierce
 Tortured her thoughts to chaos when he fell,
 And sorrow, like dark midnight, fell between
 Sunshine and her lorn heart.

On afternoons
 Of summer, when from bean-fields blossoming,
 Lazy and faint the amorous winds crept by,
 Laden with perfumes, 'twas a pleasant sight
 To look upon the matron, as she turned
 With patient toil her murmur-making wheel,
 Within the shadow of the broad-leaved palm
 Beside her cottage-door ; while on the seat
 Of daisied turf the freakish kitten play'd
 Its antics, and, o'erhead, in wicker cage,
 The captive blackbird chanted his clear song.

There was a pleasure, an unbroken peace,
 A calm and sweet refreshment in that sight
 Of pious age, leaning in tranquil hope
 On a frail tie ; as, 'mid Sahara's sands,
 Horizon-bounded, one bright speck of green
 The traveller sees, and thereon thinks of rest,
 Of perils past forgetful.

Like a tree,
 Tempest o'erthrown, she wither'd rapidly ;
 The cottage soon was tenantless ; and then
 The sun shone on the hollics round her grave !

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Mitchell is preparing for the press, a Dictionary to combine the Classic and Modern Greek Languages, distinguishing Words as common or peculiar to either. And a Compendium of mere Modern Words.

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful, original and translated; containing the Prediction—The Yellow Dwarf—Der Freischutz—The Fortunes of De la Pole—and the Lord of the Maelstram. Post 8vo.

In the press, a Chronological Epitome of the Wars in the Low Countries, from the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1659, to the Treaty of Paris, in 1815; with Reflections, Military and Political. By Colonel Sir James Carmichael Smyth, Bart.

Proposals have been circulated for publishing, by subscription, in about 50 quarterly parts, *Species Conchyliorum*; or descriptions of all the known Species of recent Shells. By G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S. &c. Illustrated by coloured plates, by J. D. C. Sowerby. The descriptions in this work will be given in Latin and English. The number of species and varieties to be described and figured are five thousand, which will be contained in from nine hundred to one thousand plates.

An Historical Dissertation is preparing for publication, upon the Origin, Duration, and Antiquity of Surnames. By William Kingdom, Esq.

A Volume, containing many Letters to and from Pope, Steele, Gay, Bolingbroke, with some Poetical Fragments, by Pope, will shortly be published. They are from original MSS., and will be printed uniformly with Roscoe's edition, to which the work will form a Supplement.

The Student's Assistant, or Derivative Explanatory Index, containing the principal Terms used in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Medicine, and Surgery. By John Charles, Litchfield.

A complete Treatise on Rail Roads, &c. By Nicholas Wood, Esq. of Killingsworth Colliery, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is announced for next month.

We understand the author of "Smiles and Tears," is preparing a New Series for the press.

The Rev. Henry George White will soon publish in one volume, the Reading-Desk; or, Practical Remarks upon the Reading of the Liturgy; with Notes upon its Construction, embodying the Substance of a Series of Sermons, preached at the Asylum for Female Orphans.

A Commentary upon the Creed commonly called Athanasian, and a Justification of the Church of England for using it in her Liturgy. By J. C. Prattent, LL.B. of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Preparing for publication, the Mine Laws of Mexico, translated from the Spanish Authorities, with Observations on Mines and Mining Associations.

In a few days will be published, a Letter to Charles Butler, Esq., containing brief Observations upon his Question, "What has England gained by the Reformation?" By a True Catholic.

Look before you Leap; or, Caution recommended, in deciding on the Claims of the Roman Catholics. By Anti-Romanus.

Patriarchal Theology; or, the Religion of the Patriarchs, illustrated by an Appeal to the subsequent Parts of Divine Revelation. By the Rev. T. P. Biddulph, M.A.

A History of the Christian Church, from its Erection at Jerusalem to the present Time; on the Plan of Milner. By the Rev. John Fry.

Mr Gordon Smith is preparing a Systematic Work on Medical Police.

The Complete Governess, an entire System of Female Education, by a Lady, is announced.

In the press, Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism, with occasional Strictures on Mr Butler's "Book of the Roman Catholic Church;" in six letters, addressed to the "impartial among the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. Joseph White, M.A. & B.D., in the University of Seville; Licentiate of Divinity in the University of Orléans, &c. now a clergyman of the Church of England; author of Doblado's Letters from Spain.

Calvinistic Predestination repugnant to the general tenor of Scripture, shewn in a Series of Discourses on the Moral Attributes and Government of God, delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, by the very Rev. Richard Graves, D.D. M.R. J.A. King's Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin.

Dr Malkin, Head Master of Bury School, has in the press, Classical Disquisitions and Curiosities, Critical and Historical.

A Third Volume of the English Flora, by Sir James E. Smith, will soon appear.

The New Shepherd's Calendar, a vol. of Poems, by John Clare, will soon be published.

Shortly will be published, a volume, entitled, London in the Olden Time; or Tales intended to illustrate some of the Localities, and Manners and Superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the 12th to the 16th century.

The Origin, Progress, and Existing Circumstances of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. An Historical Inquiry. By the Rev. H. H.

Norris, A. M. Perpetual Curate of St John's Chapel, Hackney; Prebendary of Llandaff, and Chaplain to the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Rev. Dr. Wait is about to publish two or three additional volumes of *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, from the Arabic MSS. in the public library of Cambridge.

A quarto volume is announced, entitled, *The Memoirs of Zeliin-ed-Din Nuchammed Baher, Emperor of Hindostan*, and written by himself; it will be translated into English, partly by the late Dr Leyden, and partly by W. Erskine, Esq.

The Village Pastor; by one of the authors of *Body and Soul*.

Roman Nights; or Dialogues at the Tombs of the Scipios, from the Italian of Verri, will shortly appear.

Colonel Forrest, author of a *Tour of the Ganges and Jumna*, announces for publication, a *Picturesque Tour through the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada*.

Historical Notes respecting the Indians of North America, with Remarks on the attempts made to convert and civilize them.

A *Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees*, is announced for publication.

A *Work on the Religions of Ancient Greece*, the Public, the Mystical, and the Philosophical; by William Mitford, Esq.

The Third Volume of W. Savage Landor, *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men*, will soon be published.

Massenburg; a Tale, in 3 vols. 12mo.

Ambition; a Novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.

A new edition of the Rev. John Bird, junior's, *Essay on the Records of the Creation*, revised and corrected by the author, will shortly be published.

The Rev. J. T. James, author of *Travels in Russia and Poland*, has in the press *The Scepticism of To-day; or, The Common Sense of Religion Considered*.

A volume of *Sermons*, by the Rev. Hugh McNeill, M.A., rector of Abury, will appear in the course of a few days.

In the press, a *Course of Nine Sermons*, intended to illustrate some of the leading truths contained in the Liturgy of the Church of England. By the Rev. F. Close, A.M. Curate of the Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham.

Mr George Sinclair, author of the "*Hortus Gramineus Woburnensis*," has in the press an *Essay on the Weeds of*

Agriculture; with their Common and Botanical Names, their respective Characters and evil Qualities, whether as infesting Samples of Corn, or encumbering the Soil. Also, *Practical Remarks on their Destruction by Fallowing*, or otherwise. The Posthumous Work of Benjamin Holdich, Esq. late Editor of the *Farmer's Journal*.

Mr Robert Sweet, F.L.S., (author of the *Geraniaceae*, and other Botanical Works,) intends giving a complete History, with the best method of cultivation, of that beautiful tribe of Plants called *Cistus*, or *Rock Rose*, at present so little known, or greatly confused. The Work will appear in Numbers every alternate Month, commencing with July, containing four coloured figures from living specimens cultivated in this country.

Colonel C. J. Napier has in the press a *Memoir on the Roads of Cefalonia*, with plans for their defence, to which is added, a *Statistical Account of the Islands*, with averages as to climate.

Edward's Botanical Register, vol. X. containing ninety-six coloured portraits of the rarest and finest exotic plants, with their history, mode of cultivation, &c. L. 2, 9s.

Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with Extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence, and other Papers, now first published from the Originals. By the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D. Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

Sketches of Corsica; or, a Journal of a Visit to that Island, an outline of its History, and specimens of the Language and Poetry of the People. Illustrated with views. By R. Benson.

College Recollections, in 2 vols. will soon appear.

Miss Landon has a new volume of *Poetry* in the press, entitled, *The Troubadour*.

Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland, is announced for publication.

EDINBURGH.

The Tales of the Crusaders, by the Author of *Waverley*, 4 vols. post 8vo, will appear early in June.

Brother Jonathan; or, the New Englanders, 3 vols. post 8vo, will appear early in June.

Early in June will be published in 1

vol. 12mo, *A Summer's Ramble in the North Highlands*.

Cases decided on Appeal from the Court of Session in the House of Lords, from 1821, reported by Patrick Shaw, Esq. Advocate.

No. I. of a Series of *Forty Views*, il-

lustrative of the Picturesque Scenery of the River Clyde, and its Tributary Streams, by D. C. Hill, author of "Sketches of Scenery in Perthshire," to be completed in Eight Numbers.

A Statement of the Experience of Scotland with regard to the Education of the People, with remarks on the intended application of the Schoolmasters to Parliament.

The First Number of a new periodical, "The Dumfries Monthly Magazine," is announced to appear early in July.

In the press, and in a few days will be published, a Critical Examination of Dr Macculloch's Work on the "Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland," contain-

ing a Refutation of his Calumnies and Misrepresentations concerning the Manners, Character, and Present Condition of the Highlanders; an estimate of his Literary Qualifications; together with some Remarks on his Statements in justification of the violent improvements which have been recently introduced in the North, and on the actual state of Highland Economy and Population.

A Treatise on the Dairy Breed of Cows, and Dairy Husbandry, &c. By William Aiton.

Observations on the System of the Patent Laws; with Outlines of a Plan proposed in substitution for it. By Joseph Astley, Esq.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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The First Part of Mr Nichols's Collection of "The Progresses, Processions, and Splendid Entertainments of King James the First. Illustrated by Historical, Topographical, Biographical, and Bibliographical Notes." The Tenth Part of "The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," which completes the Work.

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Memoirs of Royal and Distinguished Persons, deduced from Records, State Papers, and Manuscripts, and from other original and authentic sources. By John Bayley, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. of the honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and one of his Majesty's Sub-Commissioners on the Public Records. L.3, 3s. India paper, L.5, 5s.

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A Sermon for the Irish Society of London, preached in Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Rathbone-Place, on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1824. By the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, A.M., Rector of Albury, Surrey; and Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin. Price 1s. 6d.

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EDINBURGH. May 18.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 37s. 6d.	1st, ... 32s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.
2d, ... 35s. 0d.	2d, ... 31s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.
3d, ... 34s. 0d.	3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 15s. 2d. 9-12d

Tuesday, May 17.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 7d. to 0s. 9d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 11d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 4d. to 1s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.
Pork	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	20s. 0d. to 22s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	3s. 6d. to 6s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.
Tallow, per stone	6s. 6d. to 7s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—May 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 37s. 6d.	1st, ... 32s. 6d.	1st, ... 21s. 6d.	1st, ... 0s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.
2d, ... 34s. 0d.	2d, ... 30s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 27s. 6d.	3d, ... 15s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 14s. 6d. 9-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 7th May.

Wheat, 68s. 6d.—Barley, 36s. 3d.—Oats, 24s. 4d.—Rye, 39s. 7d.—Beans, 37s. 5d.—Pease, 36s. 3d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 9.

Liverpool, May 10.

Wheat, red, old	to	White pease	36 to 40	Wheat, per 70 lb.	10 0 to 11 0	Amer. p. 196 lb.	10 0 to 11 0
Red, new	50 to 60	Ditto, boilers	42 to 48	Eng.	10 0 to 11 0	Sweet, U.S. 24 0 to 27 0	10 0 to 11 0
Fine ditto	62 to 66	Small Beans, new	44 to 47	Old	10 0 to 11 0	Do. in bond	10 0 to 11 0
Superfine ditto	68 to 72	Ditto, old	0 to 0	Scotch	10 0 to 11 0	Sour bond	20 0 to 22 0
White	52 to 60	Tick ditto, new	33 to 37	Irish	9 6 to 10 0	Oatmeal per 240 lb.	10 0 to 11 0
Fine ditto	62 to 68	Ditto, old	0 to 0	Bonded	4 6 to 5 0	English	31 0 to 34 0
Superfine ditto	72 to 76	Feed oats	20 to 23	Barley, per 60 lbs.	6 6 to 6 3	Scotch	30 0 to 34 0
Rye	34 to 37	Fine ditto	24 to 25	Eng.	6 6 to 6 3	Irish	26 0 to 32 0
Barley	30 to 34	Poland ditto	22 to 21	Scotch	5 3 to 5 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 0 to 0 0
Fine ditto	36 to 38	Fine ditto	25 to 27	Irish	4 9 to 5 4	Butter, p. cwt.	10 0 to 10 4
Superfine ditto	40 to 44	Potato ditto	22 to 25	Foreign	— to —	Belfast	102 0 to 104 0
Malt	52 to 60	Fine ditto	26 to 30	Oats, per 15 lb.	— to —	Newry	92 0 to 94 0
Fine	60 to 66	Scotch	30 to 31	Eng.	3 6 to 3 10	Waterford	95 0 to 96 0
Hog Pease	33 to 35	Flour, per sack	60 to 65	Irish	3 2 to 3 5	Cork, p. cwt.	103 0 to 104 0
Maple	36 to 38	Ditto, seconds	56 to 60	Scotch	3 6 to 3 10	3d dry	90 0 to 92 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	15 to 16	For. in bond	2 9 to 3 0	Beef, p. tierce	95 0 to 97 0
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	Mess	63 0 to 68 0
				Rye, per qr.	33 0 to 38 0	p. barrel	63 0 to 68 0
				Malt per b.	9 3 to 9 6	Pork, p. bl.	80 0 to 82 0
				Muddling	8 0 to 8 9	Middl.	75 0 to 78 0
				Beans, per q.	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	59 0 to 60 0
				English	42 0 to 44 0	Short mids.	54 0 to 56 0
				Irish	34 0 to 38 0	Sides	48 0 to 50 0
				Rapeseed, p. l. nominal.	— to —	Hams, dry	60 0 to 63 0
				Pease, grey	34 0 to 38 0	Green	48 0 to 50 0
				White	34 0 to 38 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	52 0 to 53 0
				Flour, English,	— to —		
				p. 240 lb. fine	48 0 to 50 0		
				Irish, 24s	46 0 to 54 0		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d April, 1825.

	1st.	9th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	234 3½	234 2	232½ 3
3 per cent. reduced,	—	92½	91½ ½	91½ ½
3 per cent. consols,	93½ ¼	93½ ½	92½ ½	92½ ½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	99½	—	99½
New 4 per cent. consols,	105½ ¾	106½ ¼	106½ ¼	106½ ¼
India stock,	—	—	280p.	280½p.
— bonds,	80 79 82p.	87 88p.	86 80p.	—
Exchequer bills,	—	—	—	—
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	93½	93½	92½ ½	92½ ½
Long Annuities,	—	22½ 7-16	22½ 5-16	22½ 3-16
French 5 per cents.	—	102f. 50c.	—	—

Course of Exchange, May 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. C. F. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 36 : 9. Altona, 36 : 10. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort on the Maine, 150½. Petersburg, per rble. 9½ : 3. U. s. Berlin, 7 : 0. Vienna, 9 : 54. Eff. flo. Trieste, 9 : 54. Eff. flo. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Bilboa, 36½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 36. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 45½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 0 : 0. Naples, 41. Palermo, per oz. 122. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Buenos Ayres, 43½. Rio Janeiro, 46½. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. per oz. New Doubletons, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 11d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 1d.

PRICES CURRENT, May 14.

	LEITH.			GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	58	to	60	57	58	56	58	59	60
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	62		64	65		67	70	65	67
Mid. good, and fine ord.	65		68	65	67	72	74	68	69
Fine and very fine, . .	108		116	—	—	—	—	92	—
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	94	98
Powder ditto, . . .	88		106	85	100	—	—	87	99
Single ditto, . . .	81		88	82	88	—	—	82	90
Small Lumps, . . .	82		84	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	38		44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	29		—	26	6	27	29	29	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	60		65	55	66	54	66	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	65		70	38	62	72	73	60	71
Ord. good, and fine ord.	70		30	—	—	76	96	80	95
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	80		90	—	—	75	76	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90		112	—	—	78	90	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—		—	—	—	60	65	76	78
St Domingo, . . .	1		—	—	—	—	—	10½d	11d
Pimento (in Bond), . .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS.									
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 5	2	4	2s 3d	—	1 10	—	1s 10d	2s 3d
Brandy, ...	3 4	3	6	—	—	—	—	2 10	3 2
Geneva, ...	2 2	2	5	—	—	—	—	1 9	1 10
Grain Whisky, . . .	1 6	1	7	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES.									
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—		—	—	—	—	—	£17	46 0
Portugal Red, pipe,	35		40	—	—	—	—	50	55
Spanish White, butt,	36		48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	22		24	—	—	—	—	22	28
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	25		60	—	—	—	—	25	60
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£10		0	—	—	48 0	—	—	—
Honduras, ...	10		—	—	—	8 0	8 10	—	—
Campachy, ...	11		—	—	—	9 0	9 10	—	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	12		0	—	—	9 0	9 10	—	—
Cuba, ...	15		0	—	—	12 0	—	—	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	12s	16s	0	—	—	12s 0	15s 0	15 6	15 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 0	2	6	—	—	2 0	2 1	—	—
Ditto Oak, ...	3 0	3	6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christians, and (dut. paid),	2 2	2	7	—	—	0 11	1 2	1 0	1 5
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0	1	6	—	—	1 9	2 6	1 10	2 6
St Domingo, ditto, .	1 6	5	6	—	—	12 0	15 6	—	—
TAR, American, . . .	18		19	—	—	—	—	17 6	—
Archangel, ...	17 6		18	—	—	—	—	7 0	10 6
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	9 6		10	—	—	—	—	58 0	58 6
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	58		59	—	—	—	—	—	—
Home melted, . . .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	—		45	—	—	42	—	10 0	—
Petersburgh, Clean, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX.									
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	52		55	—	—	—	—	£53 0	55
Dutch, ...	50		80	—	—	—	—	45	—
Irish, ...	40		46	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES.									
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—		—	—	—	—	—	14	14 15
ASTIES, Peters. Pearl, .	—		—	—	—	—	—	37	49 0
Montreal, ditto, . .	42		44	37	—	56 6	57	41	42 0
Pot, ...	38		40	53 6	51	52 0	52 6	37	38 0
OIL, Whale, ...	28		—	27	27 10	—	—	27	—
Coal, ...	—		—	28	—	—	—	30 0	31 6
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½	8	—	7½	8	0 5	0 8	0 6½	0 8
Middling, ...	6½	6½	—	5	7	0 5	0 4½	0 5½	0 4
Inferior, ...	3½	4½	—	4	4½	0 5	0 5	0 5	0 3½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—		—	1 5½	1 6	1 1	1 7	1 5½	1 6½
Sea Island, fine, . .	—		—	3 2	—	3 3	3 6	—	—
Good, ...	—		—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Middling, ...	—		—	2 10	5 0	2 8	2 10	—	—
Demerara and Barbice, .	—		—	1 9½	—	1 8	1 11½	1 6½	1 11½
West India, ...	—		—	1 1	—	1 4	1 7	1 6	1 9½
Pernambuco, ...	—		—	—	—	1 9½	1 10½	1 9	1 10½
Marauham, ...	—		—	—	—	1 8½	1 9½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April 1	M. 25 A. 49	30.2 12 .198	M. 56 A. 51	E.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	April 16	M. 42 A. 50	29.56 .814	M. 44 A. 50	W.	Dull, but fair.
2	M. 32 A. 46	.198 29.999	M. 50 A. 50	W.	Ditto.	17	M. 51 A. 42	.976 .999	M. 49 A. 52	N.	Fair, sunsh. but cold.
3	M. 56 A. 46	.975 .960	M. 50 A. 50	W.	Dull & very cold.	18	M. 50 A. 40	.930 .999	M. 49 A. 47	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
4	M. 50 A. 48	.895 .967	M. 50 A. 53	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M. 25 A. 59	.958 .808	M. 46 A. 50	Cble.	Ditto.
5	M. 39 A. 49	.967 .999	M. 51 A. 55	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	20	M. 37 A. 49	.640 .402	M. 50 A. 50	Cble.	Dull, with showers rain.
6	M. 34 A. 48	30.117 .117	M. 54 A. 52	W.	Ditto.	21	M. 42 A. 53	.595 .128	M. 51 A. 54	Cble.	Ditto.
7	M. 55 A. 51	.140 29.939	M. 55 A. 55	W.	Ditto.	22	M. 38 A. 50	.232 .450	M. 54 A. 48	Cble.	Foren. suns. aftern. rain.
8	M. 57 A. 50	.999 .994	M. 56 A. 56	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	23	M. 51 A. 41	.596 .122	M. 48 A. 48	E.	Fair, rather dull, cold.
9	M. 55 A. 50	.952 .958	M. 57 A. 51	W.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	24	M. 20 A. 40	.355 .415	M. 44 A. 41	E.	Morn. snow, day fair, cold
10	M. 51 A. 45	.969 .710	M. 52 A. 54	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 31 A. 41	.459 .430	M. 46 A. 41	Cble.	Fair, but cold, dull.
11	M. 15 A. 50	.512 .512	M. 52 A. 51	W.	Dull, with showers rain.	26	M. 35 A. 44	.596 .284	M. 47 A. 46	Cble.	Dull, slight rain foren.
12	M. 53 A. 40	.440 .644	M. 48 A. 41	W.	Morn. frost, showers hail.	27	M. 57 A. 46	.104 28.998	M. 48 A. 46	Cble.	Moderate rain, mild.
13	M. 27 A. 57	.644 .767	M. 45 A. 44	NW.	Dull, but day dull.	28	M. 57 A. 45	.990 .150	M. 46 A. 50	E.	Dull, but fair, mild.
14	M. 29 A. 50	.460 .551	M. 48 A. 52	W.	Morn. rain, day dull.	29	M. 38 A. 44	.260 29.525	M. 46 A. 48	Cble.	Foren. rain aftern. fair.
15	M. 59 A. 50	.561 .509	M. 52 A. 52	W.	Dull, flying showers rain.	30	M. 57 A. 44	.512 .475	M. 47 A. 49	Cble.	Thunder and lightning rain.

Average of rain, . . . 1.685.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of March, and the 19th of April, 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, M. Mansell-street, Goodman's-Fields, oil merchant.
 Akers, M. Compton-street, cabinet-maker.
 Ash, T. Birmingham, grocer.
 Barker, J. Clare-market, potato-dealer.
 Baxter, Mary, Cambridge, livery-stable keeper.
 Bray, J. London-wall, livery-stable keeper.
 Brealy, G. W. Aldersgate-street, linen-draper.
 Brown, J. Austin-frairs, merchant.
 Camelo, M. J. F. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, merchant.
 Carter, H. Portsea, druggist.
 Cattle, J. A. Green-hamilton, money-scrivener.
 Challenger, J. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, pianoforte-maker.
 Chilcott, T. Lantern, Monmouth, tailor.
 Chittenden, H. Ashford, Kent, house-carpenter.
 Chubb, W. Bristol, merchant.
 Cope, H. Gough-street, Gray's-inn-lane, builder.
 Davis, J. Liverpool, ale and porter dealer.
 Dixon, J. Little Eastcheap, baker.
 Dovey, S. and J. Cox, Church-street, Soho, tailors.
 Drury, R. Shrewsbury, furrier.
 Dryden, B. late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer and victualler.
 Fentum, J. Strand, shopkeeper.
 Finch, W. N. Old Cavendish-street, wine-merchant.
 Forsyth, P. and J. Bell, Berwick-upon-Tweed, drapers.
 Fry, R. sen. East-street, Hoxton, cheesemonger.
 Gardner, R. M. Deal, merchant.
 Gibbon, T. Warrington, grocer.
 Godwin, W. Strand, bookseller.
 Gough, E. Sedgley, Staffordshire, nail-factor.
 Griffiths, J. Liverpool, grocer.
 Haldy, J. F. and W. Norcott, Castle-street, Leicester-square, wine-merchants.

Harrison, J. Red-lion-street, Holborn, trimming-maker.
 Hawks, J. Old Jewry, hardwareman.
 Hawkins, A. St Albans, shopkeeper.
 Haylett, W. Hammersmith, victualler.
 Henley, G. Strand, cheesemonger.
 Hood, J. jun. Deritend, near Birmingham, grocer.
 Howes, W. jun. Robart's-terrace, Commercial-road, oilman.
 Hyde, J. Winchester, grocer.
 Imell, C. Chalford, Gloucester, clothier.
 Knight, R. Belvidere-place, Southwark, corn-dealer.
 Lacy, T. Basinghall-street, dealer.
 Madge, J. Southampton, baker.
 Mann, C. Birmingham, victualler.
 Mills, J. St Clement's, Strand, stay-maker.
 Millward, R. Loughor, Stafford, grocer.
 Nadge, J. Southampton, baker.
 Nairn, J. H. Rose-street, St Luke's, brass-founder.
 Nichlin, F. Hulme, Lancaster, joiner and builder.
 Pinck, J. Chichester, linen-draper.
 Quick, J. Portsea, music-seller.
 Ramsbotham, C. W. Clement's-lane, merchant.
 Robinson, H. P. Gun-street, Old Artillery ground, silk-manufacturer.
 Robinson, S. Fenchurch-street, stationer.
 Runder, F. and F. W. Campbell, Hatton-garden, jewellers.
 Smith, C. Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, silk-mercer.
 Street, G. Dulwich, carpenter.
 Sutton, R. Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, colour-dealer.
 Taylor, J. Little Pultney-street, Golden-square, cheesemonger.
 Thomson, J. Cheltenham, victualler.
 Tomsey, J. Beaumont-street, Marylebone, grocer.

Truett, W. Wellington-street, Strand, perfumer.
 Tuck, E. G. W. Edmonston, market-gardener.
 Turner, B. Basing-lane, wine-merchant.
 Wall, R. Brixton, wheelwright.
 Ward, J. St Michael's-alley, Cornhill, merchant.
 Washer, J. E. Bristol, tiler.

Weaver, E. Francis-place, Westminster-road, grocer.
 Wigglesworth, G. Halifax, factor.
 Wilson, T. Barsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer.
 Woart, W. Woolwich, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April, 1825, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Forsyth, William, upholsterer and cabinet-maker in Aberdeen.
 Grant, Thomas, manufacturer in Glasgow.
 Hodge, David, grocer, Muttonhall.
 Jamieson, John, merchant in Glasgow.
 Lang, William, grocer, grain, and spirit dealer, Paisley.
 Mowat, James, perfumer and hair-cutter, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.
 Reid and Bryce, spirit-dealers in Glasgow.

Air, William, merchant, Coldstream; a dividend 11th June.
 Cuthill, the Rev. Alexander, minister in the second charge of the church of Ayr, and printer and publisher there; a first dividend on 27th May.
 Forman, George, and Co., merchants in Stirling; a dividend on 10th May.
 M'Kay, Daniel, factor, and Co., spirit-dealers in Glasgow; a first and final dividend 6th May.
 Walker, Alexander, merchant and insurance-broker in Aberdeen; a final dividend 31st May.

DIVIDENDS.

Adam, John, senior, muslin manufacturer and agent in Glasgow; a dividend on 4th May.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

March.

Brevet. Lt. Proctor, Adj. of R. Mil. Coll. rank of Capt. 17 Mar. 1825.
 2 Life G. G. T. Bulkeley, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Dutton, ret. 5 Feb.
 Lt. Burrowes, Capt. by purch. vice Ridout, ret. 17 do.
 1 Dr. G. Cor. and Sub-Lt. Dallas, Lt. do.
 R. H. Beaumont, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
 Cor. Davies, Lt. by purch. vice Skinner, 3 F. do.
 7 C. A. D. Tyson, Cor. do.
 As. Surg. Morrison, from 1 Vet. Bn. do.
 As. Surg. vice Lyster, 94 F. 3 Mar.
 Dr. Cor. Somerville, from 4 Dr. Cor. vice Wyndham, prom. 25 Feb.
 Lt. M'Queen, Capt. by purch. vice Goff, ret. 10 Mar.
 4 Dr. Cor. C. Phillipps, Lt. do.
 G. H. Lockwood, Cor. do.
 J. Timm, Vet. Surg. vice Bird, dead 17 Feb.
 C. Villiers, Cor. by purch. vice Somerville, 2 Dr. 25 do.
 10 C. H. Nicholson, Cor. by purch. vice Lord J. Fitz Roy, 63 F. 5 Mar.
 16 J. P. Seward, Cor. by purch. vice Ramshot, 91 F. 10 Feb.
 1 F. Gds. 2d Lt. Bagot, from Rifle Brig. (late Page of Honour to his Majesty) Ena. and Lt. 24 do.
 Coldst. G. Ena. and Lt. Hon. W. T. Graves, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Beaufoy ret. 10 do.
 Hon. A. Upton, Ena. and Lt. do.
 Ena. and Lt. Northey, Adj. vice Beaufoy, res. do.
 Ena. Paget, from 36 F. (late Page of Honour to His Majesty) Ena. and Lt. 24 do.
 Lt. Bart. Surg. Whymper, Surg. Maj. vice Simpson, ret. do.
 As. Surg. Smith, Surg. do.
 Hunter, from h. p. As. Surg. do.
 2 F. Gds. Ena. and Lt. Yorke, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Cumberland, ret. do.
 Ena. Rooke, from 29 F. Ena. and Lt. do.
 1 F. Gent. Cadet C. Curtis, from R. Mil. Coll. Ena. vice Williamson, 75 F. 19 do.
 Ena. Fraser, from 38 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stoyte, prom. 25 do.
 M'Gregor, do. vice Suter, dead 10 Mar.
 R. J. Hill, Ena. do.
 Lt. Head, from 93 F. Capt. 18 Feb.

Ena. Hon. F. Cavendish, from 22 F. Lt. do.
 — Stirling from 58 F. do. do.
 Lt. Hart, from h. p. 17 Dr. do. do.
 — Hart, from 78 F. Capt. 25 Mar. do.
 Ena. Foley, Lt. do.
 — Blond, from 68 F. Lt. vice Goodiff, 45 F. do.
 — Morritt, from 64 F. Lt. by purch. vice Lord Thynne, 27 F. 24 Feb.
 Capt. Disney, Maj. by purch. vice Carter, prom. 3 May do.
 Lt. Higgins, Capt. do.
 Ena. Skinner, from 84 F. Lt. do.
 Lt. Skinner, from 1 Dr. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Hill, ret. 17 Feb.
 — Lt. Broom, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Powell, ret. 10 Mar. do.
 Ena. Hankey, Lt. do.
 Lt. Stewart, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. vice Tindling, 34 F. 5 do.
 Ena. Smith, Lt. vice Kirkman, dead 20 Mar. 1824 do.
 R. Budd, do. 10 do.
 — Naylor, do. vice Crawford, dead 21 do.
 E. Capadose, Ena. 9 Mar. 1825.
 L. Tollenache, do. by purch. vice Shelley, Rifle Brig. 17 do.
 W. O. Temple, Ena. vice Hull, 48 F. 17 Feb.
 Ena. Pitts, Lt. by purch. vice Kappel, 62 F. do.
 J. Taylor, Ena. do.
 Ena. Huie, from h. p. 8 W. I. R. Ena. vice Cavendish, 2 F. do.
 Ena. and Acting Adj. Riley, Adj. vice Child, res. Adj. only 5 Mar. do.
 Lt. Swynn, Capt. vice Hollis, R. African Colonial Corps do.
 Ena. Lingard Lt. do.
 G. D. Griffith, Ena. do.
 As. Surg. Preston, from 79 F. Surg. vice Coldstream, h. p. 17 Feb.
 Capt. Geddes, Maj. by purch. vice Thomson, ret. 24 do.
 Lt. Lord W. Thynne, from 7 F. Capt. do.
 G. A. Durnford, Ena. vice Howard, 75 F. 3 Mar.
 M. Barr, Ena. by purch. vice Rooke, 8 F. Gds. 24 Feb.
 Lt. Spence, Capt. 10 do.
 Ena. Gentry, Lt. do.
 Lt. Willes, from h. p. 45 F. Lt. do.
 Ena. Kingston, from 94 F. do. do.
 R. W. White, Ena. do.

34	Lt. Tinkling, from 14 F. Lt. vice Montgomerie, h. p. Rifle Brig. 3 Mar.		A. B. L. P. Burrell, Ens. vice Butler, 43 F. 23 do.
35	— Peddie, from h. p. 21 F. Lt. vice Breary, 3 Vet. Bn. 26 do.	64	T. Kenyon, Ens. by purch. vice Blake, 38 F. 23 Feb.
36	Hon. A. Harley, Ens. vice Paget, Coldst. Gds. 24 Feb.		F. Murray, do. vice Morrill, 7 F. 24 do.
58	Lt. Hopper, Capt. 10 do.	68	R. W. Huey, do. vice Blood, 7 F. 26 Mar.
	Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.		A. C. Anderson, Ens. vice Penn, prom. 12 June, 1825
	Lt. Madie, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. do.	69	2d Lt. Bennett, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. Ens. 3 Mar. 1825
	Ens. Mends, from 87 F. do. do.		J. Williamson, Ens. vice Skinner, cancelled 17 Feb.
	R. Deane, Ens. do.	70	Ens. Williamson, from 1 F. Ens. vice Spencer, 41 F. 10 do.
	Ens. Coghlan, from 61 F. Lt. vice Mends, dead 10 Mar.	73	— Coane, Lt. vice R. Stewart, 91 F. 5 Mar.
	— Blake, from 64 F. vice Fraser, 1 F. 23 Feb.		— Hon. R. Howard, from 27 F. Ens. do.
41	Lt. Bluett, Capt. 10 do.		As. Surg. Martin, Surg. vice Owen, h. p. 10 Feb.
	Ens. Beddingfield, Lt. do.		Lt. Clarke, Capt. by purch. vice Powell, ret. 24 do.
	— Douglas, from 81 F. Lt. do.		Ens. Grubb, Lt. do.
	— Spencer, from 73 F. do. do.		H. E. Hoare, Ens. 24 Feb.
	W. Evans, Ens. do.		Lt. Algeo, Capt. vice Mackenzie, dead do.
42	Gent. Cadet H. Hill, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Raynes, 44 F. do.	76	Ens. Braithwaite, Lt. do.
44	Lt. Smith, Capt. do.		W. J. Clarke, Ens. do.
	Ens. Robinson, Lt. do.		Staff As. Surg. Amiel, Surg. vice Micklam, 50 F. 17 do.
	— Fraser, from Cape Corps, Lt. do.	77	Ens. Montresor, Lt. vice Hart, 6 F. 25 Mar.
	— Raynes, from 42 F. do. do.		R. W. W. Young, Ens. do.
	G. Bayly, Ens. do.		Lt. MacDougall, Adj. vice Campbell, res. Adj. only 3 Mar.
45	Bt. Lt. Col. Ximines, from 62 F. Lt. Col. 25 Mar.		R. Fulton, Ens. by purch. vice Moorson, 7 F. 12 Feb.
	Lt. Kelly, Capt. do.		Lt. Forbes, Capt. vice M'Neill, dead 17 Mar.
	— Forbes, do. do.		Ens. Brown, Lt. do.
	— Van Cortlandt, from 8 Dr. Capt. 26 do.	78	As. Surg. Divir, from h. p. 70 F. As. Surg. vice Preston 26 F. do.
	Ens. Macintire, Lt. 25 do.		H. M. Blades, Ens. by purch. vice Douglas, 41 F. 24 Feb.
	— Eman, do. do.		A. Broom, Ens. by purch. vice Synner, 7 F. 3 Mar.
	— Sykes, do. do.	79	Lt. Moore, Capt. vice Clifford, dead 18 Aug. 1824.
	Lt. Armstrong, from h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Lt. 26 do.		Ens. Harris, Lt. do.
	— Clarke, from h. p. 22 F. repaying diff. do.		R. Loveday, Ens. do.
	— Elliott, from h. p. 20 F. do. do.		D. Herbert, Ens. vice Mends, 38 F. 10 Feb. 1825
	— Knox, from h. p. 91 F. do. do.		Ens. Harris, from 24 F. Lt. vice Vincent, 48 F. do.
	— Goodiff, from 7 F. do. do.	81	Lt. Murray, Capt. vice Campbell, dead 30 Nov. 1824.
	— Rose, from h. p. 103 F. do. do.		Ens. Lovett, Lieut. do.
	— Sidley, from 3 Vet. Bn. do. do.	84	Com. Ramabottom, from 16 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Burne, prom. 3 Feb. 1825
	— Forbes, from h. p. 15 F. do. do.		H. Lave, Ens. 30 Nov. 1824
	— Chadwick, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. do. do.	87	Lt. R. Steuart, from 73 F. Capt. vice Steuart, dead 3 Mar. 1825
	— Bell, from h. p. 34 F. do. do.		Ens. Connop, Lieut. vice Head, 2 F. 10 Feb. 1825.
	— Medge, from h. p. 48 F. do. do.		— Russell, from 1 W. I. R. Ens. do.
	3d Lt. Geddes, from Staff Corps, do. 27 do.		J. R. Currie, Ens. vice Kingdom, 31 F. do.
	Ens. Buller, from 65 F. 28 do.		S. A. G. Osborne, Ens. do.
	— Armstrong, from h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Ens. 25 do.	89	Qua. Mast. Serj. Skeater, from 58 F. Qua. Mast. vice Dodd, res. 24 do.
	— Stanford, from h. p. Cape Regt. do. 26 do.	91	As. Surg. Freer, from 4 Dr. Gds. Surg. vice Conolly, h. p. do.
	J. Du Vernett, do. 27 do.		H. J. Day, Ens. vice Smith, 48 F. 10 do.
	H. C. Powell, do. 28 do.		Rifle Brig. C. C. Vivian, 2d Lieut. vice Hagot, Gren. Gds. 24 do.
	Super. As. Surg. B. Campbell, As. Surg. 25 do.		R. Staff C. Lieut. Piers, Capt. 17 Mar.
48	Lt. Brotheridge, Capt. 10 Feb.		2d Lt. Moore, 1st Lt. do.
	— Vincent, from 89 F. Lt. do.		— de la Condamine, 1st Lt. 18 do.
	Ens. Hull, from 18 F. do. do.		— Scott, 1st Lt. 19 do.
	— Smith, from 99 F. do. do.		Gent. Cadet P. Despard, from R. Mil. Coll. 2 Lt. 17 do.
50	R. Baxter, Ens. vice W. A. Ross, dead do.	93 F.	— W. R. Lucas, from do. do. 18 do.
	Surg. Micklam, from 77 F. Surg. vice Gill, dead 17 do.	94	1 W. I. R. T. W. Stroude, Ens. vice Russell, 93 F. 10 Feb.
53	Capt. Cuppsidge, Maj. by purch. vice M'Caskill, prom. do.		Cape C. (Inf.) J. N. Rishon, Ens. vice Fraser, 14 F. do.
	Lt. Cotes, Cap. do.		
	Ens. Bremer, Lt. do.		
	E. B. Phillips, Ens. do.		
58	J. B. Mann, Ens. vice Stirling, 2 F. 10 do.		
60	Lt. Mitchell, from h. p. Quar. Mas. vice Klem, h. p. 17 do.		
62	Hon. G. T. Kappel, from 20 F. Capt. vice Hall, ret. do.		
	As. Surg. M'Pherson, from 42 F. Surg. vice Linn, h. p. do.		
	Bt. Maj. Smith, Maj. vice Ximines, 45 F. 25 Mar.		
	Lt. Keith, Capt. do.		
	Ens. Caldecott, Lt. do.		
	W. T. Short, Ens. do.		
63	Lt. Hughes, Capt. by purch. vice Kerr, ret. 3 do.		
	Cor. Lord Fitz-Roy, from 10 Dr. Lt. do.		

U. A. Col. C. Major Purdon, Lt. Col. vice Chisholm, dead
 Capt. Hollis, from 25 F. Capt. Maj. 5 Mar.
 Count Rivarola, from h. p. Sicilian R. do.
 Col. do.
 R. Malta { Marg. de Piro, Capt. with local and
 Pen. Reg. { temporary rank 25 Feb. 1815.
 M. Muscat, do. do. 28 do.
 S. Mitrovich, do. do. 1 Mar.
 F. Russiott, do. do. 24 Oct.
 G. Bonello, Lieut. with local and temporary rank, 25 Feb.
 G. B. Virtu, do. do. 25 Feb. 1823.
 V. Cavarra, do. do. do.
 P. Ellul, do. do. 24 Oct. 1823.
 Serj. Maj. Galland, from 21 F. Ens. 25 Aug. 1820.
 C. Cutajar, Ens. with local and temporary rank 24 Feb. 1823.
 P. Camilleri, do. do. 25 do.
 V. Bonavita, do. do. 24 Oct. 1823.
 V. Rizzo, Paym. 25 Feb. 1817.
 Lieut. Goudier, Adj. do.
 G. Camilleri, Surg. 25 Feb. 1815.
 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Bruce, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Longworth, ret. list 17 Feb. 1825.
 — Breary, from 35 F. Lieut. vice Sidley, 45 F. 26 Mar.

Unattached.

Maj. M'Caskill, from 53 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt. Gen. Croker, ret. 17 Feb. 1825.
 Maj. Carter, from 7 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt. Gen. Graham, ret. 3 Mar.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Artillery.

Maj. Vounghusband, Lt. Col. vice Brone, dead 5 Jan. 1825.
 Capt. and Bt. Lt. Col. Campbell, Maj. do.
 2d Capt. Douglas, Capt. 13 Feb.
 1st Lieut. Fuller, 2d Capt. do.
 2d Lieut. Tylden, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet, Dupuis, 2d Lieut. do.
 2d Captain Campbell, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Meyne, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 — Cater, Adj. vice Dury, 28 do.
 dead
 2d Lieut. Gilbert, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet J. Low, 2d Lieut. do.
 1st Lieut. Wilford, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 Lt. Col. Hcy, Col. vice Maj. Gen. Lomome, dead 2 Mar.
 Maj. Crawford, Lt. Col. do.
 Capt. and Lt. Col. Sir J. May, K.C.B. & K.G.H. Maj. do.
 2d Capt. Petley, Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Shippard, 2d Capt. do.
 2d Lieut. Keates, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet J. Matson, 2d Lieut. do.
 2d Capt. Jones, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
 1st Lieut. Tylden, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Capt. Chapman, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Duncan, h. p. 15 do.

Royal Engineers.

Capt. Harris, from h. p. Cap. vice Cheyne, h. p. 8 Mar. 1825.

The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. E. I. Company's Service to have the temporary rank as 2d Lieuts. during the period of their being employed under the command of Lt. Col. Pasley, R. Eng. at Chatham, for instructions in the art of Sapping and Mining.

Gent. Cadet W. Willis, 10 Feb. 1825.
 — W. B. Goodfellow do.
 — W. H. Atkinson do.
 — W. Scott do.

R. E. I. Vol. Lt. Smith, Capt. vice Medley, res. 23 do.
 Ens. Hebard, Lieut. vice Smith, do.

Ens. Heathcote, do. vice Keith, res. do.
 — Brown, do. vice Fletcher, res. do.
 J. D. Ritherdon, Ens. 25 Feb. do.
 R. C. Codrington, do. do.
 W. W. White, do. do.
 G. Cox, Ens. vice Powell, res. do.

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. As. Doherty, As. Surg. vice Wiley, dead 17 Feb. 1823
 Hosp. As. Crawford, As. Surg. vice Amiel, 77 F. 10 Mar. 1823.
 A. J. N. Connell, Hosp. As. do.
 M. Ryan, do. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Jackson, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Colomb, 84 F.
 Capt. Caldicott, from 39 F. with Capt. Ord, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds.
 Capt. Denzise, from 60 F. with Capt. Abbott, 1 Vet. Bat.
 Lieut. Davidson, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Coulson, h. p. 24 Dr.
 Lieut. Clark, from 6 F. with A. Sharpin, h. p. 24 Dr.
 Lieut. Edwards, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Berkeley, h. p. 71 F.
 Lieut. Butler, from 20 F. with Lieut. D. Campbell, 79 F.
 Lieut. Rumley, from 30 F. with Lieut. Baxter, h. p. 22 F.
 Lieut. Hadwin, from 34 F. with Lieut. Harford, 82 F.
 Lieut. Dunbar, from 42 F. with Lieut. Fitz-Gerald, h. p. 72 F.
 Lieut. Lord I. Fitz-Roy, from 63 F. with Lieut. Dexter, h. p. 3 F.
 Lieut. Folliott, from 71 F. with Lieut. St George, h. p. 66 F.
 Lieut. Williams, from 80 F. with Lieut. Leche, h. p. 89 F.
 Lieut. Ramsbottom, from 91 F. with Lieut. Carlisle, h. p. 54 F.
 Lieut. Reynolds, from 97 F. with Lieut. Valentine, h. p. 99.
 Ensign Capel, from 5 F. with Ensign Barton, h. p. 26 F.
 As. Surg. O'Reilly, from 7 F. with Staff As. Surg. Pilkington.
 As. Surg. Fraser from 12 F. with As. Surg. Douglass, h. p. 18 F.
 As. Surg. M'Iver, 88 F. with As. Surg. Dozeu, h. p. W. I. R.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Gen. Croker (retaining his rank in the army)
 — Graham, ditto.
 Lieut.-Col. Thomson, 27 F.
 Major Powell, 10 F.
 — Hull, 62 F.
 — Kerr, 63 F.
 — Powell, 76 F.
 Captain Radout, 2d Life Gds.
 — Goff, 5d Dra.
 — Beaufoy, Coldst. Gds.
 — Cumberland, 3d F. Gds.
 — Hill, 9th F.
 — Medley, E. I. Vol.
 Lieut. Keith, E. I. Vol.
 — Fletcher, do.
 Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant Dutton, 2d Life Gds.
 Ensign Powell, E. I. Vol.
 Quarter-Master Dodd, 97 F.
 Assistant-Surg. Perkins, Med. Staff.
 — Bloxham, h. p. 1st F. Gds.
 — Garrett, h. p. 69 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign Skinner, 70 F.
 R. Afr. Col. Corps.
 Capt. Findley from 2 W. I. R. vice Dowson, h. p. 28 F.
 2 W. I. R.
 Capt. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F. vice Findley.
 Superseded.—Having leave of absence on false pretences.
 Lieut. MacLashlan, 8 F.

*Officers Wounded in the Assault of Mer-
gui, in the Dominions of the King of
Ava, on the 6th October, 1824.*

Lieut. Wm. Kennedy, 89 Regt. severely.
— P. M'Rie, do. slightly.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Jas. Erskine, Bt. late of 2 Dr. Gds
London 2 Mar. 1825
— Dorrien, R. H. Gds. Brighton 15 do.
— Long, 15 Dr. London do.
Major Gen. W. Alexander, late of 2 Gn. Bn.
— Lemoine, R. Art. Geneva 1 Mar.
— Carnegie, E. I. C. Serv. Edinburgh
30 May, 1824
Lieut. Col. Schummelkeetel, N. Corsican Ra.
Holland 23 Dec.
Major Forster, 38 F. Rangoon, Bengal 17 Sept.
— Hill, 41 F.
— Steuart, 91 F. Jamaica
— Briscoe, R. p. 65 F. St Germain en Laye
31 Dec. 1821
— Williamson, h. p. R. Wag. Tr. Parsonstown
28 Feb. 1825
Capt. Macleod, 41 F.
— Brown, 41 F.
— Black, 54 F. Madras 26 Sept. 1824
— M'Niell, 79 F.
— Clifford, 87 F. Bernampore 17 Aug.
— Dury, R. Art. Hadley, near Barnet
27 Feb. 1825
— Courtenay, Armagh Mil. 19 do.
— Murphy, Kerry Mil.
Lieut. Babbington, 1 F. Canton 28 Dec. 1824
— Suter, 1 F. Camp at Atechenoor, Madras
13 Aug. 1823

Lieut. Kirkman, 14 F. on passage from I. of France
20 Mar.
— Crawford, 14 F. 25 July
— Liston, 14 F. 20 Aug.
— Mitchell, 38 F. of his wounds at Rangoon,
Bengal 30 June
— Williams, late 3 Vet. Bn. Mile-end
1 Mar. 1825
— Dillon, h. p. 5 F. Eyrecourt, Galway
25 Jan.
— Kennewie, h. p. 82 F.
— Baugh, h. p. 103 F. Ludlow 25 Sept. 1821
Lieut. Apfel, h. p. 6 Line, Ger. Leg. Dutchy of
Brunswick 10 Apr. 1823
Cornet Kirke, 11 Dr. Meerut, Bengal, 15 July 1824
— Willan, h. p. 21 Dr. Axminster, Feb. 1825
Ensign Mends, 87 F. on passage home on board
the Atlas 12 Aug. 1824
— Grant, h. p. 24 F. Africa 15 Dec.
— Maxwell, h. p. 56 F. Fisherrow near Edin-
burgh 29 Mar.
— Walker, late 5 Vet. Bn. late of 1 Vet. Comp.
Manchester Feb. 1825
Chaplain Molony, h. p. 135 F. 29 Dec. 1821
Adjutant Ens. Hogan, late 3 Vet. Bn. Dublin
24 Feb. 1825
Quart. Mast. Wigton, R. Art. Woolwich, 22 Mar.

Medical Department.

Surg. Cowen, 41 F. Rangoon, East Indies
As. Surg. Osborne, 1 F. Camp at Tindevernum,
Madras 19 Aug. 1821
— Fynam, 51 F. Fort St George, Madras
22 Aug.
As. Surg. Doherty, Honduras 23 Dec.
Vet. Surg. Norton, 9 Dr. at Dublin, 19 Mar. 1825

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 21, 1824. At the Government House, near
Paramatta, New South Wales, the lady of his Ex-
cellency Major General Sir Thomas Brisbane Mak-
dougall, K.C.B. of a son and heir.
Nov. 26. At Quilon, the lady of Lieut. William
Hogg Smith, Madras native infantry, of a son.
March 17, 1825. At Gibraltar, the lady of Ma-
jor Hull Dickson, 61th regiment, of a daughter.
31. At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a daughter.
— At Stranraer, the lady of Major-General
M'Nair, C.B. of a daughter.
April 3. At Searborough, the lady of the late Wil-
liam Gurley, Esq. of Peter's Hope, Island of St
Vincent, of a son.
7. At Cockarney-House, Fifeshire, the lady of
Lieut.-Colonel Mowbray, of a son.
8. At 26, North Street, Mrs Lyon, of a daughter.
— At Darnee, near Melrose, Mrs James Scott,
of a son.
10. At 20, Royal Circus, Mrs Ayton, of Inch-
clairney, of a daughter.
11. At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr John Holmes,
of Water Street, Caniste, of a son.
13. At Leamington, Mrs Bontine of Ardoch, of
a son.
14. At Woodlee House, the lady of G. Scott
Elliott, Esq. of Larriston, of a son.
16. At Warkton, the lady of the Rev. David
Wanchope, of a son.
17. Mrs Scott Moncrieff, 51, Howe Street, of a
son.
20. At Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Crawford of Cart-
burn, of a daughter.
21. At Barrowmuirhead, Mrs Fullarton, of a
daughter.
22. At Forss, Caithness, the lady of Alexander
Cruikshank, Esq. of Shielhouse, a son and heir.
— At No. 1, Hill Street, Mrs Ramsay, of a son.
23. Mrs Peidle, 10, Nelson Street, of a daugh-
ter.
— At Leith, Mrs George Bell, of a son.
— At Gloucester Place, the lady of Captain
Parsons, of a daughter.
24. At 25, Anne Street, Stockbridge, Edin-
burgh, Mrs Alexander Ballantyne, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Turner of Turnershall,
of a daughter.
25. At George Place, Leith Walk, Mrs W. D.
M'Kean, of a son.

27. At No. 23, Castle Street, the lady of Wil-
liam Nicholson, Esq., of a son.
— At his house, Great Russell Street, Blooms-
bury, London, the lady of James Loch, Esq. of a
son.
29. At 16, Charlotte Square, Mrs John Tod, of
a daughter.
— Mrs Pender, junior, 35, Buccleugh Place, of
a son.
May 1. At Cumbernauld House, the Hon. Mrs
Fleming, of a daughter.
3. Mrs Dundas of Arniston, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 1821. At Patna, East Indies, W. C.
Smith, Esq. Judge and Magistrate of Gharipore,
to Anne Jessie, fourth daughter of the late Donald
Mackenzie, Esq. of Hartfield, Ross-shire.
April 5, 1825. At Castles, in Glenorchy, Lewis
M'Farlane, Esq., Auchintaulgh, to Miss Lucy Tur-
ner, youngest daughter of Duncan Turner, Esq.,
Castles.
7. At St James's Church, London, Charles Ross,
Esq., to Lady Mary Cornwallis.
— In Berkeley Square, London, George Fer-
guson, Esq. of Pittfour, captain in the Royal Na-
vy, to the Hon. Elizabeth Jane Rowley, eldest
daughter of Lord Longford.
— At London, John Wylie, Esq. of Lombard
Street, son of Alexander Wylie, Esq., M.D. of
Edinburgh, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the
late Alexander Wylie, Esq. of the Old Jewry.
9. At Ewline, Oxon, Neville Reid, Esq., eldest
son of Andrew Reid, Esq. of Liondown, Herts,
to the Hon. Caroline Napier, youngest daughter of
the late Right Hon. Lord Napier.
12. In St Paul's Chapel, York Place, William
Hugh Hunter, Esq., fourth son of Captain Pat-
rick Hunter, Queen Street, to Elizabeth, third
daughter of Henry Veitch, Esq. of Elioek.
— At Polmaise, Robert Bruce, Esq. of Kennet,
to Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Mur-
ray, Esq. of Polmaise.
18. At St James's Church, Piccadilly, W. Tighe,
Esq. of Woodstock, in Ireland, to Lady Louisa
Lennox, fifth daughter of the dowager Duchess
of Richmond.
— At Dundee, Christopher Kerr, Esq. conjunct
town-clerk of Dundee, to Jane, third daughter of
the late William Mackenzey, Esq., merchant, Dundee.

19. At Dundee, John Henderson, junior, Esq., advocate, to Jessy, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James M'Ewen, Dundee.

— At Keppoch, John Caldwell, Esq., younger of Tranent, advocates, to Jane, third daughter of Alexander Dunlop, Esq. of Keppoch.

21. Sir John Gordon of Earlestone, Bart., to Mary, only daughter of William Irving, Esq., Charlotte Square.

23. At Edinburgh, James Bennett, Esq., to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr William Mackimmie, Elgin.

— At Ratho, Mr David Pearson, writer, Kirkaldy, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr John Anderson.

— At Glasgow, Alexander Haig, Esq., Lochrin, to Janet Anderson, eldest daughter of John Berry, Esq. of that city.

27. At Edinburgh, George More Nisbett, Esq. of Cairnhill, to Isabella Frances, eldest daughter of F. Carteret Scott, Esq., Charlotte Square.

— At Radderty-House, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Ord, to Miss Anne Watson Fowler, daughter of James Fowler, Esq. of Radderty.

29. At Clerk's Miln, Mr James Anuan, writer, Edinburgh, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr William Horn.

30. At Edinburgh, Thomas Knatchbull, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, son of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. of Mersham Hatch, in the county of Kent, to Jane, second daughter of Sir John Connell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

DEATHS.

June 25, 1824. At Penang, Miss Priscilla MacGehean, daughter of the late Robert MacGehean, Esq., and grand-daughter of the deceased Captain Robert MacGehean of Dalquhat, in the county of Dumfries.

Oct. 7. Near Rangoon, in consequence of the wounds he received while storming a stockade, Captain William Allan, 6th regiment Madras native infantry, eldest son of Mr William Allan, Leopold Place, Edinburgh.

Nov. 23. At sea, Mr John Carnegie, midshipman of the Hon. East India Company's ship Berwickshire, third son of David Carnegie of Craig, Esq.

Dec. 2. In the harbour of Bombay, Captain Wallace F. Dunlop, of the 7th native infantry, second son of John Dunlop, Esq. of Ballanakiel, and the fourth son he has lost since August, 1820, between the ages of 17 and 22.

11. At Moorshedabad, William Loch, Esq., resident at the court of the Rajah of Bengal.

Jan. 16, 1825. At St Toolles Estate, Jamaica, in his 19th year, William Bryce Glas, sixth son of the late John Glas, Esq., Stirling.

Feb. 6. On board the ship Medway, off St Helena, on his passage home, Major Adam Brugh, 44th regiment.

March 23. At Gatehouse, James Credie, Esq., provost of that burgh.

April 1. At Genoa, Lieut.-Colonel Wauchope, of Niddrie Marischall.

— At Minto Street, Newington, Mansfield, daughter of the late Robert Forrester, Esq., treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.

3. At Wick, Hugh Chunes Innes, youngest son of James Innes, Esq. of Thrumster.

4. At Summerfield, near Haddington, Mr Robert Dods.

— At Glasgow, John Baird, Esq., M.D.

— At Edinburgh, the infant son of Captain Dalryell, Royal Navy.

5. Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Robertson of Hall-craig, in the county of Lanark.

6. At Elm Row, Mrs Janet Foggo Ireland, wife of Patrick Gillespie, M.D.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald, late of the 45th regiment, aged 32 years.

7. At 3, Duke Street, Mrs Peter Gray, in her 28th year.

— At Rosefield, near Dumfries, Mrs Janet Isabella Lundie, relict of Dr Andrew Wardrop, surgeon in Edinburgh.

9. At Ayr, the Rev. John Nicoll, minister of the Relief Congregation there.

— At Bothwell, Mrs Marion Nasmith, relict of John Forbes Aikman, Esq. of Ross and Bromel-ton.

10. At 51, George Square, Elizabeth Bennet, the infant daughter of Mr Clark.

— James Dickson, Esq. of Antonhill, in the 85th year of his age.

11. At Stewarston Manse, the Rev. James Douglas, minister of that parish.

— At 39, Hanover Street, the infant daughter of Mr Smart.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Douglas of Herriot.

12. At Ilderton Rectory, near Wooler, Northumberland, aged 57, Mrs Johnston, wife of the Rev. John Johnston, rector of Ilderton.

13. At Wardie, the infant son of Captain J. D. Boswall, Royal Navy.

— At Makerston House, Sir Henry Hay Mak-dougall of Makerston, Bart.

15. At the Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart, wife of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserton.

— At India Street, Edinburgh, William M'Harg, Esq. of Kiera.

16. At 36, Castle Street, Miss Katharine Barkly.

— Mr Alexander Johnston, ironmonger, Edinburgh.

— At London, Lieut.-Colonel John Fraser, of the 50th regiment.

17. At his house, 29, Gayfield Square, Horatius Cannan, Esq., writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, James, second son of Mr Alexander Douglas, W.S.

— At Abercromby Place, Major-General Thomas William Kerr.

18. At Edinburgh, Samuel, third son of the Rev. C. H. Terrot.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Margaret Livingstone, wife of John Livingstone, Esq., merchant, Glasgow, and daughter of the late Robert Bell, Esq., advocate.

— At Balcurvie, Miss Denton of Balbairdie.

19. At her house, George Street, the Hon. Mary Abercromby, second daughter of General Sir Ralph Abercromby of Tullibody, K.B. and of Mary Anne Baroness Abercromby.

21. At No. 5, North James's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Dick, relict of the late Mr George Murray.

— At Edinburgh, Anna, daughter of the Rev. C. H. Terrot.

23. Miss Margaret Scott, 45, Prince's Street, in the 90th year of her age.

— At Muirton, Christian Baillie, third daughter of Hugh Robert Duff, Esq. of Muirton.

— At London, William P. Williamson, Esq. wine merchant, Leith.

24. At his house, Warriston Crescent, Robert Durie, Esq. of Craigluscar.

— At the Manse of Monivard, Mrs Jacobina Macduff, wife of the Rev. Colin Baxter.

25. At Kirkcaldy, Margery, eldest daughter of Mr George Beveridge, wood-merchant there.

29. At No. 5, North Charlotte Street, Macrae, daughter of Mr William Tennant, jun.

30. At Edinburgh, Miss Ann Thornton, late of Fountainbridge.

— Helen Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart.

— At his house, No. 46, Charlotte Square, the infant daughter of John Tod, Esq. W.S.

May 1. At Mungall Cottage, Lucien, youngest son of the late Joseph Stainton, Esq. of Biggar-shiels.

— At George Street, Neil Macvicar, youngest son of William Burn, Esq. architect.

Lately. At the house of the Countess of Guildford, Putney Hill, Surrey, Henry Fussell, Esq. R. A. aged 87.

— At Waterford, the infant and only son of G. Wyse, Esq. M.D. from fright at hearing a discharge of guns from the *Æolus*, a ship just sailing from the river for Quebec.

Lately. At Rangoon, in the Burman Empire, deeply lamented, John Spottiswoode Trotter, Esq. (son of the late Rev. Robert Trotter of Morpeth.)

Captain in the 16th N. I. and Commander of the whole force of Madras Pioneers in the expedition under Sir A. Campbell. After a service of 20 years in various countries of the East, and in many campaigns, in which he bore a distinguished part, this gallant officer at last fell a victim to fever, brought on by fatigue and over-exertion in the late conflict with the Burmese.

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